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PERIODICAL COLLECTION

Literature

Edited by

H. D. Traill.



Published by

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Judging from recent experience we should say that autobiography is by no means the least popular form of modern literature. To the autobiographer himself it has certain obvious recommendations. The veteran who has worked hard all his life retires at last, and finds his retirement irksome. Nothing is more natural than that he should unearth his old letters and diaries, and write something that shall justify his existence before he leaves the scene, and perhaps keep his memory alive afterwards. Various motives may influence him—ennui, vanity, love of controversy, and so forth; but at the bottom of all is

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the desire to state in his own way, as if for the convenience of the recording angel, what his life has been, and what he has done with it. It will be something if his Recollections make even a thin volume; better still if they grow to a stout one; and best of all if they expand into two volumes, for which last and best result large print and small details are generally wanted. Then, as books of this kind are seldom quite unreadable from cover to cover, a few favourable reviews soothe the writer's declining years, and assure him that he does not lag superfluous on the stage.

And, though the genesis of autobiographies is not always beyond reproach, the public as often as not gets full value for its money in the shape of information that would otherwise be beyond its reach. The autobiographer may have his faults, but he is as truthful on the whole as the biographer, and far more personal. For instance, if his father was no more than a dissenting preacher at Nusquampton, he will say so plainly, while the polite biographer will describe him as "coming from a Nonconformist stock long settled in Nusquamptonshire." The one will tell good stories of his early struggles; the other will refer to them only as evidences of honourable poverty or indomitable perseverance. In short, unless the biographer writes with prejudice, he too often presents us with a colourless or a flattering portrait, which his departed friend would be the first to resent. Thus, while biographies may be misleading from beginning to end, no autobiography is ever wholly untrue. Allowances, of course, have to be made, but one soon learns to make them. The half-crown with which the young man came to London was in reality £50, with as much more in reserve; there was nothing miraculous about his lucky first brief, it came from a well-to-do uncle; and the beautiful and penniless bride had in fact £500 a year of her own. With deductions of this kind, the autobiography is often more to be trusted than the life that comes straight from the workshop of the interested friend. Both should be read critically, but the right places for the grains of salt are more plainly indicated in one case than in the other, so that, whatever the autobiographer's intention may be, every word of his narrative tends to exhibit his true character.

Not long ago the autobiography of a well-known demagogue was given to the world. He did some good in his generation, and some harm also. He worked hard for his cause, and did not greatly misuse his influence. His life, therefore, deserved to be written; but no biographer could possibly have supplied the wealth of detail and the personal touches that enable his readers to do him absolute

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justice, and to see him in all his mingled courage, honesty, bigotry, vanity, and littleness. After all, "what know we of the secret of a man?" It is only the man himself who, consciously or unconsciously, is able to tell us that. The biographer may do his best, but in his case also deductions have to be made for affection or antagonism, and sometimes for the perversity which prefers to create a striking picture rather than a true portrait. For this reason attempts have been made to whitewash such criminals as Tiberius and Judge Jeffreys, the original tendency having been to lay the colours on too thick; but no one ever seeks to excuse a man who, like Cellini in fact and Barry Lyndon in fiction, brags of his own vices. Still, autobiography, for want of dry light, is not always an unimpeachable historical record. Facts and dates may be correct enough, but the events of one's past life may not stand out in their right proportions. A man may easily be mistaken as to the real causes of his success or failure, the real measure of the esteem in which he was held, or even as to his own strength and weakness. It is not every one who can say offhand, like the Egyptian in Herodotus, what has been the cleverest and the wickedest action of his whole life.

Candour, of course, is the supreme virtue of the autobiographer. True, one does not expect a man to say, "I was a failure at College; I made slow progress in my profession; I owe everything to my luck, my wife, or my subordinates; I have been rewarded beyond my deserts." Candour does not involve confessions of this sort, but it does at least imply a just view of one's environment throughout life, and a recognition of the fact that there is more than one able man in the world. There is much candour in such an autobiography as that of Gibbon, which was written for his amusement. The reader, often availing himself of the writer's permission to "smile," sympathizes with the disgusted Oxford student and the captain of the Hampshire grenadiers. Sympathy, again, is the feeling excited by such a book as Mr. Crozier's "Inner Life," which we notice elsewhere, in which he describes his intellectual difficulties and his search for truth. It is the history not so much of a life as of a mind, not of terrestrial travels, but of the circumnavigation of the sea of literature. It is a spiritual autobiography, and sincerity is its principal charm. Among statesmen, there seems to be a disappointing conspiracy of silence. Is it regard for friends, or forbearance towards enemies, or disbelief in themselves that seals their lips? In a general way, their biographers have done them substantial justice. But a few honest indiscretions, possible only to an autobiographer, would often be worth more than the utmost historical accuracy. For instance, the world would give much for the full autobiography of the statesman who told his son that "accident, my boy, accident" had made him a Liberal. Volumes, perhaps, could not say more, but they would be very entertaining volumes, and their sustained candour would excuse all minuteness and prolixity. The fact is, as Gibbon suggests, that an autobiographer may be almost as prolix as he pleases, if only he is sincere. On that condition, even an undistinguished

life may deserve study, and the homeliest "Portrait of a Man," with no more dignified title, may be esteemed a masterpiece.

We publish, in another column, some interesting suggestions towards a contemporary record of our literature, so arranged that students could, without difficulty, ascertain what books existed on any subject which they were investigating. The proposal our correspondent makes for an annual re-arrangement of the periodical lists of accessions to the British Museum Library strikes us as the most practical that has yet been offered. But a problem of equal interest is that of sorting and classifying the books published in the past; and the question is—Would it be possible to subject-index the whole of the British Museum Library, just as the accessions from 1880 to 1895 have already been subject-indexed by Mr. Fortescue?

The vastness of the undertaking, no doubt, suggests some principle of selection. As our correspondent says, the wood might be obscured by the trees. But Mr. Fortescue's magnificent index practically represents the unaided work of one man, who could not even devote the whole of his time to it. What could not have been achieved, in the same period, by ten men who had nothing else to do? And the wood and the trees difficulty might perhaps be got over by only attempting, at first, to deal with the books that appeared comparatively recently. Mr. Fortescue's index only covers five years in each volume. Before 1880 the trees were not so thick—books did not appear in such numbers as they do now—and it might be possible to work backwards at the rate of a decade to a volume, and so gradually build up a subject-index that would be invaluable by reason of its completeness, and convenient by reason of its chronological subdivisions.

The fashion of the "biographical edition," it appears, is beginning to spread. Mrs. Richmond Ritchie's example is, so it is stated, to be followed by a "biographical edition" of Charles Kingsley's works, with introductory essays by his daughter, "Lucas Malet"; and, man being an imitative animal, probably other similar announcements will shortly follow, and there is even talk already of a "biographical" Dickens. We do not know, of course, at present how far Mrs. Ritchie's plan is to be exactly followed, but any following of it is hardly to be encouraged. In Thackeray's case there was a special justification. There was no authorized Life, and the novelist had expressed the desire that none should be written. Mrs. Ritchie's introductions satisfied a legitimate public curiosity in what was perhaps the most legitimate and feasible way. But, as a rule, such piecemeal biographies must be unsatisfactory, and frequently superfluous—if not impertinent—adjuncts to works of art. A great book is a thing that should stand or fall on its own merits. To tack on to it personal matter about the circumstances under which it came to be written seems hardly more reasonable than to embellish the margin of an engraving or the pedestal of a statue with irresponsible small talk about the painter or the sculptor whose work it is.

Mr. Swinburne is one of the few literary critics who can put his criticisms to music. Here are some fine lines on John Webster in "A Prologue to The Duchess of Malfy" which appears in the January *Nineteenth Century*:—

Round him the shadows cast on earth by light
Rose, changed, and shone, transfiguring death and night.
Where evil only crawled and hissed and slew
On ways that only shame and bloodshed knew,
He bade the loyal light of honour live,

And love, when stricken through the heart, forgive.
 Deep down the midnight of the soul of sin
 He lit the star of mercy throned therein.
 High up the darkness of sublime despair
 He set the sun of love to triumph there.
 Things foul or frail his touch made strong and pure,
 And bade things transient like to stars endure.

The true distinction of lines like these compensates for the characteristically extravagant apostrophe on Shakespeare with which the poem opens. When one poet hymns the praise of another, it is rather hard, both on his idol and on his readers, that he should ostentatiously turn his back on his intelligence.

When Shakespeare soared from life to death, above,
 All praise, all adoration, save of love,
 As here on earth above all men he stood
 That were or are or shall be—great and good,
 Past thank or thought of England or of man—
 Light from the sunset quickened as it ran.

We commend this to Mr. Frank Harris.

But the lines on Webster show, from the point of view of mere style, the superiority as a literary critic of Mr. Swinburne the poet to Mr. Swinburne the prose writer. We turn to his essay on John Webster—"one of the imperishable and ineradicable landmarks of literature."

All the great qualities apparent in "The White Devil" reappear in "The Duchess of Malfy," combined with a yet more perfect execution, and utilized with a yet more consummate skill. No poet has ever so long and so successfully sustained at their utmost height and intensity the expressed emotions and the united effects of terror and pity. . . . Its wild and fearful sublimity of invention is not more exceptional than the exquisite justice and tenderness and subtlety of its expression.

Mr. Swinburne, it must be confessed, is a stylist in verse, but not in prose. His habit of re-duplicating every adjective and substantive could, of course, be illustrated in hundreds of passages more forcibly than it is above, but it never fails to weaken, and sometimes to vulgarise, the effect of his prose as a work of art. We would much rather he spoke to us about the Elizabethans, as he does now, in verse. His fine poetical rhapsodies on poets make an interesting comparison with the terser and sometimes saner lines of another poet who criticised in verse—Matthew Arnold. Webster, by-the-by, is less sympathetically dealt with in an essay, preceding Mr. Swinburne's poem, by Miss Margaret Maitland on Vittoria Accorambona, whom Webster depicts, but, so Miss Maitland thinks, fails to depict truly, in "The White Devil."

It is curious to note how old are the newest literary devices. Mr. H. G. Wells is a modern of the moderns; yet the new story of his which is beginning to run its serial course has taken its machinery from one of the oldest of popular tales—that of a man who falls into a trance which lasts for years or centuries. It was familiar to the nurseries of Greece and Scandinavia. Pliny and Plutarch both relate the singular case of Epimenides, who was going a journey one summer day and turned aside into a cave to rest. There he fell asleep, and did not wake for fifty-seven years. Pliny adds, as one might guess, that this prehistoric Rip Van Winkle was a good deal surprised when he reached home. Multiplied by seven, Epimenides gave us the Ephesian sleepers. Teutonic mythology is full of stories of great men who are still asleep and waiting the awakening day—Charlemagne in Hesse, Frederick Barbarossa in the Thuringerwald, Tell near the Lake of Lucerne, Thomas the Rhymer beneath the Eildon Hills. Mr. Baring-Gould sees in the myth a version of "the repose of the earth through the seven winter months." That ought to suit Mr. Wells, who is, above all, scientific.

Reviews.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. By Samuel Dill. 9½ x 6 in., 382 pp. London and New York, 1898. Macmillan. 12/- n.

There are signs of a revival of interest in the history of Imperial Rome. The last few years have seen the founding of periodicals in Russia and Germany for the study of the Byzantine Empire; something is being done, and more will be done, by way of editing texts which are important for the East, and perhaps we may look to see a corpus of historians which shall really be what Niebuhr's professed to be. We have had a new edition of Gibbon, and some able studies from the pen of Professor Bury. And now we welcome an important book on the Empire of the West; a special study of social life in the fifth century. This period has been hitherto somewhat neglected; unaccountably so, when we consider its importance. For the fifth century is really one of the turning points of history; it beheld the death-struggle of the old order and the birth-pangs of the new. We are met with the awful spectacle of a great nation destroyed; and with another spectacle, less awful but more remarkable—an ancient religion, sacred by the associations of a thousand years, giving way to a new. Such a period cannot but be of interest, and the historical interest is here the least. For us, the trustees of a greater Empire than the Roman, there may be a lesson here. Can we see the true causes of Rome's downfall? If so, do they exist in England? A timely warning may save us, if we have started on the downward path; or, if not, we may be enabled to guard against the dangers that beset greatness.

The subject of the work is (in the author's words) "the inner life and thoughts of the last three generations in the Empire of the West." The beginning of this period is marked by the passage of the Goths across the Danube; it ends with the practical extinction of the Roman power. During a part of the same period the pagan spirit awoke for its last struggle with Christianity for the dominion over men's minds. By a fortunate coincidence, we have exceptionally full material for judging of men's "inner life" at either end of the century—first, in the letters of Symmachus and the poems of Ausonius; and, last, in the works of Sidonius. This information has been supplemented from the Code of Theodosius, from Macrobius, St. Jerome, and St. Augustine, from the inscriptions, and from all the modern literature of the subject. So far as we have observed, nothing of importance has been neglected. The peculiar value of such studies as this is that they throw light upon obscure movements. It is very often those tendencies which no one observes at the time which decide the fate of nations. As in the eighteenth century England conquered continents and colonized half the world "in a fit of absence of mind," so the Romans of the fifth century lived a life which seemed to them not different from the life of the previous thousand years, save in external and unimportant events. Yet it was these things which really decided the fate of Rome. We may consider one or two of them.

What was the cause of the downfall of Rome? The superficial student will most likely suppose it to be the Gothic invasions. Yet Professor Dill makes it clear that Rome had withstood more dangerous enemies before; others she had absorbed into herself without changing her nature. But now things were different; the barbarians were not stronger, but Rome had grown weaker:—

The question why the invasions of the fifth century succeeded, while the earlier failed [writes Professor Dill], is

best answered by an appeal to the Imperial Code. In the voluminous enactments issued from Constantine to Majorian, the student has before him a melancholy diagnosis of the maladies which, by a slow and inevitable progress of decay, were exhausting the strength of Roman society. He will see municipal liberty and self-government dying out, the upper class cut off from the masses by sharp distinctions of wealth and privilege, yet forbidden to bear arms, and deprived of all interest in public affairs. He will find that not only has an Oriental monarchy taken the place of the principate of Augustus, but that an almost Oriental system of caste has made every social grade and every occupation practically hereditary, from the senator to the waterman on the Tiber, or the sentinel on a frontier post; and that human nature is having its revenge in wholesale flight from a cruel servitude and the chaos of administration.

In a new sense, *Latifundia perdidere Italiam*; cruel indeed was the state of the small proprietor or the provincial merchant. The general weakness and corruption was most fatal in the civil service. Justice was not to be had, and the most infamous venality and tyranny were used by those who had to do with the State finances. Poor men were taxed to ruin, and fled to swell the bands of brigands which infested the high-roads. The sense of personal responsibility and patriotism was gone, along with political freedom. The middle class of merchants and traders dwindled and weakened; the poor man felt, much as the Turkish subject now feels, that the Government was only an instrument of oppression and extortion, and lost not only his allegiance, but his interest in life. The upper classes did not bear arms; they were degraded by gladiatorial shows and by all sorts of indulgence; the only manly exercise they knew was hunting, and this was not practicable for all. Thus Alaric found opposed to him no homogeneous body, but a disintegrated mass.

Another point of great interest is clearly brought out by Professor Dill: that Christianity had a serious rival in the cults of Mithra and Isis. The old Roman religion could not be expected to keep hold of the minds of intelligent men. Its puerile superstitions and its gross legends were bound to lose their power in time, as those of the Hindu religion are losing their power to-day; it survived so long as it did mainly because of old associations, and in particular by the influence of literature. There was nothing in it, moreover, which appealed to the emotions of the mass. But the Oriental cults, especially that of Mithra, were full of mystery and symbolism, and excited the worshippers in the highest degree. To us the Taurobolium seems so disgusting a rite that we forget that the worshipper was too much absorbed to think whether it was disgusting or not. A worshipper of Mithra might perhaps have thought many Christian hymns as disgusting as we think the Taurobolium; he might have shuddered at a God who was supposed to gloat over the torments of the damned. Professor Dill makes it quite clear that the Mithraic initiate attached high symbolic meanings to his rites. The same is true of the mysteries of Isis, so brilliantly described for us by Apuleius. With much sympathy Professor Dill traces these and other attempts of the devout to feel after that God who reveals himself in many ways. He can admire the greatness of Julian's attempt to restore the glories of Paganism, foredoomed though it was to failure. "It was no ordinary man," he writes, "who dreamt of regenerating the ancient worship by borrowing a dogmatic theology from Alexandria, an ecstatic devotion from Persia, a moral idea from Galilee." In the same spirit he points out how grave a fault it is

To fix one's gaze on the baser side of past ages, and to ignore whatever there is of hope and promise in the slow and painful development of humanity. Such is not the habit of a sound and scrupulous historical spirit. Nor is it the attitude of a truly religious mind. It shows but little faith in the Father

of all souls to believe that He consigns whole generations of His children merely to the worship of devils, without any glimpse of Himself, and to dwell on their blind aberrations of superstition in groping towards the light, and on their frantic efforts to calm the terrors and the longings which are inspired by the ineradicable faith in a world beyond the grave. Rather should we welcome indications that God never utterly forsakes the creatures of His hands, and that in the decay of ancient heathenism there was a moral and spiritual life, which was to be nourished in an unending future by the divine ideals of Galilee.

The picture here presented of the religious aspect of pagan society is a very interesting one. Professor Dill shows how the study of ancient literature contributed to the survival of Paganism. The reverence then felt by educated men for the old writers has perhaps no parallel save in China; and thus the Pantheon continued in a kind of shadowy existence.

These are only one or two of the topics discussed in this book. We can only allude to the excellent series of portraits Professor Dill gives us of Symmachus, of Ansonius and his family circle, of Paulinus and Sidonius; his description of University life in the provinces, or the life of a country gentleman; the daily routine of a Bishop; and many other such matters, which help the imagination to reconstruct society in that age. Professor Dill is not concerned with modern instances, or he might have found a remarkable parallel in China to the state of Rome in the fifth century. There we have the spectacle of a literary aristocracy, appointed entirely by success in examinations, who despise the profession of arms. That nation has lately looked on while a victorious enemy threatened the capital, and yet has felt no more disturbed than the Roman provincials were at the invasion of the Goths. In China we see the same hopeless corruption of the civil service, the same poverty, oppression, and injustice. On the other hand, when we apply the lesson to our own Empire, we are filled with hope. There are not wanting those who prophesy its downfall; but we can see that none of the corrupting influences of Ancient Rome are to be found here. External foes are the least of dangers to any nation; and even the tendency to luxuriousness which wealth brings is largely counteracted by a severe climate and a national delight in athletic games.

We have little to add by way of criticism. Professor Dill's method is so lucid, his care and accuracy are so constant, that the few minor points we have noted may be left alone. It is true, as he implies in his preface, that some faults may be discovered. There is little said of the life of the commercial class, and of those remarkable trade-guilds which have been described by Liebenam. We might have preferred a little more directness in some passages where the author assumes too much, or falls into an allusive style; chronological order might have been more carefully observed in certain sections of the book. But as a whole the book is thoroughly satisfactory, and is likely to be regarded in future as indispensable for the student of this period.

The Silence of Love. By Edmond Holmes. 8×6½ in., 50 pp. London, 1898. Lane. 3/6 n.

Several years have elapsed since the author of these fifty sonnets made his first essay in poetry with the publication of a small volume of distinct promise, showing a true feeling for nature in all her aspects, combined with no inconsiderable gift of poetic expression. Since then, acting no doubt upon an excellent principle—not sufficiently respected by many of his contemporaries—that it is better to say nothing till you feel you have something to say, he has refrained from following up his early success. A visit to Oxford, however, if we may

regard his dedicatory lines as autobiographical, has apparently revived his inspiration, and the result is to be found in "The Silence of Love." It is in a totally different poetic key from that of Mr. Holmes' earlier volume, and one which calls for the display of quite another form of poetic power. It belongs, in fact, to the poetry of passion, as distinct from that of contemplation; which is the same thing as saying—since the former, unlike the latter, admits of few or no changes of mood—that it undertakes to maintain the same level of intensity throughout, and to keep the "sacred fire" from ever, even temporarily, dying down. This is no light task, and it would be going too far to say that Mr. Holmes has been uniformly successful in its accomplishment. The difficulty is increased for him by the fact that the entire poem consists practically of fifty variations on a single theme. The idea which runs through them all, and has, of course, determined the title of the poem is that the beatitude of Love resides essentially in its character as "impulse," and that its satisfaction would be its destruction. "Does not love die?" he asks.

Does not love die?—O dark and awful thought—
Die of achieving all that it has sought?

And so haunting is this dark and awful question that it reappears in one form or another in almost every one of Mr. Holmes' fifty sonnets. In the thirty-seventh of their number he is still asking it with unabated insistence, and here, at any rate, with something of the Elizabethan mixture of dignity and naïveté in the expression.

Men ask what is the issue of my quest,
I answer "This—that issue there is none :
The energy of love may never rest,
Its life were over if its work were done.
Love were not love if it could win its prize,
Love were not love if it could reach its goal ;
Love were not love if in the loved one's eyes
I could not find unfathomed depths of soul.
Love is enough : I love nor ask for more :
Love is its own desire, its own delight :
Love is the atmosphere through which I soar :
Love's are the wings on which I take my flight.
Love—silent, unrequited, unconfessed."
This is my pride ; in this my life is blest.

Here and in many other places the note is impressively struck, but the effort of sustaining it at its full value throughout fifty sonnets is too severe a trial even for the author's remarkable activity of imagination and his ample command of the technical resources of his art. A certain impression of monotony was inevitable, and the reader—especially towards the end of the volume—rarely escapes from it altogether, even where the poet is singing his best. He comes nearest, perhaps, to escaping from it in those sonnets in which a purely passionate utterance is exchanged for the language of imagery, and Mr. Holmes draws once more upon those powers of nature-painting which he displayed in his earlier work. As thus :—

I asked the wind to tell my heart's unrest ;
With frenzied blast the fierce autumnal gale
Rushed landward from its cloud-world in the west,
Then died away in faint despairing wail.
I asked the sea ; its billows shook the shore
With deafening boom—then rocked themselves to sleep.
I asked the thunder ; but its crashing roar
Became at last a stillness dread and deep.
Faint voices all ! My love was still untold ;
No storm could measure its tempestuous might :
Thus in the heights above I saw unrolled
The calm majestic pageant of the night ;
And in its silence caught the only strain
That tells alike love's passion and love's pain.

In the forty-fifth sonnet, however, a deeper and more solemn chord is struck, which even for the great Puritan critic himself would perhaps have redeemed "The Silence of Love" from the reproach of being a "vain amatorious poem":—

What has life taught me ? Will the Judge Most High,
When dawns His splendour on death's deepest gloom,
Ask me this question, and with searching eye
Read in my heart my answer and my doom ?

O when I stand before God's judgment seat,
Before His throne of glory and of grace,
With what confession shall I dare to meet
The sad, the stern reproaches of His face ?
What did I learn ? My passions to control,
To conquer self, to quench the fire of lust,
To seek Thy will, to purify my soul ?—
Not these alas ! But O Thou Judge Most Just,
Thou God of Love ! I learned Thy mystic lore—
I learned to love, once and for evermore.

Taken as a whole, the little volume contains a good deal of work of no little beauty and power. We look forward to meeting Mr. Holmes again under conditions which impose less severe limitations of the scope of his undoubted poetic talent.

THE DISTRESSFUL ISLE.

Irish Life and Character. By Michael MacDonagh. 8x5½in., 332 pp. London, 1898. Hodder & Stoughton. 6/-

In his preface Mr. MacDonagh suggests that it is his desire to do for Ireland what Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character" has done for Scotland, and he has not failed to carry out his intention in so far as his observation permitted, but his recollections and experiences are not quite so varied nor so racy as those of the Dean. Mr. MacDonagh is perhaps at his best in those sections of his book dealing with "bulls," with the national humour, and with love-making. In the chapter on The Old Irish Squire we do not get much that is new ; and the story "of an Irish squire of the old days" who threatened to cut his son off with a shilling and was answered with, "Where will you get the shilling?" has been told these many years of the Sheridans and others. Still no chapter is without its amusing stories :—

An old Irish nobleman, when dying, was told by the clergyman that life and its vanities would soon pass away, and he was therefore exhorted to repent. "Repent ! For what should I repent?" cried the old lord. "I don't remember that during the whole of my long life I ever denied myself anything."

There are tales in plenty of the great claret-drinking days ; the days of a doubtful hospitality which forced certain guests to fall back on the Jack-the-Giant-Killer-like subterfuge of pouring wine and whisky, while pretending to drink it, down the stiff stock or cravat which was then worn high to the chin. The chapter on "Some Delusions about Ireland" is of value, and should, at least, dispose of the idea that the Irish peasantry say "prate" for "priest" ; if it does so much, Mr. MacDonagh has not written in vain. The "Irish Bull" has been popular with laughter-makers for many generations ; for centuries, indeed, if its origin is correctly traced to Obadiah Bull, an Irish lawyer of the time of Henry VII. who is supposed to have circulated an enormous number of amusing blunders of this kind. The subject has been very fully treated of late in Mr. G. R. Neilson's *THE BOOK OF BULLS* (Simpkin Marshall, 3s. 6d.), which includes Dr. and Maria Edgeworth's "Essay on Irish Bulls." In this particular branch of accidental drollery Mr. MacDonagh has been a fortunate collector.

On his first visit to Kingstown a hairdresser begged him to buy some hair-wash—

"What sort of stuff is it?" I asked. "Oh, it's grand stuff," he replied. "It's a sort of *multum in parvo*—the less you take of it the better!"

A friend said to an Irishman, "Well, Mick, I've heard some queer stories about your doings lately." "Och, don't believe thim, Surr," replied Mick, "Sure half the lies tould about me by the naybours isn't thue!" Bulls, Mr. MacDonagh holds, oftener spring from mental quickness than mental sluggishness, and perhaps in some degree from a general Celtic inclination towards "a reaction against the despotism of fact." This form of humour is, however, not unknown among English politicians, and one of the most eminent of our younger statesmen has spoken of welcoming the dawn with open arms, and is reported to have said on one occasion, "We are not out of the wood, but we have a good

ship, a good crew, and a good captain." The Irish unconscious attempts in this direction are, however, very much better. We do not remember ever to have seen in print the following:—An Englishman was saying to an Irish friend that, although the Saxon often made "bulls" somehow, they had not the humour of the Irish variety. "Perhaps not," said his friend, "You see the Irish bull is always pregnant." One experience of Mr. MacDonagh's is excellent. He had the good fortune to hear a man suspected of agrarian outrages described as one "whose heart would be touched by the bleatin' of a bruised worm." But for other, and perhaps better examples we must refer the reader to this amusing book. One of Mr. MacDonagh's stories, by the way, is a dramatic anecdote of an Irishman in Limerick whose existence was made miserable by a drunken wife. By a curious coincidence the same story was, if we remember rightly, admirably told by Mr. George Moore in the *Daily Chronicle* on Boxing Day two or three years ago. We cannot quite agree with Mr. MacDonagh when he says in his introduction that he has admitted into his collection only anecdotes that are "truly genuine, really humorous, and certainly characteristic of the Irish people," but his book is full of acutely-observed facts and crowded with stories which should make the fortune of many an old-fashioned diner-out.

THE LATE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

Elizabeth, Empress of Austria. A Memoir by A. De Burgh. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 383 pp. London, 1898. Hutchinson. 6/-

The contemporary history of the Courts of Europe contains no more romantic figure than that of the late Empress of Austria. The tragedy of her death is too fresh in the memory for her chronicler to gain a critical attitude or the perspective necessary for historical accuracy, and thus this carefully-arranged volume contains little more than warm eulogy supported with reminiscences of the Empress and of her devoted *entourage*, pictures of her castles, her homes, and the places she cared to visit. It may be impossible ever to unveil the true mental life of this remarkable woman. Failing this, Mr. De Burgh gives us a very complete and interesting account of her life from the happy days when she played through the rose gardens of the Castle of Possenhofen, where her father, the Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, and his wife, the proud and ambitious Duchess Ludovica, lived as country gentlefolk, through all the varying phases of a life full to the brim with incident, power, passion, victory, tragedy, and regret. The pictures Mr. De Burgh draws for us of her youth and happiness, of the coming of the young Emperor to woo her—he had been intended for her elder sister, but had fallen in love at first sight with "Lisel"—and of her early married life are full of charm. Later in the volume some of the incidents of a complicated period are treated with inevitable reserve. We are given some glimpses of the strange temperament of the Wittelsbach family. Of their high gifts—spirit, courage, and quick sympathy—the Empress Elizabeth was a remarkable example. Here is a typical action illustrating the chivalric ardour with which she inspired her immediate circle:—

Once when the Archduchess Marie Theresa, the sister-in-law of the Empress, was staying at her country residence, a fire broke out in a village in her neighbourhood, whereupon she instantly ordered her carriage, and drove to the scene of the conflagration; there she learnt that in one of the rooms of the house a little child was imprisoned; seeing the men standing around reluctant to risk their lives, she dashed up the burning staircase before anybody had time to prevent her, returning in a few moments with the child practically unhurt in her arms. The brave Princess's hair was scorched and burnt, and her hands were badly injured, but she refused to receive medical aid until the doctor had satisfied her that the little one was unhurt.

Such incidents as these showed the sincere feeling for others which the Empress did so much to cultivate among her companions and friends. She belonged to a family whose historic past and early training alike made them daring in action, strong in affection, unselfish and devoted in sorrow, eccentric in all things.

The chapter entitled "The Empress as Sportswoman" will interest English readers who remember her in Meath, Cheshire, or Northamptonshire. It is twenty-one years since she first hunted with the Pytchley, of which Earl Spencer was then master. The late Mr. H. O. Nethercote spoke thus of her first appearance in the hunting field:—

It was at once remarked by the large field, which respectfully saluted her on her first appearance with the Pytchleys, that her seat on horseback was extremely graceful, that her hands were perfect, and when the hounds began to run in earnest that there was no fence big enough to stop her.

The Empress was a most thoughtful and judicious rider, and always considerate for her mounts. One peculiarity was observed in her costume in the days when she rode here accompanied by Prince Liechtenstein and piloted by the late Captain "Bay" Middleton—namely, that she carried, besides the crop, a small fan, which she used after a run was over. Mr. De Burgh's book shows Elizabeth of Austria to have been a many-sided and always interesting woman. Apart from her duties as Empress and Royal mother, and her intense love of sport, she devoted much time to architectural work, to travel, to her children's education, and to philanthropy. She sought out and assisted young and struggling artists and *littérateurs*. Her great delight was in Heine, to whose memory she built a temple at the Achilleon in Corfu. Mr. De Burgh tells us that she read with pleasure Miss Florence Marryat's "The Blood of the Vampire" and other writings of popular English novelists, so that her tastes in literature were sufficiently catholic.

The chapter which tells of King Ludwig II. of Bavaria gives some account of the romantic intercourse between "The Dove and the Eagle," the respective names used by the Empress and the King. The description of the "Rosentusel" where they sometimes met has the true charm of romance. The numerous pictures that illustrate Mr. De Burgh's book are mainly reproductions from photographs of the Empress and other members of the Austrian Imperial family. The late Empress had an absolute dread of the itinerant photographer, and the author must have taken great pains to collect so complete an album of portraits, from those of the earliest days down to a "snapshot" taken a short time before the Empress's death, in which she is guarded against her enemy with the camera by both a sunshade and a fan.

MONT BLANC.

The Annals of Mont Blanc. By C. E. Mathews. 9 x 6 in., xxiv. + 308 pp. London, 1898. Unwin. 21/- n.

English mountaineers have hitherto discharged a good deal less than their fair share of the task of writing up the history of the mountains. The best history of Mont Blanc comes from France; the best history of Monte Rosa comes from Austria; the best information about such early climbers as Petrarch, Dante, and Leonardo da Vinci is only to be read in Italian. By the publication of the encyclopædic volume now before us Mr. Mathews to a certain extent redresses the balance in favour of his country; but it is not with the really ancient history of his subject that Mr. Mathews seems to be most familiar. Though he professes to trace the records of the Valley of Chamonix from the earliest times, he neglects to quote, or even to refer to, the first traveller who wrote an account of its glaciers and snow-fields. This is René le Pays, Sieur du Plessis Villeneuve, who wrote a letter to an unknown lady, dated "Chamouny-en-Fossigny le 16 May, 1669," and published it in "*Les Nouvelles Oeuvres de Monsieur Le Pays*," printed at Amsterdam in 1677. Neglecting this document—which is moderately long and exceedingly interesting—Mr. Mathews speaks of no visitor earlier than the Prince of Sulzbach, whose journey took place as late as 1727, and who, apparently, did not think it worth while to put his experiences on paper. Nor is Mr. Mathews entirely satisfactory when he proceeds to recount the more famous excursions of Windham and Pococke, and Martel. He speaks, for instance, of the famous Oriental traveller as "one Dr. Pococke"—which

is much as though one should speak vaguely of "a Polar explorer of the name of Nansen"; and he gives us practically no information about Martel, though he might have found plenty in an article which M. Dufour contributed a little while back to the *Echo des Alpes*. Even the delightful Bourrit is dismissed with less attention than he deserves, seeing that he acquired such a renown as the Historian of the Alps that Princes and Princesses made pilgrimages to see him.

The best part of Mr. Mathews' book is that which deals with the first ascent of Mont Blanc by Jacques Balmat and Dr. Paccard in 1786. Here the special knowledge of the practical mountaineer comes into play, with the result that Balmat's story of the climb, reported in Dumas' celebrated interview with the great guide, is raked with damaging criticism. That story, it will be remembered, is so told as to make Paccard look a perfect fool; and Mr. Mathews analyses it closely, showing its inconsistencies and absurdities. The well-known statement that Balmat left his companion behind at the Petits Mulets, got to the top alone, and then returned to fetch his companion is clearly demonstrated to have been the merest bit of brag. No hint of it is contained in any of the contemporary narratives of the ascent, and it involves improbabilities so glaring as almost to amount to impossibilities:—

It is scarcely credible, [says Mr. Mathews] that the doctor could have survived an hour-and-a-half's exposure whilst sitting alone on the snow in the bitter cold, still less that after such an interval he could have resumed his journey with success. Even a benevolent critic, on carefully considering Balmat's story, must feel disposed to put the tongue of incredulity into the cheek of derision.

Mr. Mathews has been particularly fortunate in obtaining access to a MS. diary by Dr. Paccard. Unfortunately this adds little or nothing to our knowledge of the ascent of 1786; but it contains many interesting notes on previous attempts and subsequent triumphs. Here is a note on the attempt of 1783:—

"I started with M. Bourrit, the miller Marie, and Jean Claude Couttet; we went and slept at La Tournelle, but arrived only at the glacier, which was much crevassed. Mont Blanc was covered with clouds, and M. Bourrit did not dare to go on the ice."

The view of Bourrit's mountaineering capacities thus taken by the doctor may, perhaps, go some way towards explaining the fact that Bourrit, almost alone among contemporary mountaineers, sided against the doctor in the controversy with Balmat.

ANTIQUITIES OF THE RIVIERA.

The Romans on the Riviera and the Rhone. By W. H. (Bullock) Hall, F.R.G.S. 9½ x 6 in., x. + 194 pp. London and New York, 1898. Macmillan. 6/-

This is rather a series of essays than a book, and is somewhat wanting in concentration. There is no room in a work of this compass for details of Roman castrametation, and digressions on the Catilinarian conspiracy, the Triumvirate, and the death of Cicero, or Plutarch's life of L. Aemilius Paullus. Mr. Hall holds, with support from high authority, the opinion that the French nation is principally sprung from an Iberian stock, overlaid by Celtic and Teutonic additions. A type of dark, small, round-headed man is found in all Central and Southern France, and a similar type in Spain, Brittany, and Wales. The theory which assumes identity of race may be carried to an absurdity; but ethnological difficulties are diminished if we admit the permanence in the greater part of Western Europe of a strong non-Aryan element. Among the non-Aryan races are to be reckoned the Ligurians of the Mediterranean seaboard, to whom Mr. Hall devotes an interesting chapter. The Ligurians occupied not only the coast and neighbouring mountains from Etruria to the Gallic border, but are found also on the head waters of the Po, in the islands of the Western Mediterranean, and even on the coast of Spain. They appear to have been originally a seafaring people, and had a high reputation for courage and endurance in war.

The most interesting part of Mr. Hall's volume is that connected with the Roman roads in the Riviera and Rhone district—the various sections of the Via Aurelia. This name, which he applies to the whole coast-road from Rome to Arles, properly belongs to no more than the first section, from Rome to Vada Volaterrana, not far from Leghorn. But the name pushed on with the road, "as main lines of railway swallow up the subsidiary names" of their successive sections. The local name, "lou camin Ourelian" in Provence, is good evidence against the silence of the Itineraries and the *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum*. From Vada Volaterrana onward the sections of the Aurelian road, built at different periods as the result of military and colonizing extensions (as Mr. Hall points out), are successively named Aemilia Scauri, to Vada Sabata or Sabatia (Vado near Savona), a section which included a long detour from Genoa inland to Dertona (Tortona) and back to the coast; Via Julia Augusti, constructed by Augustus 12 B.C. as far as the river Var, and continued, probably on the lines of an old Greek road made by the Massilians, as far as Forum Julii (Fréjus); thence the Via Domitia, to Aquae Sextiae (Aix), and on to Arelate (Arles), by two routes—one by Marseilles, the other direct, across the plain of la Crau, thus completing the continuous coast-route from Rome. Mr. Hall has been over the whole ground, and supports his conclusions not only by the evidence of the Itineraries and Tables, but by milestones, arches, and masonry found *in situ*. He would have written a better book if he had kept history and topography separate, and if he had made a clearer distinction of subjects, and given us a complete map of the ancient roads in the Ligurian district. As it is, his work owes its chief value to accurate local knowledge applied to the study of authorities.

FLY-FISHING UP TO DATE.

Salmon and Sea Trout. By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P., F.R.S. (The Angler's Library.) 7½ x 5 in., xii. + 272 pp. London, 1898. Lawrence & Bullen. 7/6

"How to propagate, preserve, and catch Salmon and Sea Trout in British Waters" is the theme of Sir Herbert Maxwell's pleasant and useful book. As to propagating these valuable fish, we can only refer the reader to the work itself. The natural history of the salmon cannot be briefly discussed. But it does appear that the salmon is not of a different species from the common (or at one time common) burn trout. In him, good conditions (which he rarely meets with) produce silvery hues and firm, pink flesh of a salmon-like character. Lord Granby, however, found that Scotch trout would not thrive in his English water; they grew lean, surly, Covenanting kind of fish. On the other hand, we have known tiny burn trout which, by accident, got into a lochan thrive to two or three pounds weight. Suppose them to acquire a habit of taking change of water in the sea, and the rise to salmonhood seems feasible. The common finger-marks on parr and small trout indicate a common ancestry, while hybrids between trout and salmon are proved to be fertile.

On the question whether salmon feed in fresh water Sir Herbert has long entertained the opinion now sanctioned by the Blue-book of the Scottish Fishery Board. They do not, that is, they do very rarely, swallow food, but the body does not "digest, absorb, and utilize it." What then do we make of Colquhoun's salmon, which regularly swallowed young martins as they fell out of the nest; and what do the Dee salmon intend when they rise, like trout, at March Browns? And why do some American salmon reject fly, minnow, and so on, but feed so greedily on salmon roe that it ceases to be amusing to catch them? Salmon roe does not excite their curiosity by "wriggling," like the worm. On the other hand, in fresh water the membrane of the stomach and intestines degenerates as the reproductive organs develop. Probably the salmon retains a *vellété* for food, in fresh water, but only pecks at it occasionally—more is the pity. On the colour sense of fish Sir Herbert has made well-known experiments. Trout will take

scarlet or sky-blue May-flies (artificial) as readily as accurate imitations. But this may be set down to the fanaticism of the boom in May-flies, and we shall be yet more certain when Sir Herbert has caught Test or Itchen trout on red and blue quills and duns. As to salmon, the fly imitates nothing, and it is size and shape, not colour, that tells—in spite of local superstitions. John Macbeth on the Helmsdale caught, with a Popham, a fish with four broken Pophams in his mouth by carefully guiding him down the fall on Beat No. Six. John is a truthful man, but it does not follow that the fish had a marked preference and was a Popham collector. The people who favoured the Popham were the fishers.

For the rest, both in its advice and its anecdote, Sir Herbert's book is excellent; also in the merit of the illustrations. He is a fly-fisher, and cares not for minnow, prawn, and other abominations. Observe, especially, the right and wrong ways of giving the butt, and (p. 57) remark the results of neglecting to carry the Maxwell gaff; *c'est faire une gaffe*. From the topic of preserving, or rather not annihilating, the fish, any one who knows Tweed turns to

Scots wha fish wi' salmon roe,
Scots, wha sniggle as ye go,
Wull ye need the Bilie? No!
Let the limmer die!

So runs the poem of Independence.

THE INDIAN MUTINY.

The Sepoy Mutiny, as seen by a Subaltern, from Delhi to Lucknow. By Colonel Edward Vibart, late 15th Bengal Cavalry. 8½ x 5½ in., x. + 308 pp. London, 1898.

Smith, Elder. 7/6

Recollections of a Highland Subaltern, during Campaigns in India in 1857, 1858, and 1859. By Lieut.-Colonel W. Gordon-Alexander, late 93rd Highlanders. 9 x 5½ in., x. + 360 pp. London, 1898.

Arnold. 16/-

The story of the great Indian Mutiny and Rebellion of 1857 will always prove interesting. During the last few years much has been added to our knowledge of the operations for the suppression of that terrible uprising, but even now the subject has not been exhausted, as the fine volumes under review clearly prove. Especial interest attaches to them, as they are written by actors in the events recorded, and from notes made at the time. Colonel Vibart, who was, at the time of the outbreak at Delhi, a young subaltern in one of the native regiments stationed there, took an active part in many of the tragic events which happened inside that city, and afterwards served in the campaign of 1857-58 from Delhi to Lucknow. He has, moreover, in his possession a number of letters which he wrote to his relatives in England while the revolt was progressing, and these, together with the very permanent impression made upon his memory by the events of the Mutiny, enable him to give a full and trustworthy narrative. Colonel Gordon-Alexander served throughout with the gallant Highland Brigade, and recorded, as he assures us, all the events he witnessed or heard of at the time within a day or two at latest of their having taken place.

The first ten chapters of Col. Vibart's work contain an account of the horrors enacted in Delhi on May 11th, 1857; the exciting escape of ten Europeans (five officers and five ladies) from the Main Guard of the Cashmere Gate; their wanderings, exposure, and suffering during a week in the jungle; and their rescue by Lieutenants Gough and Mackenzie at the head of a remnant of the 3rd Native Cavalry which had remained faithful. It would indeed be difficult to find in the pages of any book more exciting chapters than these. The writer next records the siege and capture of Delhi, and after dealing with Cawnpur and its sad memories, passes on to an epitome of those stirring events in which he took part with the avenging army under Sir Colin Campbell for the final conquest of Lucknow. This excellent work should be read by those who seek a graphic and thrilling account of some of the most stirring events from Delhi to Lucknow.

The author of "Recollections of a Highland Subaltern"

landed with his regiment at Calcutta in September, 1857, the day that Delhi fell. Sir Colin Campbell was at that post, having arrived the previous month, at a time when affairs were at their worst; for the North-West Provinces were then lost, the Punjab was in a state of ferment, Central India on the verge of rebellion, and the very existence of British power in India dependent upon the capture and fall of Delhi. Without delay the 93rd marched up country to Cawnpur, and the author, who was observant of all that passed by the way, gives the reader glimpses of the irregularities that existed at that time in India and no doubt contributed much to bring about the deplorable events of the rebellion. He gives (from his diary) an account of how some of our men had, in their just wrath, pitched a naked fakir, whom they found walking about the station, into the Ganges, whence he swam to shore again like a duck. Before the Mutiny, these repulsive-looking holy-men were allowed to parade themselves about European stations, their presence often leading to breaches of the peace and the arousing of racial and religious rancour. Another source of mischief was the slackness of discipline amongst the European officers of the disbanded Sepoy regiments. The story of the Slaughterhouse of Cawnpur has often been told, but seldom with so much force as in this work.

And thence Colonel Gordon-Alexander leads us on to the Relief of Lucknow, the storming of the Sikandarbagh, the Battle of Cawnpur, the Siege of Lucknow, the advance into Rohilkhand, and the campaign in Oudh; and if at times he deals somewhat harshly with the older authorities on these subjects, and gives special prominence to the doings of his own regiment, we must attribute the former to the bluntness of a soldier who served through rough times, and grant that there is some justification for the latter. The plans of the different actions are simple and intelligible to the general reader, and there are portraits of some of the most distinguished officers under whom the author served.

NAVAL.

Life of Vice-Admiral Edmund Lord Lyons, G.O.B. By Captain S. Eardley-Wilmot, R.N. 9½ x 6½ in., xv. + 437 pp. London, 1898.

Sampson Low. 21/-

We venture to think that we are not far wrong in supposing the original causes of the appearance of this life of the first Lord Lyons to be certain passages in Sir Edward Hamley's short history of the war in the Crimea. Sir Edward, who was at no time, and in no relation of life a very charitable judge of his neighbour, wrote of the sailor with all the candour of the other service. These remarks of his, condemnatory as they were, and thrown off with that precision and confidence proper to his style, have naturally been unwelcome to the very distinguished representatives of Lord Lyons. Hence Captain Eardley-Wilmot's commission to write a life of the admiral who succeeded Sir W. Dundas in command of the Fleet in the Black Sea. We are induced to form this opinion by various considerations—and chiefly by the prominence which the author of this biography gives to Sir Edward Hamley's strictures. It also strikes us as improbable that his life would have attracted a biographer at this distance of time, if Lord Lyons were not represented by those who are not only willing but able to speak with the enemy at the gate.

The early life of Sir Edmund Lyons, as he was during the greater part of his active career, Lord Lyons as he became shortly before his death, was that of a naval officer who began too late to share in the glories of the Napoleonic war. His capture of the Dutch fort of Marrack, in Java, was a dashing feat, and a fine example of the kind of operation in which our naval officers found chances of distinction after the French fleets had been driven off the sea. The same sort of thing was done five hundred times round the coast of Spain during the Peninsular War, and was, in fact, the daily bread of the crew of the "Impérieuse" during her famous cruises under Cochrane's command. The middle period of Sir Edmund Lyons' life was spent as Minister at Athens.

Captain Eardley-Wilmot passes over this, which was, indeed, a subordinate part of the widely ramifying, ever shifting, and never as yet to be settled Eastern Question, somewhat lightly. Few firm touches are to be found in the two chapters he devotes to it—except these two. First he tells how Sir Edmund took offence at the high and dry manner of the Great Elchi, and showed his feelings with the frankness of a sailor. Then he gives a quotation from a letter of Lord Palmerston's which is curious reading in the light of later experience. We find Palmerston telling the Minister at Athens that if Greece had a constitution she would be happy. The world knows now what happiness her constitution has brought Greece, but the sentence has historic value as showing how deeply even shrewd and able men of the middle period of the century held the strange creed that any pinchbeck imitation of those institutions which have been the growth of centuries with us, and work well because they are so, will work for good when it is planted amid an alien race with another past, another training. A brief tenure of insignificant diplomatic posts at Berne and Stockholm was followed by the return of Sir Edmund Lyons to the sea, when he was appointed as Second in Command to Sir William Dundas in the Mediterranean.

His life from this time forward becomes identified with the naval side of the Crimean war. Its interest lies partly in the relations of Sir E. Lyons to Admiral Dundas, partly in the question whether General Hamley was, or was not, right in saying that his influence was for evil, and not for good, on certain occasions. As to the first point, Captain Eardley-Wilmot does not affect to deny that an unbroken Naval tradition has it that Lyons played the part of impatient heir-apparent to the senior Admiral. He only says he can find no expressions of ill-feeling in Lyons' letters. Most readers of the book, we take it, will incline to think that Naval tradition is not far wrong, but if they are fair judges they will add that the fault, if fault there was, lay with the Admiralty. Lyons was sent out with a promise of the succession, because he was a younger and more energetic man, and because my lords, to put it plainly, thought Admiral Dundas better fitted for a peace than a war command. If they had wanted to reproduce between these two the bitter relations of Hood and Rodney they could have chosen no better way. That Lyons does not fill his private letters with the rancour of Hood only proves that he was a well-bred and kind-hearted man. Of Sir E. Hamley's criticisms, one is avowedly based on mere hearsay and is of no importance; another is to the effect that Lyons was wrong in urging on the premature and useless bombardment of Sevastopol, and that he tacitly condemned himself by not renewing it when in command. This makes Captain Eardley-Wilmot very angry, but it has no great meaning. Lyons did no sin in urging vigorous action, and if, when experience showed him that a particular measure was of no value he abstained from taking it, he was very much in the right. The third criticism, which is that Lyons caused mischief by persuading Lord Raglan to take Balaclava as the basis of our Army, is serious, and Captain Eardley-Wilmot's answer strikes us as weak. It amounts to no more than this—that Balaclava is a nice little harbour, and that if the Army could not get at it conveniently this was a military consideration, which a seaman could not be expected to take into account. But this is precisely what he ought to have considered. The finest anchorage in the world is of little use as a place of transit if it is difficult of access from the land. Of course, Lord Raglan and his staff ought to have seen as much; but if they were weak and shortsighted, that does not excuse Sir E. Lyons for judging as a mere seaman when he ought to have taken what Rodney called "the great line" and have looked at the whole field of war. As the book is professedly a biography we have confined ourselves to the biographical interest. Of the Crimean war on its naval side Captain Eardley-Wilmot gives a full and valuable account.

Memoirs of Admiral the Right Hon. Sir Astley Cooper Key, G.C.B. By Vice-Admiral P. H. Colomb. 9 x 5½ in., 511 pp. London, 1898. Methuen. 16/-

It is a pleasant surprise to find Admiral Colomb turning to the new and evidently congenial paths of Naval biography. His

Memoirs of Sir Cooper Key are in many ways eminently satisfactory, as an intelligent record of both the man and his work. It is curious, perhaps, to find him discoursing upon the career of an officer who never comprehended that larger policy of defence which he has almost devoted his life to elucidating. But Sir Cooper Key lived in a period of momentous change—no other than that of the birthtime of the modern Fleet—and the opportunity was not to be lost of recording the successive steps by which the ironclad, steam-propelled Navy emerged from the earlier state of the days of wood, canvas, and hemp. Indeed, Admiral Colomb is at pains to depict his hero as the product of environment working upon natural character, and this gives him the opportunity of writing several most interesting chapters, which are not the least valuable in the book. He is perhaps less at home where he deals with personality, and we think at least that the parallelism which he sees between Nelson and Cooper Key will elude even the most discerning.

It is as a Naval administrator that posterity will regard Sir Cooper Key. Very few officers have ever had so wide a knowledge of every Naval department as Sir Cooper Key when he went to the Admiralty in 1879, to continue in office under the Gladstone Cabinet with Lord Northbrook as First Lord. Yet his great experience had never given him any conception of the real function of the Navy. He admired Nelson, but was ignorant of Naval history. Ideas of the larger policy of defence were foreign to him. Having risen to a foremost position in the Navy, he was yet—and he was the exponent of a school—so blind to its significance that, as Admiral Colomb says, "he had looked to military forces as at least a possible alternative to its defensive power." He had been an advocate of the policy that brought about the prodigious waste of money and the huge misdirection of effort when the mania for coast fortifications was indulged in in 1859. "He appears to have narrowed his conceptions in a remarkable degree in this instance," comments his biographer. They were not materially widened, we may remark, a few years later when he regarded the "Staunch" class of gunboats as a sufficient defence for the Channel ports.

Therefore, as First Sea Lord, upon larger matters of policy, Sir Cooper Key, notwithstanding the most conscientious attention to his duties, proved a failure. The country, if not the Admiralty, was keenly alive to the weakness of our Naval defences in 1884, and when the Government took no step to remedy the crying evil, indignation was loudly expressed, and, in the Navy at least, Sir Cooper Key became extremely unpopular. It was held that he had not used his position to demand a dominant Navy, and he keenly resented the imputation, declaring to Sir Geoffrey Hornby that he had protested against the proposals as insufficient. The pity of it was that he did not enforce his protest by resignation. But, in truth, Sir Cooper Key had no policy. The Admiralty did not know what kind of ships to build, and the First Sea Lord was unable to tell them. Design was unsettled, no doubt, but that the ships of the emergency programme were unsatisfactory does not, as Admiral Colomb seems to argue, absolve from blame those who were then responsible for Naval policy. There was similar hesitancy in the matter of providing breech-loading guns, and Sir Cooper Key took a short-sighted line, though it is true, as his biographer points out, that he had not our modern types of guns before him to guide his judgment. Apart from the highly-interesting historical and practical features of this valuable biography, perhaps the most curious of its attractions is the scope it affords for studying the strange limitations of a singularly acute and vigorous mind, like that of Sir Cooper Key, in the very field where he might have been expected to take a wide outlook and to give the country the benefit of great perspicacity and practical wisdom.

Letters and Papers of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Thos. Byam Martin, G.C.B. Edited by Sir Richard Vesey Hamilton, G.C.B. Vol. II. Printed for the Navy Records Society. 1898. (Subscribers only.)

We will not question the judgment shown by Sir R. V. Hamilton and the Secretary of the Navy Records Society in

deciding to produce the second before the first volume of the *Letters and Papers of Sir T. Byam Martin*. Still, the reason given in the preface, which is that the Admiral's papers for the years 1808-1813 deal with "events on which History has not dealt as fully as it has done with the more brilliant portions of the great war" (*sic*), has an odd look. If the other volumes contain nothing original, there would seem to be no particular reason for publishing them at all. If they do they might as well have come in their order. Yet it does not greatly matter in this case whether the centre leads into action, or the van or rear (to use a naval figure) of a naval book. We may be satisfied with what we have. The matter of the volume is abundantly interesting. The operations in the Baltic are, perhaps, better known than the editor allows. They are, for example, described by Ross in his life of Saumarez. Still, Captain Martin, as he was in the earlier period, Rear-Admiral Martin as he became later on, played such an active part that his letters are valuable. As much may be said of the later portion of the book which deals with the naval operations on the north coast of Spain during the campaigns of Vittoria and of the Pyrenees. The Admiral's letters throw a good deal of light on a really important part of our world-wide struggle with Napoleon. Sir James Saumarez, with his subordinates, Hood, Keats, Martin, and others, were largely employed in directly or indirectly counteracting the Berlin decrees by which Napoleon strove to exclude our commerce from Europe. They did it by covering the immense smuggling trade we carried on, with the zealous though concealed help of the natives, and in defiance of Napoleon's agents. At the same time they were employed in what may be compendiously described as "keeping up the wicket" by encouraging the French Emperor's enemies, and protecting them whenever they could. The actual fighting done was largely subordinate, though the capture of the Russian liner *Levolod* and the cutting out affair of *Porkola Point* were brilliant pieces of work. The task our officers had to do was rather diplomatic than military. The Danes were real enemies, but there was a large element of make believe in our so-called wars with the Swedes and Russians, who were in fact potential allies forced to appear to act against us by the "Corsican tyrant." We cannot speak highly of the editing of these papers; misprints are, indeed, very rare, and every attention has been paid to dates. But much has been included which might have been spared. There are, for instance, many pages of second-hand report of the operations of French, Russian, Austrian, and Prussian armies in 1809 and 1812. A good deal which calls for explanation is left unexplained. For instance, one would like to be told something of the concealed agents of the British Government in Northern Germany to whom Sir Thomas Martin is found sending accounts of the defence of Saragossa and other news likely to prove injurious to Napoleon.

Mr. William O'Connor Morris, whose interest in military and naval history has often been displayed, has written a very good little account of *THE GREAT CAMPAIGNS OF NELSON* (Blackie, 3s. 6d.), in which he follows Captain Mahan with an exactness that puts his work beyond criticism. His endeavour "to glance at theories as to the impregnability of England, and her absolute safety from invasion," which seem to him "questionable and dangerous, should the nation rely on its maritime power only," can hardly be discussed here; but the intelligent reader will probably find himself quite in accord with the views of Mr. Morris and Captain Mahan.

FOR COLLECTORS.

Books.—Book-collecting, as Carthew's butler used to say of philately, "makes all collectors kin. It's a bond, Sir; it creates a bond." From the millionaire who walks into Mr. Quaritch's shop with a liberal cheque-book, down to the impecunious book-hunter for whom the ardour of the chase has to be its own reward, all devotees of the Goddess whom Dibdin worshipped will take an interest in the very readable little book *THE*

ROMANCE OF BOOK COLLECTING (Stock, 5s.), in which Mr. J. H. Slater has found a recreation from his severer bibliographical labours. Mr. Slater begins with a dissertation on the utility of catalogues, and goes on to a subject with which no man should be better qualified to deal—a comparison of the modern prices of various classes of books with those shown in historic book sales. One's mouth waters as one reads his chapter of lucky finds; how one envies, for instance, that Melbourne gentleman—

Who only a few months ago picked out of a box labelled "Fourpence each" a first edition of "*Sordello*," with an inscription in the handwriting of the author himself. Browning had written on the flyleaf, "To my dear friend, R. H. Horne, from R. B.," which, though certainly autographically less important than if he had signed his name in full, is yet a very pretty and cheap souvenir of an eminent poet.

All the same, it was not very nice of the author of the once famous farthing epic to leave his "*Sordello*" behind him "to the mercies of the Melbourne streets." Are we to gather that he could not understand it? Perhaps the most interesting of Mr. Slater's chapters is that which describes the "*Forgotten Lore Society*," of which he was a member while it lasted. This was an association formed among bibliophiles "to search the country for neglected books in the hope that something at least might be discovered among the heaps of ancestral rubbish that time and the elements are fast bringing to decay." Each member was assigned a certain portion of the country in which to hunt, with the funds of the society at his back, on the understanding that "any advantage was to accrue to the benefit of the members as a whole." It is interesting to note that the society was an entire failure, and had to be abolished, because its members knew too much of literature and too little of current prices. On "the rules of the chase" and "the vagaries of book-hunters" Mr. Slater writes in a very entertaining manner. Bibliomania, which often shows itself in exceedingly Philistine and illiterate manifestations, has no better justification than in the case of books with a history attached to them, like "the shabby copy of '*The Eve of St. Agnes*,' which the luckless half-immortal thrust into his pocket as the *Don Juan* was sent to the bottom of the Gulf of Genoa." The book of which Charles Lamb "made a perfect wreck," and the volumes of Young, "distinguishable at a glance by the multitude of turned-down leaves," would be dearer to many collectors than the cleanest and tallest of untouched copies. Finally, one reads with a shiver that it is a "most usual thing" for Mr. Slater to receive "a bundle of title-pages as samples of the volumes to which they belong," with a request for information as to their value. And yet people try to persuade us that this is an age of general civilization!

VIOLINS.—The Rev. H. R. Haweis contributes to the "*Collector Series*" a volume on *OLD VIOLINS* (Redway, 7s. 6d. n.), in which he discourses pleasantly enough on the history of stringed instruments, the lives of famous makers, the characteristics of their work, the associations of Cremona, Mirecourt, Mittenwald, and Markneukirchen, the long-lost secret of making amber and crimson oil-varnishes, and the humours of the auction room and the dealer's shop. Those whose interest in the subject is only partially awakened will find Mr. Haweis both amusing and stimulating; and if his lively pages bear only too plainly the marks of a desultory habit of mind and an overmastering sense of his own high rank as an authority, he has at least made amends by adding a very good bibliography, and directed his reader to trustworthy sources of information. For the benefit of intending purchasers Mr. Haweis lays down two rules. The first is "never buy a fiddle at the owner's valuation." To follow this rule would be to lose almost every opportunity of acquiring a really good instrument. Such instruments are almost always bought up by dealers of high reputation and abundant capital, and after being put in order are offered for sale, with a warranty, at what is practically a fixed price. In nine cases out of ten he who aspires to the possession of a Stradivari is confronted with Hobson's choice—he must either give the dealer what the dealer asks, or abandon all hope of the coveted prize. Good instru-

ments, nevertheless, are occasionally to be bought at auctions ; and here Mr. Haweis' second golden rule comes in.

If you buy at auction, always go a few pounds better than the highest bid offered by a *dealer*, and if you win you will be in luck.

Does not Mr. Haweis know that dealers who find themselves somewhat overstocked, and wish to turn their capital over more quickly than can be done by waiting in the shop for customers, will sometimes send instruments, a few at a time, to the auction room? Here, in effect, the reader is advised to walk straight, with his eyes wide open, into what was once a very common trap for novices. Better counsel would be: Cease bidding the moment you see a respectable dealer, who always has a long purse, pertinaciously bidding against you. You will get the instrument more cheaply by letting him buy it, and giving him a fair profit on his purchase. Mr. Haweis' pages show a good many misprints and inaccuracies. Thus, in his alphabetical list of makers we read :

"HAMMIG, W. H. Leipzig, tenth century ; good work."

And a few pages further :

"Orro, Carl Christian, second son of J. A. Otto, 1792 ; Halle ; repairs old instruments."

If Carl Otto at the age of 106 is still repairing old instruments, we can only say that he "goes thirteen years better," as Mr. Haweis would put it, than Stradivari himself, who is said to have made a fiddle with his own hands at the age of ninety-three. The best things in the book are the collotype illustrations, which include a remarkably fine specimen of Maggini, the Queen's Amati tenor, Paganini's Joseph Guarnerius, and the group of Stradivari instruments belonging to Dr. C. E. Oldham of Brighton

ANTIQUES.—Mrs. Andrew Lang's translation of Count Michael Tyskiewicz's MEMORIES OF AN OLD COLLECTOR (Longmans, 6s.) is full of interest to the lover of art, especially, perhaps, to such as are at once connoisseur and plutocrat. M. de Tyskiewicz was, as is well known, a fortunate collector of the antique, and he tells most pleasant memories of his victories as well as of his occasional failures and mistakes. He is, too, very candid, and many of the secrets of that prison house of æsthetic treasure, the British Museum, are laid bare for our edification.

In his green youth Count Michael Tyskiewicz had a passion for antique engraved jewels, and bought from Alessandro Castellani, who was himself new to that branch of fine art dealing, a collection of these gems costing £5,000. After a time two-thirds of them proved to be modern, and soon they were resold to Castellani for one-fourth the original price. Later Castellani took out the palpably false gems, left the doubtful, added some new, and sold the lot to the British Museum. This transaction appears to have been one of the Count's great lessons. The story of the recovery of the bronze Hercules originally found at Foligno, in various pieces, shows how an apt pupil grew into that most sagacious being, the wise collector. He gathered each part of this Hercules from diverse people and places, and eventually sold it to Napoleon III., through whose hands it found its way to the Louvre. Mrs. Lang gives various reproductions of works of art at one time in the Count's collection, in the selection of which she has received the help of Mr. A. S. Murray, of the British Museum. Of the nine designs seven are from originals in the Great Russell-street collections, and of these the Bosco Reale silver bust of Antonia and the bronze figure from the Lake Bracciano are most interesting in themselves and by reason of their histories. About the original of another illustration—the Græco-Phœnician earring—there hangs a delightful drama, in which the wit of a Rothschild is pitted against the acumen of the famous Castellani ; the Rothschild won and the "Memories" will tell you how.

ARMOUR.—Mr. Starkie Gardner's volume, ARMOUR IN ENGLAND (Seeley, 9s. n.), is divided into two monographs, the first on English work and the second on foreign armour in England. The historical part at the beginning is addressed

rather to intending collectors than to those who are already equipped for the struggle. But to informed and novice alike the chapters dealing with the Britons, the mailed warrior, the transition period (1272-1399), and the age of plate armour, up to the time of enrichment beginning with Edward VI., will be of great value. Mr. Gardner's book deals very fully with that engrossing period after 1512 when armour became overlain with ornament and grew to importance as the basis of a decorative art. The utilitarian days were over at last. In the long struggle between *armour* and *arms*, the latter had conquered and neither mail nor plate was any longer of value in war. Then was the period of ostentatious display, and magnificent armour became the only wear. Henry VIII., Philip of Spain, the favourites of Elizabeth have bequeathed armour which enables us to judge of their taste and their passion for personal decoration. Mr. Gardner's chapters on the great period, artistically speaking, of armour are made more valuable by the coloured reproduction of designs from the *Jacobe Album* in the art library at South Kensington, which has helped to identify many of the original wearers of the present extant specimens of Tudor armour. This book once formed part of the Harleian Library ; it was lost for a time and discovered again by Baron de Casson, the well-known collector, in Paris ; it was sold at the Spitzer sale, acquired by M. Stein, and eventually bought by the South Kensington Museum. The second part of the work gives an excellent account of the foreign armour in England, showing what admirable work was accomplished in Germany and Italy—at Milan especially—at Innsbrück, Augsburg, Nuremberg, and, in less degree, Florence, Brescia, and Venice. England did not produce much, owing partly to the fact that the country was governed by Queens at the time when enriched armour reached its culminating point of grandeur. Mr. Gardner gives some words of warning :—

Concerning the history of the vast bulk of the armour that falls into the possession of the collector, all is speculation, and its very nationality, perhaps, matter of conjecture. The place whence it has come is often purposely concealed by the dealer, and a legend concocted to invest it with a higher market value.

A chapter on firearms and gunlocks, by Major V. A. Farquharson, at the end of the volume, is, like the rest of the book, admirably illustrated.

CHINESE PORCELAIN.—Mr. W. G. Gulland's efforts to produce a handbook for the use of those who ride their hobby in pursuit of the wares of old Nankin have proved successful. In his work, CHINESE PORCELAIN (Chapman and Hall, 10s. 6d.), he has formed an invaluable guide to the collector :—

We are very much in the dark as yet on many points [says Mr. Gulland] and cannot determine with certainty the age of much of the china we possess. However, we will find less difficulty, and perhaps more amusement, in studying the motives we see thereon, as also in discovering the purposes for which the various shapes were originally designed. The more we understand our china, the better we shall like it and value it.

It is in this catholic spirit that the author attacks his subject ; to give us more pleasure in our china he explains technical terms, expounds the symbols and charms of the East, and sketches, in an informatory way, the entire history of Chinese porcelain, at least from the Ming dynasty (1368-1644) until the present time. In doing this is shown the influence which religion—Taoism, Buddhism, Mahomedanism, and even Christianity—have had, and the effect of the drama, poetry, and romance upon the ceramic art of China. In 1280 Marco Polo saw porcelain made in China and stated that it was sent all over the world ; but it is not until the time of our Queen Elizabeth that we can find any trace of authentic pieces of the Ming dynasty in England. The name of the ware was given it by the Portuguese, because the polished surface was like that of the cowrie shell—known as *porcella*, or little hog. Mr. Gulland gives 485 illustrations from carefully-printed photographs. These, of course, lack colour, which it has been found too costly to reproduce. Many of the examples are of great beauty ; among the more

unusual are some of the "Jesuit china" produced under the influence of the Society of Jesus. In one plate given, the motive is the Crucifixion, apparently a copy of some majolica plate supplied by the Fathers. In the British Museum there are one or two examples of this influence of Christianity, but they are of little value from the decorative point of view. The Eastern is always at his worst when he copies the art of the West.

The collector will learn in this volume all about the various attempts made in Japan, France, and other countries to imitate Nankin. On this subject Mr. T. J. Larkin, who adds many valuable notes, says :—

The Chinese are engaged at the present day in making desperate efforts to imitate every class of old porcelain prized by themselves, and amateurs have to be on their guard against these.

But, as he says in effect elsewhere, imitation is carried out in every branch of art, and it is this very difficulty of distinguishing between the spurious and the true which helps to make the pride of the connoisseur. Mr. Gulland adds a useful chapter on decorating with china, at present an art too little practised. His main advice is ;—avoid mixing your polychrome with your blue and white, see that the background is suitable, avoid combinations with heavily-framed oil painting. With Mr. Gulland's book to guide him, no amateur of Chinese ceramics need fall a victim to the sellers of the sham antique.

PHILOSOPHY.

My Inner Life: a Chapter in Personal Evolution and Autobiography. By John Beattie Crozier. 9×5½in., 562 pp. London, 1898. Longmans. 14/-

In a book chiefly concerned with Mr. Herbert Spencer's philosophy, Mr. Crozier acts upon Mr. Spencer's dictum that each man should utter that which he thinks the highest truth, because his opinion is a unit of force, constituting, with other such units, the general power which works out social changes. In other and older words, a man must not hide his talent in the earth. But Mr. Crozier's book needs no sort of justification. It exhibits, with the utmost frankness and simplicity, the mental struggles of a man who "faced the spectres of the mind, and laid them," till he came at length not to orthodoxy, nor, indeed, to any definite religious belief, but to principles from which some kind of rudimentary religious belief is deducible. The unsympathetic reader will not realize the importance of this apparently small result; but to Mr. Crozier, a free thinker, untouched by Christian theology, it was as the recovery of a lost ideal, almost as the recognition at last of angel faces which he had "loved long since and lost awhile." Previously, he had discovered no flaw in what he calls Mr. Spencer's pure and undiluted materialism, though he had spent years in the attempt to escape from it. It loomed large in his view, and oppressed his imagination as a compact and impregnable edifice, "a great granite pile sunk deep on the bed-rock of the world," from which it was impossible to dislodge one single stone. It was only after a long study of ancient and modern thinkers of all schools that he was led, by an ingenious and penetrating argument, to deny the sufficiency of Mr. Spencer's method, and of science itself, as an organon, that is, in the explanation of the problem of existence. His present position, which it is not easy to define, seems to be that of agnostic theism—agnostic in the main, although his acknowledgment of a deity, and of a human conscience, or "scale in the mind," almost necessarily involves further and more precise inferences. He does not, it is true, use the word "conscience," but his "scale in the mind"—the measure of quality and of what is "high" or "low"—is, to all intents and purposes, a conscience and a sense of right and wrong. It is just one of those philosophical expressions that may be translated, without violence, into the terms of religion; and it is full of suggestions that belong rather to religion than philosophy. Mr. Crozier, then, has probably reached, not the end of his journey, but only a halting-place. He has circum-

vented the great boulder of materialism that barred his progress, and now moves along a happier path—moves, for no thinker can say to his mind, "Thus far, and no farther."

Rarely have we seen so candid a disclosure of the inner life of any one, or so pleasing and unaffected a study of an inquiring mind. The genuine mental distress caused by some phases of Mr. Crozier's speculations is recorded, but not emphasized. There is no deadly combat with Giant Despair, but only a perpetual effort to find a weak place in his armour, and only a modest triumph afterwards. In short, the temper of the book is as admirable as its style. The story of the author's early days as a schoolboy and student in Canada, the account of the Presbyterian Sabbath, and the episode, delightful but irrelevant, of Uncle James, are marked by frequent touches of comedy. But in the whole autobiography, the whole situation, the whole sincere and unpretentious search for truth, will be found delicate humour and unconscious irony. It seemed natural enough to Mr. Crozier, as a young man, to ignore Christianity, his experiences of which had not been favourable; but it was intolerable to be pulled up in the midst of his intellectual career by the dead wall of materialism. There was nothing for it then but to search for the Lost Ideal, and to become a knight errant, like Don Quixote, or those who sought the Holy Grail. From this point it becomes a story of intellectual adventure, of seeking for truth in science and philosophy, often where it was not particularly likely to be found. It is not surprising to learn that ancient philosophers and modern metaphysicians were in vain, and that Mr. Spencer's doctrines remained unshaken in all their awful significance. Finally the "Poetic Thinkers," such as Bacon, Goethe, Carlyle, Emerson, and Newman, though none of them commanded Mr. Crozier's entire assent, supplied him with the desired clue, and enabled him to achieve his object, he being then 29 years old. Then came various painful experiences with editors, publishers, and critics; failure at first, and, after a good many years, a well-deserved reputation. Mr. Crozier has written other books, as every one knows; but the Autobiography, now complete as far as it goes, was always the child of his heart. Undoubtedly, it pleases by virtue of its style, its literary judgments, its originality, its candour, and its simplicity. Its philosophical conclusions are stated none too clearly, but one cannot fail to be impressed by the author's courageous independence, and his persistent wrestling with intellectual troubles. He himself seems to fear that others will not follow in his footsteps, that serious inquiries no longer interest people as they did in his younger days. "The only form of serious work," he says, "which still flourishes is the purely scientific." If so, we can only urge that the present generation has much to digest and assimilate, and that a period of rest may be necessary. But, as the explanation of the universe has been the sole object of philosophers ever since the time of Thales, we may expect the pertinacious human mind not to run away after knocking at the door, but to stay for an answer.

In his sketch of THOMAS REID in the Famous Scots Series (Oliphant, 1s. 6d.) Dr. Campbell Fraser, the veteran editor of Locke and Berkeley, has paid a fitting tribute to a sound and earnest thinker of the eighteenth century. Our generation has still something to learn from Thomas Reid. Writing before Kant appeared upon the field, he formulated an answer to the fashionable scepticism of his time, which, if less daring and suggestive than Kant's, is also less paradoxical and, as far as it goes, more helpful to faith and common sense. Dr. Fraser presents his author's views and their relation to contemporary thought briefly but forcibly, and, in the biographical part, has enriched his book with much unpublished material, which helps to give a pleasing picture of a diligent and blameless life.

Dr. Sidis' *PSYCHOLOGY OF SUGGESTION* (New York: Appleton, \$1.75) is an interesting and original study of those strange phenomena of hypnotism and subconsciousness which have now passed securely from the domain of quackery to that of science. He defines suggestion

as "the intrusion into the mind of an idea; met with more or less opposition by the person; accepted uncritically at last; and realized unreflectively, almost automatically." All men are, it seems, more or less "suggestible"; while a few, the "subjects" of hypnotic *séances*, are suggestible in a high degree. In ordinary life the conscious and the subconscious self are indistinguishably combined, but by hypnotism we can make, as it were, a split between them. During the hypnotic trance the operator gets hold, so to speak, of the subconscious self, and implants therein ideas which are automatically carried into execution when the patient is awakened. The author has a chapter on the great and absorbing problem of personality. These new investigations, it seems, in opposition to the views of anti-metaphysical psychologists like Professor William James, lead us back to the old view that self-consciousness is the central point of personality. The last part of the book deals with the psychology of the crowd. Crowds are suggestible as men are suggestible, and this is the secret of the success of stump-orators and emotional revivalists. From this standpoint Dr. Sidis explains, while he ridicules, the religious crazes and financial panics of modern America and popular delusions like demoniacal possession and the fear of witches in the Middle Ages.

In contrast to the foregoing, Dr. Schofield's work, *THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND* (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.), is one of no great pretension. Its object is to set forth, in a popular form, the nature of unconscious mind in man, and the value of a study of it in regard to such important matters as education and health. The work is mainly a compilation, and in many parts, as the author himself remarks, "appears to be little more than a collection of extracts." Where he does write with the freshness of personal contact is on the medical side of the subject. His professional experience has suggested to him many interesting reflections on faith-healing on the one hand, and the power of frightening oneself into an illness on the other. There is a decided vein of mysticism in the book, as when we read that the recognition of the unconscious mind gives us the key to the moral and spiritual world, "showing where our highest spirit life and moral sense dwells, and whence proceeds the voice of conscience and, shall we say, of God." It is amusing to contrast Dr. Sidis' pronounced remarks on the "brutal nature" of the subconscious self with Dr. Schofield's conviction that in that self lie "mental faculties, deeper, wider, loftier, truer" than anything we have in the conscious life. The author is wrong in supposing that the unconscious mind is a neglected topic. There is no province of psychology where so much original work is being done. As tending to popularize this study Dr. Schofield's book is not unseasonable at the present time.

In attempting to write an account of the *PHILOSOPHY OF GREECE CONSIDERED IN RELATION TO THE CHARACTER AND HISTORY OF ITS PEOPLE* (Grant Richards, 6s.) within the compass of 300 pages Mr. A. W. Benn has set himself a task which could only be accomplished successfully by a man of genius. Renan could have done it; but men of Renan's peculiar gifts are scarce in France, and in England perhaps scarcer still. It is no reproach to any one that he is not a man of genius, and so it is not a serious reproach to Mr. Benn that his arduous effort is not entirely successful. In the first place, his style and handling are more suitable to his previous big two-volumed work on the "Greek Philosophers" than to this short sketch of Greek philosophy. It is overburdened with "isms" and "ologies," which are likely to deter the general reader, while the special student will prefer a more thorough treatise. We may, however, be thankful that he has not allowed himself to be dominated by any barren abstract antithesis such as that of subjective and objective, and has not tried to force all his facts to suit some *a priori* scheme. He has really tried to see the facts for what they are and has illustrated the philosophy of the nation in an intelligent way from its art and literature. Nor is his central conception ill-chosen. Sophrosyne, or self-knowledge with self-control, is, he tells us, the key to Greek life and thought. But one would like to know, what Mr. Benn

does not fully tell us, how the Greeks chanced upon so happy a conception. Apart from this, there are grave omissions in the matter of the book. The city-system, slavery, and the subjection of women were the three dominating conditions of Greek life. To the first the author accords some recognition, to the others none at all. Yet, without them, how can we understand Greek thought, more especially in its difference from the thought of the modern world?

In his setting forth of Leibniz's *MONADOLOGY* (Clarendon Press, 8s. 6d.) Mr. Robert Latta modestly assumes the part of an editor rather than an author, though his original contributions form more than half the book. It consists of a long introduction containing a biography of Leibniz, followed by a sketch of his general principles, a detailed statement of his system, and an account of its sources and of its influence upon his philosophic successors. Following the "Monadology" are translated portions of Leibniz's other writings illustrating various points of interest. For the way Mr. Latta has performed his task we have nothing but praise. The translation is admirably done. Its conscientiousness and felicity show that it was really a labour of love. The notes are helpful, the introduction most lucidly and happily expressed. In short, any one who is interested in Leibniz has now the opportunity of mastering his philosophy with the *minimum* of trouble. For Leibniz, unhappily, left no complete exposition of his system. It has to be pieced together from a multiplicity of sources, including letters, essays, and occasional papers like the "Monadology," which was a short statement prepared for the use of the famous soldier Prince Eugene. Leibniz's main interest lies, perhaps, in what Kant afterwards made a matter of accusation against him — viz., that he "intellectualized phenomena." The great anthropocentric revolution in philosophy, of which Kant himself is the protagonist, owed much in its earlier stages to Leibniz. Previous thinkers had regarded matter as essentially antithetical to thought. He saw that it must be viewed as essentially of the nature of mind, and the theory of Monads is a bold constructive attempt to show how this is possible. Leibniz's idealism was the culmination of the great philosophic movement of the later seventeenth century; after his death followed the trough of the wave. The next crest comes a century later with Kant and Hegel. Nearly a century has passed again since then, and idealism is reviving once more on the growing hand. That is why our interest in Leibniz is more than the interest of history.

In Mr. E. P. Evans' *EVOLUTIONAL ETHICS AND ANIMAL PSYCHOLOGY* (New York: Appleton, \$1.75) we have another popular book whose main object is to plead for the better treatment of animals. The higher they are in the scale, he argues, the stronger claims they have to kind and considerate treatment. Moral progress has meant the extension of moral obligations to a progressively wider circle. Let us, therefore, argues the author, make the moral circle wider still by including the higher animals in it. On the subject of animal psychology Mr. Evans tries to show that the stiff line of demarcation which theologians and philologists like Max Müller have tried to draw between animals and mankind has no real existence. He touches on a great variety of questions—whether animals have a conscience, whether they reason, whether they can talk, and whether they have the sentiment of religion. He deals with them all in a chatty, unsystematic way which is not unpleasant and which puts no great strain on one's intellect or attention.

Mr. Carveth Read's *LOGIC: DEDUCTIVE AND INDUCTIVE* (Grant Richards, 6s.) is a useful class-book, drawn mainly from standard authorities and supplemented by the author's own practical experience in teaching. The style is bright and the illustrations are copious and happy. Strange as it may seem with so old-established a study, there are not too many good helps to logic. Students and teachers will welcome this well-arranged and trustworthy compendium.

Another well-arranged work of the same scope is Professor J. E. Creighton's *INTRODUCTORY LOGIC* (Macmillan, 5s. n.), which, as he tells us, has grown out of his lectures to undergraduate classes at Cornell University. In the part dealing with formal logic Professor Creighton's book is not so rich in elaborate technical detail as Mr. Carveth Read's. On the other hand, he has carried his treatment rather further by including chapters on the philosophy of knowledge, the main results of which are inspired by recent idealist logicians like Messrs. Bosanquet and F. H. Bradley.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

THE LIFE STORY OF THE LATE SIR CHARLES TILSTON BRIGHT is told by his brother, Edward Brailsford Bright, and his son, Charles Bright, in two volumes (Constable, 63s. n.). Born in 1832, Charles Bright, after a brief career at Merchant Taylors', entered the service of the Electric Telegraph Company at the early age of fifteen. At twenty he became chief engineer to the Magnetic Telegraph Company, extending its lines throughout the United Kingdom, connecting England and Ireland by telegraph for the first time, and laying the foundation of modern telegraphy in a patent containing four and twenty distinct inventions. At twenty-three Bright became, in conjunction with Cyrus Field and John Watkins Brett, an Atlantic Telegraph projector, and when only twenty-four years old he was appointed chief engineer to the undertaking. At twenty-six he had achieved the great work of his life; on August 5, 1858, England and America were electrically connected. There is but one Atlantic to bridge, and by the side of that stupendous feat the work which filled up the remainder of Bright's short life sounds tame, though for most of us to have played the paramount part in electrically connecting England with India or in laying the submarine cable network which placed the West Indian islands in communication with one another and with the rest of the world, would be in our own estimation an altogether sufficient claim to relative immortality. Bright lived in the heroic days of telegraphy: when to the world at large, and, indeed, to most of its devotees, it was a mysterious cult: when there were still worlds to conquer, seas and oceans to bridge, and giants were needed: when everything was yet to learn and no one felt like the Irishman "altogether bothered for want of preliminary information."

The theme is therefore intrinsically interesting; so is the individual; have the writers succeeded in arousing a corresponding interest in the minds of the readers of their story? To those connected with telegraphy the life-story of Sir Charles Tilston Bright, which has been compiled by his brother and by his son, will doubtless be of value, if only on account of the mass of detailed information which it contains. To the non-technical reader, however, who merely wishes to get some idea of the living personality of the great telegraph engineer and some idea of the technical value of his achievements, we are afraid the twelve hundred stodgy pages prepared for them will prove anything but attractive. The authors have an inexhaustible fondness for unnecessary footnotes and appendices; the latter cover no fewer than 330 pages of small print, including more than fifty pages of obituary notices! Throughout the work there is a constant intrusion of uninteresting detail about irrelevant individuals, and even in regard to Sir Charles Bright himself we scarcely want to know that "on his way to Marseilles he spent a pleasant day in Paris, staying at the Grand Hotel," or that on his return "Sir Charles journeyed direct to Paris, which he left the same day by the tidal train for home." In short, a reader of these two ponderous volumes will learn but little about Sir Charles Bright himself, though he may learn much with regard to his friends and relations. It only remains to be said that the book is well illustrated.

LE DIX-HUITIÈME SIECLE: LES MŒURS, LES ARTS, LES IDEES, RECITS ET TMOIGNAGES CONTEMPORAINS (Hachette, 40f.).

The eighteenth century in France Michelet called the "great age." The Goncourts revealed to their compatriots the charm and variety which render the eighteenth century "great" in another sense—namely, in its art. The book which heads this article is the confirmation of the fine perspicacity of the Goncourts. It is, as it were, a gallery of beautiful relics of that exquisite moment of French civilization. Some 600 engravings, set in an adequate text, recall the chief episodes, names, and products of the art of the period. The anonymous author makes no pretensions of being a learned or original writer. He is rather an extremely well-informed *cicerone* who has read Duclos and Besenval, and Mme. Campan and the other memorialists, and having, therefore, on the tip of his tongue some of the most amusing anecdotes with which these authors abound, uses them to enliven his explanations as he leads us through the unrivalled collection of documents which his publishers have put at his disposal. What matters it that some of these anecdotes must be taken *cum grano salis*? They are, at all events, about real people, and they introduce to us their portraits, the old prints in which we behold them at the ball, views of battlefields where they rally round the fascinating figure of Maurice de Saxe, glimpses of old Paris and Versailles, sieges and marriages and theatrical performances, dresses, beds, chairs, necklaces, watches, fans, in fact all the tender intimacies and graces of the life of the *salon*, the pictures that hang on the walls, the statues that gleam in the gardens, the—but why continue the enumeration? It is enough to say that this volume, prepared in so superior a manner by Hachette, offers the very quintessence of the crowded century which extends from the funeral procession of Louis XIV. to the first days of the Revolution. An evening spent in turning the spacious leaves of this book will give the reader an acquaintance with the period completer and more lasting than if he were to spend months in perusal of the classics.

DR. SOUTHWOOD SMITH (Blackwood, 6s.) is a pious memoir of a man who laboured earnestly and successfully to put an end to the horrors of the "factory system" in England. The citizens of Muggleton, who viewed the slave trade abroad with a righteous horror, petitioned against any interference with the factory system at home, and Mrs. C. L. Lewes, who has written this account of her grandfather, has done well to remind us of the difficulties and the opposition encountered by those who desired to mitigate the misery of the factory slaves.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—"The unceasing influence of births, marriages, and deaths among several thousand individuals," says the editor of the new edition for 1899 of DOD'S *PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, AND KNIGHTAGE* (Sampson Low, 10s. 6d.), "with the constant flow of promotion in the Naval and Military forces of the Crown, have produced their usual striking effects." Their failure to do so would certainly have perplexed social philosophers throughout the world. The changes thus brought about necessitate the new issue of "Dod"—that admirable and handy work of reference. BURKE'S *PEERAGE* (Harrison, 38s.) is, of course, less handy, but more imposing, and maintains its high standard of accuracy. The editor abstains from expressing any opinion on such vexed questions as that of the honour due respectively to baronets and the children of life peers. DEBRETT'S *PEERAGE* (Dean, 31s. 6d.), on the contrary—as usual a marvel of exhaustive information in small compass—adds to its usual attractions an eloquent and impressive discussion of this point, and ingeniously indicates a line of policy by which "in all probability much friction with the baronets might have been avoided." There is also a certain amount of controversial matter in Mr. John Lane's preface to the thirty-fifth edition of Herbert Fry's *ROYAL GUIDE TO THE LONDON CHARITIES* (Chatto and Windus, 1s. 6d.). Nearly all the charitable institutions, it appears, did rather badly in 1898: and the editor attributes the circumstance to "the interest taken in the Prince of Wales' Fund." However that may be, the fact remains that there is a certain amount of philanthropic lee-way to be made up, and amateur philanthropists need wish for no better guide than this little book in deciding as to whom to make cheques payable.

Among my Books.

THE WELL OF PURE ENGLISH.

Most book lovers, however catholic their general tastes may be, will be found to have a few special favourites—a special bed, as it were, divided off from the rest of the garden, which they admire above all others, and to which, when zest in other things flags, they can turn with never-failing interest and delight. To some this may be a particular vein of poetry, to others ancient balladry, mystical writings, fables, or even the collection of proverbs. It is rare to be introduced to a real library, as distinguished from a mere heap of books, without finding a little nook somewhere consecrated to a treasury of this sort. I confess myself to having such a playtime collection—one which is a perennial source of pleasure when the brain has sickened a little, as it sometimes will, of other food. To say that this little garden of delight is composed of dictionaries will, to many, savour of the absurd; and yet I can recommend my hobby as one full of pleasures and surprises, as well as of profit. I should explain, however, that when I speak of dictionaries I include glossaries, dialect books, and, in fact, almost anything that has to do with words—those coins in the realm of thought that are for ever coming and going, now in the fashion and now out, lost may be for a time, then found again, and once more put in circulation.

Additions are continually being made to our linguistic store, partly from what we may call the chance coinage of the street—words that come up as slang, that are eyed askance for a time, but which, from some truthfulness of ring or picturesqueness of impress, gradually commend themselves to the general taste, and so are admitted citizens of the republic. Partly, also, we gather from foreign tongues: whence, with much that we could do well without, we have adopted such useful vocables as *entourage*, *prestige*, *hinterland*, and the like. The last-named acquisition, however, is so English in its components as to be practically but a readmission. By the change of a soft into a hard consonant we have “hinder,” as in “hinder-most,” “hinder-end,” and the Scottish “hinder-night,” yesternight. In Berner’s “*Froissart*” we read of “the hynder-train of the Scottes,” and when I was a boy the farmers talked of the hinder horse and the hinder season, known also as the “backend” of the year.

Occasionally, too, we get a word back into our literary vocabulary from those “pure wells of English,” the provincial dialects. There was a time when it was considered bad taste, if not actually bad manners, to use a dialect word. Nay, there are even persons who still hold it vulgar to employ a word that is not to be found in a shilling dictionary: as witness the critic who recently put his taboo on “pack,” used in the sense of Shakespeare’s—

“He cannot live, I hope, and must not die,
Till George be pack’d with post horse up to heaven.”

“Truly,” remarked this high-minded purist, “Tennyson makes use of the word in one of his poems; but as he puts it into the mouth of a drunken man, he thereby

stamps it as vulgar.” How much our English has suffered from these pocket-dictionary people! In the course of my reading for some years past I have been in the habit of jotting down the words and phrases that have been objected to by reviewers or others. It is a curious list, and includes such locutions as, *lungeous*, *churlish*, *frounce*, *nesh*, *scientist*, *gabbed*, *weatherly*, *win out*, *clem*, *threap*, *gear*, *force* (waterfall), *chuck*, *threatful*, *quick* (alive), *clip*, and the like.

One need not be surprised at the questioning of such provincial survivals as “frounce,” “gab,” and “threap,” although they are all to be found in our old writers; but it is curious to note that while the phrase “a chuck under the chin” readily passes muster, “chuck out” is boggled at as being vulgar. Both “nesh” and “clem” had by this time, one would think, been admitted to full literary citizenship. George Eliot frequently uses the first; and if up to the time of the great Cotton Famine “clem” was a provincialism confined to Lancashire and the adjoining counties it was surely advanced to general acquaintance and acknowledgment by Lord Derby in the famous speech he made at Liverpool on the distress amongst the cotton-workers occasioned by the American Civil War. Even if they had no descent to fall back upon, such expressive words ought to prove an acceptable addition to the literary language. But both find a place in our old literature. In Ben Jonson’s “*Poetaster*,” we have: “What, will he *clem* me and my followers?” And in nearly all the older writers we meet with “nesh” (soft, weak) sometimes spelled “ness,” as in Northgate (sermon on Matthew xxiv. 43) where we have “zofthede and nesshede.”

The same is true of “frounce,” “threap,” “quick,” “gab,” and “clip,” the first two in common use in the North, and particularly in East Yorkshire, the others nearly all over the country. To “frounce” signifies to wrinkle the brow, as in frowning or scowling, and is so employed by Gower:

With that sche *frounceth* up the brow,
This covenant y wille allowe.

“Threap” appears originally to have had the meaning of to call, and appears in that sense in Chaucer. But it had also the meaning of obstinately insisting upon a thing in contradiction to another, as “He threaped me down it was as he said,” in which signification it is still encountered in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire. In the sense of contradiction we meet with it in the fourteenth-century alliterative poem on the “Deluge,” where we read, in the account of those who were to go into the Ark,

Thy three sons withouten threp, and her (their) three wives.

“Gab” was a word of great import in the olden time, and, as we know, is still used in the vernacular in the sense of idle talking and boasting. John Wyclif poured the vials of his wrath upon the bad habit it marked—gabbing, that is, jesting and lying. Possibly from “gab” the French derived their *gobe-mouche*, as we our “gaby,” both signifying much the same thing. While “gab” may not be a great loss to the language, such words as “clip” are. Clip is distinctly better and more expressive than

embrace. We see the strength and beauty of it in such phrases as, "and kest hit and clipped, and oft Crist thonkes" (from "William and the Werwolf").

In the same category I would put such words as "cree," to seethe, used chiefly in regard to grain, as rice and wheat (in making fermenty, for instance); "clatch," a brood of chickens (applied in ornithology, in the form of "clutch," to a nest of eggs); "garth," a yard or garden (one has heard it rather finely used as "dead-garth," for churchyard); "addle," to earn, &c. As to "addle," I remember once bringing it into a sketch of an old stone-breaker in the sentence, "I'll mebbe addle a shiner" (the man's own phrase). I was asked by the editor what it meant, and when the paper containing the piece came out I found, to my horror, that he had substituted the bald everyday English, "I shall perhaps earn a shilling," for my bit of sparkling vernacular.

That is the way our noble language has been clipped and starved—too often by men who, one is apt to think, got their English, as Chaucer's Prioress learned her French, at Stratford-atte-Bow. In sober truth, literary English has in the past suffered greatly at the hands of Cockney editors and publishers. What was not current in London circles was held to be bad English. Thus we have lost hundreds—nay, thousands—of expressive words and idioms that could ill be spared.

Here is an instance in point. A teacher in a Lancashire school, who was giving his class an object-lesson on fires, asked the youngsters what they would do if their home caught alight. One boy replied that he would run for the "degging-can." Said the teacher: "Do you mean a watering can?" The lad said he did. "Then why don't you say so?" returned the pedant. "Degging-can is vulgar." Now "degging-can" is a very striking compound, the first part of it connected with "dag" (Danish), dew, and probably related to "dank," moist. It used to be common twenty years ago to hear Lancashire people speak of "degging" the garden when they meant watering it. Possibly it may be common yet; but one fears that both this word and others like it will soon be stamped out by the pedagogue of the Board school.

It is not the whole of the evil that this word or that is lost, but the "heart" of the language is taken out of it, as Surrey labourers say of the land when everything possible is got from it and nothing put back. The other day a man was turning up a piece of heavy ground and throwing manure into it as he went along. "Ah," said he, "this is the stuff to quicken it!" He meant, of course, to put life into it (from "quick," or "wick," as they have it in the North, alive, living). I once heard a housewife bid her maid "quick" a dead fire with a few sticks. So in Chaucer we read:

As fyr is wont to quikke and go
From a sparke spronge amis
Til all a citee brent up is.

These I hold to be fine and expressive uses of a word that, so far as our literary language is concerned, has become a fossil, being confined to the phrase "the quick and the dead." Many similar instances could be cited in

which, amongst farmers, labourers, and others of their class, words are still malleable on their tongues. Though their vocabulary is often extremely limited, it is composed of living materials; and many a word that has become stereotyped in polite speech can be used by them either as a verb or noun, adjective or adverb. As an instance in point, let us take "clarty," a word often heard north of the Humber. It means sticky, also messy. Wet clay is "clarty" stuff, and a child may "clart" itself all over with it. Gum or paste is "clart"; you may "clart" paper on the wall with either; and I once heard a man say of a youth who had got guttapercha soles to his shoes, which were softening on the hot pavement, "How clertily he goes!"

Many such vocables went over to America with the Pilgrim Fathers and other emigrants, and have found their way back to the old home as a surprise. Examples are to hand in "betterment," recently returned, one hopes, to remain; "fall," a word that never went out of use, in the North at least, and is often heard in the beautiful variation, "the fall of the leaf;" "to heft," &c. In New England stories we frequently meet with "chores," another form of our "char," seen also in "charwoman"; and not long ago I had a chat with an American lady who came out with the word "menseful." It gave one a delightful sensation to hear it, for it is a word with a history, and ought not to be let die. I never heard it anywhere but in the East Riding, and it was always applied to a garment that was still wear-worthy both for the back and the eye; and it was in this sense, namely of "graceful," "becoming," that the American lady used it. Our friends across the Border still have "mense," worthiness. The word comes from the Anglo-Saxon "mennisc," human, and it is to be met with in many an old author in the sense of grace, favour, as, for instance, in "William of Palerne," where we read—

The riche emperour of Rome rod out for to hunt
In that faire forest

With alle his menskful meyne, that muche was and nobul.

"Menskful meyne," worshipful company; "meyne" being our "many," originally signifying household; hence company or great gathering. We still hear the illiterate speak of "a many people."

I must call attention to two other striking words, because they are in a sense representative. One of them I have heard from Northants south as far as Berkshire, but have only seen it once in print outside a provincial glossary. I refer to "unked," having the sense of "creepy," "uncanny." It makes you feel "unked" to go through a churchyard at night, and it is a decidedly "unked" sensation that takes possession of you when in a lone house you hear unearthly noises. It has been suggested to me that the dis-syllable may come from the A.S. *cythan*, to make known, to manifest; and hence "unked" would derive the meaning of something unknown, hidden, strange, and, in its present sense, of uncanny. Something of this unkedness of feeling was once coming over me as I trudged along a North Staffordshire road in the evening time. The weather had been close and heavy all day, and, as dark clouds came up, obscuring

the sky, with a sense of thunder about, and the nearest hostelry some miles away, the uneasiness was not without reason. Suddenly a fellow-wayfarer hove in sight from a by-path, and with the greeting "It osses (threatens) for a slobbery onder, sir," passed on his way. Gladness came with the uncouth sentence, for "onder" is a Chaucerian word, to be met with in many old writers; and to have it cast at one thus by way of salutation in that lonesome place was like all at once coming across one of the Canterbury Pilgrims. Curiously enough, being a few evenings later in the town of Leek, I heard a man call to a work-girl across the market-place, "Wheer's te boun?" "To me onders," said she (to my tea). I afterwards learned that the word is in common use in the sense indicated throughout that part of Staffordshire. Halliwell gives it as nearly extinct in Craven, and as used in Cheshire and Shropshire. Cotgrave several times mentions "aunders-meat" as an afternoon refreshment.

As in some of the old stories, the "morril" is "at discretioun." For my own part I would rather have words like "aunders-meat" than "déjeuner à la fourchette," "weritude" than "ennui," &c. I have no objection to words from foreign sources if they fit the need and nothing better is to hand; but it seems a pity to go over-seas for help when we have such quarries at our feet, rich beyond desire, and of the very pith and marrow of our thought.

ALFRED T. STORY.

A RECORD OF CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

The books which for the fortnight before Christmas ensure the retail bookseller his one brief spell of really profitable trading appeal chiefly to the book-buyer who buys only to give away. But for many years past, publishers have shown an increasing inclination to crowd the production not only of these, but of half the books of the year, into the three months from October to December, and in the pause after this outpouring of literature, it is not unnatural to inquire what kind of record is being kept of it.

That the reply is eminently unsatisfactory may perhaps in part be due to the extreme width of meaning attaching to the word bibliography. Such a book-record certainly belongs to bibliography, and if bibliography is flourishing and popular it may be thought that the book-record is naturally being looked to. On the contrary, the pleasant hobby-riders who meet together in bibliographical societies in England and America have concerned themselves very little with any such undertaking. The "Bibliographical Society," *par excellence*, which has just issued an Annual Report, speaking of a "roll" of members always full and finances eminently prosperous, has never attempted work of this sort. The Monographs, which are its chief publications, relate mostly to printing in the fifteenth century, and, even in the miscellaneous papers which form its "Transactions," the writers seldom come nearer to our own time than 1640. The Edinburgh Bibliographical Society, which, if difficulty of admission is a true test of prosperity, is still more successful, has the same antiquarian interests. Many of its papers relate to early printing, and its chief publications are its two excellent bibliographies of books relating to Mary, Queen of Scots, and the literature of witchcraft. In America, the Grolier Club of New York has issued some pretty reprints, but its "contributions to a bibliography of English literature" have so far only reached "from Langland to Wither." It is a pity that the two British societies

have not imitated the Grolier Club by taking names more clearly indicative of their limited ambitions. Perhaps at the outset their aims were more comprehensive, and in the early meetings of the English Bibliographical Society some far-reaching schemes were certainly discussed. Like the Scotch minister in his sermon, the society, having looked the difficulty in the face, may have preferred to say no more about it, and, if so, there is no need to blame it for undue timidity. The cost of a good record of contemporary literature would far exceed the income of a small society, and its compilation would involve much hard and tedious work, by no means of the kind which men undertake gratuitously by way of recreation.

If those who call themselves bibliographers have thus catered chiefly for the wants of antiquaries and collectors, publishers and booksellers have, as a rule, shown no greater public spirit. The records kept in the *Publisher's Circular* and the *English Catalogue*, valuable as they are, are necessarily available to only a very limited extent as a subject-index. They contain, also, no analysis of periodical literature, the only annual index to this originating in England being that compiled by Miss Hetherington in connexion with the *Review of Reviews*. Though the advantage to the trade of bringing under the notice of book-buyers the works published on the subjects in which they are interested might appear self-evident, in practice very little support has been given to efforts in this direction. A pretty little book, recently compiled by Mr. Growoll, on the "Book Trade Bibliography" of the United States, tells a sad tale of the sacrifices at which enthusiasts like Roorbach and Leypoldt have done their work, and in England, within the last year, Mr. Chivers' "Cumulative Subject and Author Index" has been suspended for lack of the support which, despite some imperfections, it certainly deserved.

While bibliographers and publishers are thus indifferent, librarians of late years have shown themselves increasingly anxious to obtain a satisfactory record of the books of the day and their contents. The Transactions of the International Library Conference, held in 1897 at the Guildhall, which were issued to subscribers last autumn, contain many allusions to the subject, and both in England and America there are librarians who practise what they preach. The catalogues of many Free Libraries are admirable examples of the enhanced usefulness which may be given to quite small collections by liberal indexing, while, during his too brief reign at the National Art Library, Mr. Weale raised subject-cataloguing to a fine art. What has been done in small libraries can, though with infinitely greater labour and difficulty, be done in large ones. The printed author-catalogue of the British Museum, once declared an impossibility, is within a few months of completion, and despite the regrettable suspension of its French rival (admirably begun in 1897) during the whole of last year—to which *Literature* alluded last week—it is impossible to believe that M. Delisle will allow the Bibliothèque Nationale always to lag behind. It is understood that the author-catalogue of the Museum is to be followed by a supplement embodying the accessions to each volume since it was printed off.

No announcement has yet been made as to the taking up, when this supplement has been completed, of a general subject-index, or a series of indexes to special subjects, but it is earnestly to be hoped that the three quinquennial indexes in which, when superintendent of the Reading Room, Mr. Fortescue covered the subject-literature of the years 1880-1895, will be taken as a starting-point for more extended efforts. The three volumes already issued are said to contain upwards of 125,000 entries, and if they do not exhaust every possible subject-heading, at least the experience gained in their compilation must have smoothed the way for future workers. The British Museum already issues, at short intervals, lists of its accessions, arranged under authors and editors, and it is not unreasonable to hope that these may one day be supplemented by similar lists arranged under subjects. If these lists, by means of stereotyping or re-composition, could be re-arranged at the end of each year into two comprehensive alphabets, the problem of a contemporary record of our literature would be solved at once, and solved with

the satisfactory addition of a register of all the works published in foreign countries which are thought worthy of being purchased for the national library. Whether the arrears of subject-indexing for the books issued between 1454 and 1880 could be overtaken as satisfactorily as the printed author-catalogue has been carried to completion is a more difficult question. The majority of books so soon become obsolete that for a retrospective subject-index, more especially if the wood is not to be obscured by the multitude of the trees, some principle of selection would probably be found necessary. Many readers would gladly sacrifice a retrospective subject-index altogether for the sake of a contemporary record which should extend not only to books, but to the contents of the unrivalled collection of periodicals which is one of the chief glories of the Museum.

Notes.

In next week's *Literature* "Among My Books" will be written by Dr. Jessopp.

During 1898 Carlyle's house in Cheyne-row was visited by some 2,000 enthusiasts. So far, the number of visitors has quite justified its being turned into a kind of museum. During the three years it has been open, nearly 10,000 persons have paid for admission. Americans formed a large proportion at first, but of late they have been less numerous.

The dispersion of a library—whether newly formed or not is immaterial—is productive of something more than money and regrets. It has much instruction in it, for the life of a library is the counterpart of that of its founder, and shows the motives that prompted him and the spirit by which he was moved. Year after year some sixty or seventy high-class libraries are sold by auction in London, representing an average value not far short of £100,000, an amount which testifies to the expense and to the labour involved in their formation, for books are now seldom bought by the ton or the yard. The year that has just closed shows no striking variation in any of the rules that shape the ends of the nineteenth-century bookman. In February, the fine Burns collection formed by the late Mr. Lamb of Dundee realized £2,500, little enough certainly, even when compared with the third portion only of the great Ashburnham Library, which followed the beaten road in May. Mr. Lamb was the once happy possessor of the "Poems chiefly in the Scottish Dialect," *Kilmarnock*, 1786, which brought the record sum of £572. In March, a "miscellaneous collection," consisting of a series of Herbals, Books on Gardening, and a most remarkable collection of works illustrative of the life and plays of Shakespeare, produced more than £7,000. It is odd to find Caxton wedged in between Worlidge with his "Art of Gardening" and the "Eikon"—still more odd, perhaps, to find Mr. Baillie Weaver's books going in March, 1898, for a fraction of what they did in 1895.

The library of Mr. Bliss, sold in April, disclosed a large number of Song Books, as they are called, Playford's "Catch that Catch can," "The Goldfinch," "The Linnet," "The Honest Fellow," and scores more, now remarkable chiefly for the strange haunting of old lays that one time set the table in a roar. Among the superior volumes to be found in the Ashburnham Library were copies of the first five editions of the "Compleat Angler," which sold for £800. They were in their pristine condition, and the importance of this appeared in November, when the late Mr. Snow's set of the very same books, with a few leaves soiled, a wormhole or two, a little mended, and five olive morocco bindings, only produced £235. Defects, though apparently insignificant, work havoc with the prices of books. Let anyone take in his hand the catalogue of the "returns" from the Ashburnham Library, and compare the amounts realized on the 13th December with those obtained when the same books were believed to be perfect, and he will entertain no further doubt on this subject.

To the libraries already mentioned are to be added those of Mr. Arthur Briggs, the late Mr. Alfred Cook, Q.C., the late Mr. W. P. Honywood, Mr. Henry Howard, of Regent's-park, the late Mr. J. Henry Johnson, F.G.S., Mr. H. Sidney, Mr. George Skene, of Skene, the late Mr. R. W. Wilbraham, and, last but not least, of the late Mr. William Morris and the Rev. William Makellar. The latter, with its wealth of old Bibles, Testaments, and Prayer-books, afford boundless scope for the bookman's fancy. They will suggest many curious questions for his consideration. For example: When does Literature cease to be such in the eye of the book-lover? How is it that some books which are clearly not Literature are nevertheless in great demand? Why are distinctly frivolous books often hunted for unceasingly? Who first glorified the literary curiosity, and by enchantment made books of *bric-à-brac* and *bric-à-brac* of books?

There is good sense in a recent comment of the *Bookseller* on the demand for Messrs. Harmsworth's "Hundred Best Books" (a similar list, by the way, is offered by Messrs. Pearson), and on the disadvantages of buying literature in the lump in this way:—

We doubt exceedingly whether any individual of ordinary education, or want of education, can conceivably desire to read, or indeed can possibly derive any benefit from reading, every item in the very miscellaneous list to which Sir John Lubbock has given his *imprimatur*. The ordinary purchaser, when he receives his hundredweight or so of books, and endeavours to make himself acquainted with the extremely varied contributions to human knowledge they contain, will most certainly find a large proportion quite useless for his individual needs. . . . He will find that he would have been much better off both as to his pocket and as to his knowledge, if he had been content merely to purchase those in the list which he was able to use and to appreciate, and had not encumbered his shelves with volumes which, however appropriate they may be to every gentleman's library, are more fitted for dignified repose on the shelf than for the affectionate handling and companionship of everyday life.

No one possessed of any individual literary taste would make up his library as a stoker makes up his fire. Can it, indeed, be said that there are one hundred books which can be called the "best"? Surely the best hundred books for each individual are the hundred books he likes best.

Yet although there is here a danger of misconception which needs to be pointed out, we should be the last to grudge thanks to the enterprise of the publishers of the Hundred Best Books. No one can deny that they have done good service to literature. The buyers of the select hundred are not supposed to have individual taste; but they certainly take the best means for acquiring it. Whether Sir John Lubbock is an infallible guide or not, his list of books is an excellent investment for any one. The hundred may not be the best, but they are good; and far be it from us to complain of any one who induces the public to buy good literature.

The Master of Pembroke College, Oxford, the Rev. Bartholomew Price, of whose death we regret to learn, had no direct connexion with any other literature than that of the Infinitesimal Calculus, but indirectly he rendered letters no inconsiderable service. To him, more perhaps than to any other man, is due the present prosperity of the University Press. He saw in it a valuable instrument for establishing the financial position of the University on a sound basis, and to that end he laboured untiringly in the capacity of secretary to the Delegates. His grasp of business details was remarkable, and it was he who represented Oxford in making all the practical arrangements with Mr. Henry Frowde concerning the form of issue and mode of publication of the Revised Version of the Bible. It was not until 1882 that Dr. Price was promoted to the Mastership of his College. The result of the voting on that occasion was a tie, and the casting vote rested with the Chancellor, Lord Salisbury, who decided in his favour. Dr. Price matriculated as long ago as 1837, graduated in 1840, won the University Mathematical Scholarship in 1842, and got his professorship in 1853. As secretary to the Delegates of the University Press he was

succeeded by Mr. P. Lyttleton Gell in 1884, but in the capacity of perpetual Delegate continued to take an active part in the affairs of that great printing-house.

* * * *

Mr. Collet Dobson Collet, whose death has just taken place at the age of eighty-five, had an extraordinarily varied career. He was, among other things, a student for the bar, a pupil in the Royal Academy of Music, a contributor to the *Musical World*, an actor, a singer (we believe in the chorus only) at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, a director of F. J. Fox's choir at Finsbury Chapel, a musical lecturer and teacher of singing, a writer for *Vanity Fair*, an editor of the *Free Press and Diplomatic Review*, and a Chartist. His literary importance lay not so much in his contributions to periodicals as in the part he played in bringing about the Repeal of the Newspaper Stamp. It was at his instance that Cobden pushed that measure forward; and he was for twelve years secretary of the Society for Repealing the Taxes upon Knowledge.

* * * *

The temporary disappearance—we trust it is only temporary—of *Cosmopolis* is likely to be keenly regretted. It was the only review which definitely aimed at being international, and was therefore invaluable to those who, while too busy to be regular students of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Deutsche Rundschau*, nevertheless wished to keep in direct touch with Continental thought. The mysterious uncertainty which had latterly prevailed as to the date of its publication gave it an additional charm for many readers. There was a piquant sense of adventure in the act of setting out to buy it and wondering whether the bookseller would have it which would have appealed to the man who delighted in travelling by the underground railway because he could always beguile the journey by speculating whether he would have to change at Gloucester-road.

* * * *

A sixpenny edition of "Robert Elsmere" is published this month. Dr. Conan Doyle's "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" and "Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes" will also appear in this form, which seems to find much favour with publishers just at present. The sixpenny issue of the late William Black's novels has been quite successful, and of course the "Alice" books with Sir John Tenniel's delightful illustrations have found a large public ready for them. When will the experiment be made of issuing new books at this price?

* * * *

The celebration in Poland of the centenary of the poet Mickiewicz had its echo in Paris. There he passed some years of exile, and wrote one of the masterpieces of Polish literature, his "Monsieur Thadée." With Quinet and Michelet he became, in the forties, one of the liberal forces of France. But, while the two Frenchmen laboured for that universal *patrie* of liberty which knew no frontiers, the Pole limited his aspirations to the emancipation of his own people. Michelet and Quinet proclaimed fraternity between the nations, Mickiewicz stands forth as the symbolic figure of patriotism crushed under the heel of tyranny. It is just this character of Mickiewicz's work which makes him interesting to Frenchmen, while the question of Alsace-Lorraine still occupies the thought of Europe. M. Jules Lemaitre, in accepting the presidency of the *fête* organized by the Polish Association in memory of their poet, made, with the fate of Poland as his text, a long and pathetic plea for the dismembered provinces of France.

* * * *

His address was of rare literary beauty; a more significant document as to the French *état d'âme* it is impossible to conceive:—

Les Français [he said] qui ont aujourd'hui quarante-cinq ans et au delà ont pris de bonne heure l'habitude d'attacher à ce nom de Pologne une idée de grâce et de tragique tristesse. Et, depuis, certaines conformités de souffrance ont achevé notre mutuelle amitié. Cinquante ans après les confiantes vaticinations de Michelet et de Mickiewicz, nous voyons que la force brutale est plus que jamais la reine impitoyable du monde. Quelque

chose d'irremplaçable manque à l'humanité depuis que la France n'est plus assez puissante pour se porter au secours des opprimés, ni même pour élever la voix en leur faveur. Les événements de ces dernières années l'ont assez prouvé. . . .

N'importe: espérons. Car désespérer du règne futur de la justice, ce serait confesser que l'univers n'a aucun sens ni aucun but. . . . Si le monde a un but (et nous voulons qu'il en ait un), ce ne peut être que l'avènement de la justice entre les hommes et entre les peuples. Sinon, que peut-on voir en lui qu'une énigme médiocrement plaisante?

Mais, pour travailler à cet avènement, il faudrait être forts contre ceux qui le retardent. Et comment redevenir forts? Comment contraindre Dieu à répondre par un signe bienveillant aux sommations de Conrad? En acquiesçant, s'il se peut, ce qui nous manque et ce qui a manqué, dit-on, à nos chevaleresques ancêtres; en joignant à nos vertus propres, sans les altérer, quelque chose de la rude sagesse germanique ou saxonne: la constance, la ténacité, le sens pratique, la connaissance des conditions que la réalité impose au rêve idéaliste, et aussi, il faut le dire, la discipline, la subordination volontaire de l'individu aux intérêts communs, et ce qui crée la presque unanimité de l'action chez les races d'un sang plus lourd.

Lorsque je dis "nous," je songe à vous aussi. Car nous nous mirons dans l'âme de la Pologne comme dans l'âme d'une sœur charmante et triste. Nous nous pleurons en vous; nous nous unissons avec vous aujourd'hui dans une commémoration fraternelle, et, quand nous demandons à votre poète des mots d'espoir et de résurrection, il nous semble que nous ne vous empruntons rien, et que Mickiewicz, ayant exprimé, mieux que tout autre poète, la souffrance, la foi, et le rêve d'un peuple douloureux, nous appartenait, comme à vous, de toute éternité.

The thought of Mickiewicz has in fact, with that of Michelet and Quinet, entered into the thought of France, and had its origin largely in the ideas of the Revolution, in the books of the encyclopædists and of Rousseau. The son was present at the Paris *fête* in glorification of the father, and he, too, is an exile, forbidden to visit Warsaw for the unveiling of the Mickiewicz monument on Christmas eve.

* * * *

A review of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Helbeck of Bannisdale" has just appeared in *Die Umschau*, a weekly paper dealing with science, literature, and art, hailing from Frankfurt-on-the-Maine. The critic, who unfortunately misleads his readers by describing the heroine of the novel as a Protestant, takes the opportunity to discuss generally the English novel of to-day. He bewails its low standard of artistic excellence. For this he finds a reason. In France and Germany only a small number of people read, and they are highly educated, and so properly appreciative of the great thoughts placed before them by their authors. In England, on the contrary, everybody reads, and thus trivialities suffice. We fear this critic has perhaps hardly an exhaustive knowledge of our language and our literature.

* * * *

With reference to the letter we published last week on Mr. Rudyard Kipling's Local Colour, "Bifurecus" writes:—

Your correspondent "A Farmer's Son" apparently has overlooked the fact that in different districts different kinds of tools are used. For forty years I have been familiar with two-tined "dung-forks" with handles about five feet long—"pitchforks" on a small scale—both in farmyards and in private stables; and I well remember a case in which a farm labourer died of blood-poisoning from a wound accidentally inflicted by such a fork while moving manure in a farmyard.

FICTION.

IDLEHURST, a journal kept in the country, by John Halsham (Smith Elder, 6s.), is a very charming book of the quiet, restful type, breathing of country air, of roses and lavender. Though the human interest is slight, one of its daintiest passages is inspired by a child friend, a certain little Alice:—

I saw her come in at the meadow gate—a vision of pink frock and yellow hair unbound. . . . She did not see me; and as she came up the grass walk she first of all fell on her knees beside the great clump of daffodils at the corner with an odd

little cry of endearment and a caressing way with the hands that nobly refrained from picking and stealing. The moment after, she sprang to her feet and began to dance up the path, at first, perhaps, with some little toe-pointing and the school-chassez not wholly forgotten, but after the first three steps with nothing more than the hop, skip, and jump of a child too happy to be still, the expression of delight in perfectly light and graceful motion. She had a bunch of wild daffodils in her hand which acted thyrsus, and pink frock, hair ribbon, shoe-strap, and all, she might have been the forerunner of the gayest spring procession that ever wound across Greek frieze or vase.

Here, too, is a characteristic passage on country scents :—

There is a pleasure to be gained from the thousand natural perfumes of the country quite comparable to that given by fine colour or a perfect musical interval. . . . To-night every bank and hedge breathed as I passed its proper atmosphere ; every lightest breeze brought something new. The soil threw up incense at every step, the scarcely-budded branches set it afloat, all of the fine and recondite kind. Almost any nose can appreciate hay, or lilac blossom, or even a bean-field, exquisite differences though these be ; but a budding quick-hedge after a shower, or moist young bracken or a larch plantation on a spring evening, require *nares emunctæ*. As I passed along the wood road, above all the separate notes—notes of primrose clump, bluebell spike, trodden tussock, and wet moss—came the general woodland air, the breath of the very trunks and twigs, of trickling water, of fir bark, of the dead leaves of fifty years.

As I came out into the open I caught the smell of a dusty road in the twilight cool, not unlike the steam which goes up when raindrops begin to run together, and darken the dry soil of garden beds—a smell that brings recollection of drought and timely showers. . . .

It is pleasanter to dwell upon such passages than upon those occupied by social subjects. Conservatism is proper to Arcadia, doubtless, yet need it be a conservatism absolutely antagonistic to the modern spirit ? But it is ungracious to conclude the notice of a fragrant book with a hint of disapproval, for, after all, much more than pronounced conservatism may be forgiven to the man who has planted and loved a garden.

There is stuff enough in *A KING OF SHREDS AND PATCHES*, by Emily Pearson Finnemore (Lawrence and Bullen, 6s.), to make a first-rate book—fine observation, fine imagination, fine expression. George the ragamuffin, whether double-shuffling on the raft, minding the baby at home, or decoying Fanny with his concertina, has all our sympathy ; but why should he be called a “ King of shreds and patches ” ? Hamlet called his uncle so because he came like a tramp and stole the crown ; but George is a plumber, not a king. The plot is rather artificial. He inherited good blood and had instincts of gentility ; he loved in his own class and above him ; then he heard the Lady was engaged to her cousin ; he married the Woman, and regretted it when he found the Lady was free and loved him. Then the wind sprang up and knocked over a factory chimney that gave the unnecessary woman-wife her quietus and made way for the lady. So it was ordained by a beneficent providence. We would rather such freaks of providence were relegated to the Tract Societies, where faith is proof against temptation. In the modern novel we seek inevitable consequence, incident as the body and issue of motive. Miss Finnemore excels in the detail of human behaviour. Outside this one sometimes longs for Mark Twain's remedy of an appendix :—

Lurid flames splashed up from below the horizon and swept the sky with licking tongues ; faint wreaths of mist, like the exhalations of goblins, curled across the stage and up towards the zenith in scurrying battalions.

This is a fine derangement of metaphors, and the “ prancing breezelet ” in the next line does nothing to sweeten it. Trees may seem more mysteriously beautiful when obscured in a “ diaphane ” of white ; but the expression belongs to physiology, not landscape (“ Diaphane—the cortical membrane of a sac,” says Webster). A writer of Miss Finnemore's intelligence and taste should do nothing to encourage those who like this sort of thing.

MAM'ZELLE GRAND'MÈRE, by Fifiue (Lawrence and Bullen, 3s. 6d.), is a charming little book to be taken rather as earnest than performance. Fifiue has all the minor qualities of a good novelist. At present she looks on at life with an easy half-contemptuous smile, as at a comedy of manners without much feeling behind them. She is too much a woman of the world to know much of life. She tells of a race of men and women who “ move ” in “ sets ” instead of associating with friends and acquaintances like ordinary mortals. But her ideal is not fixed in this gim-crack universe ; time and opportunity may widen her purview and enlarge her interests.

PAVING THE WAY (Gay and Bird, 5s.), by Simpson Newland, deals with the early days of Australia, and gives us a vivid picture of the deadly struggle between the squatter and the aborigines. The pioneers, taking their lives in their hands, drove their flocks on to the lands they desired to occupy ; the Government encouraged them ; all parties hoped that collisions with the blacks would be avoided ; and “ no one really understood that the natives were divided into many hostile tribes, which utterly refused to enter into friendly relations with each other or to permit any encroachment on their respective domains.” Mr. Newland knows what he is writing about and no one can say that “ Paving the Way ” is dull. Roland Grantley is a bold and attractive hero, and his adventures are many and strange. The prevailing tone of the book is sad ; and there are few sadder scenes in Australian romance than the death of David Cleeve, “ headman and convict,” and the shooting of the noble horse, Star.

The confirmed novel-reader athirst for a new sensation will welcome eagerly Mr. A. J. Dawson's *BISMILLAH* (Macmillan, 6s.), for it introduces us to a country and to characters not overmuch exploited. Morocco and the Riff country form the scene of Mr. Dawson's story, and his characters are diverse enough to suit the most catholic of tastes, and sufficiently well drawn to show careful observation on the part of the author. The delightfully easy philosophy of the Moor—the philosophy that has its root in a deep-seated fatalism—is the keynote of the book ; and to this engaging philosophy Mr. Dawson adds a pleasing style of writing and the power of making his crowd of actors stand out with distinction. Ben Ramar, the Jew, and his charming daughter Rachel ; Martin Ward, the English hero, and his rival, Bensaquin, of doubtful nationality and more than doubtful morals ; Salaam, the Moor, and Baron Oscar Hell, the Swedish Quixote, are all interesting studies of people from whom we part with a touch of regret. “ Bismillah ” makes no pretensions to importance ; but it is well written and well constructed, and it opens up ground that has not been too hardly worked. Mr. Dawson displays a capability for higher things.

HISTORICAL NOVELS.

MARIE DE MANCINI (Lawrence and Bullen, 6s.), is an adaptation from the work of Madame Sophie Gay, a lady whose novels had some vogue in France at the beginning of the present century. Her best-known book, “ Anatole,” seems to have afforded some distraction to Napoleon while waiting at Malmaison for his journey into exile, for on leaving he gave it to an equerry with the remark :—“ To it I owe the forgetting for a moment of my troubles.” Here, with Louis XIV. as the central figure, we find ourselves in an atmosphere of intrigue. Between Marie de Mancini, the niece of Cardinal Mazarin, and the young King there existed a genuine attachment, which was fostered by the ambitious and utterly unscrupulous Cardinal and thwarted by the Queen-mother. Every one knows the end, and this rather detracts from the interest, but Marie makes a pathetic heroine. The book reads more like a statement of fact than a story, the reason perhaps being that the author has made a large use of memoirs and other contemporary records. As a picture of the Court of Louis XIV. it is excellent, but as a novel it will hardly appeal to the ordinary reader of fiction.

Yet another story of the French Revolution comes from the pen of Mr. W. D. Lighthall in *A FALSE CHEVALIER* (Edward

Arnold, 6s.), and a very good story too, although some readers may possibly be disposed to quarrel with Mr. Lighthall for not providing them with a more fortunate ending. The young Canadian, Lecour, who masquerades under the names of de Répentigny and de Lincy, enlists our sympathies sufficiently to make us unaffectedly sorry that he should fall at last into the clutches of M. Sanson and his assistants. Mr. Lighthall's material is so good, and his picture of France in the throes of the Revolution so vivid, that much may be forgiven him; but he has some curious mannerisms. His chapters are remarkably short—there are no fewer than fifty-three in a novel of rather less than the average length—and this gives the book a broken and choppy style. He has also a decided weakness for the split infinitive. Still, "A False Chevalier" is considerably above the average of novels of the day.

IN *THE CONFESSION OF CATHERINE SFORZA* (Dent, 4s. 6d. n.) Mr. John B. Ruff has taken a too familiar historical name for the purposes of fiction, and one which is likely at the present moment to lead to confusion among library subscribers, since the story of the real "Catherine Sforza" is to be found in Mr. Heinemann's book-list. Mr. Ruff's tale is a modern one that touches incidentally upon Italy's struggle against Austria, and deals principally with a woman's vengeance upon a man. The book ends in the villain getting his deserts, which is the sort of tragedy that pleasantly stimulates the reader instead of depressing him.

"THE WORKERS."

BEN O' BILL'S : THE LUDDITE, by D. F. E. Sykes and G. H. Walker (Simpkin, 2s. 6d.); and *A SOCIAL UPEHAVAL*, by Isidore G. Ascher (Greening, 6s.), both deal with attempts of discontented workers to rise against the law, but they show the difference between fact and fiction. In the former the authors are so concerned with giving a true history of the events they describe that the plot is of small account. It deals with the Luddite rising in 1812, when power-looms first appeared, and the Yorkshire hand-weavers were in a desperate condition, a series of long wars having impoverished the country :—

Shopkeepers in the New-street [in Huddersfield] stood on their steps looking for a customer as eagerly as a captain for a cap of wind. Round the old market cross the workmen stood sullen and scowling. They had not much to say. They were too far gone even for anger. Their faces were now pinched and haggard. If a man had thrown a loaf among them they would have fought for it. It was said that at that time families had not twopence a head to live on each day. . . . Wheat was eight shillings a stone, and so bad at that, that it could not be baked; the poor-rate was at twelve shillings in the pound.

It is hardly surprising that the weavers, confronted with starvation, should have endeavoured to set matters right in their own way. They met stealthily and armed themselves as best they could. Looms were destroyed, mills were burned, and a reign of terror began. Then the soldiers were sent for, and the end came. Of sixty-six poor wretches tried at York, seventeen were executed, while others were sentenced to transportation. The authors have spared no pains to give a true picture of that stormy period. Many of their details were probably obtained from eye-witnesses. The local colour is good, especially the description of Powle Chapel :—

Up in the loft was the music, the double bass, the viol, and the clarinet. Between Jim Wood—Jim o' Slack—who played the double bass, and his colleagues of the viol and clarinet, contention had raged from the very foundation of the church at Powle. Jim o' Slack maintained that in every true vein of harmony wedded to divinity the notes of the double bass stood for the wrath of Jehovah and were designed to inspire awe and inward quaking. The feeble and futile utterances of the viol and the clarinet, he conceded, might represent the tender qualities of mercy and compassion, and, as such, might be worthy of some consideration among the Methodies, whose spiritual food was as milk for babies, but in High Calvinism, Jim maintained, nought but the bulky instrument his soul loved could convey adequate conception of the majesty of God and the terrors of hell.

The book has the disadvantage of being printed in very small type, but it is well worth reading. It should have a special interest for Yorkshire people.

In "A Social Upheaval" the theme is Socialism. At least, so Mr. Ascher says in his introduction. The Socialists, who meet in a wine merchant's cellar near Regent-street, are "bossed" by three brothers. One of them has managed somehow or other to get into the Church under a false name, while another poses as a country gentleman. The latter invites rich young men to his house and robs them at cards—for the good of the Cause; he plans and carries out big burglaries—for the good of the Cause again; he is finally assassinated by a woman—no doubt for the good of the Cause also. The author has yet to learn that satire, to be effective, must bear some semblance to the real thing.

A CLOUD OF DAWN, by Annie Victoria Dutton (Chapman and Hall, 6s.), strikes us as being a trifle out of date with its apostle of socialism, and its arguments for and against his creed. The author, on the whole, sums these up against the apostle, by killing off the gentle little heroine as a victim to his ideals. The portrait of Pauline Maurice is well done.

SHORT STORIES.

The volume of Indiana stories entitled *AN IDYL OF THE WABASH* (Bowen-Merrill), by Miss Anna Nicholas, is filled with simple peace and leisured calm. Miss Nicholas is of the school of literary Quietists, but her stories possess no small character of their own. In the first sketch, "The Idyl of the Wabash," we get a picture of Miss Callista Rogers, who comes from her Vermont home to the little Indiana town of Honeyport as one of the pioneer women who followed up the ever-advancing and now for ever vanished frontier. The period is soon after the war; Miss Callista has come to the West to teach, of course, and the sad history of her home and the middle-aged romance of her marriage are told with much delicacy and humour. "An Itinerant Pair" is a tale of the rough fortunes of a Methodist preacher and his wife, who are old and happy, and very, very poor; the sense of simple piety conveyed in the dialogue argues no small skill in the story-teller's art. Humour, shrewdness, and quite inevitable sadness, with a strong sense of character and a feeling for landscape, are the main features in Miss Nicholas' book, and they are clothed with a style at once simple and strong which gives an uncommon charm to her work.

TURKISH BONDS, by May Kendall (Pearson, 6s.), is a set of six short stories linked together by community of subject. The scene is always at Constantinople or in Armenia, and massacres are of frequent occurrence. That the Armenians are regarded more sympathetically by the author than by the majority of English people who have been brought into contact with them does not matter to the literary critic. Their sufferings and aspirations are at least convincingly portrayed, and some of the characters are excellently drawn. Paul Vartanian, the Armenian missionary, with whom an English girl fell in love (though she had not the courage to marry him), is a pathetic figure, effectively contrasted with Phil Warrington, the broad-shouldered, matter-of-fact Briton, who, having a great deal of money invested in Turkish bonds, is in no hurry for the downfall of Abdul the Damned. The book is short and, save for the earnestness of the writer's crusade against the Concert of Europe, an unambitious one. But, in spite of the occasional obtrusiveness of "purpose," it is the true work of a real literary artist.

A ROMANCE OF CANVAS TOWN (Macmillan, 6s.) gives its name to a collection of five stories by Rolf Boldrewood. It is the worst, though mercifully the shortest, of the five. Of late years the author of "Robbery Under Arms" has become sadly dull; his mannerisms have grown upon him, and he has lost the adventurous spirit that brightened his earlier works. False sentiment was always his bane, and it flows unchecked through "A Romance of Canvas Town." The second story, describing the fencing of a sheep-run, is enlivened with plans and a balance-sheet, and may be of interest to the farmer. "Angels Unaware" is perhaps the most readable of the collection, which is quite unworthy of its author's reputation.

What shall we say of Ian Maclaren's volume of short stories published under the title *AFTERWARDS* (Holder and Stoughton, 6s.)? It is certain, we suppose, to give as much pleasure and

edification to his many admirers as any of his previous efforts. Yet we must honestly avow our opinion that the book consists of unrealized studies of a too sentimental type. The stories seldom arouse an emotion or a thought in the reader's mind; and once read, they fade away into the deep inane, leaving him nothing to ponder or to discuss.

RABBI SAUNDERSON, by the same author, from the same publishers (2s. 6d.), is a pretty, illustrated little volume, containing one single short story, which has more merit than any in "Afterwards." It ends, like most of those, in a death-bed scene, for our author loves to show us how a good Presbyterian can die. It is needless to say that Rabbi Saunderson dies testifying, but at least during the 213 pages of his life he was a real character, a poor, pathetic, lonely, over-conscientious, and over-learned old man. He was called "Rabbi" by reason of his scholarship, and we have enjoyed hearing about him, while truly thankful that we never had to sit under him in Kilbogie Free Kirk.

HESTER MORLEY'S PROMISE (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) is by Miss Hesba Stretton, known to fame as the author of "Jessica's First Prayer." It is a fairly written novel; but the chief reason why we call attention to it is that it is a reprint issued without the slightest indication that it is not a new book.

We had thought that stories about dogs, like the biographical incidents in the lives of one's neighbours' children, could no longer be made amusing, but Mrs. Dew-Smith, in her volume TOM TUG AND OTHERS (Seeley, 6s.), shows that we have been entirely mistaken. These "sketches from a domestic menagerie" are most seductive reading; you glide from the history of Tug, the bulldog, and his friend the enemy, Abel, to the article on "Feminine Tactics," or the recital of "A Domestic Tragedy," with constant amusement. Mrs. Dew-Smith's style is always engaging, but the numerous illustrations by Miss Elinor M. Monsell are equally agreeable. The artist knows her subject even as well as the author; in conjunction they have produced a volume which will be welcome to all who love domestic pets.

Mr. Alfred Ollivant has, we believe, been heralded by an American literary impresario as likely to become as famous as Mr. Rudyard Kipling. We hardly detect these tokens of latent greatness in BOB, SON OF BATTLE (Doubleday and MacLure). This, too, is about dogs, their competitions in the matter of sheep-driving, and the consequent jealousies of their masters. Written in a difficult dialect, which we cannot identify, it arouses only a moderate amount of interest.

In order to appreciate Mr. E. F. Knight's A DESPERATE VOYAGE (Milne, 2s. 6d.), it is necessary to have a pronounced taste for horrors. Several of the leading characters are eaten alive by land-crabs on the Island of Trinidad, where, as is well known, Mr. Knight himself has had trouble with these same wild beasts in other days. It is a ghastly incident, and Aristotle, with his strong views about τὸ αἰσχροπρὸν, would have disapproved of it. The story itself is a rattling one of an unambitious kind. Though nothing in the way of characterization is attempted, the interest of a reader who can put up with the horrors will not flag.

FROM THE MAGAZINES.—II.

The most remarkable paper in the *Contemporary* is Mr. Ernest N. Bennett's indictment of the Sirdar, whom he accuses of waging war in the temper, and with the methods, of a Bashi-Bazouk. He tells gruesome stories of the butchery of the wounded, the looting of unprotected villages, and the massacre of non-combatants. He ridicules those who have compared Lord Kitchener to the Duke of Wellington, and he concludes with these strong words:—

If Gordon could have foreseen some of the deeds sanctioned by the general who was sent to "avenge" him, his dying request to the country which abandoned him would, I think, have been to put away all thoughts of vengeance.

This will be, and has been, duly attended to by other eye-witnesses. Of the remaining contributions the most interesting is Mr. John Foster Fraser's "Impressions of a World Wanderer," which deals satirically with "the repellent atmosphere" of Anglo-Indian society.

The fur trade is a romantic theme about which very little has been written elsewhere than in the boys' books of the late R. M. Ballantyne. A fascinating article in *Blackwood* deals with the pioneers of that industry in the Rocky Mountains, in the old days when they traded, so to say, with their scalps in their

hands. The actualities of the hour are represented by an account of the Carlists which treats the well-advertised Spanish Pretender with very scanty respect, remarking that—

As regards the present Don Carlos, what is certain is that scandal has been very busy with his name. It asserts, for instance, that he helped to supply Laudet with material for "Les Rois en Exil." It says also that, when he was in Spain during the last war, his attention was chiefly devoted to the cider of the Basque country, and to a certain lady abbess. The conclusion drawn is that—the Pretender being the sort of man he is—a Carlist revolution is an exceedingly improbable contingency.

The contributors to the *Century Magazine* continue to be mainly occupied with the annals of the recent war, Naval Constructor Hobson resuming his account of the sinking of the Merrimac, Captain Sigsbee concluding his "Personal Narrative of the 'Maine,'" and Mr. Edmond Kelly describing his experiences as an American resident in Madrid during the period of the hostilities. The latter writer seems to have had a most courteous reception from his country's enemies, and he reciprocates their friendly feelings and professes the highest admiration for the average Spanish citizen. What particularly struck him was the Spaniards' unabated confidence in the integrity of American men of business, and their certainty that the conflict could not possibly have any issue that would prevent the American insurance offices from carrying out their engagements. One American company, it appears, had ensured to the extent of twenty million dollars; and Mr. Kelly says:—

While the war had aroused sentiments of hatred in every Spaniard against all things American, while the Press was daily misleading its readers regarding us with as little conscience as the yellowest of our own journals, while the illustrated papers were publishing lurid pictures of our troops in Tampa, engaged, not only in slaying, but in eating one another, Spanish policy-holders, fearful lest the war should prevent the transaction of business, were crowding the companies' offices, asking to be allowed to pay their premiums. During the entire war not a single policy was allowed to lapse.

Another military article, by Professor Wheeler, describes the battle of the Granicus; while Mr. John Patrick writes of the Carlyles in Scotland, and Mr. F. Marion Crawford contributes the third instalment of his Romance of the Second Crusade.

The *National Review*, absorbed as ever by the hard actualities of the passing hour, continues to hammer away at the Dreyfus scandal. This month Mr. L. J. Maxse discusses certain international aspects of the affair. Upon its developments, he maintains, "peace between France and England depends far more closely than upon any alarms and excursions in the Nile Valley"; and he expresses the belief that such a conflict, having to be fought out at sea, would be particularly popular with the French Army, on the ground that "while the sailors were being killed the soldiery would be able, in the suggested interests of national defence, to establish the Reign of Terror of which their leaders dream." Finally, he sums up the situation thus:—

There appear at the opening of perhaps the most eventful year in French history to be three alternatives before the French people:—(1) The maintenance of law and the triumph of justice, (2) a pronunciamento followed by a foreign war, (3) a foreign war followed by a pronunciamento. Let us hope for the first, but we shall do no harm by remaining prepared for the second or third.

In *Good Words* Mr. Neil Munro begins a serial story, and Mr. Edmund Gosse describes a visit which he paid in 1884 to "the admirable Quaker," J. G. Whittier. The picture of the poet in his old age is a pleasing one:—

He struck me as very gay and cheerful in spite of his occasional references to the passage of time and the vanishing of beloved faces. He even laughed, frequently and with a child-like suddenness, but without a sound. His face had none of the immobility so frequent with very aged persons; on the contrary, waves of mood were always sparkling across his features, and leaving nothing stationary there except the narrow, high, and strangely receding forehead. His language, very fluent and easy, had an agreeable touch of the soil, an occasional rustic note in its elegant colloquialism, that seemed very pleasing and appropriate, as if it linked him naturally with the long line of sturdy ancestors of whom he was the final blossoming.

Some gay sayings by Martin Luther are also collected by the Rev. William Cowan.

An interesting literary contribution to *Temple Bar* is an anecdotal sketch, by Mr. E. Harrison Barker, of the early years

of Alphonse Daudet. The account of the novelist's childhood at Nîmes is the best thing in it; but we question whether the author is quite accurate in speaking of his "speedy success in the difficult career of letters." His early prosperity was not due to the sale of his poems and short stories, but to the fact that Empress Eugénie, having heard some of his verses recited, gave orders that he should be immediately provided with a sinecure. The story goes that De Morny wanted to make his appointment to the sinecure conditional on his having his hair cut, but that Daudet would not stand this interference with his liberty. As for his literary earnings, he told an interviewer, some thirteen or fourteen years after his *début*, that these only amounted to about £200 a year; and real commercial success only began for him with the publication of "Froment Jeune." In another paper, Mr. Arthur C. Hillier presents a critical estimate of Christopher North.

A number of poetical pictures of the celestial city are brought together, to be contrasted and compared, by Miss Pauline W. Roose in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. "The Poet's Heaven" is the title of the paper; and the singers on whom contribution is levied range from Dante and Milton to Mr. Austin Dobson and Miss Christina Rossetti. "Is heaven fading from the pages of our poets?" is the question to which the author is inevitably brought at the end of her extensive survey. "Those sapphire walls, those star-paved streets whose very dust are pearls, those bowers of unfading bloom, those crystal streams, do the singers of our day reject them as inadequate and childish?" A perusal of the works of many of our very latest poets would certainly seem to justify the answer that they do. But, perhaps, on the other hand, they merely feel that these are old metaphors which have played their part and served their purpose, and that if any metaphors are to be used, new ones must be devised. In that case, and with that qualification, the poets will long continue, as Miss Roose says, "to gaze through the dim stained glass of our mortal life into the mysteries of what lies without, and to beguile our hearts with rumours of the vision."

The most interesting article in the *Badminton Magazine* is that on the "Early History of the Football Association" by its first secretary, Mr. R. G. Graham. It is curious to note that a game which nowadays flames in the forehead of the evening bills throughout the winter has developed all its importance within a period of little more than thirty years. "In the *Field* of 1862 hardly any mention is made of the game," and though a good many clubs were then in existence "their matches were of no public interest owing to the divergence of rules, each having its own 'Laws of the Game.'"

In the *New Century* Mr. Percy Fitzgerald continues his Pickwickian studies. "Who was Mr. Pott?" is the riddle that he asks himself; and he gives reasons for supposing that the able editor of the *Estanswill Gazette* was no other than Dr. Maginn, though "Pott is not shown to be such a blackguard as Maginn, and Maginn was not such an ass as Pott." The reasons which he gives for his conclusion are only moderately convincing. Another literary article, by Dr. Aikman, treats of the life and work of Lewis Carroll; but this adds little that is of value, whether in the way of biography or of criticism, to what has already been written on the subject. Mr. T. H. Escott's paper "From Xenophon to Bobadil" has very little to do with either of these celebrated characters, but begins with "Father Prout," proceeds to discuss the late Mr. Hely Bowes, and concludes with a eulogy of Lord Kitchener and some remarks on the political situation.

A new quarterly, which claims a cordial welcome, is the *Home Counties' Magazine*, which has grown out of the *Middlesex and Hertfordshire Notes and Queries*. It not only presents a great quantity of the lore in which antiquarians delight, but presents it with a consideration for the feelings of the general reader which antiquarians do not invariably display. The opening article, by Mr. W. Heaton Jacob, F.S.A., sums up the history of Somerset-house and enumerates the relics of Old Somerset-house—such as they are—which still remain. No fewer than six interesting old prints are reproduced to illustrate it. On a later page a reprint, contributed by Mr. Francis B. Bickley, of the orders drawn up in 1616 for the conduct of the Hertford Grammar School, shows that reasonable views on the subject of punishment existed, if they did not prevail, even in those early days. For we read that—

In all their instruction, both Master and Usher shall avoid such rigor and frequency of correction as may dull or overmuch discourage or terrify; but shall mix moderate severity with necessary lenity that by his discretion and dexterity, he maye adde life and spirits to weake capacities and slippery memories, which are not to be oppressed, but

rather supported by admonitions, reprehensions, comparisons, emulations, and commendacions, than deterred by immoderate and cruell castigation.

The history of Blackheath from the time of the Dunes is another subject treated in an interesting and well-illustrated paper.

The special winter number of the *Studio* consists of an admirably-written account, by the late Mr. Gleeson White, with copious illustrations, of modern bookplates. The *Studio's* almanac this year is both decorative and useful. The excellent colour reproduction of a picture by M. Henry Ospovat, which forms its *raison d'être*, contains two Florentine figures, of the Renaissance period, symbolical, we apprehend, of connoisseurship and the association of art and beauty.

An estimate of King Edward III., viewed as a naval hero, by Mr. Alexander Nelson Hood, is the most notable feature of the *United Service Magazine*.

The *Antiquary* begins the serial publication of a diary of travel, purchased in MS. from a second-hand bookseller, and believed to have been written by the William Windham who was the first English visitor to Chamonix. The author of the introduction quotes a vague old story to the effect that Windham ascended Mont Blanc, and naively adds, "If so, he must have anticipated both Balmat and Saussure." But this hypothetical remark is hardly worthy of a usually accurate magazine. In 1741—the date of Windham's trip to the glaciers—the name of Mont Blanc was still unknown to the geographers; while Windham himself, who wrote an account of his excursion, expressly states that the only mountain that he ascended was the Monteverve. The style of the diary, it should be further pointed out, is entirely different from the style of the Chamonix pamphlet; but, as that pamphlet is believed to have been written for Windham by his friend and tutor, Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, the discrepancies do not necessarily militate against the authenticity of the former document.

Correspondence.

MR. GOSSE AND FRENCH POETRY. TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—With a charming courtesy which disarms his reproof, M. Davray chides me in your columns for those pessimistic reflections upon the present condition of French poetry which I have ventured to express in the *Contemporary Review* for December.

I have remarked, it appears, that "it is extraordinary how little place is taken by poetry at this moment in Paris." This displeases M. Davray; yet, in his next sentence, he admits the fact, and asks, "How could a poet publish his verse when everybody is engrossed and exasperated by the endless, the lamentable '*affaire Dreyfus*'?" Precisely. But that is what I said; and what can one say further, except "Tant pis pour vous, Messieurs"?

M. Davray, in a very interesting survey of the situation, proceeds to endorse my contention. He admits the silence of the French poets. He gives reasons why the elder writers, one and all, are taking "a glorious rest." But he goes on to say that the younger school are not resting. They do not publish, because no one would listen to them, but in private they are all "absorbed in perfecting their work." I am delighted to hear it, and can well believe it; but how are we foreign devils in London to know the fact if no volumes of new verse reach us?

M. Davray proceeds to give a copious and very interesting list of these secret forces, of these cloistered and sequestered singers who are waiting for revision or revolution to bring back "a time for songs." His catalogue is highly valuable. Every one knows that M. Davray lives in the heart of the poetical movement in Paris and speaks with complete authority. I analyse his list with eagerness, and I find in it six names which

represent writers no longer very young and all in more or less degree already eminent. These are MM. Maeterlinck, Verhaeren, Gustave Kahn, Jean Moréas, Stuart Merrill, and Henri de Regnier. None of these is new to me; M. Davray, who follows so indulgently what we in London write about French things, will possibly do me the justice to admit that at one time or another I have endeavoured to make each of these poets better known to English readers.

And yet I cannot help examining this list of young Frenchmen who give special attention to the production of poetry. Are they very Parisian? MM. Maeterlinck and Verhaeren are Flemings, and live in Belgium; M. Moréas is a Greek; M. Kahn is a German Jew; M. Merrill is an American. There remains only one name which strikes me as typically French, that of M. Henri de Regnier. Hardly a year ago M. Davray's own organ, the *Mercure de France*, took me to task for over-praising M. Henri de Regnier to the detriment of his contemporaries. Is he not French enough, and must we seek for the real Parisian intensity at Bruges or at Bukharest? Certainly, I am impenitent, and cannot help thinking that, for whatever reason, "little place is taken by poetry at this moment in Paris."

None the less, I am delighted to hear from one so competent as M. Davray that appearances are deceitful, that the poets are merely hiding, and that the new century is sure to bring with it

Sculptors like Phidias,
Raphael's in shoals,
Poets like Shakespeare—
Beautiful souls!

I hope I shall not be too old to appreciate and to welcome them when they come.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obedient servant,

EDMUND GOSSE.

APPRECIATION OF FOREIGN LITERATURE. TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Professor Courthope's recent lecture on German literature and Mr. Clement Shorter's article relating to that lecture (*Literature*, December 17, 1898) are both welcome and additional signs of the growing interest in the study of international literature. A few remarks on that subject by one who, born and educated in polyglot Hungary, has devoted fifteen years to the close observation of the public and private life of the Austrians, Germans, French, Americans, and English, may perhaps be found to contain some helpful suggestions.

For a real appreciation of a foreign literature (taking this word in the sense of *belles lettres*) one must, first of all, be equipped with what is a far rarer accomplishment than critics are aware of—with a competent knowledge of the foreign language. Of twenty foreign critics who can read with facility a French or German treatise on a topic of history or philosophy, there is scarcely one that knows either of these languages with anything approaching intimacy. Such an intimate acquaintance with Continental languages cannot be obtained without a knowledge of (*sit venia verbo*) the *parlature* of Continental nations. French, Italian, or German cannot be fully mastered unless we acquire at the same time not only a knowledge of the sounds and cadence of speech, but also of the gestures of the speakers, the gestures of these nations being explicit elements of their speech, and implied elements of their literary diction.

This remark will no doubt appear absurd to many an Englishman who, as is but too well known to foreigners, despises gestures in general, and those of the French in particular. However, that remark is not a whit more absurd than the acknowledged truth that no one can claim a competent knowledge of English unless he

masters the intricacies of accent in English. That accent is one *sui generis*; it exists in no other Teutonic, Slav, or Latin language. The gesture-hating English naturally developed that acoustic form of emphasis rather than adopt emphasis by gestures as practised by all the other nations of Europe. Accent in English is a stereotyped and, as it were, inner gesture, and without a fair knowledge of it no one can hope to judge English literary diction adequately. For the same reason our insufficient knowledge of those untranslatable particles in Greek, which were in reality gestures expressed by words, is hiding from us many a subtle charm of the old classics. The absence and disdain of gestures in English *parlature* accounts probably for the all but general belief in England that our comprehension or enjoyment of Shakespeare does not gain by seeing his dramas acted. This is certainly not the case with French, Italian, or German dramas. They are meant to be seen on the stage, and Macaulay disliked Schiller's *Kabale und Liebe* because he had never seen it well acted. May not Professor Courthope's sweeping condemnation of the German drama be traceable to the same circumstance? Emphasis and *timbre* being in English less dependent on external help than in French or German, English dramas may perhaps be fairly judged by him who only reads them. Continental dramas, on the other hand, cannot be fairly judged unless the critic has seen them well acted. *Parlature* has a far greater influence on Continental literature generally, and on the drama especially, than it ever can have on English literature. If this cardinal circumstance be taken into consideration, can anybody seriously maintain that Lessing's *Emilia Galotti* is not equal to any English or French tragedy written after Shakespeare? He who doubts that need only see a performance of Lessing's great tragedy at the Vienna Burgtheater. It is likewise there that he will learn to speak of Schiller's dramas with the respect and admiration due to the works of one of the world's greatest dramatists. And should that critic repair to near Budapest, he would find that Hungarian dramatists, too, may write on the gates of their theatres: "*Introite, nam et hic Dii sunt.*" This latter statement will, it is to be apprehended, again rouse the wrath of the angry reviewers of my "*Hungarian Literature.*" But what can be expected of people who are both absolutely ignorant of Magyar and sorely vexed at my having told them so in the preface of my work?

Apart from linguistic conditions for a just appreciation of foreign literature, there is another and not less important condition. Each nation's literature is moving in different latitudes. Thus the French rightly count many of their works on philosophy proper, or law, as works of literature. Descartes' "*Discours de la Méthode*" is literature; so is Montesquieu's "*Esprit des lois*"; nay, Galiani's charming "*Dialogues sur le Commerce des Bleds.*" In Germany, Schopenhauer's "*Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*," Hehn's geographical and Riehl's sociological works are literature. Or can anybody deny the epithet of a literary classic to Machiavelli's "*Discorsi*" or "*Principe*," or to Galileo's "*Dialoghi*"? This peculiar extension of literature into provinces of philosophy or science proper is rather rare in England, and English critics in judging the whole of a Continental literature neglect as a rule (Dr. Garnett's "*Italian Literature*" is a noteworthy exception) these remarkable literary enclaves. The great differences in latitude and frontiers make comparisons of single works of two or more literary nations a task of trying delicacy. Professor Courthope compares Milton's "*Paradise Lost*" with Klopstock's "*Messias*." One might just as well compare Lessing's "*Laokoon*" with Bentley's "*Dissertations on the Epistles of Phalaris.*" Milton's epic can be compared neither with Klopstock's "*Messias*" nor with "*Louise*," by Voss; but with all due deference to Professor Courthope it may be said that Goethe's "*Hermann und Dorothea*" stands to Milton's masterpiece in the relation of the *Odyssey* to the *Iliad*. There is a most extensive and useful bibliography of the questions relating to comparative literature in the *Revue de philologie française* for 1896, 1897, and 1898, by L. P. Betz.

Yours faithfully,

EMIL REICH.

Authors and Publishers.

Few Civil Service benefactions have been more richly deserved than the pension of £200 a year which is, we understand, conferred on Prof. Joseph Wright. He is practically solely responsible, both as editor and supporter, of the English Dialect Dictionary—an undertaking of the greatest value; and his devotion to and services in the cause of philology certainly claim public recognition.

The long-looked-for life of Sir Henry Keppell, Admiral of the Fleet, is now about to be published under the unpretentious title of "A Sailor's Life." The late Sir Oswald Brierley has contributed numerous illustrations.

An important book of travel to be published shortly by Messrs. Constable is "Among the Himalayas," by Major L. A. Waddell. The part of the range visited by Major Waddell was not that lately popularized by such mountaineers as Sir William Conway and the Hon. G. C. Bruce, but the more imposing eminences of that Eastern Switzerland, Sikkim. Nothing of importance has been written on this country since Hooker's Journals, and Major Waddell claims to have got nearer to Mount Everest than any European since Hooker. He believes this inhospitable neighbourhood to contain the richest gold mines in the world, and invites the attention of Alpine-climbers to the Mountain Kinchinjunga, the glaciers of which can now be reached in about five or six days from Darjeeling.

Another notable work which the same house has in preparation is "The Rise of Portuguese Power in India," by Mr. R. S. Whiting, formerly of the Bengal Civil Service. The period covered by the author is from 1497 to 1550, and the subject is one which has never been fully dealt with by any English writer. A complete bibliography of the subject will be a useful feature in this volume.

Mr. M. H. Spielmann has three new books in hand, one of which, a biography of Mr. G. F. Watts, or, rather, a record of the painter's artistic career, is nearly finished. The catalogue of Mr. Watts' paintings, which will form an appendix, comprises nearly eight hundred items.

We mentioned recently that Mr. Byam Shaw was illustrating one or two plays of Shakespeare for Messrs. Bell, and that others might follow. Since then it has been arranged that this artist shall make drawings for every one of the plays. The volumes will be issued by Messrs. Bell in the course of the next two or three years. It is a very large undertaking for Mr. Byam Shaw, and will occupy him for a long time, since there are nearly 300 drawings to be made, not to mention incidental decorations.

What may be regarded as the first of a projected series of reproductions of prints and drawings in the University Galleries at Oxford is being published by the Clarendon Press. This is "The Master E. S. and the Ars Moriendi," a chapter in the history of engraving during the fifteenth century, by Mr. Lionel Cust, with forty-six colotype facsimiles. Mr. Cust argues that the unique series of copperplate engravings at Oxford is the true *editio princeps* of the Ars Moriendi, and that the illustrations of the Blockbook in the British Museum are little more than enlarged copies, a view which involves reconsideration of many points in the early history of bibliography and xylography.

The Princess Metternich has been engaged for some time past in writing her memoirs. The part she took in politics during the era of Napoleon III., when Prince Metternich was Austrian Ambassador in Paris, has become historical. She had an intimate friendship with both the Empress Elizabeth of Austria and the Empress Eugénie, whom, it will be remembered, Prince Metternich accompanied in her flight from the Tuileries on the 4th of September, 1870.

The story which M. Zola wrote during a visit to this country for the anniversary issue of the *Star* will appear, with illustrations by Sir James D. Linton, about the middle of the month.

We have received notice from Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode that among their New Year's publications they are about to include a monthly Index to *The Times*, the first number to appear in February next. It is to be compiled by Miss Nancy Bailey, who has for many years indexed the Parliamentary Debates and Reports of the Royal Commissions for the Government, and she, if any one, knows how to make an index accurate, easy of reference, and complete. The publication will not be merely an alphabetical catalogue of the more important headings in the paper, but an exhaustive table of reference to the subject-matter of every column in *The Times*.

Dr. George Macdonald has returned to his home at Bordighera, but he is in a very feeble condition and it is scarcely likely that he will write again.

The New York *Critic*, now entering its nineteenth year, and recently converted from a weekly to a monthly journal, will in future be issued by Messrs. Putnams. The editors, Mr. Joseph B. Gilder and Miss Jeanette L. Gilder, state that they hope to make it the first literary monthly in America.

Lord Ronald Gower's life of Sir Thomas Lawrence will appear in the course of a month or two. It will be an expensive book, as great pains are required to produce it satisfactorily. Lord Ronald Gower, it will be remembered, was the author of the monograph on Lawrence and Romney in the Great Artists Series.

The "Memoirs of Sir Harry Lumsden" will be published by Mr. Murray in the course of this month. The matter has been prepared for the press by Sir Peter Lumsden, Sir Harry's younger brother, who was born in 1829.

"The Coming of Love" will shortly be published in a third edition by Mr. John Lane, with a new preface by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton.

Mr. Alexis Krausse, whose interesting book on China has been lately published, is writing a comprehensive historical survey of Russia's expansion in Asia.

Miss Mary Kingsley's new volume, "West African Studies," will be published towards the end of this month.

"A Handbook of French Art" is to be the title of Miss Rose G. Kingsley's book, which will be published by Messrs. Longmans.

"The Ship: her Story" is the title of Mr. Clark Russell's new book now in preparation. It is to contain a large number of illustrations by Mr. H. C. Seppings-Wright.

Mr. Augustine Birrell's lectures on "The Law and History of Copyright in Books" will be published shortly by Messrs. Cassell.

Mr. Elkin Mathews is to publish Mr. W. B. Yeats' book of poems, "The Wind among the Reeds," which will probably be ready by the end of the month.

"Fantastic Fables" is to be the title of the new book by Mr. Ambrose Bierce, whose sketches of military life and other stories are popular here and in America. Messrs. Putnams are the publishers in London.

Mr. E. H. Cooper is preparing a collection of stories for the press, in which will be included "Wyemarle and the Sea Fairies," from the Christmas number of the *Sketch*.

Dr. Douglas Thompson will give us, in his immediately forthcoming volume "Euripides and the Attic Orators," a "Comparison" which is likely to be of special attraction to all classic scholars. Macmillan and Co. are the publishers.

A new Latin grammar, which is likely to be a work of some importance, is to come from the Professor Emeritus of Latin in Harvard University, Dr. George M. Lane, LL.D. The preparation of it has engaged the Professor for nearly thirty years. Messrs. Harper will publish it in England, and it may be expected at once.

On December 24 we noticed that the "Digest of English Case Law," published "a week or two ago . . . in fifteen volumes," was being offered by the publishers on the plan of payment by instalment. Messrs. Stevens and Sons now inform us that the work will be complete in sixteen volumes, the index volume of cases being about to be published this month.

Mr. John Bloundelle-Burton will commence a new serial in *Cassell's Saturday Journal* on the 11th, entitled "A Bitter Birthright." It will deal with the present day and will be Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's first novel for ten years which is not historical. The scene is laid in British Honduras, and the story will also appear in America.

Besides Dr. S. R. Gardiner's "Oliver Cromwell," another volume of this series (which included Sir John Skelton's "Charles I." and "Mary Stuart," the Bishop of London's "Elizabeth," and Mr. Holmes' "Queen Victoria") is to come from the pen of Mr. Andrew Lang, and M. Frederic Masson's "Empress Josephine" will also be published by Messrs. Goupil in similar dress.

"The Evolution of the English House," just published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein in the Social England Series, is to be followed by "The Evolution of English Household Implements" and by another volume on the English Manor. The series will also include volumes on "Chivalry," by Dr. Cornish, Vice-Provost of Eton; on "The History of the Fine Arts in England," by Professor Baldwin Brown; and on the "Navy," by Mr. W. Laird Clowes.

A new book on "French Literature of To-Day," by Mlle. Blaze de Bury, is ready to be published immediately. It is partly personal and partly critical, and the modern French authors discussed in it include MM. Zola, Brunetiere, Pierre Loti, Guy de Maupassant, Edmond de Goncourt, Paul Bourget, Jules Lemaitre, Anatole France, and Paul Verlaine. Messrs. Constable are the publishers.

Yet another book promised by Messrs. Constable is a volume of essays by Mr. Henry G. Krehbiel, entitled "Music and Manners in the Classical Period." One chapter which should be interesting will deal with Haydn's love affairs, and include some letters which he wrote to an English lady with whom he engaged in a flirtation.

Mr. M. P. Shiel, the author of "The Yellow Danger," promises another story in the same vein of sensational romance, dealing with the men and times of Henry VIII., and he has in hand another one of the audaciously anticipatory kind exemplified in his "Yellow Danger."

Now that Mr. Clement Scott is freed from the duties of regular dramatic criticism, he is going to devote himself to the writing of a history of the stage, to be entitled "The Drama of Yesterday and To-Day," beginning with the time of Phelps at Sadler's Wells and so on through the Charles Fechter period, the days of Chatterton at Drury Lane, the Bancroft renaissance, down to Irving and the latest managements. Great foreign

actors in this country will be dealt with, and the whole of the drama reviewed from Shakespeare down to the musical farces.

The scene of the new novel on which Mr. Morley Roberts is now engaged is laid in South Africa, and the book will throw such new light as a novel may on the true inwardness of the political situation.

Mr. John Foster Fraser, who lately rode a bicycle round the world, is about to return to the Gallery of the House of Commons. He will act as lobby correspondent and descriptive writer for the *Yorkshire Post*.

A work by Professor W. Busch, entitled "Die Berliner Märztage von 1848," will be issued shortly in Munich.

M. Goyau, the brilliant author of "L'Allemagne Religieuse," is to visit England in order to conduct a similar inquiry on "L'Angleterre Religieuse." The result will doubtless appear in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

Count Leo Tolstoi's new novel is published by the *Niva* (Cornfield), an enterprising weekly journal, whose editor has secured the work for the opening numbers of the year 1899. It is called "Voskressenie" (signifying in Russian either Resurrection or Sunday), and treats of contemporary Russian life. Contrary to his usual custom, Count Tolstoi has sold the work for a very large sum of money for the benefit of the "Doukhoborts." A French translation is to appear, we believe, simultaneously in France.

The *Revue Hebdomadaire*, published by Plon, Nourrit, et Cie., began in the number for December 24th the publication of the second series of M. Paul Bourget's "Voyageuses." This will constitute a "feature" of the review during the present year. The review will publish also articles by MM. Coppée, the Rosnys, the Marguerittes, Edouard Rod, and André Theuriot, and the final instalments of the "Lettres de Tourgueneff à Madame Viardot."

The *Revue Bleue* announces a forthcoming book on the life and work of George Sand, a sort of "life and times" of the great lyric writer, in three volumes. It has been written by the wife of a Russian general, Mme. Komaroff, but her name will not appear on the title-page. M. Spoelberch de Lovenjoul, the great authority on Balzac, has written the preface.

The following books by Gabriele D'Annunzio are promised for publication in the near future:—"Gioconda," a tragedy, "Sogno d'un mattino di Primavera," and "Sogno d'un meriggio d'Estate."

A journal appears in Russia this month called *Woman's Work*. Although many such journals are published in the other countries of Europe and in America, and even one in Finland, *Woman's Work* will be the first publication of its kind to appear in Russia.

Designers of all kinds will be interested in "Kunstformen der Natur," by Professor E. Haeckel, the publication of which begins this month. It will consist of plates and explanatory letterpress and will be issued in parts at 3s. each.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.
Greek Sculpture. With Song and Story. By *Albinia Wherry*. Illustrated. 8½x6in., 322 pp. London, 1898. Dent. 6s. n.

BIOGRAPHY.
Life and Letters of Caroline Martyn. By *Lena Wallis*. 8½x5½in., 93 pp. London, 1898. Labour Leader Pub. Co. 1s. n.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.
The Secret of Achievement. By *Orison Swett Marden*. (Self Effort Series.) 7½x5½in., 372 pp. London, 1898. Nelson. 3s. 6d.

CLASSICAL.
Cornelius Nepos. Vol. I.—Greek Lives. Ed. by *Herbert Wilkinson*. M.A. 6x4in., xxi.+145 pp. London, 1898. Macmillan. 1s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.
The Ground-Work of Number for the Use of Primary Teachers. By *A. S. Rose and S. E. Lang*. 7½x5in., 123 pp. Toronto, 1898. The Copp. Clark Co. \$0.50.

Matriculation Model Answers in Latin. June, 1893, to June, 1898. (The University Tutorial Series.) Cr. 8vo., 154 pp. London, 1898. Clive. 2s.

HISTORY.
Spain: Its Greatness and Decay. 1479-1788. By *Martin S. Hume*. (Cambridge Historical Series.) 7½x5½in., x.+460 pp. 1898. Cambridge University Press. 6s.

A Short History of Switzerland. By *Dr. Karl Dändliker*. Translated by *E. Salisbury*. 9x5½in., xvi.+322 pp. London, 1898. Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d.

L'Education Politique de Louis XIV. By *G. Lacour-Gayet*. 9x5½in., 472 pp. Paris, 1898. Hachette. Fr.7.50.

LITERARY.
Short Sketches of Long Romances. 4x2½in., 36 pp. London, 1898. Simpkin, Marshall. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.
The Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. V. Hec-Hod. Ed. by

Dr. J. A. H. Murray. 13½x10½in., pp. 193-320. Oxford, 1899. Clarendon Press. 5s.

Catalogue of Printed Literature in the Welsh Dept., Cardiff Free Libraries. By *John Ballinger*. 10½x6½in., 559 pp. London, 1898. Sothoran. 12s. 6d. n.

PHILOSOPHY.
The Last Link. Our Present Knowledge of the Descent of Man. By *Ernest Haeckel*. 7½x6in., 156 pp. London, 1898. Black. 2s. 6d.

POETRY.
On Oaten Flute, and other Versicles. By *William Toynbee*. 7x4½in., 64 pp. London, 1899. Glaisner.

The Song of Stradella, and other Songs. By *Anna Gannon*. 7½x4½in., 85 pp. London, 1898. Lippincott.

Maha-Bharata, The Epic of Ancient India. Condensed into English Verse by *Romesh Dutt*. C.I.E. (Temple Classics.) 6½x4in., 185 pp. London, 1898. Dent. 1s. 6d. n.

SCIENCE.
The Principles of Stratigraphical Geology. By *J. E. Marr*, F.R.S. (Cambridge Natural Science Manuals.) 7½x5in., 304 pp. 1898. Cambridge University Press. 6s.

Spherical Trigonometry, Theoretical and Practical. By *W. W. Lane*, M.A. 8½x5½in., 116 pp. London, 1898. Macmillan. 2s. 6d. n.

Introduction to the Theory of Analytic Functions. By *J. Harkness*, M.A., and *F. Morley*, Sc.D. 9x5½in., xv.+331 pp. London, 1898. Macmillan. 12s. 6d. n.

SOCIOLOGY.
L'Idealisme Social. By *Eugene Fourniere*. 8½x6in., 310 pp. Paris, 1898. Alcan. Fr.6.

Ouvriers du Temps Passe (XVe et XVIe Siecles). By *H. Hauser*. 8½x6in., 252 pp. Paris, 1898. Alcan. Fr.6.

TRAVEL.
Raiders and Rebels in South Africa. By *Ella Goodwin Green*. 7½x5in., x.+209 pp. London, 1898. Newnes. 6s.

Literature

Edited by H. D. Traill.

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THE POET'S POET.

It will be three hundred years on Monday since Edmund Spenser died at his lodging in King-street, Westminster, overcome by troubles more than by time. The particular house has long been indistinguishable, and the street itself has lately disappeared from the map of London. Some romantic souls may wish that the Government had let it stand a few months longer, in order that such as are inclined to commemorate the event might have a local habitation for their little festival in honour of a great name. "But this is an unpoetical age," we hear on all sides, and it could hardly be expected that even the poets of to-day would gather in Spenser's honour in the open street as they gathered three centuries ago round his grave in the Abbey, bringing with them odes and elegies to fling in place of unseasonable flowers upon his dust. The modern poet is by no means inclined to waste his autographs, and the useful work of the typewriter would scarcely rise to the dignity of the occasion. Perhaps it is as well, when the season is considered, that the Board of

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Works should have removed any incentive to an out-of-doors celebration of Spenser's tercentenary. There is, we believe, to be some public homage done to "our sage and serious poet," however: it will be interesting to see how far this bears out his traditional title of "the Poet's Poet." At the end of the century Spenser hardly seems to hold the place in the affection of living poets which he held at its beginning. It is obviously impossible to say whether they read him; but his influence is not apparent in their published work—at least, on a scale comparable with that of Milton and Wordsworth. Perhaps some still inglorious Keats is even now straying in Spenser's "halls and bowers fair, culling enchanted flowers": we wish that he would give evidence of it. But in none of the greater Victorian poets can Spenser's influence be clearly traced, and unless the fashion changes again, the new century will have to find him a new title.

In a wider sense, however, it is safe to say that our poetical literature is full of Spenser's influence. But we can no longer say, as did his contemporaries, that the "Faerie Queene" is "the delight of every accomplished gentleman, the model of every poet, the solace of every soldier." The deplorable tendency is rather, perhaps, to say, with young Mr. Addison of Magdalen, that

The mystic tale that pleased of yore
Can please an understanding age no more.

Spenser is still bought, undoubtedly, as the various recent editions which appeal to both long and short purses testify; but is he read? That is one of the questions to which it is almost impossible to find an answer: few people like to confess that they do not care for an acknowledged classic, and still fewer "give themselves away" with the unconscious candour of Macaulay. The universal popularity of the Elizabethan age, to which he was a mirror and a lamp, can never be Spenser's again: Ben Jonson might say nowadays, in the words with which he deplored the degraded literary taste of the generation that followed Spenser's death, "If it were put to the question of the Water-rhymer's works against Spenser's, I doubt not but they would find more suffrages; because the most favour common vices, out of a prerogative the vulgar have to lose their judgment and like that which is naught." For the name of "the Water-rhymer," whose works, it is curious to note, have been published with great pomp in eight volumes by the Spenser Society, one may substitute that of the patriotic Mr. This or the melodious Mr. That, and the cynical remark would still hold good. But Spenser's glory rests on a surer basis than that of popularity: if Chaucer was the morning-star, he was the sunrise of our poetical literature, and, whether we read him or not, his labours are secure of living with the eternity of his Gloriana's fame.

We should be delighted to be convinced that we do the public and the poets an injustice, and that Spenser is really

read in proportion to the spread of education. It is difficult, indeed, to reconcile this belief with the statistics of the most popular journals: there is scarcely room for Ally Sloper and Belphebe in one mind. Yet where, in the nature of things, are we to look for more delightful reading than the "Faerie Queene" affords for those "who appreciate the richness and music of English language, and who, in temper and moral standard, are quick to respond to English manliness and tenderness"? Three centuries have not availed to dim the splendour of Spenser's imagination or the sweetness of his verse; in neither respect has he been surpassed by his followers and his descendants. In his work, too, we find the essence of all the best that existed in Elizabethan England. Shakespeare is cosmopolitan and for all time; Spenser could have been produced in no other environment than that of Gloriana's Court, with its stately ceremonial, its antiquated chivalry, its keen appreciation of the joy of life, its stern insistence upon duty. In the "Faerie Queene" this is all recorded as a possession for ever; through the enchanted bowers and greenwood glades we see the men who bearded Spain, tamed Ireland, and founded the Empire of the Seas. Yet this is not the greatest reason for our honouring Spenser's memory; this was not why Keats revelled in him, or Milton acknowledged him as master. That he reflects the ideas—though not the diction—of a great age counts for less than the unsurpassed melody of his verse, or the beauty of his gallery of pictures. His lofty morality attracts the like-minded; his service to modern English poetry is important to the literary student as his help in depicting his times is indispensable to the historian. But the Spenser whom we love, the Poet's Poet, is the creator of Una and Belphebe and the Bower of Bliss, who leads us with the magic of his dreamy verse to

the port of rest from troublous toil,
The world's sweet inn from pain and wearisome turmoil.

Far the most useful among the many manuals for literary aspirants has just appeared in Sir Walter Besant's "The Pen and the Book." It is written to instruct "young persons who are thinking of the literary life," and, strange to say, it actually encourages these young people to do something more than to think of it. For Sir Walter's optimism is in refreshing contrast to the "disinheriting" attitude often adopted by successful professional men towards those who propose to follow in their footsteps. We hope, however, to say more in a later issue about the admirable advice here given on almost every subject of interest to a young *littérateur*.

Meanwhile, we cannot admit Sir Walter's contention that, as the book is written for the young persons in question, and for them only, it "may therefore be considered as, in a sense, privately printed." Here is matter indeed for "parents and guardians"—to say nothing of a reconstituted Education Department—if an eminent novelist, however well-meaning, is to undertake the instruction of the youth of our land, and admit neither reporters nor critics to his lectures! We need, therefore, offer no excuse for the space devoted on another page to the criticism by a publisher of Sir Walter's chapters on the dealings between authors and publishers.

We need hardly say that we hold no brief for publishers rather than for authors, and the facts and opinions given in the article referred to are those of our correspondent alone. Indeed, we hold as fully as does the Authors' Society that advice, protection, and combination may often be necessary to obtain for authors the due reward for the work, and every one must recognize the valuable aid Sir Walter himself has rendered towards this end. But we believe that the history of our leading publishing houses is, on the whole, one of continuous intelligent encouragement of good literature and that the cause of letters owes an immense debt to them. To show Sir Walter's attitude it is not necessary to go further than the first paragraph of Book I., chapter 1, in this volume, in which the object of the writer, so far as it concerns the dealings of author with publisher, is thus described:—

To warn the reader against the tricks and subterfuges by which crafty persons are always endeavouring to acquire the control of literary property for their own ends; to instruct him how to defeat those tricks; and to explain what literary property really means in the eyes of the law.

When the subject is approached in this spirit, it seems fair that readers of a literary journal should have a chance of hearing the other side.

The results of the annual literary census which has just been taken by the *Publishers' Circular* will on this occasion, we suspect, give rise to some astonishment. Probably no ordinary student of the daily and weekly record of new publications for 1898 will be prepared to hear not only that there is no advance, but that there is an actual reduction in the number of books issued during the past twelve months as compared with the previous year. But what is more surprising still is the accompanying information as to the particular department of literature in which this decline is most conspicuous. Who would have guessed that it is the novelists of all people who have slackened in their industry? Such, however, is the fact, and no doubt the first feeling which it is calculated to arouse is one of relief. To a sanguine imagination it suggests that the tide may have turned; that the reduction is perhaps destined to be a progressive one, and will possibly continue until the "output" of fiction declines from its present preposterous figure of 1,758 novels per annum, or nearly five a day, into some less humiliating proportion to other products, real or reputed, of the human intelligence.

Unfortunately, however, it would be rash to assume, at any rate at this early stage, that these statistics represent anything more than an accidental fluctuation. Our contemporary, we observe, attributes the general fall in the number of publications to the political disquietudes of the past two years; and, specifically, that in the department of fiction to the disappointment of the hopes aroused in the breast of the ambitious amateur by the substitution of the one-volume for the three-volume novel—a change which seemed to him and her, especially perhaps to her, to offer golden possibilities. We can only hope that the latter of these two explanations is as correct an account of the diminished issue of novels as the former doubtless is of the general reduction. For quiet, of course, will in due time take the place of the present agitations and lure the shy publisher into the market place once more; whereas the effect of the "disappointment" above referred to is likely to be permanent. Moreover, by the very hypothesis, it will operate mainly upon the least valuable, not to say the absolutely valueless variety, of fiction—a welcome circumstance, of which a mere decline

in the number of novels would not of itself assure us, since, unhappily, in the struggle of novels for existence it is not necessarily the fittest that survive.

Few things present such an unknown quantity as a man's literary knowledge. The very word "knowledge" has a Philistine sound about it to the æsthete. An ignoramus need never be discomposed by the onslaught of the learned if he has skill and taste enough to conceal his mental vacuum. The scientific ignoramus can never so escape. If *littérateur* is a vague term to define, much more so is literary training, and Sir Lepel Griffin, K.C.S.I., in his lecture on "Literature and Science" to the Literary Club at Luton, published in the *Asiatic Quarterly* this month, boldly avoids recommending any particular books. His "one word of counsel" is "to make close and intimate friends of at least two books, the one prose, the other poetry." His own prose book was "Sartor Resartus," his poetry book Tennyson. De Quincey's choice was *The Canterbury Tales*, and the contrast suggests a striking peculiarity in the study of literature as opposed to that of science. In the sphere of the former two persons may make themselves equally happy, though the studies of one are in the fourteenth, of the other in the nineteenth century.

The lecturer thought that the pre-eminence of literature had diminished in the Victorian era owing to the development of physical science, and had much to say on the deadening influence of the struggle for wealth and material prosperity in the higher life, especially in America.

The old race of writers of distinction, such as Longfellow, Bryant, Holmes, and Washington Irving, have died out, and the Americans who are most prominent in cultivated European opinion in art or literature, like Sargent, Henry James, or Marion Crawford, live habitually out of America, and draw their inspiration from England, France, and Italy.

Certainly, excessive material prosperity—much more, to our thinking, than natural science—interferes with the growth of the highest kinds of literature; but we doubt whether Mr. W. D. Howells, who has followed recent American literature so carefully in these columns, would be quite prepared to agree with Sir Lepel's judgment.

The recent action of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland, in sanctioning the reading and study of the history of Ireland by teachers and pupils of National Schools, has escaped notice in the Press. Yet it is a significant fact in the history of primary education in Ireland. The system of national education was established in Ireland in 1831 by the Whig Government of Earl Grey; and it is only now, after a lapse of sixty-eight years, that the Commissioners have been able to allow the study of Irish history in the schools. That the Commissioners have at last taken this step is due to two causes—first, the improvement in the relations between hitherto antagonistic classes and sects in Ireland; and secondly, that Irish history is now being written in the historical spirit, and not from the point of view of the political pamphleteer. The particular book adopted by the Commissioners is "A Child's History of Ireland," by Mr. P. W. Joyce, LL.D., a handsome volume of 507 pages containing over 160 illustrations, published by Messrs. Macmillan. The book is to be used as a reader for fifth and sixth classes.

At a recent meeting of the Library Assistants' Association, the question whether libraries should be allowed

to buy reviewers' copies of new books was discussed. One reason urged against the practice was that they were defaced by pencil-marks, which would encourage future readers to add further notes and queries. Sir Walter Besant has pointed out, in the current number of the *Author*, that there are 670 libraries, and that usually about fifty copies of a book are sent out for review, of which thirty, perhaps, may be offered for sale, thus showing that the question is not a burning one.

Another point, however, is raised by "A Reviewer," who writes to us on the subject:—

I have been greatly interested in the question of pencil-marks in library books. I am, myself, strongly in favour of libraries buying reviewers' copies, at a fair price, and, if the pencilling of the critic will encourage the "general reader" to carry the matter further, so much the better. I have known many a book simply made by the marginal notes. I subscribe to Mudie solely with the view of following such markings, and by that means arriving at some idea of the point of view of the general reader which every critic should understand, so far as his mental equipment will permit. If I find a book I like, my method is to read it, review it myself, read some few other reviews, and then turn, a month later, to a copy from the library, and learn the important views of the real "consumer" from his or her interjected pencillings. A friend of mine, who shares this longing to read the heart of the reading public, travels on a suburban line in a second-class carriage, and enters into conversation with those ladies and gentlemen carrying books from their local libraries; he, too, has collected some *data* of interest, but I do not like his process. I am content with the *marginalia* which Mudie can give, and maintain mine is the royal road to the heart of the reading public. You may live for thirty years in Fleet-street and in places round about the Savile and yet never know the soul of the borrower of books, for whose edification all just persons write. Some time ago, when a book called "The Quest of the Golden Girl" was "reading well," as they say at Mudie's, I was delighted to find it to be one of those works which encourage the lead-pencil outpourings of the reader's soul. A passage which I had unsympathetically alluded to in a review as trite I found marked "How true"; a paragraph describing an ordinary experience of no æsthetic value to me was helped by the "Alas, yes, but how beautiful!" of the commentator. I have seen Hardy assisted in this way and George Meredith illuminated. I should like to give you some amusing examples but that they will form an article by themselves. I would, however, urge you to use your influence in making all libraries buy pencilled copies, at good prices, from reviewers, and thus the cult of marginal comment will be sustained, and the great work of showing the conscientious critic something of the heart of the people he tries to guide will be continued.

Reviews.

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

THE ENGLISH AND THE AMERICAN STORY.

The American Revolution. Part I.—1766-1776. By the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart. 9 x 6 in., xi. + 468 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 16/-

In this volume we have the first instalment of that narrative of the American struggle for independence, in which Sir George Trevelyan has decided to merge his continuation of "The Early History of Charles James Fox." His reasons for the step were informally explained some time ago, and he now restates them more fully in his preface. "The story of Fox between 1774 and 1782 is," he says, "inextricably interwoven with the story of the American Revolution. That immense event filled his mind and consumed his activities; while every circumstance about him worth relating may find a place in the course of the narrative which bears upon it. During that part of the great drama which was enacted within the walls of Parliament Fox was never off the stage; and, when there, he played a conspicuous and (as time went

on) the leading part. What was done and spoken at Westminster cannot be rightly explained nor the conduct of British public men fairly judged without a clear and reasonably detailed account of that which occurred contemporaneously beyond the Atlantic." This, no doubt, is true enough, but it hardly proves more than that a biographer of Fox would fail to do his work adequately, or, perhaps, intelligibly, without frequent resort to the historical "excursus." We cannot feel that it quite justifies such a biographer in playing the pure historian throughout much the greater part of his volume, and only resuming his biographical functions at intervals in its remaining portion. In "The American Revolution," the incidents, both here and across the Atlantic, which led up to that great historical event, fill pretty nearly seven out of ten chapters, and it is only in the residuary three that the real, if not the nominal, hero of the book takes any part in them at all. Surely it would have been possible for Sir George Trevelyan to have summarized much that he has written with such fulness of detail, and thus to have left himself room for a welcome expansion of what he has been obliged to condense. Possibly in succeeding volumes, where Fox, as he puts it, is "never off the stage," the disproportion may be corrected; but the result thus far undoubtedly has been to give us a book which cannot but prove a little disappointing to the many admirers of "The Early History of Charles James Fox."

This, indeed, was inevitable. Sir George Trevelyan's forte, as is proved by a still more famous and successful performance than the work just mentioned, is biography. To that art he brings both the temperament and the aptitudes which it demands. Strong political partisan as he is, he has a hearty and healthy sympathy with humanity in its weaknesses as well as its strength; and Fox, whose intensely "human" characteristics make the Tory overlook his politics, as they almost make Sir George Trevelyan excuse his private vices, is an ideal subject for a biographer of such a kind. The resultant of Sir George's agreement with his hero's politics, his disapproval of his hero's morals, and his affection for his hero's lovable character, could hardly fail to keep him in the straight course of just appreciation; and, as a matter of fact, it was this "composition of forces" which lent so singular a fascination to the author's study of Fox's early political and social career. But, once out of the track of the biographer and in the groove of the Whig historian, Sir George Trevelyan is less agreeable reading. He seems to part with much of his independence of judgment and not a little of his freshness of style; and conventional praises of Whiggery and conventional denunciations of Toryism too often take the place of those pungent and original comments on men and things with which his writing in its better moments abounds. The ten-times-told story of the perversity of George III. and his Ministers is told for the eleventh time with all the proper expressions of regret and censure, but though these may without blame be left unmixed by an American historian, from an English writer we expect some attempt to place himself at the point of view of those Englishmen (and they were much more numerous than it is the fashion nowadays to assume) who, without being either bigots or tyrants, were in substantial agreement with King and Ministers as to the right, and—within limits—the policy, of taxing the colonies. Johnson's famous pamphlet may not be the most distinguished of his works, but a careful perusal of "Taxation no Tyranny" would be an exercise well worth recommending to some of our glib-tongued

modern discourses on the "folly and wickedness" of their forefathers in "losing the American Colonies." And if, after reading Johnson's defence of the Ministerial policy, such persons will attempt to place themselves in the position, as regards economical views and theories of the "colonial" relation, which was occupied by the average Englishman of the late eighteenth century, they will find the argument of this vigorous advocate a very hard nut to crack. We are apt to forget nowadays that the question of taxing the colonies presented itself to the England of that day much more as a question of law than as one of policy. The possibility of enforcing the Imperial right, supposing it to exist, was, of course, assumed. That the effort to enforce it would lose us America was not quite so evident to those who lived before the event as it is to their supercilious descendants who enjoy the advantage of having been born a century after it. Nor does it much matter that some few Englishmen were wise—or lucky—prophets before the event, and predicted England's failure to coerce her rebellious subjects. Eighty odd years later, precisely the same representations were made, but this time erroneously, to the Government of the United States, when preparing to bring back the South to its allegiance by force of arms.

It is with unfeigned relief that we quit these unhappy and still embittered political controversies to return to Fox. For the period of his life through which Sir George Trevelyan has to conduct us in this and in the ensuing volume is that, perhaps, in which it is most agreeable for friend and foe alike to contemplate him. He was emerging from the follies and dissipations of his youth; he had been disciplined by political adversity, and was soon to be further chastened by domestic bereavements; above all he was engaged in a cause which we are now universally agreed to regard as the right one. The great personal qualities of the man—his courage, his generous enthusiasm, his utter singleness of mind and purpose—were at last beginning to impress even the most uncompromising of his adversaries. As Sir George Trevelyan well puts it:—

The esteem in which Fox was held most certainly did not in all quarters result from the blindness of partisanship. Men who observed him from the opposite benches in the House of Commons, if only they had an eye for what was good and great, gradually came to perceive that goodness with him was only a matter of time, and that greatness was there already. Gibbon, who eagerly sought his society, obtained enough of it in the course of that Parliament to make up his mind that Fox's character was as attractive as his abilities were commanding; and he never altered that opinion. "I admired," the historian wrote some years later on, "the power of a superior man blended with the softness and simplicity of a child. Perhaps no human being was ever more perfectly exempt from the taint of malevolence, vanity, and falsehood." . . . Samuel Johnson, who knew the young man well, and viewed him kindly and wisely, testified to his regard for him in a phrase which every well-wisher of Fox's reputation is delighted to recall. "The King," he said, "is my maeter, but Fox is my friend"; and the friendship of Johnson was a prize not lightly awarded,

least of all, it may be added, to a "Whig dog."

His whole attitude during the initial stages of the dispute with America, and, indeed, throughout the entire struggle, was such as men of our own day, of whatever political opinions, can view with respect, if not with sympathy. A resolute and courageous supporter of the cause of the colonists, he never allowed his advocacy to degenerate into factious and unpatriotic partisanship; and Sir George Trevelyan remarks with legitimate pride upon the ardour with which, as soon as the struggle involved us in war with a European rival, he rallied to the Imperial side. Though he, in common with Chatham, looked upon the conflict with the American colonies as "a

civil war in which no man was justified in ranking himself against those whom in his conscience he believed to be right," yet

When France stepped in, and our country was in danger, Fox took his place among the foremost—nay, it may be said as the foremost—of Britain's defenders; for no public man out of office has ever played so energetic and effective a part in the management of a great war. "Attack France," he cried, "for she is your first object. The war against America is against your own countrymen: that against France is against your inveterate enemy and rival." In a series of speeches replete with military instinct he argued in favour of assuming the offensive against the fresh assailants who came crowding in upon a nation which had already been fighting until it had grown weary and disheartened.

It is melancholy to think of the change which time and party spirit were destined to work in the statesman who could, in the very heat of a political controversy with the British Government, and, indeed, practically with the British nation, be thus promptly brought into line with his countrymen by the first menace of danger from a foreign foe. Truly, the Fox of 1793-1801 differed sadly from the Fox of 1774. We are glad to take leave of him in this earlier and happier phase of his political development, and not to anticipate the day when we shall find him almost openly rejoicing in every victory of our "inveterate enemy and rival."

The Story of the Revolution. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Two vols. Illustrated. 9½ x 6½ in., xv. + 324 + xii. + 286 pp.

London: Constable.
New York: Scribner. 32/-

It is significant of the trend of thought among the English-speaking peoples that within the last few weeks no fewer than five books, which deserve to be taken seriously, have been issued on questions connected with the history of the United States; and it is a fact worthy of no less attention that two at least of these are the work of Englishmen whose names are well known alike in literary and in historical studies. The two handsome volumes at the head of this notice we owe to the pen of that Senator with whom just three years ago were connected the more confident of those semi-official utterances which drew so much attention on this side of the Atlantic to the interpretation of the "Monroe Doctrine" then popular on the other. Recent events have somewhat modified the "textus receptus" on which Mr. Olney's famous despatches were based; and, as we shall see, the traces of a modification necessary under Mr. McKinley's Presidency are not absent towards the close of this volume, which must have been in preparation when the writer was considered to be the chosen repository of President Cleveland's special interpretation of the Doctrine.

Mr. Lodge's dedication runs as follows:—

"To the Army and Navy of the United States, victors of Manila, Santiago, and Porto Rico, worthy successors of the soldiers and sailors who, under the lead of George Washington, won American independence."

When these words are coupled with the personality of their writer, and with the sentiments expressed in those last pages which were evidently written under their immediate inspiration, we recognize a new starting-point in American historical literature. To none of Mr. Lodge's famous forerunners was it given to produce the story of their native land at a moment of victory over one of the proudest nations of the Old World, and of her expansion into wider spheres than ever came within the ken of the most far-sighted of her founders. One of the most striking results of the war that has just closed has been an increase of our sympathy with, and a better understanding of, American ideals and character, and Englishmen will approach Mr. Lodge's record of the "Revolution" with very different feelings from those with which either his political or his historical pronouncements would have been received a year ago. Unfortunately, Mr. Lodge's volumes do not quite justify these expectations. In his account of the beginnings of the Revolution, for instance, he

hardly explains for English readers the two anomalies which make that uprising so unique. Sincere expressions of loyalty to King George occur in the very thick of battle with his armies, as Bancroft's history relates; the hesitation over a French alliance remains extreme, in spite of the fact that Hessians were fighting on the English side; the reluctance to issue the Declaration of Independence continues even after it became necessary to secure recognition abroad; the troops at Bunker's Hill receive with loud applause an announcement of the cause of fighting which carefully repudiates any intention of separating from the British Crown. This first anomaly is partly cleared up by the second, on which Mr. Lodge also leaves much unexplained. It is evident that the Americans revolted, not by choice, but by compulsion, and that they retained a loyalty to the forms of English government which the King alone refused to allow them to extend towards his person. This is shown by the almost pathetic joy with which the repeal of the Stamp Act was received. Professor Tyler, of Cornell University, in a book which is a remarkable example of the historical and descriptive powers expended by Americans on particular features of this great epoch, says, "Certainly, never before had all these American communities been so swept by one mighty wave of grateful enthusiasm and delight." They refused to recognize, for they had no means of realizing, that English ignorance and indifference which very few of their own historians have sufficiently emphasized.

The rejoicings over the repeal of the Stamp Act were not destined to last long. For King George actually looked upon the first attempts at conciliation as an act of inexpiable disloyalty. He never forgave their authors for endeavouring to save him from himself; and it is one of the bitterest ironies of history that in the name of Chatham, of the statesman whose wise views on the treatment of the colonies were as well known as was his popularity on both sides of the Atlantic, the step was taken which was responsible for everything from the Boston massacre to Yorktown, to the wholesale ruin of American loyalists, to an animosity which coloured American foreign policy for generations afterwards. The stupor with which the new Acts were received in the colonies can hardly be exaggerated. Yet, even then their representatives moved with the greatest circumspection. Samuel Adams revised seven times his letter of remonstrance sent by the Assembly of Massachusetts; he wrote as carefully another letter asking the other colonies for support; and then they prepared for the worst. Both his eloquence and his temperance were alike useless, for, in the opinion of King George, Massachusetts was a "centre of vulgar sedition bristling with trees of liberty; . . . where his enemies were clad in homespun, and his friends in tar and feathers." Among our own people of every degree the governing classes then understood America the least. This was due in great measure to the difficulties of communication. The young Franklin had to wait nearly a year in London for the one ship that made an annual trip between Philadelphia and the Thames. Adams, at the height of the war, hurrying to France with the best frigate in his service, took five and forty days from Boston to Bordeaux. Lord Carlisle journeyed for six weeks from port to port carrying the message of peace which seemed a matter of life and death to the Ministry which sent him. Then, in addition to the ignorance and malice of our colonial governors which were largely responsible for our misunderstanding of the colonies, there is, lastly, the fact that the higher an Englishman's rank, the less likely would he be to sympathize with his countrymen across the seas. The colonists were our absolute reverse in everything. They were, in fact, the direct descendants of those Puritan regiments who had crushed the Cavalier ancestors of the Georgian aristocracy. English people had been launched into a career of luxury and corruption, so thought Horne Tooke, by the connexion with India which had produced sudden and unbalanced wealth. Place-hunting and jobbery were rampant, and they paid exceedingly. That these nobles redeemed their blood by the gallant way in which they shed it, on every battlefield of Europe or the high seas, only made it still more unlikely

that they would care to heal a quarrel born of misunderstanding by any arbitrament save that of war.

Mr. Lodge begins his story in Philadelphia, where its close, in October, 1781, was announced to those of the inhabitants who were yet awake by the watchman's cry of "Past three o'clock, and Lord Cornwallis taken!" Mr. Lodge there introduces us to Franklin, but he hardly emphasizes enough the vital importance of Franklin as the central figure of his epoch. Few things are more remarkable than the entire adequacy of these colonists to the extraordinary position in which they found themselves so suddenly. When the ardent young French nobles met them on American soil, these visitors from the capital that was the admitted arbiter of fashion in those days found nothing to censure, everything to admire. When these colonists, who had struggled against nature or the "merciless Indian savage" all their lives, came over to Paris, Kings and nobles were astonished to greet men of their own breeding, their own politeness, more than their match in diplomatic shrewdness. From the time when the first Continental Congress was summoned, through the days when he was Ambassador in France, to the triumphant signing of the treaty of peace, Franklin stands out as the type of all that made the American victory inevitable.

Mr. Lodge's pages are worthy of their more permanent dress, for they gather together a wealth of illustration and of historical interest that might have escaped notice in their more fugitive form. But they are not that contribution to serious history which the name and the opportunity of their author would have led his readers to expect; and they lack the wider view, the saner perspective, of Bancroft and of Motley. Hitherto the story of the struggle for independence has been only varied in American text-books by the still sadder tale of internecine strife, just as inevitable and far more bloody. The new era that has begun should signalize more to American historians than "the abandonment of isolation." In Mr. Lodge's last chapter he realizes something of the spirit that might well have informed his earlier pages—the spirit of the larger outlook, the truer sympathy, which will henceforth be the watchword, not only of future writers, but of all who read them. Mr. Lodge has done well to conclude his book with the magnificent phrases of the "Declaration of Independence," a political document whose value, merely as literature, has been far too little recognized in England.

MINOR ENGLISH WORTHIES.

Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by **Sydney Lee.** Vol. LVII., Tom—Tytler. 9½ x 6½ in., 461 pp. London, 1898. **Smith, Elder.** 15s. n.

The welcome which the public gives to the successive volumes, so regularly issued, of this Dictionary, and the satisfaction which they find in its extraordinary accuracy and completeness, tend to obscure the efforts, laborious and deserving as they were, of previous workers in the same field. The names of Tooke and Towers, which, with an immense number of the lesser lights of literature, occur in this volume, come to remind us of what the eighteenth century achieved in the work of National Biography. England did not show such enterprise as France in this matter. The famous "Biographia Britannica" appeared in 1747-1766. Joseph Towers, originally a stationer's errand boy apprenticed to one Goadby, was largely responsible for a new edition of it, which began to appear in 1778. But before this, Goadby, who, as Mr. Alexander Gordon, the writer of Towers' life, rather quaintly says, "made him an Arian," also provided him with a more definite and lucrative employment in the compilation of a "British Biography" (1766-1772), of which he edited seven volumes mainly founded on the "Biographia Britannica." Meanwhile the Rev. William Tooke, the historian of Russia, had been working as principal editor on a "New and

General Biographical Dictionary," which saw the light, in fifteen volumes, exactly a hundred years ago. His son William, who became president of the Society of Arts, had also a good deal to do with the "Biographia Britannica Literaria." Fourteen years after the Rev. W. Tooke's work, Chalmers took the field with his thirty-two volumes of a "General Biographical Dictionary."

We are, of course, now in a vastly better position, on the whole, for obtaining complete and accurate information about our country's worthies in the past, even though we are further off them than were Towers, Tooke, and Chalmers. The true value of personal records, such as can be nowadays compiled, has never been illustrated so well as in this volume. It treats almost entirely of minor celebrities who have in some form or other held the public eye, and the only lives which approach greatness are those which come under the names of Tyndale, Townshend, Turner, and Trollope. Great statesmen, ecclesiastics, and soldiers are notably absent, but on every page we are treading some curious by-path of history. The great ones of the earth, as their names travel down the years, seldom lack recognition; their achievements are recorded in volumes under which our shelves already groan. There is far more human interest in the life stories of those whom an ungrateful world has forgotten, or the over-burdened historian neglected. These are marshalled before us again by the Dictionary of National Biography. Of many the lives have never been written before. In these clear, concise paragraphs we can follow the part they played in the course of history, in social movements, or in the progress of learning—a part often not the less valuable because others have reaped its fruit—and renew once more the fame of which through the din of succeeding years we can catch now but the faintest echo or none at all.

There happen, as we have mentioned, to be within these alphabetical limits an extraordinary number of names bearing in some way or another on the history of English literature, either as makers of it themselves, or as the cause of it in others. First there is Toy, one of the early English printers, who died in 1556. Then we have three great publishers—Tottel, the law publisher, who kept his famous house of business at Temple Bar in the reign of Edward VI., and gave us, in his "Miscellany," all we now know of the poetry of Wyatt and Surrey; Jacob Tonson, who had a shop close by, a century later, and followed Tottel's example in publishing a "Miscellany" of poems, who published for Dryden, Addison, and Steele, and founded a famous and prosperous house of business, having made more, so he said, by "Paradise Lost" (of which he was not the original publisher) than by any other poem; and, lastly, Trübner, in our own century, whose services to learning, and especially Oriental learning, were recognized throughout the world—"a rare combination of scholar, author, and publisher." Among others who have helped rather than created literature we have Lawrence Twyne, whose "Pattern of Painefull Adventures" probably suggested the subject of the Shakespearian play "Pericles"; Sir William Trumbull, Secretary of State under William III., the patron of Dryden and Pope, who suggested to the latter "Windsor Forest" as the subject of a poem; Thomas Tyrwhitt, the editor of Chaucer, and one of the greatest critics of the last century—who, if he did not help to produce literature, did a negative service, perhaps as valuable, by exposing Chatterton's "Rowley" Forgeries; and Joseph Train, whose life's work it was to supply the antiquarian material ready to be touched by the magician's wand of Scott.

Turning to authors, we find an immense list of the minor names, of which we can only indicate a few. The lesser playwrights are represented by Cyril Tourneur, author (in 1607) of the powerful and passionate "Revenger's Tragedy," of which Lamb wrote, "I never read it but my ears tingle"; Tomkins, the forgotten writer of a College comedy called "Albumazar" (1615), which Garrick revived in 1747; Sir S. Tuke, a Royalist playwright who wrote "The Adventures of Five Hours," a play that delighted Pepys, although it was "without one word of ribaldry"; and James Townley, headmaster of Merchant Taylors', and the amusing author of "High Life Below Stairs," which George Selwyn said was a relief from "low life above stairs." The Poets give us Aurelian Townshend, a lyrical poet "undeservedly neglected" of the Court of Charles I.; the later and inferior singer, Chauncey Townshend, the friend of Southey; Turberville, an Elizabethan scholar-poet, and "a pioneer in the use of blank verse"; Archbishop Trench, and Charles Tennyson Turner. Among hymn-writers, too, we have Toplady and Tuttielt. Scholars, historians, and antiquaries, especially the latter, seem, oddly enough, to be all crowded in between Tom and Tytler—Trevisa (1326-1412), one of the lights of Early English prose; Toup, the great classical scholar of the last century; Tremellius, the Hebraist; Trivet and Trokelowe, monastic chroniclers of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; Twysden; Fraser and William Tytler; Sharon and Dawson Turner, and many others. Among "thinkers" we find Horne Tooke, Abraham Tucker, Sir Travers Twiss, Principal Tulloch, and—shall we add?—Martin Tupper. Nor must we forget Mrs. Trimmer and Miss Tucker (A. L. O. E.). Another curious feature of this volume is the number of musicians to be found in it—Tomkins—"of a family which produced more musicians than any other family in England"; Christopher Tye, Travers, Tudway, Tunsted, Turle, W. Turner, Berthold Tours. Last in the long procession—a place which is at least ceremonially correct—we may note the greater names: Anthony Trollope and J. M. W. Turner, admirably done by Dr. Garnett (who also deals with Mrs. T. A. Trollope) and Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse respectively; the second Viscount Townshend, Carteret's rival, by Mr. J. M. Rigg; Charles Townshend, "wit and statesman," and Thomas Townshend, first Viscount Sydney, by Mr. A. F. Pollard; and George Townshend, the first Marquis, by Mr. R. Dunlop. Biographies of much personal interest are those of Professor Tyndall, by his widow; of Arnold Toynbee, by Sir Alfred Milner; and of Sir George Tryon, by Professor Laughton.

BRAID SCOTS.

Scottish Vernacular Literature: A Succinct History.
By T. N. Henderson. 7½ x 5½ in., viii. + 462 pp. London, 1898.
Nutt. 6/-

Mr. Henderson's "Scottish Vernacular Literature" is a book of great merit and interest, and unique in its field. The language is first described; it is not "the language of Ossian," as the English journalist is apt to suppose, nor "a darkened dialect of Anglified Erse," as the *Quarterly Review* declared apropos of "The Antiquary." It is English of Northumbria, with modifications caused by the French Alliance and other circumstances. Incidentally we wonder who Mr. Henderson supposes the Picts to have been, as he talks of "subtle linguistic forces, Cymric, Pictish, Gaelic, Norse, French." Was Pictish not Gaelic, and, if not, what was Pictish? Nobody knows. Where he says that "the old Scoto-Pictish dynasty became virtually Saxonized," we ask what the Saxons are doing in that *galère*? That the Reformation "smothered" vernacular

literature, that Presbyterian "superstition" "strangled" it, might be denied. The earliest Reformers, as Erskine of Dun, introduced Greek, which Knox's successor, Melville, taught, whereas the old faith had resisted Hellenic studies. So far, the Reformation was aiding literature, but partly Puritanism, partly the Anglophile tendencies of Knox and his faction, partly the removal of the Court, when James VI. crossed the Border, all combined to depress literature in the vernacular. Still, we presume that there is merit in "The Gude and Godlie Ballates," though, after all, it is inconspicuous. The Reformation nipped in the bud the Scottish Renaissance, though it brought in Greek.

Mr. Henderson's chapter on the early scraps of popular poetry is excellent, but the scraps are so few. The mysterious Rhymer and Huchown are tersely and lucidly handled. By the way, the Rhymer's prophecy of a tempest for the day on which Alexander III. died was literally as well as figuratively fulfilled. The Lanercost Chronicler says that he never was out of doors on so awful a day. True Thomas was weatherwise. On Barbour Mr. Henderson is brief, but adequate. More selections might be desirable. As to the "glaring error" of rolling three Bruces into one, it is also made by Baker of Swinbrook, writing earlier than Barbour ("Chronicon Galfridi de Wynebroke. Maunde Thompson, pp. 38, 39), and we observe no correction by Baker's editor. How both Barbour and Baker came to write such nonsense it is impossible to guess, nor does Mr. Henderson refer to Baker. As to Bruce's "patriotism" and "inconsistencies," Sir Herbert Maxwell and Sir F. Palgrave have said all that is needed. Till he committed a sacrilegious murder Bruce was the basest of a base set of politicians. As to Blind Harry, if he had no book by Blair, Wallace's chaplain, before him, how could he cite a passage where Blair drops the pen, and a comrade takes it up, because Blair cannot narrate certain feats of his own? Harry must have been "inventious" (a queer word of Mr. Henderson's) if he invented all this. Perhaps Mr. Henderson will be so "insinuating" as to say that Harry was thus "inventious." Mr. Henderson's style is naturally unaffected; "inventive" and "insinuating" are quite good enough for him; he needs no pinchbeck on his cloth of frieze. As to Wallace stealing the widow's beer at Perth "in his youth," we scout the idea. "In his youth"—it was the year before his year of glory! The charge occurs against "William Wallace, thief," in an English gaol-delivery at Perth. But an accomplice of Wallace the thief was Matthew of York, who pleaded his clergy. Now, was the national hero likely to be priggish ale in company with a clerk of the hated English race? As to "The King's Quair," Mr. Henderson, like M. Jusserand, seems to us to make a valid reply to the sceptical argument of Mr. J. T. T. Brown. As to Henryson's "Cressid," we think that Mr. Henderson does no justice to the wonderful romantic pathos of the great scene by a poet of his own clan or house. He is "seldom or never nobly pathetic," the poet of the meeting between Troilus and the fallen Cressid! Is not—we "ask for information"—the relation between Alain Chartier and "The Complaynt of Scotland" rather a new discovery, and is it Mr. Henderson's own?

Thus, did space permit, we might follow the author through his admirable work, assenting or dissenting. But we have not even space for a controversy over the ballads. Their origin can only be determined in the light of knowledge of all the popular poetry and *Märchen* of the world, and we do not know that Mr. Henderson has studied those things—in the results and in the making—from Finland to the Morea, or among savage races. Judging by his remarks, we conceive that he has not. His theory of Sir Patrick Vans, as the original of Sir Patrick Spens, is interesting; even more so his theory that Scott wrote, or rewrote after Hogg, the best verses of Otterbourne. But was Sir Walter the man to quote his own poetry in two of the most deeply emotional crises of his life; first, when bequeathing his leadership to Lockhart, in view of death; next, when close to death, after visiting the tombs of the Douglasses? Would Sir Walter, of all men, quote himself in these moments? We leave the answer to Mr. Henderson, and his book to the good will of all lovers of good books.

CATHERINE SFORZA.

Catherine Sforza. By Count Pier Desiderio Pasolini. Authorized Edition, Translated and Prepared, with the assistance of the Author, by Paul Sylvester. Illustrated with numerous Reproductions from Original Pictures and Documents. 9x6in., 302 pp. London, 1898. Heinemann. 16/-

"Wise, brave, great, with a full, beautiful face; speaking little. She wore a tan satin gown with two ells of train, a large black velvet hat in the French mode, a man's belt whence hung a bag of gold ducats and a curved sword; and among the soldiers, both horse and foot, she was much feared, for that armed lady was fierce and cruel."

This is Catherine Sforza, according to Cerretani, in her early womanhood, when the fighting blood in her veins was beginning to have its way. It is a dramatic little picture, and one that presents an almost ludicrous contrast to the Palmezzani portrait of the frontispiece. Anything less like either truculence or superlative beauty would be hard to find. The portrait might represent the well-bred offspring of an Early Victorian Mrs. Grundy, instead of the natural daughter of Galeazzo Maria Sforza, ruffian and libertine, though, indeed, she was no daughter of his in the worst sense. Relentless she might be, but not wantonly ferocious (except, indeed, in her revenge on the murderers of Feo); passionate, but not unbridled in licentiousness. A more picturesque career than hers would be far to seek—married at fourteen to Girolamo Riario, the unspeakable "nephew" of Pope Sixtus IV.; freed from him by his assassination eleven years later; plunged single-handed into fresh danger and difficulty; emerging triumphant by the sheer force of her own unscrupulous courage in strategy. She had the same effect on her lovers as Mary Stuart. Riario was assassinated, Giacomo Feo was assassinated, and Giovanni de Medici only survived his marriage with her for a short time, dying in 1498. After his death came her worst years, bringing with them her long imprisonment in the castle of St. Angelo. Then comparative peace. And on the 28th of May, 1509, Catherine Sforza died, aged forty-six. Did ever woman pack more of life into forty-six years?

It seems ungracious to point out blemishes in Count Pasolini's painstaking work. He is undoubtedly right in stating that Bona of Savoy did not die in 1494, as older writers have imagined; but he has overlooked a study of her last years which appeared in the "Archivio Storico Italiano," as long ago as 1870, and which proves that she died at Fossano on November 17, 1503. Again, the portrait of the Empress Bianca Maria is assigned to Leonardo da Vinci as though no doubt existed on the subject, whereas competent judges in recent years have assigned it to Ambrogio de Predis (see Calvi, "Bianca Maria Sforza-Visconti," 1888, page 38). When two stout volumes are compressed into a single volume of less bulk than either, we are prepared for economy of space. But one would have thought that the *provenance* of the illustrations might have been indicated in the English edition, as it is in the Italian, without any great sacrifice. And where a facsimile is reduced, as on page thirty-five, to the extent of omitting nearly half the original, there should surely be some indication of the omission. The document in question is an autograph letter by Girolamo Riario, which, as it stands, has a *faux air* of being complete and unabridged.

The translator has done his work pleasantly and well. Beyond occasional misrenderings, such as "orator" for "envoy" or "ambassador," he gets both the sense and the spirit of his original. And such a subject as his would have to be far worse handled than he is capable of handling it to be anything but deeply interesting.

"CHATTER ABOUT JANE."

Last Links with Byron, Shelley, and Keats. By William Graham. 8½x5½in., xx. + 121 pp. London, 1898. Smithers. 6/-

We cannot think that Mr. Graham has been well advised in serving up this *réchauffée*—with additions—of the two chapters of

belated scandal which, through the indulgence or inadvertence of its editor, he was permitted to give to the world some years ago in the pages of a leading monthly review. The original dish was not a savoury one, and it is not made any more palatable by the new ingredients which have now been added to it. The original publication, in 1893-94, of the "Chats with Jane Clairmont" was, in our opinion, a deplorable indiscretion; and that its author should have repeated it five years afterwards, with mysterious promises of being still more indiscreet in ten years' time, when a certain pledge of secrecy will have lapsed, is still more to be regretted. His success in obtaining the materials of these "disclosures" does not strike us as particularly surprising. It has, he says, been several times remarked to be singular that "at the early age of twenty he should have been on sufficiently intimate terms with Miss Clairmont to have gained her confidence to the extent he did"; and in a passage which for dignity and good taste may be taken as representative of his own personal share in the volume, he explains it thus:—

As regards my age, that was probably a good deal in my favour, for I may say without vanity now that I was a decidedly good-looking boy in those days, with dark, curly locks clustering over a marble brow, as the old novels put it, instead of, as now, a wisp of dingy grey fringing a wide expanse where all is brow.

It appears to us, however, that the fascination of Mr. Graham's youthful appearance—on which we would not be understood to cast the shadow of a doubt—is hardly needed to account for the fluent confidences of an extremely vain and garrulous old lady who knew that she was being interviewed for the purpose of publication at a future date. The spectacle, however, of this octogenarian dame recounting the irregular amours of her girlhood to even the curliest-headed and most marble-browed youth of twenty is not exactly a gracious one; nor does it gain in attractiveness from Mr. Graham's style as a reporter:—

"Have you never loved, Madame?" I asked.

A delicate blush suffused her cheeks, and this time she made no reply, gazing on the ground.

"Shelley?" I murmured.

"With all my heart and soul," she replied, without moving her eyes from the ground.

And the delicate question of her supposed transfer of her affections from Byron to Shelley is thus delicately handled:—

"I was thinking of a line of Shakespeare's."

"And the line?"

"Methinks the lady doth protest too much."

"You impertinent boy! If you do not believe what I tell you, why traverse Europe to see me?"

"There are things, Madame," I said, "which it is the duty of every man to believe when told him by a lady, and I have conquered my scepticism. I remember you told me Shelley was a devoted student of Plato."

Two smart boxes on the ear were the only reply I received to this. A sorry return indeed for obedience and faith.

The really important question, however, is not as to the taste and propriety of these reported conversations, but as to their bearing on biographical truth, and the justice of publishing, unsifted, the statements contained in them which reflect upon persons no longer able to answer for themselves. Of course, Miss Clairmont's account of matters may be absolutely trustworthy, even where it is most opposed to received beliefs. It may be the fact that the Shelleys were aware and approved of Jane Clairmont's intrigue with Byron before their migration with her to Geneva; we agree with Mr. Graham that there was nothing in their opinions on the institution of matrimony to render such privacy improbable. It may be again that Miss Clairmont was in fact, as she asserted, the cause of the Byron separation; and that her statement as to the way in which her *liaison* with the husband was brought to the knowledge, and employed to provoke the resentment, of the wife is strictly truthful. But the fact remains that these and other allegations were sprung upon the world more than half a century after the deaths of the persons whom they affect, and that they rest on the authority of an irresponsible, not to say flighty, old lady who goes far to discredit her own evidence in advance by the

very fact of her willingness to unbosom herself on these extremely delicate, and sometimes painful matters to a youth of twenty and a perfect stranger.

PICTURE GALLERIES.

Lectures on the National Gallery. By J. P. Richter. With Numerous Illustrations. 67 pp. London, New York, and Bombay, 1898. Longmans. 9/-

This attractive volume is Dr. Richter's latest contribution to the scientific branch of art criticism, of which he is a leading exponent. It consists of three lectures on certain groups of pictures by Italian masters in the National Gallery, delivered at the Royal Institution last February, and now published with illustrations which enable us to compare the paintings in question for ourselves, and which, it must be owned, go far to justify the conclusions he has formed.

First of all, our author examines the works of Trecento artists in which the gallery is especially rich. Among them is the altarpiece ascribed to Cimabue, a master who was formerly extolled as the founder of the Florentine school, and who certainly enjoyed a high reputation in his own day, as Dante's well-known lines testify. But when we come to consider the works that bear this master's name, and ask for some genuine example of his style, we get little or no satisfaction. Dr. Richter pronounces the works ascribed to Cimabue, both in the Louvre and National Gallery, to be school-pieces from the workshop of Duccio, the Sienese master, while Professor Wichhoff expresses a doubt whether any pictures by Cimabue are now in existence, and Mr. Berensen's omission of this master's name from his list of Florentine masters tacitly points to the same conclusion. Before the relentless march of the *Kunstforscher* the most cherished traditions of the past and the fondest illusions of our youth are alike doomed to vanish. We all of us know the old story, first told by Vasari and repeated by every art-historian in turn, of the great Madonna by Cimabue, which was borne through the streets of Florence with the sound of trumpets and such loud rejoicing that this quarter of the city was ever afterwards called by the name of Borgo Allegro. And many have visited the dark chapel in Santa Maria Novella, where the famous picture still hangs over the altar of the Rucellai family. Now we are told that the story is one of Vasari's fables, and that the picture itself is the work not of the Florentine Cimabue, but of the Sienese Duccio. Dr. Richter insists on the striking similarity that exists, both in types and colouring, between this altarpiece and the *Majestas* which the great Siena master painted for the Duomo of his own city, and supports his contention by a document, from which it appears that a Florentine guild commissioned Duccio to paint an altarpiece of the Madonna and Child for this very church of Santa Maria Novella in the year 1285. Duccio's *Majestas*, we know, was also borne through the streets of Siena in triumph, and it may be that Vasari transferred the story from one city to the other, or that the incident was repeated at Florence in the case of the Rucellai altarpiece. But in the face of this evidence, it has become difficult for any future writer to maintain that the picture in Santa Maria Novella is the work of Cimabue.

Dr. Richter's second lecture deals with early Venetian art, and more especially with Giovanni Bellini's works in the National Gallery. We commend to the reader's notice his thoughtful description of the little picture known as "The Blood of the Redeemer" (No. 1,033), but better entitled "Salvator Mundi," a work which, in its mystical meaning and exquisite detail, is eminently characteristic of Giovanni's early style and of the religious art of the age. No less worthy of note is the passage in which the writer draws out the close connexion between the Venetian master and his brother-in-law, Andrea Mantegna, in the early days when they painted together at Padua. The drawing made by Bellini for the saints in the celebrated altarpiece of San Zeno at Verona, which Dr. Richter was fortunate enough to discover at Chatsworth, shows how much

Andrea owed to Giovanni, while a comparison of the two painters' versions of "The Agony in the Garden" reveals the distinctive qualities of their genius, and, to our mind, establishes the incontestable superiority of the Venetian master over the mighty Paduan. But we regret that Dr. Richter attempts to minimize the influence which Jacopo Bellini exercised in the development of his more illustrious son, an influence which no one familiar with the wonderful sketch-books of the Louvre and British Museum could, we should have thought, have failed to realize.

The last section of the book is devoted to Sandro Botticelli. This fascinating master, whose poetic invention and passionate sincerity of emotion have laid their powerful spell on the present generation, was, Dr. Richter reminds us, a very popular artist in his own day. Yet, in the sudden revolution of taste that took place in the next century, he was quickly forgotten, and it is only during the last thirty years that a reaction in his favour has set in. The true explanation of Botticelli's so-called "Temptation of Christ" in the Sistine chapel is here given as recently discovered by Dr. Steinmann. This fresco is, in reality, a representation of the sacrifice offered in the temple for the cleansing of a leper, under the law of Moses, and the Franciscan hospital of Santo Spirito, which had lately been restored by Pope Sixtus, himself a friar of the order, is introduced in the background. Although the *tondo* (No. 275) is now recognized as the work of Sangallo and the Assumption (No. 1,126) painted for Matteo Palmieri is plainly executed by inferior hands, Botticelli is still represented in the National Gallery by two first-rate examples, the "Mars and Venus," which, like the "Birth of Venus" and the "Spring," once adorned the Medici villa, and "The Nativity," from the Fuller-Maitland collection. Dr. Richter is, no doubt, right in describing the former as an illustration of Poliziano's "Giostrea," that courtly poem written to celebrate the Tournament held in honour of Lorenzo's brother. The sleeping youth who goes by the name of Mars is Giuliano himself, the mighty hunter whom we see resting in woodland shades, sunk in deep slumber, while boy-satyrs whisper dreams in his ear, and the white-robed maiden who appears to him is not Venus the Queen of Love, but his own mistress, *la bella Simonetta*. Vasari tells us, in his contemptuous manner, how Sandro Botticelli, the court painter of the Medici, was seized in his old age with the *piagnone* frenzy and gave up painting to illustrate Savonarola's sermons or decorate processional banners. But, in point of fact, many of the master's best works belong to this period and bear the stamp of Savonarola's teaching. Chief among them is the mystic Nativity which he painted, as we learn from the Greek inscription first interpreted by Mr. Sidney Colvin, at the end of 1600, two years and a-half after the death of Fra Girolamo. Choirs of exultant seraphs circle in the air, dangling gold crowns and waving olive branches as they sing the *Gloria in excelsis*, and in the foreground devils crawl away to hide among the rocks while angels welcome the martyred Friar and his companions with rapturous embraces. For these, Sandro tells us, are the witnesses who were slain for the faith "in fulfilment of the words spoken in the Eleventh of St. John and the Second Woe of the Apocalypse."

THE TATE GALLERY.

Mr. Edward T. Cook's *POPULAR HANDBOOK TO THE TATE GALLERY* (Macmillan, 5s. n.) is a companion volume to the author's excellent work on the National Gallery; and, if it is less interesting reading, it is the fault of the subject-matter rather than that of the author. As before, Mr. Cook goes for guidance to Mr. Ruskin, wherever this is practicable, and reproduces for us his always inspiring, if occasionally misleading, criticism. The extreme modernness of much of the contents of the gallery obliges Mr. Cook to embody many other less interesting judgments, but among these we do not include those for which he is personally responsible. On the contrary, these are as remarkable for insight as for discretion, and are written, as they should be in a popular catalogue, so that "he who runs," or walks, "may read."

The Tate Gallery now contains three distinct collections,

besides what may not be improperly described as a draft from the national collection in Trafalgar-square. The first of these is the Tate gift, including some of the most popular works of Hook, Riviere, Fildes, Orchardson, and Waterhouse, and a representative collection of Millais', lately perfected by the addition of the incomparable "Order of Release." Next comes the Chantrey Collection, which is valuable not only in itself, but because it gauges the art views of the Royal Academy, the selection of pictures to be purchased having been confided, under the terms of Chantrey's will, to the President and Trustees of that much-abused institution. The arrangement has not worked badly, though, as Mr. Cook points out in his lucid prefatory sketch, there are notable omissions, the names of Burne-Jones, Holman Hunt, and Whistler being all conspicuous by their absence. The average cost of a Chantrey picture is, we are told, £615; but we note with satisfaction the purchase last year, for the small price of a hundred guineas, of the admirable painting of a young golden-haired girl in deep mourning, seated in an oak-panelled room, which won well-deserved praise at the Royal Academy. It is the work of Mr. R. Peacock, an artist whose name is not widely known outside the studios. The third collection consists of the seventeen famous allegories which their creator, Mr. G. F. Watts, presented to the nation. The draft from the National Gallery is made up, if we exclude a few small Constables and Wilkies, mainly of works of the early Victorian era.

Mr. Cook not only deals with all the painters in turn as we meet them on the walls, but furnishes a series of highly-compressed but brilliant sketches of the several groups to which they belong—the early Victorians, the Pre-Raphaelites, and the so-called modern British school. In this connexion he calls attention to the apparent divergence in the opinions of two distinguished French critics, M.M. de la Sizeranne and Ernest Chesneau, the former declaring that on entering an international exhibition the fact that there is an English school is what first strikes one; the latter that, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as a school of English art. But, of course, as Mr. Cook points out, the paradox is merely on the surface. M. Chesneau finds the essentials of a school in community of tradition, process, colour, and design; M. de la Sizeranne finds those essentials in the temperament, the individualism, the seriousness of intention, the love of the same things, even the almost anarchical indifference to uniformity of method. A good illustration of our racial peculiarities will be found in the English painting of animals, as illustrated here by Landseer and Herring, Briton Riviere, and Davis, each of whom has painted animal life excellently, while to each it has made its appeal from a different side. But all illustrate the truth of Mr. Ruskin's dictum, that "we have a sympathy with the lower animals that is peculiarly our own."

CLASSICAL GREEK.

The Successors of Homer. By W. C. Lawton. 7½ × 5¼ in., 201 pp. London, 1898. Innes. 5/-

Sketches of the Greek Dramatic Poets. By Charles Haines Keene, M.A., Dublin. 8½ × 5¼ in., 121 pp. London, 1898. Blackie. 3/6

From these two volumes English readers unfamiliar with the original Greek may get as good an idea as is possible under such circumstances of the character and contents of the post-Homeric epic and the masterpieces of Greek drama. The term "Cyclic" poet, used to distinguish the later epic writers from Homer, is derived from the so-called "Epic cycle," which was, strictly speaking, a prose compilation of abstracts from those epics. The compilers were called "cyclic" writers, and the term was transferred to the epic poets whom they used. Professor Lawton gives a very clear sketch, illustrated here and there by English verse translations, of the different kinds of later Greek hexameter poetry—viz., the "Cyclic" epics, introducing, connecting, and completing the two Homeric masterpieces; the Hesiodic Poems ("Works and Days," "Theogony," &c.), representing a school of didactic and theological poetry; the "Homeric Hymns,"

none of them Homeric, and most of them merely preludes to recitation from the great epics; and the philosophical treatises of the sixth and fifth centuries B.C.—Xenophanes, Parmenides, and Empedocles. The Iliad and Odyssey, we see from Professor Lawton's pages, fit into a connected series of poems dealing with the "tale of Troy divine"—viz., Kypria, Iliad, Æthiopis, Little Iliad, *Ἰλίου περίοδος*, Nostoi, Odyssey, Telegonia; the chief importance of the lost epics (known mainly from the prose summaries of Proclus) being as evidence (by their imitations of and connexions with the older poems) that the Iliad and Odyssey were in the eighth century B.C. essentially as we have them now. The philosophic hexameter writers are generally, for literary purposes, dismissed as dreary dry-as-dusts, glorified and eclipsed by their Roman adapter, Lucretius. But Empedocles seems, if we may judge from some of Professor Lawton's citations, to have rivalled Lucretius himself in the picturesque vigour of some of his similes. For scholars, as well as for those who cannot read Greek authors in the original, this book may be commended as an introduction to the little studied period of Greek literature between Homer and Æschylus.

Professor Keene's "Sketches" of the great Greek dramatists and their works are slight, but not uninteresting, and are as good as any other attempts that we have seen to put before minds ignorant of Greek "Quid Sophocles et Thespis et Æschylus utile ferrent." In a final chapter on "The Classical and Romantic Drama" Professor Keene maintains that the supposed identification of the "classical" element in the drama with the doctrine of the "unities" of time, place, and action is not borne out by the facts of Greek Tragedy; and that the unity of action (the only one on which Aristotle lays much stress) is the only really necessary law of the drama. There is something rather profitless and unreal about these abstract and academic discussions, however necessary they may be to a scientific study of the dramatic art. The approval or disapproval of the individual spectator or reader of a play of Sophocles or Shakespeare depends very little upon the observance of the "unities."

TRANSLATIONS.

The Iliad of Homer. Rendered into English Prose for those who cannot read the Original, by Samuel Butler. 7½ × 5 in., xvi. + 421 pp. London, New York, and Bombay, 1898. Longmans. 7/6 n.

Bacchylides. A Prose Translation, by E. Poste, M.A. 7½ × 5 in., 39 pp. London and New York, 1898. Macmillan. 2/-

Mr. Samuel Butler has two theories of translation, which, to some scholars, will detract from the merits of his praiseworthy attempt at a prose translation of the Iliad—viz., that the idiom employed should be that of the translator's own day, with no attempt at archaism, and that the Latinized names of gods and heroes (Jove, Juno, Venus, Vulcan, &c.) are preferable to the proper Greek names, Zeus, Here, Aphrodite, Hephæstus. The first of these results in some sacrifice of the dignity at which even a prose translation of Homer should aim, and which to many ears is best attained by a flavour of Biblical or Shakespearian English. The second ignores the conclusions of the best modern scholarship, and perpetuates the old mistaken notion that the Roman deities were borrowed from, and simply identical with, those of Greece, and that their names were interchangeable, so that it did not matter whether one spoke of Here or Juno, the more familiar name being preferable. Comparison with other translators is not a satisfactory kind of criticism; but Mr. Butler challenges it in his preface, quoting for this express purpose the opening paragraphs of Mr. Leaf's translation, not altogether to his own advantage. Thus in vv. 6, 7, "From the day on which the son of Atreus, king of men, and great Achilles first fell out with one another" (*διαστήτην ἐπιδαντς*), is surely inferior to "From the day when strife first parted Atreides, king of men, and noble Achilles." In v. 21, Mr. Butler, as often, deliberately omits the *constans epitheton* *ἐκὼλον* ("far-darting"), and boils down Homer's sounding line *ἀζόμενοι Διὸς νιδὸν ἐκὼλον Ἀπόλλωνα* into "In reverence for

Apollo, son of Jove." These are examples, which might be multiplied indefinitely, of the weak points in Mr. Butler's version. But it is not all weak. His rendering, for instance, of the famous description of the Trojan watchfires in viii. 555, sqq., is distinctly spirited :—

As when the stars shine clear, and the moon is bright—there is not a breath of air, not a peak nor glade nor jutting headland but it stands out in the ineffable radiance that breaks from the serene of heaven : the stars can all be told, and the heart of the shepherd is glad—even thus shone the watchfires of the Trojans before Ilius, midway between the ships and the river Xanthus. A thousand camp-fires gleamed upon the plain, and in the glow of each there sat fifty men, while the horses, champing oats and corn beside their chariots, waited till dawn should come.

Except for the omission of the epithets in *κρί λευκὸν* and *ἰθὺρον ἦν*, there is not much fault to find here. Let us see how our translator can rise to the spirit of Sarpedon's speech to Glaucus before the Achæan wall (xii. 322, sqq.) :—

My good friend, if, when we were once out of this fight, we could escape old age and death thenceforward and for ever, I should neither press forward myself nor bid you do so, but death in ten thousand shapes hangs ever over our heads, and no man can elude him ; therefore, let us go forward, and either win glory for ourselves or yield it to another.

Here "my good friend" strikes a prosaic note, which is too well maintained. *Οὐτε κε σὲ στέλλοιμ μάχην ἐς κυδιανείραν* is poorly and baldly rendered by "Nor bid you do so." The iteration in *ἄς οὐκ ἔστι φυγεῖν βροτὸν οὐδ' ὑπαλύξαι* is ignored in the single word "elude" ; and the emphatic *ἴομεν* ("On, then !") becomes sadly unemphatic in "Therefore let us go forward." As a whole, Mr. Butler's version is respectable, but hardly striking ; and his practice of omitting the characteristic Homeric epithets is an almost unpardonable heresy.

Bacchylides, as compared with Homer, is virgin soil for the translator, the poems, as is well known, having been only recently brought to light from an Egyptian papyrus. Mr. Poste's prose version is graceful and accurate ; and a short introduction to each ode indicates its occasion and main subject. The following passage from Ode I. upon an Olympian victory of Hiero, tyrant of Syracuse (celebrated also by Pindar), is a fair specimen :—

High aloft, cleaving the depths of ether with fleet tawny wings, the eagle, messenger of Zeus, wide-ruling thunderer, boldly travels, confident in matchless might, where lesser warblers fear to venture. Neither peaks of the vasty earth nor dangerous billows of the ever-restless main stay him, but onward through the abyss of heaven with fine-spun plumage he sweeps, his sole companion Zephyr, conspicuous to mortal gaze.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

IN MYSTERIES OF POLICE AND CRIME (Cassell, 21s.), Major Arthur Griffiths has not only produced a most readable book, but has also done a considerable public service. Here we have Bentham and Austin, Spencer and Lombroso—the psychologist, the social philosopher, the theoretical lawyer, preaching by means of examples. The book is much better described by its second subordinate title than by that which appears on its cover. It is by no means a string of sensational detective stories : it is much more truly "a general survey of wrongdoing and its pursuit." And it provides not only, as we should expect, a treasure-house for writers of fiction which is often strangest when "founded on fact," but a mine of instruction on the criminal type—or rather on the question whether such a type exists ; on undercurrents of social life ; on national peculiarities ; on principles of punishment ; on the advantages and disadvantages of a Court of Criminal Appeal ; on circumstantial evidence ; and on inductive logic.

Major Arthur Griffiths, who has had nearly thirty years' experience in dealing with crime, and is a practised writer for the press, has made an exhaustive study, for literary purposes, of the range of subjects which come under the scope of his official position. He embraces in his purview England, the

Continent, and America, and crimes of every description in this and preceding centuries, bringing his record of recent notable misdeeds, with hardly any omissions—there is no full account, by the way, of the Tichborne case—up to the theft of the jewels of the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland. He treats, however, not solely of crime, but of the police, and he gives a very interesting popular history of the police in France and England, of police organization and the methods of the detective. He is, moreover, for an official, singularly candid and unprejudiced, and he even recognizes the services which may be done by the press in the detection of crime and the real advantage which resulted from publicity in such cases as the murders of Lord William Russell by Courvoisier, of Briggs by Franz Müller, and of Gold by Lefroy. The French police officials are not so fond of publicity, unless it is a publicity cooked for the purpose ; and they are, on the whole, more skilful in the detection of crime than their English brethren. Many of their discoveries, here related, in cases of murder, for instance, where there was no clue even to show who the victim was, are marvels of inductive reasoning and patient ingenuity ; but their reputation has no doubt been enhanced by the Gaboriaux and the de Boisgobey, while that of the English detective, despite the sympathetic treatment of him in Wilkie Collins' "Moonstone" and Dickens' "Bleak House," has suffered considerably at the hands of "Sherlock Holmes," whose business in life it was to show the professional detective how his work should be done. The cases of most masterly strategy given in this interesting chronicle are certainly, as a rule, Continental, not English. The book, as a whole, is one of the most successful of the recent publishing season. It is well arranged and well written, and the author does not, as he well might, lend himself to any sensationalism or love of horrors.

MODERN ENGLAND BEFORE THE REFORM BILL, by Justin McCarthy, M.P. (Unwin, 5s.), in the "Story of the Nations" Series, could not well have been entrusted to a more competent hand. The author of "The History of Our Own Times" has just the touch requisite for a book of this kind ; he has proved himself a writer of sufficient impartiality, the possessor of a light and engaging style, and he has the power of making even political history interesting to the general public. Few, perhaps, would claim for Mr. McCarthy the *status* of a great historian, but at the worst he is free from the most obvious defects of some who pass by that name. He is never dull : his sentences (though they have a certain air of sameness in their construction) run smoothly and easily ; and his opinions on the eminent parliamentarians of history are always sane. In this volume he has set himself rather to produce a gallery of detached pictures than one homogeneous work, and his pictures are for the most part portraits. It is the men of an epoch who chiefly interest us, and Mr. McCarthy has provided us with good likenesses of most of the great reformers who belong to the first half of the century. It is natural enough that George Canning should be singled out for especial attention, and the chapter devoted to his career is exceptionally spirited and sympathetic, but such men as Sir Francis Burdett and Lord Grey are not neglected. The most interesting descriptions, other than personal, are those of the period of discontent that followed the Congress of Vienna—a period that included the so-called "Massacre of Peterloo," the equally absurdly-named "Battle of Bonnymuir," and the "Cato Street Conspiracy." The author quotes from Miss Martineau's "History of the Peace" an instructive and amusing description of the state of feeling in many districts of the country at that time—"how every shabby and hungry-looking man met on the road was proclaimed a radical ; how country gentlemen, well armed, scoured the fields and lanes, and met on heaths to fight the enemy who never came ; and how, even in the midst of towns, young ladies carried heavy planks and ironing boards to barricade windows, in preparation for sieges from thousands of rebels whose footfall was long listened for in vain through the darkness of the night." It is difficult, in these days of rapid communication, to think without astonishment of so causeless a panic. The volume before us deals with the history of modern

England during the first forty years of the century; a second volume is in preparation which will bring the narrative up to the present time. There are some thirty reproductions from well-known drawings or paintings of certain celebrated men of the time. The book is worth reading, and will no doubt be largely read; it is history, not for the student but for the average citizen who may feel that he would like to gain a little useful information in a pleasant manner.

RELIGION IN GREEK LITERATURE, by Professor Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D. (Longmans, 15s.), is a review of one aspect of Greek faith from "the prehistoric age vaguely described as Mycenaean," through the Homeric period and the first beginnings of philosophical speculations, to the later developments of thought, which were the harvest chiefly of Athenian soil. The book with which it invites comparison is, of course, Mr. Farnell's work on "The Cults of the Greek States." Not only do both deal with Greek religion, but they both discuss it, not in its origins, cloaked in mystery and obscurity, but in its later and clearer growth. But the two authors do not really cover the same ground, and Professor Campbell is careful to disclaim any intention of rivalry. Mr. Farnell deals with Greek faith rather as it is revealed in art; Professor Campbell treats of it mainly as it is shown in literature. This means, on the whole, that the higher flights of religious hope and sentiment fall to Professor Campbell's share; for though, as Mr. Farnell has pointed out, the literature of the Homeric period represents the religious ideas of that primitive age more exactly than its art, yet later on art was usually a closer reflex of the popular feeling than literature. The greater freedom which was accorded to the latter—the sculptor being frequently a State servant—gave it a much greater power of transcending the beliefs of the time. But Mr. Farnell's subject is the more picturesque, and his book gets the adventitious aid of illustrations. Professor Campbell has to depend solely on his subject and his own power of expounding it.

The book, of course, bears all the signs of being the product of a ripe scholar; it is carefully arranged and planned, and written throughout with clearness, judgment, and good taste. But none the less the book is somewhat dull; and it ought to have been fascinating. It is lacking in charm and inadequate in sentiment. The writer never rises from fluency of style to any high degree of literary merit. All moves on—from Homer to Hesiod, from Hesiod to Pindar, from Pindar to the Mysteries, from the Mysteries to the Dramatists, from the Dramatists to the Philosophers—upon the same dead level, and the reader gets oppressed by the unbroken absence of anything like inspiration. In a work embracing within its scope the sublimest efforts of the philosophical spirit of Greece, this is to be regretted; and it is hardly compensated for by the other admirable qualities of the author. In a word, excellent as this book is in many respects, it falls short of being a great work.

The title *LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF AMERICAN STATESMEN* (Putnam, \$1.75) indicates quite clearly the nature of the contents of the book to which it is given. The pilgrim who undertook the journeys was Mr. Elbert Hubbard. They are well described, and in the account of Lincoln's home the writer is able to draw on his own recollections, and give his article a pleasant personal touch. He was a child in Illinois when Lincoln was President; and his memory of the reception of the news of Lincoln's death is worth quoting. The place was the local post office:—

Leaning against the wall near the window was a big, red-faced man, whom I knew as a Copperhead. He had been drinking, evidently, for he was making boozy efforts to stand very straight. There was only heard a subdued buzz of whispers and the monotonous voice of the reader, as he stood there in the centre, his newspaper in one hand and a lighted candle in the other.

The red-faced man lurched two steps forward, and in a loud voice said:—"L—L—Lincoln is dead—an' I'm damn glad of it!"

Across the room I saw two men struggling with Little Ramsey. Why they should struggle with him I could not

imagine, but ere I could think the matter out, I saw him shake himself loose from the strong hands that sought to hold him. He sprang upon the counter, and in one hand I saw he held a scale-weight. Just an instant he stood there, and then the weight shot straight at the red-faced man. The missile glanced on his shoulder and shot through the window. In another second the red-faced man plunged through the window, taking the entire sash with him.

"You'll have to pay for that window," called the alarmed postmaster into the night.

The store was quickly emptied, and on following outside no trace of the red man could be found. The earth had swallowed both the man and the five-pound scale-weight.

A selection of short pieces in prose and verse from the pens of some dozen or more writers, each of whom conceals his identity under initials, does not perhaps take the best of chances to catch the public ear. If anonymity was an essential condition of the undertaking it would have been better for the members of the literary company to designate themselves by pseudonyms instead of by mere letters of the alphabet. The effect of passing from one set of featureless symbols to a second, third, fourth, fifth, and so on, and then perhaps having to turn back to identify the former work of some contributor who makes a second appearance, is confusing and fatiguing to a degree which goes far to spoil a reader's pleasure, and wholly incapacitates him for the equable mood of criticism. *VARIOUS QUILLS* (Arnold, 5s.) is a volume containing over thirty pieces in prose and rhyme within less than two hundred pages, and it consequently compels one to a somewhat inordinate amount of this intellectual and manual exercise. The quality of its contents, as was only to be expected from the number of its contributors, varies considerably, the author of "Troinette" and "Mademoiselle Coralie" displaying considerably more of the artist and less of the amateur than most of his colleagues. Among these, however, "F. A. L." has a pleasant knack of verse, both gay and grave, and the little "dramatic sketch" entitled "Two of Them" shows ingenuity of construction and some skill in dialogue. But the attempt of another writer, in "The Watch of a Night" and "A Well-Acted Comedy," to compress a scene of tragic passion into half-a-dozen pages is not a success. It is difficult to be "lurid" in miniature, so to speak, and so brief an appeal to the emotions must be exceptionally powerful to awaken any response. The little volume as a whole can perhaps show no very convincing reason for its existence; but here it is, and there are not wanting those, though their number cannot be overwhelmingly large, whom it will mildly interest.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS QUESTION (Duckworth, 6s.) is a volume of contributions by various well-known Radicals, and others, edited by Mr. Andrew Reid. It is not a book designed to convince the wavering abolitionist, for it does not attempt—what, indeed, very few political writers or speakers ever do attempt—to give any serious and candid consideration to the objections of those who hold opposite views. It will undoubtedly serve in one or two respects a very useful purpose, but some of it is hardly calculated to weigh much with thoughtful politicians. There is a good deal of rhetoric in the "titled wrecker" style, and it is not easy to see how the fact that Mr. R. Wallace, M.P. for Edinburgh, has found lords "proud" affects the question of a Second Chamber. "I should like to hear," he says, "of a plebeian who ever got, morally, within five yards of an ordinary lord, or ten yards of a typical duke." The literary habits of "ordinary lords" certainly seem, if one may judge from the book, to be curious. Lord Monkswell rushes freely, like other contributors, into capitals, and in that condition delivers himself of the statement that the "Toryism of the Lords is 'gross as a mountain,' often (*sic*) palpable": and Lord Cadogan, in an extract from a speech of his, quoted by Mr. Philip Stanhope (reference not given), repeats almost word for word a passage printed on the same page from a speech of the late Lord Pembroke's delivered in 1884—a coincidence it would be curious to investigate further. But the book nevertheless has, on two points, considerable value. It discusses fully and from various

points of view the practical question as to how the "mending or ending" could be carried out if the principle is ever sanctioned by the nation, and it contains two or three instructive papers by lawyers on the status of the Upper House and the proposed reform of it from the constitutional and legal points of view.

The "Raconteur" Series (Jarrold, 3s. 6d.) begins its career very agreeably with THOMAS MOORE, being anecdotes and epigrams from his "Journal," edited, with notes, by Mr. Wilmot Harrison. Dr. Garnett's introduction gives a delightful picture of the man and his social charm. As Lord John Russell, the first editor of the Journal, said, "It will hardly be denied that there is an interest in the talk of men of talent which is hardly to be found in their most laboured works." The present collection is a storehouse of good things said by men noted for the brilliance of their conversation. It is true that some of the wit, say, of Rogers' breakfast table, loses its salt on the written page. Sometimes, too, it is a little old fashioned, such as the saying that George IV. was a sequence in himself, King, Queen, and Knave in one. But much pleasure can be extracted from what remains, and no small knowledge of an intensely social period. Dr. Garnett speaks highly of Moore the satirist, and, by way of showing another side of the man, quotes the following lines :—

Many a time, on summer eves,
Just at that closing hour of light,
When, like an Eastern Prince, who leaves
For distant war his harem bowers,
The Sun bids farewell to the flowers,
Whose heads are sunk, whose tears are flowing
Mid all the glory of his going ;
Even I have felt beneath those beams
When wandering through the fields alone,
Thoughts, fancies, intellectual gleams,
Which, far too bright to be my own,
Seemed lent me by the Sunny Power
That was abroad at that still hour.

These lines, which Dr. Garnett speaks of as beautiful, certainly show the best Moore could do in that direction.

THE GARLAND (Elkin Mathews, 1s. n.) consists of a collection of verses by writers such as Mr. Victor Plarr, Mr. Selwyn Image, Mr. Reginald Balfour, and Mr. Laurence Binyon. There are some fine lines and fine pictures in Mr. Plarr's "The Marseillaise" :—

The drums confer, according to old use,
In low, restrained, yet strangely thrilling ways,
Then, like armed Pallas from the brain of Zeus,
Leaps forth the Marseillaise.

* * * *

The dark-faced rabbles of the past arise—
Ménads and beggars in untoward rage,
Exalted faces, fierce ideal eyes,
And a Republic's flags !

O'er the huge rounded cobbles of the street,
By the gaunt beetling houses, in a throng,
They march and pass with bare but steadfast feet,
And mouths rotund in song !

Mr. Image's contribution is commonplace, and Mr. Binyon sends a couple of sprigs for the garland which will not enhance his reputation. Some verses, entitled "A Meeting," which we quote below from "E. L." give a general idea of the amount of grace and accomplishment contained in this agreeably-produced little volume :—

The stars were afraid
To rise and rejoice
At the words which we said
In so tender a voice.
So they crept to the night,
And watched us employ
Those words which are kisses,
Those kisses which say
What a word often misses,
Or frightens away.

BIOGRAPHY.

MICHAEL FARADAY : His Life and Work, by Professor Silvanus P. Thompson (Cassell, 5s.).—The splendour of Faraday's scientific achievements is of more worthy of note than the great beauty of his personal character. "We admired Davy, we loved Faraday," said Dumas, the chemist. His single-minded, enthusiastic devotion to pure science, his simple dignity and winning manners, his unsurpassed experimental skill and marvellous insight into the mechanism of nature all combine to render Michael Faraday the most revered, the most attractive figure in this century of scientific men. The curious straits to which his biographer is put in order to discover a few flaws in Faraday's character bear eloquent witness to its excellence. We are told that Faraday's "persistent ignoring of Sturgeon, and his attribution of the invention of the electromagnet to Moll and Henry, whose work was frankly based on Sturgeon's, is simply inexplicable." To-day, after the energetic championship of Professor Silvanus Thompson himself, such "persistent ignoring" would be not merely "simply inexplicable," but simply impossible. Fifty and more years ago, however, such ignorance was easily explicable and implied no moral delinquency. Another "flaw" in Faraday's character is still stranger. "He failed to appreciate the greatness of Dalton, and thought him an overrated man." If failure to properly appreciate a contemporary be a flaw in one's character, alas ! who shall be saved ? A few pages further on, however, we at last alight on something more worthy of record. "To any question as to scientific priority between himself and other workers he was keenly sensitive." Here we have the bacillus peculiar to scientific investigators, even the great-minded Faraday not being quite immune, though we are thankful to say he took the disease very mildly, since, to quote the true and eloquent words of his biographer, "in the recollection of such as have survived him, his image lives and moves, surrounded with gracious memories, a vivid personality instinct with rare and unselfish kindness." In less beautiful natures this keen scent for priority leads to all manner of unedifying squabbles, and much work that is both hasty and incomplete. Given a winning personality and great achievement, a skilled writer such as Professor Thompson naturally finds but little difficulty in evolving a readable biography. Whether he has succeeded in making plain to the uninitiated the full import and importance of Faraday's discoveries to the same degree as he has brought out his moral worth is more doubtful. The task, though admittedly difficult, is not impossible, as is evidenced by several existing sketches of the lives and work of some of the earliest pioneers of modern science. But though the "general reader" may perhaps remain unmoved, we feel sure that the student, the lover of science, and all who take an intelligent interest in the branch of human knowledge upon which our latter-day civilization is broad-based, will feel stimulated and refreshed by a perusal of this latest record of Michael Faraday's life and work.

THE LIFE OF HENRY DRUMMOND, by George Adam Smith (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), is an admirably written, well condensed, judicious, and yet enthusiastic biography. Its subject cannot be better described than in a slight variation of the compliment paid by George Warrington to Arthur Pendennis ; he was the rose in the button-hole of Scottish Presbyterianism. The two portraits which Professor George Adam Smith gives of his friend are suggestive of anything but the unkempt Christianity of *The Little Minister*, as exhibited at the Haymarket Theatre. On the contrary, they present to us a handsome, well-groomed gentleman, eager and alert. As a matter of fact, Drummond fished, smoked, played billiards, and delighted in cricket and football, and was yet an evangelist, whose heart was in the "saving of souls." He was caught early by the American "Revival" movement ; he spoke of one of its chiefs, Mr. D. L. Moody, as the "greatest human" he had ever come across ; he preached Evangelicalism in Mayfair drawing-rooms ; he threw himself into the organization of Boys' Brigades and Students' Missionary Associations ; he travelled and proselytized in tropical Africa and the South Seas ; and he died calmly at the early

age of forty-three of malignant disease of the bones, very shortly after repeating the "fundamentals" of the old Scottish faith and "talking half dreaming of John's Gospel." True, there was another Drummond—and one better known outside of his country. This was the Drummond who was a Professor of Natural Science in Glasgow, who was regarded as heterodox by the more straight-laced of his co-religionists; who, in his "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" and "Ascent of Man," tried to reconcile evolution and orthodoxy; who was an ardent Liberal and Home Ruler; and who, as the writer of such Christmas brochures (always elegantly got up and somehow suggestive of theological afternoon tea) as "The Greatest Thing in the World," enjoyed a larger circulation than the most popular of contemporary novelists, and was the favourite author of Count von Moltke. Professor Smith does justice to both Drummonds. In particular he sees the defects and weaknesses, while he also brings evidence to bear as to the popularity, of his friend's excursions into the field of science. Much as Mr. Herbert Spencer described Hugh Miller as not a geologist but a theologian studying geology, Mr. Smith presents Drummond as not a man of science so much as the poetic translator of the scientific language of his day. It is, however, Drummond the brilliant evangelist, who had undoubtedly a wonderful influence over young minds, that is the true hero of this book. It is hardly in the nature of things that such books as he wrote should live; they were essentially journalism. Yet he himself deserved to have his story—uneventful save in the world of spirituality—told as it has been told here, with self-restraint and yet with the almost boyish ardour and simplicity of an attached and life-long friend and comrade.

It is a pity that the length of a biography is not more often proportioned to the importance of the career of which it treats. This, most emphatically, has not been done in the case of HENRY ROBERT REYNOLDS, D.D.: HIS LIFE AND LETTERS, edited by his Sisters (Hodder and Stoughton, 9s.). As Principal of Cheshunt College and editor of the *London Quarterly Review*, Dr. Reynolds occupied a definite and honourable, but only moderately conspicuous, position in the Dissenting and literary worlds. In consequence of which his sisters now invite us to read his letters, and his wife's letters, and his various friends' letters, to the extent of nearly 600 pages of quite small print. It is a pious service to a good man's memory, but the effect is to fatigue the reader; for Dr. Reynolds' letters very frequently partake of the nature of pastoral exhortation, and few of his correspondents are persons of any particular interest. One notices, however, a letter from Matthew Arnold, whom the majority of Nonconformists did not love. Matthew Arnold, it appears, proposed Dr. Reynolds for the Athenæum Club, because he considered him "eminently the sort of person who ought to be a member," and had a word to say to him on the subject of St. Paul and Protestantism:—

As they now stand, my papers on St. Paul must seem put unfairly as regards the Puritans, as I have called them, but I hope to take an opportunity of explaining this. Few people are so free as I am from all intention of either unfairness or proselytism as regards them.

IN THE SHADOW OF SINAI, by Agnes Smith Lewis (Cambridge: Macmillan and Bowes, 5s. n.), is a popular account of the journeys as the result of which the Syriac palimpsest of the Gospels was discovered in the Sinai Convent. Most of the learning is packed into an Introduction, and the bulk of the book is devoted to the discomforts of camel-riding and other amenities of desert travel. The full account of the important discovery has, of course, already been told in Mrs. Gibson's "How the Codex was Found." This supplementary narrative is intended for that large section of the religious public whose keen interest in matters of Biblical criticism is unsupported by familiarity with subtle points of scholarship. The ground is admirably covered, and the book is eminently readable.

TALES OF THE ENCHANTED ISLANDS OF THE ATLANTIC, by Mr. T. W. Higginson (Macmillan, \$1.50), is a very interesting collection of those prophetic stories that all through the middle

ages foretold the great discovery of Columbus. Many of the tales are Celtic, invented by the lonely dwellers on the west of the world, who seem to have "felt the beyond" not only in the intellectual but in the natural sphere; and perhaps it was the spiritual longing of this melancholy race, expressed in such symbols as Avalon and the Voyages of Bran and Maelduin, which at last kindled more practical nations into action and sent the Spanish caravels across the great unknown deep. We must mention with all praise the very interesting and imaginative pictures by Mr. Albert Herter. The "Enchanted Bowl" and the "Demon Hand" are especially successful.

RAMBLES IN LION LAND, by Captain Francis B. Pearce (Chapman and Hall, 10s. 6d.), is a narrative of shooting in Somaliland, and the victims of his prowess included not only lions, but also panthers, rhinoceros, ostriches, and leopards. The story of the excursion is well told, and the photographs merit a special word of commendation. There is not much about the political situation, but the few remarks that are offered on *Hinterlands* and spheres of influence are those of a sane and level-headed observer.

CHESTER CATHEDRAL (Isbister, 1s. n.) is the title of a brief book of sixty-six pages, by Dean Darby. The treatment of the subject is learned and even ponderous; but its nine illustrations, from the pencil of Mr. Herbert Railton, are charmingly and delicately drawn.

A book which will be of more interest to the antiquarian specialist than to the general reader is THE ROMANO-BRITISH CITY OF SILCHESTER, by Frederick Davis, F.S.A. (Andrews). Silchester affords, as is well known, a remarkable example of the part which earthworms have played in the burying of "sepult sites," and of this the author gives an adequate and interesting account.

In the well-illustrated volume entitled DE SOTO AND HIS MEN IN THE LAND OF FLORIDA (Macmillan, 6s.) Miss Grace King, the author of "New Orleans: the Place and the People," has welded together the scattered accounts of the famous expedition of Hernando de Soto in one vigorous and convincing narrative. De Soto and his men came within sight of Florida on June 25, 1539, but before them was old Juan Ponce de Leon, who had named the country "La tierra de la Pascua Florida." As he looked towards it, De Leon could hear, sighing over the waters behind him, the soft voices of the Indians murmuring "Over there! Over there lies Bimini! The land of the fountain of Eternal Youth! The land where none grow old!" De Leon pursued this myth, but De Soto and his fleet already possessed the fountain of youth. The song they heard was of the golden rivers, of the ransom of kings, and of the capture of kings' daughters. The account of these adventures, of the fierce courage of the American Indians, and of the native romance of the "Land of the Flowery Feast," is both stirring and picturesque.

COOKING.—Phyllis Browne is well known and justly popular as a writer on cookery. The fact that a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians is her collaborator gives a special value to COOKERY FOR COMMON AILMENTS (Cassell, 1s.)—"a practical dietetic guide to the invalid." The reader will find the food problem stated, not merely in scientific terms, "but in the form of actual dishes which will prove both digestible and palatable." For different "states of unhealth" appropriate diet is recommended, *menus* are concocted, and clear instructions given to housewives and cooks. It is a book which ought to be in every household.

THE CENTURY INVALID COOKERY BOOK, by Mary A. Boland, edited by Mrs. Humphry ("Madge," of *Truth*) (Unwin, 3s. 6d.), originally appeared in America. "The idea was suggested," says Miss Boland, "by the need of such a book in the training-school of the Johns Hopkins Hospital." Many well-known authorities on both sides of the sea have been consulted, and the outcome is a collection of recipes and lessons on food which promises to be exceedingly useful. Miss Boland manages to provide us with an extraordinary variety of dainty dishes and drinks; her remarks on the serving of the invalid's rations are much to the point; and the bills of fare for the "working-man" and his family, which are to be found in the chapter on District Nursing, ought specially to be noted.

Among my Books.

WOMEN AS HISTORIANS.

I.

When Mrs. Catherine Macaulay published her first volume of a "History of England from the Accession of James I. to that of the Brunswick Line" in 1763, a great impulse had been given to historical inquiry among the reading public by the recent issue of works of some importance, many of which are now half-forgotten. Carte had been dead some eight or nine years, but three volumes of his History had been published before his death, and his extensive collection of MSS. was spoken of with something like awe by his contemporaries, and Carte himself was regarded as having been engaged upon a great national work. Dr. Thomas Birch had been sedulously labouring for many years in printing important original documents which continue to be referred to as valuable sources of information by students, and Hume had only just issued the last instalment of his "History of England." There were others who were actively engaged in trying to satisfy or to stimulate the historical curiosity of the time; but hitherto no woman had had the courage to put in an appearance in the literary arena as an historian.

Mrs. Macaulay was a lady of some fortune and with an assured income. She had confidence in herself and asked for no great personage to take care of her in making her *début*, and the event proved that she was right in her estimate of her own powers. On the appearance of her first volume she at once took the world by storm. For twenty years she laboured more or less sedulously at her self-imposed task. The last volume appeared in 1783, and the book continued to have a large sale even into the present century. At the mature age of fifteen I read every line of the first seven volumes—the eighth I never saw—but I could not now recall a single sentence and, I think, not more than a single impression—namely, that John Nalson was a libeller and a ruffian because he had presumed to criticize Rushworth adversely, and because he was a Royalist and a Tory.

No writer of English history of the *stronger sex*—and I have long since ceased to doubt which is the *stronger sex*—has ever received such generous recognition as Mrs. Macaulay; Pitt is said to have eulogized her in the House of Commons; Dr. Johnson—who had no great love for literary ladies—was tolerantly civil to her, if a little ironical; Gainsborough painted her portrait; Washington corresponded with her, and his letters are preserved; she became a lioness in all the principal *salons* of Paris; Mirabeau is even said to have translated her book into French; Hume spoke of her with more than respect; and Mr. Lecky goes so far as to pronounce that she was "the ablest writer of the Radical school"—the ablest and it might almost be added the first. Yet Mrs. Macaulay's history is perhaps absolutely forgotten; hardly ten men in Britain have ever read it through. Why should they? "We die, we all die, we are consumed with dying!" Historians mount to the top of the wave

and then they get swallowed up—sucked in and absorbed—be they who they may. Yet it is not a little strange, considering the extraordinary reputation and success which Mrs. Macaulay attained to, that three-quarters of a century should have passed away before any other woman historian appeared among us, and that up to the present moment no writer of history among women has ever been placed upon the same pedestal of fame as Catherine Macaulay occupied during her lifetime.

And yet during the present century the lady historians have not been idle, their number is increasing and their work has gone on steadily improving. Judged by our modern standard, indeed, the women of some sixty or seventy years ago produced poor stuff enough, but they did not spare themselves. Does any one remember the name of poor Elizabeth Bengier now? Not many years before I was born she published *Memoirs of Anne Boleyn*, then of *Mary, Queen of Scots*, lastly of *Elizabeth of Bohemia*.

Do boys nowadays read in the greedy, *guzzling* way some of us used to read then? Sandwiching Miss Bengier's volumes between mouthfuls of Scott and Captain Marryat, I read all the Bengier books, and the "*Memoirs of Elizabeth of Bohemia*" somehow inspired me with an immense desire to know more of that illustrious lady. I suppose there must have been some merit in these *Memoirs*, or they would not have sold; but they have gone down into silence long ago. Yet Madame de Staël spoke of poor Miss Bengier extravagantly, as "the most interesting woman she had seen during her visit to England," and all sorts of distinguished people paid her attention at one time or another.

Only a little her senior, and, I think, a little before her as a writer of history, Lucy Aikin brought out her "*Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth*," and a year or two later, "*Memoirs of the Court of James I.*"; then "*Memoirs of the Court of Charles I.*" (1838). Then she protested that that naughty Charles II. was quite too bad for her to meddle with. "It would make me condemn my species!" Shocking to think of—that! The "*Memoirs of James I.*" is really a very respectable performance. Miss Aikin made good use of the printed materials which were ready to her hands. Even in those days, be it remembered, there was a very large mass of authorities that a conscientious historian had to wade through—Rushworth and Winwood, the "*Somers' Tracts*" and the "*Harleian Miscellany*," the "*Hardwick Papers*" and a great deal else constitute a somewhat alarming list of sources which a student had to reckon with who claimed to write anything that could be trusted on the history of the first quarter of the seventeenth century. Miss Aikin was neither more nor less critical than other people. She utilized the gossip collected in the two volumes of "*Secret History of the Court of James I.*" issued (I think) by Sir Walter Scott, and seems to have believed in Weldon's scandals, with their "large infusions from his own very savoury imagination," as Spedding puts it. Nevertheless, the "*Court of James I.*" is a decided improvement on the "*Court of Queen Elizabeth*"—the good lady had learnt a

great deal since her earlier and very flimsy book was published.

Just when Miss Aikin gave up her historical researches—in terror lest she should “contemn her species”—Miss Agnes Strickland came into notice as something more than a mere successor. Miss Strickland had published two or three volumes of historical stories and had already attained to a certain recognized position in literature when the accession of her Majesty to the throne suggested the writing of the lives of the Queens of England. It was a happy thought, and it must be frankly conceded that Miss Strickland entered upon her task with a far higher notion than was generally prevalent in those days of what the readers and students of history had a right to expect from those who set themselves to teach it and write it. Up to this time it may be said that all historians had been content with working up such materials as had already appeared in print. Such giants as Joseph Hunter, Kemble, and Sir Thomas Hardy used to be spoken of as “Antiquaries,” and even Carlyle, who ought to have known better, sneered at these great pioneers of historical research as “Dryasdusts.” Miss Strickland, from the first, determined to base her history of Queens upon the original and unpublished documents and letters, and she spared no pains to get transcripts of these wherever they were to be found. Admission to the Record Office, in those days, was not to be obtained without special leave, and it was quite a new departure when, not without some opposition, she obtained access to the national Archives. We may make what deductions we choose for a certain vein of silliness in Miss Strickland's volumes. She was a vain woman, whose head was a little turned by the flattering reception which her book met with. She often wrote absurdly. Sometimes her criticism was ridiculous, sometimes she made mistakes, sometimes she was quite hysterical—as, for instance, when she had to plead for Mary Stuart. But the “Lives of the Queens” still remains a very useful contribution to our historical literature, and I am not sure that, as a *personal* history, her life of Queen Elizabeth is not as good a monograph upon that reign as has yet appeared—even though it is certain that we do sadly want something better, and ought to have had something better before now.

Just about the time that Miss Strickland began to work at the Record Office—where, if I remember rightly, she was ordinarily accompanied by her sister—two other sisters were to be seen diligently transcribing from mediæval documents, and exhibiting a quite extraordinary facility for reading the most illegible and most contracted writing that could be put before them. The elder of these sisters, now known all over Europe as Mrs. Everett Green, then a mere girl of four or five and twenty, soon attracted the attention of Sir Thomas Hardy, and may be said to have brought out her first book, “Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies,” under the kindly and generous supervision of that great man, in 1846. This was but the beginning of what was to follow. The first volume of the “Lives of the Princesses of England” appeared in 1849, the sixth and last in 1855. It is an astonishing produc-

tion, and, with a single exception, it is the most solid and original contribution to English historical literature which has yet appeared from any Englishwoman's pen. Nevertheless, the “Lives of the Princesses” never obtained the success which Miss Strickland's “Lives of the Queens” met with. The subject and the title were and are against it. People assumed that it was a mere catchpenny and flimsy compilation; and, though all they who were most entitled to express an opinion on the matter spoke of the authoress and of her work with enthusiasm, the “reading public” treated it with ignorant neglect. It *was* hard to believe that six volumes, passed through the press in as many years and written by a lady under forty, could be as well worth serious study and as really “good reading” as the pundits declared they were; and when Mrs. Everett Green's name became better known her Princesses had become well-nigh forgotten. Nevertheless, I often wonder that the volume concerned with Elizabeth of Bohemia, daughter of James I., should not have been, and should not continue to be, far more widely read than it is or has been. It was through the influence of Sir Thomas Hardy that, in or about 1855, Mrs. Everett Green was intrusted by Sir John Romilly, Master of the Rolls, with the work of calendaring the State Papers in the Record Office. She began with those of James I. in 1857, completing her task to the end of the reign in 1872, and continued at the same work for the period of the Commonwealth and through the reign of Charles II. down to 1671. This aggregate of some thirty huge volumes contain elaborate analyses of, literally, tens of thousands of manuscript documents, every one of which had passed through her hands and under her practised eye. It may be very safely affirmed that no woman that ever lived can be credited with anything approaching to such an enormous amount of really first-rate subsidiary historical work as Mrs. Everett Green, and it is work which will never have to be done again; it can never be superseded. During those forty years of unremitting toil—toil which was her joy and her pride—Mrs. Everett Green had to deny herself the pleasure of doing any *constructive* historical work; she laboured for others in collecting the raw material. Let them look to it that on the foundations so laid others should build up; or rightly interpret the vast mass of evidence which she had so ably got ready to their hands.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

(To be continued.)

AT HAMNET'S FUNERAL.

[BY THE REV. W. H. HUTTON.]

“He was no doubt there on August 11, 1596, when his only son, Hamnet, was buried in the parish church; the boy was eleven and a half years old.”—Lee's “Life of Shakespeare.”

. I last saw my old friend from whom I had this record at the beginning of May, 1879. I had come from Stratford-on-Avon, where I had been present at the opening of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. He was then nearly ninety, but he was thoroughly alive and interested. I remember how his eye flashed as I spoke to him of the tone in which Helen Faucit, the Beatrice of that night, said to her Benedick (Barry Sullivan) “Kill Claudio!” He had been a patron of the stage in his younger days, knew Phelps well, had almost permanently had a box when Macready played, and had a great admiration for Charles

Kemble. A few weeks later my old friend died. He sent me this note with an expressed wish that it should not be printed for twenty years. He had told me of it before, saying that it was written down by his mother about 1800 in very faint ink, and that he had copied it some thirty years after, "correcting," as he said in his prim way, "some inelegancies in the style." His mother had written down the record from the lips of her mother, who was born in 1710 and died in 1804, and the elder lady professed to tell the tale exactly as her father had often told it. Now he, it seems, was born in 1646, and lived to 1732. He went to St. John's College, Oxford, in 1660 and became B.A. in 1664. I have no means of testing the tale, but, so far as it relates to college matters that we know about, it is accurate. There is this corroboration, too, from Mr. Andrew Clark's new edition of *Aubrey*, that the gossip writes of Robert Davenant, "I have heard him say that Mr. W. Shakespeare has given him a hundred kisses." But I do not find the name of Henry Pimperl among the Fellows of St. John's. There is, indeed, plenty of time for a fable to grow up. Or did my old friend, I sometimes wonder, invent it himself? I cannot think he did.

"Ah, my children," so my father used to say (said the old lady) to my elder brother and myself, "I have often told you the tale, but I like to look back on those days. It was the year of the Restoration, and I had gone a young lad to college. We used to sit after supper round the great fire in Hall, when the statutes gave us leave to speak of the *mirabilia mundi*, and we would talk of the days before the Wars. It was five years before the Fellows built their new common-room, and some of them would come of a winter night and sit beside us as we talked, striving, I doubt not, to lead us towards the lofty thoughts that beget great deeds. But these we did not much heed.

"Only I remember one old doctor who always wore his formalities, and under them a thick cassock of camlet, for he was of a great age. He had lived in the times of the great Queen, and he had been in college when King James came and King Charles too, and he was a friend, they said, of the Archbishop whom we revered as martyr for Church and King. An old, dried man he was, like the picture of Doctor Case, I used to think as I looked at it in Hall, a thin man, bony almost as the skeleton the limner had made him gazing on. His name was Henry Pimperl, and he was of Warwick blood. One night he came slowly into the hall and sat down beside us by the fire. I had been reading in the great folio of William Shakespeare that Master Osbaston had given to the college library, and my thoughts were full of him. So spake I pertly as young lads will, and asked Doctor Pimperl if, being a Warwick man, he knew Will Shakespeare. 'Aye, marry did I, my lad,' said he, for he spoke in the old fashion as men spoke before the Wars; 'I mind now as it were yesterday,' he said, 'of that day I saw him by his son's grave.'

"Every year he would go by Oxford back to Stratford. It was the year 1596 that I saw him first. He would lodge the night with his old friend, John Davenet, who kept the Crown Inn in the Cornmarket. In August of that year I had still tarried in college after the term was out, for Master Doctor Hutchinson, the President, was using me in some writing matters. One day comes John Davenet to college, with an old manuscript he would give. We still have it, and it bears the words I saw him write, 'd.d. Davenet Œnopolos Oxon.' Already he was thinking to set his lad Robert among us, and he led the child by the hand. With them came a man I did not then much heed—Master Shakespeare he was, old Davenet told me, and was journeying next day into Warwickshire, and would bear me company. And in sooth I had waited for some conduct, being but young and for fear of the footmen that would dog the roads beyond Banbury.

"Next morn I went with my horse that I had hired and my packs to the Crown Inn. Outside our gate I had met Master Shakespeare. He was watching the flight of birds over Beaumont, and he greeted me kindly, but as I thought somewhat sadly. So we passed through the Northgate and down past the Church of St. Michael to the Crown. As we went in, there passed by us John Davenet, fresh from looking to a huge full hoghead of Bordeaux stuff, and there in the chamber, like a proper gentlewoman as she was, sat Mistress Davenet before a dish of apple-

johns. As we came in she rose up—she was a proper woman and a tall—and she said, very soft and quiet, as I remember, 'Sweet Will, I have sad news for thee. There came but now one from Stratford. He is scarce gone this half-hour towards London. He told me thy sweet boy is dead.' And then she went up and kissed him on the cheek, there before her husband and the drawers. 'What, Hamnet!' said Master Shakespeare, and he took off his bonnet. 'God rest his soul. Give me to drink.' Then he called little Will Davenet to him, and took the child Robert on his knee, and gave him nigh a score of kisses. But he said nought, and methought he pondered of other matters.

In half an hour we were to horse, and I saw in what friendly sort John Davenet wrung Master Shakespeare's hand at parting. It was a silent journey. Master Shakespeare looked upon the fields and sometimes sung snatches of old songs, but he said no word to me. It was before seven of the clock when we were started and we were at Stratford before sunset. There Master Shakespeare left me, and when I had supped I went forth into the street and walked by the church. As I stood in the yard I saw a funeral come up the path between the trees. It was a narrow way, and Master Shakespeare walked alone first after the coffin. In both his hands he had fresh flowers that looked as they had been newly plucked from the hedgerows, and a great bunch of pansies. He walked straight and looked not to right or left. Behind him was Mistress Shakespeare with her head bowed down, and holding by each hand her little daughters, Susanna and Judith, whom in later years I came to know. One was twin sister to the boy Hamnet, and she was only of eleven years, her sister being two years older. They wore their little frilled caps neatly tied under their chins, and wept and looked about as young maidens will. So they passed into the church, and I saw where they laid the lad in a deep grave by the chancel steps at the north side, where after in years to come they laid the mother too—hard by where Master Shakespeare himself came to lie. There was no rail then about the altar, and I could see well the great hole and the folk looking down into it, while the priest read the words and sprinkled the dust. As the first sod fell I saw Master Shakespeare look sharply at the old gravedigger, but he said nothing. When the last words were said, as the old parson—he was a stout man and of a cheerful countenance—passed down the church he touched Mistress Shakespeare on the shoulder where she stood weeping and he said:—'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' And Master Shakespeare spoke not, but he took his wife's hand, and they went out together, the little maidens running by their side.

"So I went forth too, and I saw across the river the men and damsels in the field lay down their rakes (for it was hay harvest, and a late one that year), and look after Master Shakespeare as he went home. And the young grammar lads that had been to school with Hamnet went back and peeped into the grave as young children will, and then they sat down by the river and talked of death, and I sat with them for I too had been at that school in the years before. And so we sat on till the sun had long set; and when the boys had run home I went again into the church, for I saw a lantern shining through the window. I walked softly for I was full of sorrow, and then I saw Master Shakespeare standing by the grave, and he looked eastward and his lips moved but he said nothing. And as he watched, there came in Mistress Shakespeare weeping, and he did not see her. Then he said aloud, 'Except ye be converted and become as little children.' And he turned, and there was his wife by him. 'Ah Nan,' he said, 'God rest his soul, and give us rest.' 'Go not back to London, sweet Will,' she said, and I saw her weeping, and as they went down the church I saw the tears still wet upon his cheek.

"Once again I saw him weep. It was at the Mermaid when Ben Jonson read to us the verses he made upon Salathiel Pavy. When he had read them Master Shakespeare stood up and he said:—'Twas a rare boy, Ben, and they are rare verses,' and he went and wrote upon the window with a ring he had. But I saw there was a tear running down beside his nose.

"And so as they went out, Mistress Shakespeare said, 'Go not, sweet Will.'

"But next day Master Shakespeare rode back to London."

Notes.

In next week's *Literature* "Among My Books" will contain the conclusion of Dr. Jessopp's review of "Women as Historians."

One noticeable thing about the books issued this winter is the almost total extinction of the decorative border. Not so long ago this was quite a feature of the ordinary gift-book. Decorative edgings were, however, at the best only a survival, and their origin dates back as far as the old-time books of hours. The practice of putting a border to a page of print had many good points to recommend it for certain classes of books, and for many reasons it is a pity that it should be allowed to fall into desuetude. In the hands of the French craftsmen of the last century, such as Picart and Le Clerc, the border was often a thing of beauty. But in England the use of the decorative border was not so general, and never met with more than a qualified success. Its baldest and ugliest form was probably the plain red tooled border, designed like an Oxford frame, frequently used in prize books for the young.

On the other hand, how much more attractive books for the young are becoming. In the place of small print, sometimes crowded between indifferent borders, we have now the large types and clear, ample margins. Good print, good ink, good paper, and equally good workmanship are now the characteristics not only of the more expensive Christmas books, such as Mr. Kenneth Grahame's "Dream Days," but also of the cheaper books, such as the sixpenny "Alice in Wonderland." To realize the advance made in these matters we have only to compare the present children's books with the old cheap books. Many of these are prized because they have become "collectable" articles, but judged by any standard of beauty they are wretched things.

The festive announcement of the 1,000th number of *Blackwood's Magazine* naturally sends one back to No. 1 of the same periodical to see what progress the world has been making in the meantime. One finds a *format* not materially different from the *format* of the present day, together with an editorial manifesto which, to the modern reader, savours of remote antiquity. The magazine is announced as a *REPOSITORY*—in small capitals—and those who send unacceptable MSS. are treated with considerable freedom. "The paper by 'Junius,'" we there read, "is in many respects interesting, but it is, unfortunately, so overloaded with 'fine writing' as to be quite unfit for our humble miscellany in its present shape." The original editors were Mr. Olegorn, an actuary, and Mr. Pringle, a poet; but they soon quarrelled with Mr. William Blackwood, who invited them to retire. Their acrimonious correspondence with him is bound up with the second volume of the magazine. The impartial critic, as he surveys their handiwork, inclines to the opinion that, if they had not been got rid of, the magazine would have died. "A weak and washy production" is Mrs. Oliphant's description of it; and it was presumably for the purpose of breaking away from "weak and washy" traditions that the title was changed (though the numbering was continuous) from the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine* to *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*.

But to return to No. 1. It appeared in April, 1817, and consisted of 120 pages. Nearly forty of these are in small print, and consist of such scissors and paste matter as a report of the proceedings of Parliament, a summary of foreign intelligence, a meteorological table, an agricultural report, a catalogue of births, marriages, and deaths, and a monthly list of new publications in both the French and English languages. "Poems by John Keats" and "Tales of my Landlord, third edition, 4 vols., 12s., £1 8s.," are the most notable announcements in the last department. A paper "On the Culture of Sugar in the United

States" has a certain historical though no literary interest. The author contemplates the possibility that the planters of the West Indies will be undersold by those of Louisiana. He faces the prospect with equanimity. "There is surely nothing," he writes, "so very attractive or advantageous in the possession of the West India Islands as to induce us to tax ourselves for their support—for such, to the consumers, is the real effect of every monopoly." This was eighteen years before Cobden began to preach free trade. Another article which one glances at with a certain interest is the "Account of Colonel Beaufoy's Journey to the Summit of Mont Blanc." In this paper climbers are curtly described as "adventurers," and the writer blandly confesses an absolute ignorance of the subject of which he has undertaken to write:—

We do not know that any account has yet been published of the attempts which have been made, subsequent of that to Colonel Beaufoy, to accomplish the same journey, but we have reason to believe that of late years the summit of the mountain has been frequently gained.

As a matter of fact, there were four ascents in the period in question. "We have reason to believe" is a charming example of the vagueness which satisfied people in the pre-scientific age of journalism. The number is completed with an "Account of the Remarkable Case of Margaret Lyall who continued in a State of Sleep nearly Six Weeks."

Some of our contemporaries have been congratulating themselves on the fact that various valuable copyrights—notably those of "Lavengro" and "Tom Brown's Schooldays"—will expire in 1899. A literary paper can hardly be expected to join in these rejoicings, nor can the moralist approve of them. On the contrary, it seems more proper to point out how illogically the law of copyright operates. The theory on which it rests is presumably that, after the lapse of a certain period, literary property ought to be taken over from the individual by the community. It would be a difficult theory to prove; but, for the sake of argument, let it pass as sound. What is the deduction? Obviously, that "out of copyright" books should be put on the same footing as Blue-books and White Papers, and published, whether directly or indirectly, by the State, and that the profits of publication should go into the public purse. What actually happens is that, every year, a certain quantity of valuable property is thrown out to be scrambled for by publishers and booksellers, who have had no more to do with its production than have the crossing-sweepers and the boot-blacks. Is there any reason why they should be so subsidized any more than grocers, brewers, journalists, or members of the learned professions?

Major von Stenzel's letter in *The Times* of last week will, in the opinion of most people, clear him from any blame for the breach of copyright of which Messrs. George Bell and Sons complained. His book on the British Navy was intended only for German readers, and he followed the wisest course open to one who writes on any feature of a foreign country by using the opinions and facts expressed in the best and latest works of that country on the subject. So far, Major von Stenzel's action can only be taken as a compliment to the useful series of naval textbooks issued by Messrs. Bell. As so often happens, it is the translator who is to blame—*traduttore, traditore*. In the circumstances, Major von Stenzel's book surely ought not to have been turned into English. But it is by no means the first time that a similar awkwardness has arisen through the retranslation of a translation which professes to be an original. The most curious instance of the kind on record appears to be that of Chateaubriand's French prose version of "Paradise Lost," which (according to Robert Louis Stevenson) an industrious Scot, who was better read in French than in English poetry, actually "turned bodily into an English novel!"

"New Ireland" contains an odd rumour from county Kerry. "It appears that the girls have resolved positively to refuse to marry any Irishman who cannot speak his native language." For a whole county of Irish maidens to face single

blessedness for the sake of local colour is even more remarkable than Crabbe's legend of a certain Arabella who rejected all suitors in her passion for the works of Bishop Berkeley. But, perhaps we must not take the colleens too seriously. Those who have at heart the interest of international literature have less susceptible bodies to face in the Gaelic League and other institutions whose business it is to preserve decaying languages. Possibly what the Scots, the Irish, or the Welsh may gain by such movements the world will lose. What if another Swift should arise to write his Gulliver in Erse, or another Burns to sing for the exclusive enjoyment of "Gaelilgoers"? There are, of course, decaying tongues, such as Provençal, whose importance in the history of literature gives an aesthetic interest to their preservation. But even the efforts of the poet Mistral have their unpractical side, since only a few of the uneducated, and hardly any of the educated, in Provence itself, can understand him. On the other hand, the "Lettres de Mon Moulin" and the adventures of the immortal Tartarin, written in a tongue understood all over the world, are not only favourites with the people of the South, but have conveyed the charm of their country and their delightful humour to the minds of all who can read French.

The Camden Society and its successor, the Royal Historical, have now published no fewer than 165 volumes, the latest being "A Narrative of the Changes in the Ministry of 1765-67," as told in a series of letters by the Duke of Newcastle, which was issued a few days ago under the editorship of Miss Mary Bateson. Many of these volumes are of the utmost value to the student of history, national or local, but as no general index to their contents has been issued, their value as a whole is seriously diminished. Each volume, it is true, is furnished with a fair index, but the time and labour involved in hunting through a whole series of indexes are apt to damp the ardour of even the most patient scholar, and the society might well consider the advisability of undertaking a concordance to the separate indexes, somewhat on the lines adopted by the Chetham Society. With the ever-increasing multiplication of books, the need of the labours of the indexer becomes more and more felt.

Literature, as well as history, has a right to be interested in the proposal of the New Spalding Club to produce a history of the House of Gordon. It is true, of course, as Mr. J. M. Bulloch observed, that "the story of the Gordons is practically the story of northern Scotland for five hundred years, and that the vitality and far-reaching power of the family and the extraordinarily active part they have played in the affairs of Europe will cause the work to be, not a dull series of genealogical data, but a genuine contribution to history." Without the Gordons, too, our poetry would lose some things that we should be loth to spare. In the early days of that family, indeed, its vitality was devoted to other business than scribbling. Some of the best of the old ballads bear witness to that, like the Scottish version of "Chevy Chase," which tells how

The Gordons good, in English blood
They steep'd their hose and shoon;

the tragic story of Edom o' Gordon, or the ballad which describes the death of the Baron of Brachley:—

Twa gallanter Gordons did never sword draw;
But against four and thirty, wae's me, what is twa?

In later days the Gordons spared a little time to literature, and the fourth Duke wrote the best of ducal songs—"Cauld Kail in Aberdeen." But the great literary glory of the house, of course, is Byron, who was a Gordon by his mother's side. Adam Lindsay Gordon, whose connexion with the family and place in literature are more dubious, is counted in Australia a good second.

The American Library Association of Boston, U.S.A., has inaugurated a system of cataloguing new books on English History by means of cards indicating briefly the characters, scope, sources and value of the most important works, and containing references to reviews and notices which have appeared in the Press. Work

on this plan was begun in 1896, by Mr. W. Dawson Johnston, now of Harvard University, but suspended after some twenty-five titles had been published. The American Library Association has now taken the matter up and proposes to proceed with it annually. The plan is, of course, available for books of any kind, but for the present, at any rate, it would seem that only historical works will be noticed. The cards may prove useful within a necessarily limited circle, but it strikes us that they are not sufficiently numerous ("Books of 1898, fifty to sixty titles, issued quarterly at \$1.25" shows but little enterprise at considerable cost) and that the association should abstain from giving its personal opinion on the merits or demerits of any book catalogued. The reviews to which reference is made are all that are required. For one book the association has nothing good to say, we notice. Then why include it among some fifty to sixty selected volumes?

It has been arranged to institute in Maidstone, Kent, a literary society, and to designate it the Hazlitt Literary Society in recollection of the twofold circumstance that the Rev. William Hazlitt resided at Maidstone from 1770 to 1780 and that in 1778 his youngest son, William Hazlitt the critic, was born there.

At a meeting held last week at the Common Hall, Hackin's-hey, Liverpool, it was decided that the fund of £140 for the memorial to Felicia Hemans should be devoted to a prize, to be called the Felicia Hemans Prize for Lyrical Poetry, open to all competitors of both sexes, consisting of a bronze medal bearing the profile and name of the poetess.

The editors of the *Public Library Journal* of Cardiff and Penarth are to be congratulated on having published their eighth number, which completes their first volume. The paper is the cheapest of the quarterlies, the annual subscription, including postage, being only sixpence. Its notes on interesting accessions are useful. Citizens of the Principality will not fail to feel pride in the announcement that "the new Welsh catalogue contains books by 383 authors rejoicing in the name of Jones," and that forty-eight of them are called John Jones. The Williamses fill twenty-three pages of the same volume, and twenty-seven of them are William Williamses.

A correspondent writes:—

Are we going to adopt the expression "like he did"? It looks very much as though we were. Here is an experience. One Sunday afternoon, not long ago, I heard Canon Eytton, preaching in Westminster Abbey, say "like Thomas Aquinas did." On the evening of the same Sunday Mr. Wilfred Whitten, lecturing on Dr. Samuel Johnson at the Passmore Edwards Settlement, said "like Mr. Augustine Birrell does." On the first Sunday of 1899 I read an article by Mr. Augustine Birrell in which this sentence is to be found, "An Anglican cleric is bound to obey his Bishop or to go away and set up for himself, like Dr. Parker has done in the City Temple."

The *Almanach Hachette* (Paris, Hachette) contains many features which have not yet found their way into the almanacs of our own serious country. It can be used as a diary and a cookery book, and it gives instruction in the arts of dressing the hair, manuring the soil, and feeding the pigs. A woman's chances of marriage at the different periods of her life are illustrated by diagrams, and a couple of pages are devoted to the evolution of the corset. Nor is the great question of the depopulation of France forgotten. Doubtful whether any good counsel of his will increase the birth-rate, the editor exhorts his countrymen to attend to the laws of hygiene, and so solve the problem by diminishing the death-rate. "Then," he opines, "France would be able to hold her own in the world, and to undertake the immense task of colonization which is becoming her sole guarantee for the future." Altogether, Hachette's is the most entertaining of the almanacs, though a certain amount of

useful information is left out to make room for poetry and miscellaneous matter. Some of the poetry should perhaps be quoted. Here is a quatrain from M. Jacques Normand's "Manuel du Parfait 'Cordon Bleu'":—

Des patrons sachez bien les goûts ;
Soignez vos rôtis, vos plats doux :
Des vins destinés aux ragoufts
Ne prenez que le quart pour vous.

* * * *

The Bishop of Meaux has just formed a committee for the erection of a monument to Bossuet, and the Pope has bestowed upon it his apostolic benediction. The committee is essentially the same as that of the new political league known as *La Patrie Française*. Its members comprise MM. Perraud, de Broglie, Gaston Boissier, Ferdinand Brunetière, Costa de Beauregard, Gréard, Hanotaux, Mézières, de Mun, Rousse, Larroumet, Denys Cochin, Léon Lavedan, de Villefosse, Monsabré, Duchesne, &c. It would be a great pity if the erection of a monument to one of the masters of French rhetoric, who as a man of letters is part of the intellectual patrimony of France, were to be made the occasion of a political demonstration.

* * * *

There has been some recent discussion in this country as to whether Chaucer really did meet Petrarch in the flesh and hear the legend of patient Griselda from him, as his "Clerke" professed to have done. Signor Carlo Segrè has considered the matter, in the *Nuova Antologia*, in the light of the records of Chaucer's life, and throws cold water upon the suggestion that Chaucer met Petrarch at Milan in 1368. This is based on the omission in the entry of the payment of Chaucer's pension for that year of the usual statement as to the poet being present. Chaucer may have been at Milan; but Signor Segrè points out that, while the English Embassy was in Milan, Petrarch was at Padua. Signor Segrè believes, however, that it is almost certain that Chaucer met Petrarch at Padua during his Italian mission in 1372-73. The question turns upon the meaning that we are to attach to "the Clerk's" declaration that he heard his tale at Padua from Petrarch's own lips. Are we to take the Clerk's statement as dramatic or autobiographic? Chaucer, of course, had Petrarch's manuscript before him when he wrote.

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In our issue of Dec. 31 we published an index to the contents of *Literature* for the past half-year. The total number of books reviewed was 1,109. As a guide to a six months' literary output, and to the different classes of works published, it may be interesting to note that the list includes—omitting minor headings—the following number of reviews of books under different classes:—Archæology, Art, and Architecture, twenty-six; Biography, seventy-seven; Books for the Young, eighty-six; Educational, thirty-six; Geography, Travel, and Biography, eighty-eight; History, fifty-two; Literary, sixty-one; Military and Naval, twenty; Natural History, twelve; Philosophy, seventeen; Poetry, fifty-eight; Science and Natural History, twenty-six; Politics and Sociology, forty-one; Sport, fifteen. Twenty-eight letters have been published on the literature of America, France, Germany, Greece, Rumania, Scandinavia, Spain, and Turkey.

We have been able to render the index more useful and complete by indexing, as far as possible, the matters touched on in the Notes.

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The Lent Term of that useful institution, the London School of Economics and Political Science, opens next Tuesday, when courses of lectures begin—by Prof. Hewins, the Director of the School, on "State Regulation of Wages"; by Mr. Hubert Hall on "Palæography"; by Prof. Foxwell on "Banking"; and by Mr. A. J. Sargent on "Economic History." Further courses are announced to begin on the following days by well-known authorities, such as Mr. Mackinder, Mr. Whittuck, Mr. Cannan, Mr. Montague Barlow, Mr. Acworth, and Mr. Sidney Webb (who lectures on the American Constitution).

American Letter.

DESTINY OF THE LETTER R IN AMERICA.

Perhaps because it dealt with some affair of my own I was uncommonly interested the other day in a little paper by Colonel T. W. Higginson on the differing treatment of the canine letter in our parlance, as that differs from East to West and North to South. He had noted my endeavour in a recent story to represent its omission in the speech of certain New England characters, and he had some ingenious suggestions and speculations to offer as to its last end. He conjectured that it might disappear from our accent everywhere, and as a New Englander he found reason enough for his conjecture in the fact that it has already vanished from the accent of New England and of Old England. The letter, indeed, is quite suppressed, to my hearing, both in London and in Boston, and in all their immediate dependencies. The best usage on both edges of the Atlantic is to ignore it, or to recognize it by a very faint breathing, which is to its native growl as no sound at all. Yet concerning its final extinction in the spoken language there is very good cause to doubt whether the best usage will prevail. I am unable to speak as to its fate in Australia, New Zealand, or India, but in Canada I feel sure from some observation that it is as generally sounded as in our West. In spite of what we may very well own to be the best usage, since London and Boston are the æsthetic capitals of our race, this letter is not only not evanescent among those beyond the immediate circle of their culture, but is increasingly present. I am quite confident that it asserts itself as strenuously among the English once removed in Ontario as it does among the New Englanders once removed in Ohio, where the children and grandchildren of the Connecticut settlers give it as powerful a twist as the Pennsylvanians themselves.

It appears to me that we got this twist from Philadelphia, in the West, which was formerly so much more characterized by the Quaker metropolis than people now realize, or else that its powerful note communicated itself to the trans-Alleghanian regions from the tongues of the Scotch-Irish pioneers who settled western Pennsylvania. It was probably at first a burr; it is now rather what I have called a twist, but it is as strong as ever. It is heard throughout Pennsylvania; it is as potent in Pittsburgh as in Philadelphia, and when it has crossed the Ohio it asserts itself as vigorously in Cleveland as in Cincinnati. In the farther West, through Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, and the cities of the great plains, it gathers force, and I have no doubt it triumphs onward till its snarl is lost in the roll of the Pacific, unless, indeed, it swells beyond this to impart itself together with the blessings of self-government to the Filipinos and Negritos.

In the meantime it indulges curious caprices in the regions where it is not frankly a twist. Mr. Cable, in his Creole stories, notes how, in New Orleans, the *r* remains guttural among the English-speaking French. It is the *gros r* of the Parisians attaching itself with the other accents to alien speech; but the guttural *r* of the Germans, which is even more common with them, is not apparently transferred to their English, though this is as outlandishly accented otherwise as the Creole English. I have heard but one American who gave the *r* that effect of *ro* characteristic of some English swells in *Punch*; and with this one it seemed a personal peculiarity. It was not an affectation with the very sincere Bostonian, who was evidently unconscious of it; and there is another peculiarity with respect to the *r* which, though sectional and not personal, is quite as unintentional. In New England it is not merely left out in speech where it appears in print, but it is frequently put in where it does not appear. It is apt to be interposed between two vowels which begin and end contiguous words, and to be attached to certain words ending in vowels. A child will get a pencil from a draw' to draw' with, and an expansive patriot will ignore the fundamental law of the land in his zeal to carry the idears of America-r-into Asia. In a girls' school in the West

it was not the suppression but this intrusion of the letter which was the test of origin, and a girl of Eastern birth could always be detected by Emma of Normandy, whom she would call Emma-of Normandy; a Westerner would never do so. I believe there is the same confusion as to the lost *r* in the speech of the less polite among those who follow the best usage in England; but I feel quite sure that the surprising liquefaction of the latter, as we hear it in New York city and New Jersey, is unknown there.

Our orthography cannot really spell anything, and so I am forced to explain this *r* as having about the value of the French *ll*, though it is perhaps a little stronger. Dr. Holmes was the first to note the sound in fiction, and spelt bird *biyd*, first *fiyst*, hard *hayd*, and so on; but the French *ll* is more representative; the *y* is, in fact, merely suggestive to those who have heard the accent. It is no longer common among cultivated people, but even among such people of New York city or New Jersey birth it is still audible in their unguarded or excited speech. With our East-side polyglots the liquefied *r* passes into the sound of *oi* in rejoice. The newsboy will offer you the *Evening World* with the latest moirer, but you may have your choice of the *Joinal*. Among the rustic Long-Islanders, a pure American population, the liquid *r* is rapidly passing into the diphthong; but I have been interested to note that some New Englanders coming here adopt it and give it in its pure *ll* sound.

The letter which is almost ignored in New England, or welcomed only to the wrong place, is altogether an outcast in the South. Your New-Englander, for store, more, door, will say *stoa*, *moa*, *doa*; but your Southerner will say *sto'*, *mo'*, *do'* whether he be white or be black; and the outlawed letter has not even a surreptitious shelter in his parlance. But this usage also has its exceptions and limitations. It prevails in Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, and that region of the South-west which Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart writes of so delightfully; but I have met South-Carolinians and Louisianians who indicated the *r* more distinctly than New-Englanders. In the north-western South the prevailing usage is arrested by the rolling tide of the trans-Alleghanian *r*. I have heard Mark Twain, who was born in Missouri, sound it with as strong a twist as I do, or, alas! did; for I have lived so long in the East that I have lost the pure accent of southern Ohio, where, as my confiding youth was persuaded, the best English in the world is spoken. I should not even now call a checkered adder a checkadadda, as they do in New Hampshire; but I am afraid that I should not give the *r* in these words the true dental wrench; and (shall I confess it?) I have so disused myself to my native shibboleth that when I hear it in the theatre, as I sometimes do, on the lips of untutored genius fresh from my own section, I involuntarily clap my hand to my jaw.

I hope that, in consideration of this magnanimous admission, due weight will be given to my opinion that the great American *r* (which is no more American than some other great things of ours) is destined not to disappear, but to overflow the whole country on the lines of Westward emigration, and finally return upon the East. It may yet be heard hoarsely washing the English shores, and mounting the Thames to London itself.

W. D. HOWELLS.

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Foreign Letters.

DENMARK.

GEORG BRANDES.

Among recent Danish books there are two which, although not likely to tempt the translator, are worthy of the special attention of foreign readers familiar with Danish. Both volumes—one is a collection of verse, the other a volume of correspondence and biography of the Danish art-historian Julius Lange—

are from the pen of Dr. Georg Brandes, who, since the appearance of an English translation of his work on Shakespeare, reviewed some months ago in *Literature*, has ceased to be a stranger to English readers, and whose protest against the Danish expulsions in Schleswig has just now brought his name prominently forward. The first of these books, *UNGDOMS-VERS* (Copenhagen, Gyldendal; 2kr.), has been received in Denmark with great favour, a favour that is hardly to be explained by the poetic quality of its contents. These verses are clearly not the inspirations of a born poet, but they throw a new and most interesting light upon Brandes' personality; they are what the Germans would call "confessions"; they afford a glimpse into the inner life of a critic whose individuality is strongly stamped on all his work. Dr. Brandes' volume on the most intimate friend of his student days, JULIUS LANGE (Copenhagen, Det nordiske Forlag; 4kr.), has been described in one of the leading Danish reviews as the most important Danish book of the past year. And even readers who are not Danes, and to whom Lange is hardly even a name, will, I think, concur in this opinion. They will fall at once under the spell of this delightful biography, or rather fragment of biography; Brandes has lavished all his art here in painting a most fascinating portrait. The book interests us not because it is about Lange in particular, or even about Brandes himself, but because it calls up for us an age when, in Denmark, great ideas were in the air; it shows us something of the lives and thoughts of two young students of exceptional gifts when their careers were still in the future.

It is gratifying to see that an English publisher has at last announced a translation of Dr. Brandes' *HOVEDSTRØMNINGER I DET NITTENDE AARHUNDREDES LITTERATUR*, "Main Streams of Nineteenth Century Literature" (six vols., Copenhagen, Gyldendal; second edition, 37kr. 50ö.), the work with which he made his reputation as one of the first of European critics. Until this work and a volume or two of Brandes' essays are in English, we can hardly feel that we know him properly. Unless it be Taine's "Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise," it would be difficult to mention another book since Sainte Beuve's first epoch-making essays which has so profoundly influenced the methods of literary historians on the Continent as this. In Germany it is largely due to this work that the old philological literary history has latterly fallen into discredit, and in France it is one of the models of the young generation of "cosmopolitan" critics. We have received the third volume of a new reprint of Dr. Brandes' own German translation of his work, *DIE LITTERATUR DES NEUNZEHNTEN JAHRHUNDERTS IN IHREN HAUPTSTRÖMUNGEN* (Leipzig, Veit; London, Williams and Norgate, 6s. 9d.), while the original translation of the whole work by A. Strodsmann has just appeared in its fifth edition (six vols., Leipzig, Barsdorf, 25m.).

This book has a history. Originally a series of public lectures delivered in the beginning of the seventies at the University of Copenhagen, the publication in book form was not really completed until 1890. The interest which these lectures awakened in Denmark was extraordinary. For hours beforehand people stood in the rain or snow to get access to them; they were the topic of the day in Copenhagen society, and every newspaper criticized them at great length. The reason of this was that Brandes had begun by setting up the thesis, so alarming to Danish conservatism, that a literature only lives in so far as it brings problems into debate; he held up the mirror of European literature between 1800 and 1848 to his own countrymen, and demanded for Danish literature freedom of thought, the right to discuss problems and ideas, unhampered by orthodoxy and social conventions. The direct result was a literary revival under Brandes' leadership which in independence and originality rivalled the best days of Scandinavian Romanticism. But all this is an old story now; the controversial interest of the lectures has died away, and Danish literature is growing apart from the Brandesian principles of the seventies and eighties.

The "Hovedstrømninger" comes to us, then, purely as a history of literature, and a more magnificent panorama of European literature than that unrolled for us in these six

volumes it would be difficult to conceive. Beginning with the productions of the French Emigrants, Brandes passes first to the Romantic School in Germany, then to the French Reaction against the spirit of the eighteenth century; "Naturalism in England" occupies the fourth volume, the French Romantic School the fifth, and "Young Germany" the sixth and last. I know of no literary history, even in French, which surpasses in brilliancy and attractiveness this work. From first page to last Brandes has the artist's ability to endow the people of whom he writes with flesh and blood; he has that same power of enlisting our sympathies for the movement of ideas which a born historian has of awakening our interest in the rise and fall of nations. Indeed, one is almost tempted at times to endorse the German academical criticism of the book, which finds it too interesting, too vivid. The vulnerable points seem to me to be where the original *Tendenz* peeps through too plainly; it is occasionally Brandes the champion of "progress" and "ideas," Brandes the literary radical who speaks, rather than the calm, unbiased chronicler of literary history. In his latest edition Dr. Brandes assures us that his standpoint of 1871 is essentially his standpoint to-day, but it may surely be doubted if his ideas have not undergone some change. The Revolution of 1848, as time goes on, loses more and more of its significance; the sentiment, for instance, which the Continent endeavoured to get up for its jubilee a few months ago, was forced and artificial. In any case, it can no longer be regarded as a literary *terminus ad quem*. "Young Germany" is but a poor consummation to the literary movement of the first half of the nineteenth century. I should be inclined to ascribe more to the vital forces at the bottom of Romanticism—not Romanticism in the wide English sense, but in its Continental sense—than Dr. Brandes does. Freedom of thought and political freedom were in their day great stimulants to progress, but it is not to them that we owe the best in modern literature. The revolt against Napoleon may have awakened some of the smaller literatures of Europe to new life, but it did not give us Byron or Carlyle, it did not give France her *romantisme*, and to Germany it hardly gave more than a handful of patriotic songs. It is rather to the Romanticism of Northern Europe that we must look for the inspiration of the higher literature of the nineteenth century; and it is just this Romanticism which Dr. Brandes treats least sympathetically. It is characteristic of his standpoint that the Waverley Novels are passed over in a few pages and the greatest German poet of the first half of the century, Grillparzer, is not mentioned at all. But although one may not be altogether at one with the fundamental ideas upon which this work is based, it is impossible not to feel the warmest admiration for its details. The "Hovedströmninger" is the framework for an unsurpassable series of literary portraits; George Sand and Balzac, Beyle and Merimée, Wordsworth and Byron, Heine and Börne, are drawn with the pen of a master of literary portraiture who need fear no comparison with Sainte Beuve himself. The volume on the French Romanticists, whom Brandes regards as the greatest literary school of the century, is perhaps the ablest of all, but an English reader will turn with interest to the volume on "Naturalism in England." I should not like to say that he will find everything to his taste here; as a matter of fact, Brandes is not so much at home in English literature as in French, but it is something to see for once our own literature, not as an independent entity, but as a part of a great whole, as an item in the *Weitliteratur*. This is what Brandes' history does for us; it shows us an epoch of English literature in the same perspective with the other literatures of Europe. His "Naturalism in England," whatever its shortcomings may be, is the best study of English literature in the nineteenth century that has yet come to us from the Continent.

If it is not altogether possible to endorse the German editor's claim for this work that it does for the literature of the first half of our century what Hettner did for the eighteenth century, it is at least, after Hettner's monumental work, the greatest contribution that has yet been made to the study of modern European literature as a whole.

J. G. R.

SIR WALTER BESANT'S "THE PEN AND THE BOOK."

[BY A PUBLISHER.]

I.

"The Pen and the Book" is a work which purports to be a *vade mecum* for the aspirant to literary honours, on the one hand, and a guide to authors dealing with publishers, on the other. I understand that no copies of it are to be sent out for review by the Press. As, however, it contains matter of much importance to publishers, I may be pardoned for attempting an estimate of its value on the subject of publishing methods.

Here "The Pen and the Book" is really not so much a handbook as a controversial pamphlet. Let me, however, take the book for what it pretends to be, namely, a text-book, and let me deal with its facts.

In the "General Considerations" are indicated the various paths along which the literary man may tread—

The profession of literature [remarks Sir Walter Besant] in its various branches includes the humble writer of stories for the penny populars, who are happy if they make two pounds a week by their work, and it includes the historian whose work should bring him a great many thousands; the writer of successful educational books, whose income should be that of a bishop; and the writer of novels which fly over the whole world, and should give him the income of a successful physician. This is what is meant by literary property.

Following Sir Walter, the merest tyro in the art of scribbling must look upon his productions as so much "literary property." "Property," to mean anything, must mean "value." How then is one to measure the value of literary work? Without a doubt, by means of the standard furnished by popular appreciation and demand. How is that standard to be obtained? I answer, by an initial publishing experiment. Literary work becomes property when a reading public makes it so; and it matters little if the work be from the pen of a well-known writer or not; if the public does not care for it, its property value does not exist.

Four methods for dealing with the publication of books through publishers are set forth by Sir Walter Besant. An author may (1) sell his manuscript outright; (2) he may agree to divide profits; (3) he may arrange to receive a royalty; or (4) he may have his work published on commission. In every case, however, the reader is informed that the publisher is almost certain to rob the author.

I. SALE OF THE PROPERTY OUTRIGHT.—"Never sell your work" is the advice given; for the publisher in asking you to sell outright is "simply trying to buy a property which may be worth many hundreds, or even many thousands, for a song." Note again the property fallacy. What is this advice worth? The unknown writer is often glad to get a hearing at any price, and if a small sum be given him for his first venture, so much the better. No value can be placed on the work, since it has not yet made for itself a standard by which it may be ascertained. To the author who is in want, the advice is valueless, whilst to the successful writer it is superfluous. Publishers, however, are not very anxious to buy outright; and if they do, as in the case of a writer's first work, they are neither "dishonest" nor "fraudulent" in giving a low price for that which may or may not have value. Sir Walter Besant cites the case of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge which gave £12, £20, or £30 for books which brought, in some cases, very large sums, and he is very indignant thereat. I fail to see the justice of his indignation. If the Society commission a person to write a book for £12, and that person agrees, where is there cause for anger? Probably the work for which the Society paid this small sum would in other hands prove a loss. I am convinced that for many of its publications only the Society could sell the large number of copies it does, and since it has obtained this power over many years and at great expense, it deserves the benefits which accrue therefrom. The author acts exactly on a par when, his reputation being made, he raises his prices. I could easily cite well-known instances

where publishers bought outright works which proved to have money-making value, and recognized the fact liberally in their dealing with the authors, although they need not have done so.

II. A PROFIT-SHARING AGREEMENT.—“Here the dangers are manifold. The cost of production under its various headings may be, and very commonly is, falsely represented” (*vide* p. 168). Three classes of charges are dealt with: (a) Cost of production; (b) Advertising; and (c) Office expenses.

(a) *Cost of Production*.—Here, says our author, an expenditure of £100 may be set down at £120 by overcharging the cost of printing, paper, and binding, and by not allowing for all discounts. But in profit-sharing agreements the author has a voice in the choice of printer and binder, and often knows beforehand what the estimate is. Certainly this is always so, when he shares in the expenses. Wilful overcharging can only be tested by giving definite accounts from definite individuals. As these are not furnished, the general charge may be dismissed as unworthy of consideration.

(b) *Advertising*.—Here the reader is told that advertisements are charged for which either never appeared, or which appeared in the publishers' own organs. Every publisher keeps voucher copies of all advertisements pasted in a special book, and every charge can be checked by a reference to the advertisement itself. In spite of counsel's opinion quoted by Sir Walter Besant, a publisher has every right to charge for advertisements in his own organs. Surely no author need object to paying for advertisements in the “Strand” and “Pearson's” magazines!

(c) *Office Expenses*.—These come in for Sir Walter Besant's special aversion. He objects to publishers allowing for them because they do not allow them to booksellers. I fail to see the application of this reasoning. The bookseller is not a partner with the publisher in the sense the author is. Then it is argued that if the publisher be allowed office expenses, so should the author, and Sir Walter cites his own experience in the case of a book for the writing of which he obtained 100 guineas, out of which he had to pay £52 for books and journeys into the country for obtaining special information for that book. Sir Walter here undertook a work for which he must have known he would require to obtain special information, and which would on that account bring him added reputation, and perhaps a similar commission at some future time whereby he could recoup his “office expenses.” The publisher, on the other hand, is in no such position. His balance-sheet must bear the brunt of his “office expenses.” To estimate the profit-bearing value of his publications each must be debited with a certain percentage of such general expenses, otherwise he would fall into many and gross errors. Furthermore, an author who is asked by a publisher to do work in which “office expenses” are an item is invariably allowed such expenses, and so probably would Sir Walter have been if he had stipulated for them.

III. THE ROYALTY SYSTEM.—“Authors,” we are told, “at first jumped at the proposal of a royalty, because they thought something, at any rate, would come to them. In this expectation . . . they have been deceived.” How? By means of the “brilliant discovery” of the “deferred royalty.”

In other words [says Sir Walter] the publisher proposed to pay no royalty at all, until enough copies had been sold to pay the whole cost of production, with any percentages he chose to make, and then to pay the author as small a royalty as he dared offer. In his ignorance and helplessness the author mostly consented, and so got nothing, because somehow the limit was never reached.

Of course, all this applies to the beginner. The well-known writer sees that he gets his royalties in advance (often largely in excess of what is realized by sales), and does not trouble himself at all about the publisher's losses. It's the profits which make him take a renewed interest in the publisher's share, and the publisher is made aware of this interest by being asked for a larger advance on the next occasion. Now, to the beginner Sir Walter says, If you can't do any better, go to a publisher; but take care, or he'll cheat you. Well, the young author, let us say, does take care, and agrees to a ten per cent. royalty, and the book is a success. Now, says Sir Walter, you

are being swindled. For (supposing the book is published at 6s.), for every 7 1-5d. you get, the publisher makes 1s. 10 4-5d. (*vide* table, p. 174), and when the book (note the *when*!) goes into a second edition of 3,000 copies you still get only 7 1-5d., while he pockets 2s. 2 4-5d. “These figures prove perfectly clearly that the publisher who offers a low royalty is simply putting into his own pockets the greater part of the proceeds.” But what if the book is a failure? What if but 200 or 250 copies only have sold? How does the publisher stand then? To these questions the handbook offers no replies. I will, for the moment, take Sir Walter Besant's own figures, merely remarking that his royalty tables are misleading, since they show no allowance for advertising, the expenses of which the publisher always bears in these cases. Suppose an author agrees to a 20 per cent. royalty. On a six-shilling book (sold to the trade at 3s. 6d.) this yields him 1s. 2 2-5d., while the publisher's net profit is 1s. 3 3-5d. This assumes that the first thousand copies cost one shilling each. Now, to sell an edition of 1,000 copies of a six-shilling book by an author who is, *ex hypothesi*, unknown, is no small feat. I should like to know how to do it. Of such novels I should never print so many, since their average sale is about 300 copies: let me even say 400 copies. A publisher speculates in them in the hope that the “dark horse” may prove a “racer.” If the author receive £24 (= 400 × 1s. 2 2-5d.), he obtains a sum out of which, at any rate, he has nothing to pay towards the manufacture of the book. He pockets the money and walks away. But how does the publisher fare with his £26 (= 400 × 1s. 3 3-5d.)? Thus:—

To Cost of 1,000 copies @				By Sales—400 @ 3/6 ea.	£70	0	0
1/- each . . .	£50	0	0	„ Proportion of Profit . . .	26	0	0
„ Advertising, say . . .	15	0	0				
„ Author's Royalties . . .	24	0	0				
„ Travelling and Working Expenses @ 10% on Sales . . .	7	0	0				
	£96	0	0		£96	0	0

The £26 are all swallowed up in expenses, and the publisher is left with 500 copies of a book worth, probably, waste-paper price.

But can a decently produced edition of 1,000 copies of a six-shilling book be obtained at a cost of £50? I think not. Sir Walter himself suggests £71 as the cost for such an edition (*vide* p. 155). This means that the proportion of profits in the tables is wrong, for the author gets 1s. 2 2-5d., while the publisher receives but 11 1-10d. How would the latter now stand on a sale of 400 copies? Thus:—

To Cost of 1,000 copies . . .	£71	0	0	By Sales—400 @ 3/6 ea.	£70	0	0
„ Advertising, say . . .	15	0	0	„ Proportion of Profits . . .	18	10	0
„ Author's Royalties . . .	24	0	0	„ Absolute Loss . . .	28	10	0
„ Travelling and Working Expenses @ 10% on Sales . . .	7	0	0				
	£117	0	0		£117	0	0

So that, after giving back his proportion of profits, the publisher has, in addition, to pay £28 10s. ! Is he not justified in asking for a deferred royalty?

Of course, when the book does sell, and it goes into several editions, the publisher is repaid. But I regret to say that my experience of unknown authors does not warrant me in following Sir Walter Besant in his sanguine expectations from sales of 3,000, 5,000, and 10,000 copies. I have found that an author whose work can sell so largely is generally aware of the fact, and his expectations of advance would certainly upset all Sir Walter's tables.

IV. PUBLICATION BY COMMISSION.—A publisher, we are told, who issues a book by this method begins by charging the author a fee, then he adds a percentage, then he pockets all the discounts, and finally charges for advertisements in his own organ or by exchanges. I don't know what fees are: I have never heard of their being charged. “Percentages” are the creation of the imagination of prejudiced counsel. As for the other charges, I have already shown either that they have no basis in fact, or that they are unfairly represented. With commission books it is usual for the authors to suggest the amount they wish to be spent on advertisements, and the medium in which these are to appear.

I should like, however, to draw special attention to Sir Walter Besant's method of substantiating his statements. An author, he says, who has his work published on commission should receive an account in some such form as this (presuming the book costs £100 and the sales amount to £300):—

To Cost of Production	£100 0 0	By Sales	£300 0 0
„ Publisher's Commission at 15%	45 0 0			
„ Author	155 0 0			
	£300 0 0			£300 0 0

“What the author will probably get,” continues Sir Walter, “is something like the following:—

To Alleged Cost	£165 0 0	By True Sales	£300 0 0
„ Publisher's Fee	10 0 0	Less 15% for bad		
„ Discount (secret)	15 0 0	debts and office ex-		
„ Incidental Expenses	5 0 0	penses	45 0 0
„ Publisher's Comm. (as by agreement)	38 5 0			£255 0 0
„ Due to Author	21 15 0			
	£255 0 0			£255 0 0

“By this arrangement,” he concludes, “the publisher receives £178, and the author £21, or, since the real profit is £200, the publisher takes very nearly seven-eighths; leaving the author one-fourth!”

Now here is an account admittedly fabricated, and with no basis in fact, and yet specially concocted in order to furnish an argument prejudicial to a class of business men. What are the facts? These: Publishers care not a rap for undertaking books on commission. Almost invariably they do not pay for the labour they entail. I have had experience of such books where the annual profit in commission was actually three-and-sixpence! “Publishers' fees” are unknown, as are “incidental expenses.” “Secret profits” exist in the brains of literary guide-book writers only. I have never heard of any percentages being deducted for bad debts and office expenses; and, if they were, the book-keeper who would present them as in the above account would certainly not know his business. Had I the happy experience on a commission book such as this statement presents, my account would probably take the following form:—

To Cost of Production	£100 0 0	By Sales	£300 0 0
„ Publisher's Commission @ 10% on Sales	30 0 0			
„ Advertising, say	40 0 0			
„ Author	130 0 0			
	£300 0 0			£300 0 0

And I should be delighted to find that I had made £30 on the transaction, more especially if that sum showed itself in the first account. In Sir Walter Besant's statement of account advertising is omitted; but it is absolutely necessary to include this charge, since a “commission book,” to realize sales to the value of £300, would assuredly require a heavy advertising outlay.

I will return again to Sir Walter Besant's Tables of Cost of Production, and to his chapters on the “Methods of the Future” and the “Literary Agent.”

Obituary.

Our Paris Correspondent writes:—With EDOUARD HERVÉ disappears the third and last of the remarkable little company of French journalists and publicists who fought under the Empire for Liberal ideas. The other two names which are always associated with his are Prévost-Paradol and J. J. Weiss, who finally rallied to the Empire. Hervé remained faithful to the cause of constitutional monarchy. He was an admirer of England, and his two chief books were devoted to English political problems—“Une Page d'Histoire Contemporaine” (1869) and “La Crise Irlandaise depuis la Fin du XVIII. Siècle” (1885). As an Academician he exemplified the fact that the Academy is a *salon of honnêtes gens*, not primarily a collection of the most eminent French writers. Old-world ideas of tolerance and politeness rule there, and it accepts with special

consideration the foreigner who adopts the French *patrie*. M. de Herédia and M. Cherbuliez for instance were welcomed with effusion. Like Lacoste de Lisle, Edouard Hervé was from the African island of Réunion, where he was born of a Breton father in 1835. He gained distinction as a political writer in the *Revue Contemporaine* and the *Courier du Dimanche*. It was a period when innuendo and allusion constituted the highest qualities of literary style, linking the writers of the time to the pamphleteers of the old French régime. In this Hervé excelled and became famous under the signature of “Joseph Perrin.” When he was forbidden by the Government to write in any French paper, he became chief correspondent of the *Journal de Genève*. In 1867 the Emperor inaugurated a more liberal régime, and Hervé and his friend Weiss started the *Journal de Paris*, and subsequently Hervé by himself founded the *Soleil*, the first great political journal in France published at five centimes. The experiment succeeded beyond his expectations. For twenty-five years the *Soleil* has maintained a high ideal of dignified journalism. Edouard Hervé was hardly a representative Frenchman, but he was a representative Academician, a man whose high-bred modesty and whose solid acquisitions made him a gentleman in the English sense, a *parfait honnête homme* whose death is a loss to France.

He also announces the death, at the age of 67, of F. LICHTENBERGER, the author of the “Histoire des Idées Religieuses en Allemagne,” and of “Encyclopédie des Sciences Religieuses,” which was completed in 1882. His authority as a *savant* in religious studies was of the highest, and, as dean of the Faculty of Protestant Theology, which Gambetta resuscitated in 1873, he attained, during seventeen years, the respect of all who care for intellectual and moral probity and a lofty character.

Correspondence.

THE LIFE OF SIR CHARLES BRIGHT.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Besides failing to quote the full title of the book as set forth on the title page, your reviewer appears to have lost sight of the fact that, in addition to being a biography of the late Sir Charles Bright, the book in question is also a record of pioneer telegraphy, land and submarine, in which others as well as my father have played a conspicuous part. Hence, it was prepared partly as a work of permanent reference, which, perhaps, serves to explain the putting together of a quantity of detail material in what was thought to be the most convenient form—i.e., in consecutive order in the appendices to each volume. Such material the ordinary reader may not, it is true, be much interested in; but it should surely prove useful at any time to engineers and electricians. The size of the book is further explained by the size of the type in the main text; but considering that the two volumes cover not only the life, work, speeches, “papers,” and inventions of the man, but also a fairly complete narrative of pioneer telegraphy, the length is surely not so very outrageous.

I remember that in the case of my book on “Submarine Telegraphs,” a few months ago, your reviewer objected to it—though a technical work of reference—on the ground that I had not sufficiently dwelt on the “pertinacious enthusiasm,” the “engineering skill,” and the “electrical genius” of this, that, and the other prominent figure in early submarine telegraphy. Now he seems to be similarly “upset” with regard to the present venture.

CHARLES BRIGHT.

“PILCHY.”

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—*Apropos* of Mr. Alfred T. Story's interesting contribution to your issue of last Saturday, entitled “The Well of Pure English,” he may perhaps like to be reminded of yet another expressive word not included in his list of Lancashire vernacular. I allude to “pilchy”—as signifying foul, dirty—still in occasional use here. A very long and old road in this locality bears the name of Pilch-lane, and my efforts to trace the derivation were for a long time futile. At length, however, an old native,

on being interrogated, informed me that he had, as a youth, often heard his father when at work exclaim, "This be a terrible *pitchy* bit of ground"—meaning thereby filthy, dirty, and, as such, unworkable! Apologizing for length,
I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

J. LUTTRELL PALMER.

Grant-road, Knotty Ash, near Liverpool,
January 9.

Authors and Publishers.

Twenty-five years of observation of famous French men and women by so acute a spectator as Miss Betham-Edwards should give sufficient data for an admirable book of Anglo-French reminiscences, and this lady proposes to publish such a volume in the coming season. Miss Betham-Edwards spent some time in France immediately after the Franco-Prussian War. One part of the work will be devoted to particulars of the life of a celebrated Frenchman now dead, who is said to have confided these recollections of a romantic career to the author.

Mr. Kitton's volume on the illustrations for Charles Dickens' books will shortly be followed by one which Mr. J. Grego is editing with notes, dealing to some extent with the same subject. Mr. Grego's book will be in two volumes and is to be published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall under the title "Pictorial Pickwickiana." It will be illustrated with drawings by Seymour, Leech, "Phiz," Sir John Gilbert, R.A., and others.

Mr. Michael MacDonagh, whose "Irish Life and Character" we reviewed in our last issue, has been for some time collecting materials with a view to providing that "exhaustive and critical life of the greatest of Irish politicians," Daniel O'Connell, to the want of which Mr. W. B. Duffield calls attention in this month's *Cornhill*. In writing his story of "Bishop Doyle"—O'Connell's great Irish contemporary—which he has contributed to the New Irish Library, Mr. MacDonagh discovered a mass of important information which throws fresh light on many phases of O'Connell's exciting career as an agitator; and he is in communication with relatives and friends of O'Connell and his contemporaries with a view to obtaining unpublished letters and other documents. The remarkable Parliamentary career of O'Connell from 1829 to 1847—during which the great demagogue was one of the commanding and interesting personalities of the House of Commons—which has never been adequately treated, will be fully dealt with in Mr. MacDonagh's work. Mr. MacDonagh has also written "The Book of Parliament," a study of the human side of the two Houses of the Legislature.

The anniversary double number of the *Star*, to be published on Monday, will contain a new poem by Mr. Swinburne and also an original drawing by M. Verestchagin. The right to republish the short romance which has been written by M. Zola for the *Star* has already been sold in America, Germany, and Norway.

At the end of January Messrs. Duckworth and Co. will publish a volume of "New Letters of Walter Savage Landor: Private and Public," edited by Mr. Stephen Wheeler, with the authorization of Lady Graves-Sawle, to whom most of the correspondence was addressed. The letters are full of allusions to the political, literary, and social history of the period from 1838 to 1863. The second part contains a collection of letters on public affairs addressed by Landor to various periodicals but not included in any edition of his works.

Surg.-General Sir Charles A. Gordon, K.C.B., the author of well-known works on Army Hygiene and of "Recollections of Thirty-nine Years in the Army," has been occupied for some months past in collecting a series of notes on Early Sanitation in India from the arrival of the Portuguese in 1498 down to the formation of the Royal Commission in 1869. Sir Charles Gordon

has now a tolerably complete series of notes on the use of animal matters and their derivatives as therapeutic agents in England during the seventeenth century and in China at the present time.

Miss Foxcroft has issued a sheet of corrigenda and addenda to her life of Halifax, which shows how carefully she has gone over her work since its publication, and how thoughtfully she has observed the criticisms that have been offered. The point she adds about the brothers being at Shrewsbury School is of interest, and we agree with her in rejecting the two pamphlets attributed to her hero by Halkett and Laing. We are glad of the opportunity of repeating our sense of the value of Miss Foxcroft's excellent book.

Mr. Herbert Vivian's new book will be called "Tunisia and the Modern Barbary Pirates." The title suggests, and the book is said to contain, much modern romance. It will be published by Messrs. Pearson.

Messrs. Macmillan will publish during the present month a work by Professor Baldwin Spencer and Mr. F. J. Gillen (sub-Protector of the Aborigines), entitled "The Native Tribes of Central Australia." The book will be abundantly illustrated.

"The History of the Peasants' War in Germany, 1525-26," the title of Mr. E. Belfort Bax's second volume of his "Social Side of the Reformation," will follow naturally upon the first volume, "German Society at the Close of the Middle Ages." Messrs. Sonnenschein are the publishers.

Some time about the end of January Messrs. Duckworth and Co. will publish two plays by Mr. Edward Martyn, "The Heather Field" and "Maeve," with an introduction by Mr. George Moore.

The novelist who is known by his pseudonym of "Benjamin Swift" as the author of "Nancy Noon," "The Tormentor," and "The Destroyer," has a new book on hand which will be published this spring, entitled "Siren City." Although the first chapter begins and the last closes in London, the story is largely a study of Naples, the "Siren City" of the title. The scene is laid in the Old Maddaloni Palace, and the book resolves itself into a study of Puritanism versus Paganism.

We understand that the hero of Mr. Morley Roberts' forthcoming African novel is frankly drawn from Mr. Cecil Rhodes, whose acquaintance the author made during his recent visit to the Cape. The story is said to deal with the "backstairs" history of the proposed Cape Town to Cairo railway.

The title of the forthcoming novel by the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York," Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter, will be "Jack Curzon." The idea of it is an original one—viz., to personify political action during the last two years of England and America on the one hand and Germany on the other. A great portion of the action of the story takes place in Manila and the interior of Luzon, beginning at the outbreak of the first rebellion of Aguinaldo and the Katipunan, and ending upon the surrender of Manila to the Americans under Dewey and Merritt. Messrs. Routledge will publish this book.

Mr. J. S. Fletcher, who for some time was known by the pseudonym of "A Son of the Soil," is publishing his new novel, "The Paths of the Prudent," with Messrs. Methuen. Like most of the works by the author of "Life in Arcadia," "At the Gate of the Fold," &c., this book is a close study of certain aspects of country life, with roadside scenes during the Civil War. So far, this book has only been published in the United States.

Miss Ella MacMahon, the author of "A New Note" and the more recently successful novel, "An Honourable Estate," promises another story, probably under the title of "Fortune's Yellow," the name of a well-known rose which grows in the

Riviera, where the scenes are laid. The narrative deals largely with the relations of a mother with her children.

Mr. Frankfort Moore has completed a series of short stories dealing with the careers of eminent actresses of the past. They will begin to appear in *Pearson's Magazine* in July.

"The Life and Campaigns of the Right Hon. John Manners, Marquis of Granby," by Mr. Walter Evelyn Manners, which we have already spoken of, is now announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Macmillan.

The new volume in Mr. Murray's University Extension Series is a short history of astronomy by Mr. Arthur Berry, the secretary to the Cambridge University Extension Syndicate.

We understand that Messrs. Downey will publish Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's life of "The Good Queen Charlotte," the wife of George III., this spring, and that the copy-books which the Queen's children used are among the author's materials.

Mr. W. J. Woodhouse, assistant lecturer in classics at the University College of North Wales, Bangor, whose exhaustive work on *Aetolia* was recently issued by the Oxford University Press, is engaged on an edition of "Cicero de Officiis," Book III.

Dr. Drury Fortnum, the donor to the Ashmolean Museum of a splendid collection of 825 finger rings and engraved gems, is the author of a valuable work on "Majolica." His collection of that ware he has already presented to the University of Oxford.

Mr. Downey is about to publish Charles Lever's posthumous novel, "Gerald Fitzgerald, the Chevalier."

"In New South Africa: Travels in the Transvaal and Rhodesia," by Mr. H. Lincoln Tangye, is about to be issued in a second and cheaper edition.

One of Miss Eleanor Price's stories is about to be issued by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. It is entitled "Off the High Road: The Story of a Summer." Miss Price is known as the author of "Young Denys," "Miss Latimer of Bryan's," and other stories.

A new edition (the 5th) of Captain Gall's well-known textbook "Modern Tactics," will be published on Monday, by Messrs. Service and Paton.

A third edition of Professor Andrew Seth's "Scottish Philosophy" will shortly be published by Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons. Although Professor Seth has within the

last year assumed the name of Pringle Pattison on succeeding to the Haining estates in Selkirk and Roxburghshire, the old name is retained along with the new in this edition, and to avoid confusion the same course will be followed with the author's other books.

On the 21st inst. Messrs. Williams and Norgate will issue "Creation Myths of Primitive America in Relation to the Religious History and Mental Development of Mankind," by Jeremiah Curtin, author of "Myths and Folk Tales of Ireland," &c. It contains twenty long myths taken down word for word by Mr. Curtin from Indians who knew no religion or language but their own.

The Department of Russian Literature and Language of the Imperial Academy of Sciences has undertaken a complete scientific edition of the works of Russian writers from the earliest period, with explanatory remarks and biographical notices of each author.

It is announced that Georges Rodenbach has left a considerable number of completed manuscripts. These include several poems, a novel entitled "Mlle. Léonie," and a collection of literary and artistic character sketches styled "l'Elite." Among the latter is a paper on Rodin, of whom the author of "Bruges la Morte" was an enthusiastic admirer.

M. Bréal's work, "Essai de Sémantique," will be published this year in England by Mr. Heinemann under the title "Mental Philology," with an introduction by Professor J. P. Postgate, who has written in the *Fortnightly Review* upon the subject.

A third volume of M. Frédéric Masson's work "Napoléon et sa Famille" will be published shortly.

M. Calmann Lévy has in the press for immediate publication a new book by Renan, "Études sur la Politique Religieuse du règne de Philippe le Bel," Balzac's "Lettres à l'Étranger," "Souvenirs," by Lieutenant-General Vicomte de Reiset, the second volume of the collected essays of the late Léon Say, and two historical works, "La Dernière des Condés," by M. Pierre de Ségur, and "Diderot et Catherine II.," by M. M. Tournoux. The same publisher announces new books by "Gyp," Mme. Beulzon, M. Lavedan, M. J. Psichari, M. Ary Renan, and, above all, by M. Anatole France.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.
The Master E. S. and the "Ars Moriendi." A Chapter in the History of Engraving during the XV. Century. By *Lionel Cust*, M.A. 13x10in., 21 pp. Oxford, 1898. Clarendon Press. 17s. 6d. n.

History of Modern Italian Art. By *Ashton Rollins Willard*. 9x6in., xiv.+598 pp. London, 1898. Longmans. 18s. n.

The Renaissance in Italian Art. Sculpture and Painting. Part II. By *Selwyn Brinton*, M.A. 7x5in., xiv.+216 pp. London, 1898. Simpkin, Marshall. 3s. 6d. n.

BIOGRAPHY.
George Harley, F.R.S. The Life of a London Physician. Ed. by his Daughter, *Mrs. Alec Tweedie*. 8x5in., xii.+360 pp. London, 1898. The Scientific Press. 16s.

Eleanor Leslie. A Memoir. By *J. M. Stone*. 9x5in., 324 pp. London, 1898. Art and Book Co. 7s. 6d.

CLASSICAL.
Pliny's Letters. I.-XII. Ed., with Introduction and Notes, by *C. J. Phillips*, B.A. (Elementary Classics.) 6x4in., xx.+55 pp. London, 1898. Macmillan. 1s. 6d.

Hercules Furens. From Euripides. By *A. F. Hort*, M.A. 6x4in., 63 pp. London, 1898. Rivington. 1s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.
Manual of English Grammar and Composition. By *J. C. Neefield*, M.A. 7x4in., 347 pp. London, 1898. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.
The University Correspondent. Vol. VIII., 1898. 4to., viii.+840 pp. London, 1898. Clive. 5s.

FICTION.
A Conjuror of Phantoms. By *John W. Harding*. 7x5in., 177 pp. London, 1898. Neely.
The Duke's Servants. By *Sidney H. Burchell*. 7x5in., 306 pp. London, 1898. Gay & Bird. 6s.

Potsherds. By *Mabel C. Birch-enough*. 8x5in., 286 pp. London, 1898. Cassell. 6s.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By *Ian Maclaren*. (New Illustrated Ed.) 7x5in., 304 pp. London, 1898. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By *Ian Maclaren*. (New Illustrated Ed.) 7x5in., 358 pp. London, 1898. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

Auld Licht Idylls. By *J. M. Barrie*. (New Illustrated Ed.) 7x5in., 250 pp. London, 1898. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

A Window in Thrums. By *J. M. Barrie*. (New Illustrated Ed.) 7x5in., 217 pp. London, 1898. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

The Eye of the Sun. By *Edward T. Ellis*. (W. T. Novels.) 10x6in., 96 pp. London, 1899. "Weekly Telegraph." 3d.

GEOGRAPHY.
A Class Book of Physical Geography. By *W. Hughes*, F.R.G.S. New Ed., rev. by *R. A. Gregory*, F.R.A.S. 7x5in., viii.+328 pp. London, 1898. Phillip. 3s. 6d.

Cuba and Porto Rico. With the other Islands of the West Indies. By *Robert T. Hill*. 9x6in., xxviii.+429 pp. 1898. New York: The Century Co. London: Unwin. 16s.

HISTORY.
The American Revolution. Part I. 1763-1776. By *the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan*, Bart. 9x5in., x.+468 pp. London, 1898. Longmans. 16s.

The Story of the Revolution. By *Henry Cabot Lodge*. 2 vols. 9x6in., xv.+324+285 pp. London, 1898. Constable. 32s.

An Elementary History of Greece. By *C. W. C. Oman*, F.S.A. 6x4in., 234 pp. London, 1898. Rivington. 2s.

The Provincial Governor in the English Colonies of North America. By *Earl's Boutell Greene*. (Harvard Historical Studies, Vol. VII.) 9x6in., x.+292 pp. London, 1898. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

Historical Geography of the Clans of Scotland. 3rd Ed. By *T. B. Johnston*, F.R.G.S., and *Col. J. A. Robertson*. 11x8in., 181 pp. London and Edinburgh, 1898. Johnston. 7s. 6d.

MATHEMATICS.
Mathematical and Physical Tables. By *J. P. Whipple*, B.A., and *W. W. Haldane*, B.Sc. 8x5in., viii.+215 pp. London, 1898. Macmillan. 6s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.
West Irish Folk Tales and Romances. By *William Larminie*. (The Antiquary's Library.) 8x5in., xxviii.+258 pp. London, 1898. Stock. 3s. 6d. n.

NATURAL HISTORY.
Bush Fruits. A Horticultural Monograph. By *F. W. Card*. 7x4in., xii.+537 pp. London, 1898. Macmillan. 5s. n.

NAVAL.
The British Navy. By *A. Stenzel*. Illustrated. 10x7in., 327 pp. London, 1898. Unwin. 12s. 6d.

REPRINTS.
Quentin Durward. By *Sir Walter Scott*, Bart. 2 vols. (Temple Edition.) 6x4in., lii.+301+367 pp. London, 1898. Dent. 3s. n.

Paracelsus. By *Robert Browning*. (Temple Classics.) 6x4in., 158 pp. London, 1898. Dent. 1s. 6d. n.

Endymion and the Longer Poems of John Keats. (Temple Classics.) 6x4in., 233 pp. London, 1898. Dent. 1s. 6d. n.

SCIENCE.
The History of Mankind. By *Prof. F. Ratzel*. Translated from the German 2nd Ed. by *A. J. Butler*. Vol. III. 10x6in., xlii.+599 pp. London, 1898. Macmillan. 12s. n.

SOCIOLOGY.
The Elements of Sociology. By *Franklin H. Giddings*, M.A., Ph.D. 8x5in., xi.+353 pp. London, 1898. Macmillan. 6s. n.

Democracy and Liberty. 2 vols. (New Ed.) By *the Rt. Hon. W. E. H. Lecky*. 7x5in., lxxiii.+568+xix.+601 pp. London, 1898. Longmans. 12s.

THEOLOGY.
Helps to Godly Living. By *the Rt. Hon. the Most Rev. Frederick Temple*, D.D. Selected and Arranged by *J. H. Burn*, B.D. 6x4in., 199 pp. London, 1898. Stock. 5s.

The Hebrew Prophets. By *the Rev. R. L. Ottley*. (Oxford Church Text Books.) 6x4in., 124 pp. London, 1898. Rivington. 1s.

The Expositor. (Fifth Series.) Vol. VIII. Ed. by *the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll*, M.A., LL.D. 8x5in., 476 pp. London, 1898. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.

Thy Keeper. Sermons on Psalm cxxi. By *Rev. H. C. G. Moule*, D.D. 6x4in., 68 pp. London, 1898. Simpkin, Marshall. 1s. 6d.

What We Owe to the Puritans. By *C. Silvester Horne*, M.A. 7x4in., 96 pp. London, 1898. Horace Marshall. 1s.

Bible Readings from the Pentateuch. Vol. III. Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy. By *T. W. Peile*. 8x5in., pp. 715-1,338. London, 1898. Bemrose. 6s. n.

The Evangel of Joy. By *Elizabeth Gibson*. (500 Copies.) 6x4in., 18 pp. London, 1898. Grant Richards. 2s. n.

Theology as Science. By *W. Hastie*, D.D. 7x5in., 108 pp. Glasgow, 1898. MacLehose.

TRAVEL.
Among the Himalayas. By *Major L. A. Waddell*. Illustrated. 9x6in., xvi.+452 pp. London, 1898. Constable. 12s.

Literature

Edited by H. D. Traill.

Published by The Times.

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CANADIAN COPYRIGHT.

The appearance of our Canadian letter suggests a topic which our correspondent does not directly raise: that great question, to wit, of Canadian Copyright, which seems destined to be threshed out in the course of 1899. According to the *Author*—a journal which should be well-informed on such a subject—the Canadian legislature proposes to deal with the matter in the autumn. On the other hand, a "special correspondent" of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who has all the air of speaking of what he knows, announces that Mr. Fitzpatrick, the Canadian Solicitor-General, will introduce a Canadian Copyright Bill "next session"; so that English and Canadian authors will do well to be prepared to defend their interests, so far as these may be menaced by the Bill, at short notice and at any moment.

To a certain extent, of course, discussion is hampered by the fact that the proposed measure is not yet before the country, and the details of the provisions which it is intended to embrace have not yet been made known.

The general tendency, however, of the Canadian attitude towards copyright has already received ample and frequent illustration, and that attitude may be summed up in a sentence—The Canadians, whether in their agitations or their legislative proposals, have never been acting primarily in the interest of authors; their concern, at first, was for the interest of Canadian readers; their present concern is for the interest of Canadian printers and publishers. In the interest of the former they procured the passing of the Foreign Reprints Act of 1847—a measure which permitted pirated American copies of the works of British authors to be imported into Canada on payment of a Customs duty of 12½ per cent., to be collected for the authors' benefit. In consequence of that Act, Canada was, for a long period, flooded with cheap American reprints; while the Canadian Government collected the duties so ineffectually that, in the ten years ending in 1876, the British authors divided among them the sum of £1,084 13s. 3½d. Later Canadian legislative effort has mainly been directed to putting work in the way of Canadian printers. Copyright in Canada became by the Act of 1875 conditional on printing in Canada. Canadian judges, however, held that its provisions did not over-ride the Imperial Act of 1842, on which our copyright system rests, and it was only important in so far as it checked the importation of the pirated reprints. Fourteen years later came the famous Act of 1889. Under this Act, if an author did not secure copyright in Canada, the Minister for Agriculture (of all people in the world) might grant licences, conditional on the payment to the author of a 10 per cent. royalty, for the publication of his works in the Dominion; but (and here is the point) the author was left to collect the royalty for himself. This is the Act which the Imperial Government refused to sanction. Feeling ran high in Canada over the refusal, but the matter was dropped for a time owing to the death of Sir John Thompson and the defeat of his Government. Now it is being revived; and though Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Bill may differ in detail from Sir John Thompson's, there is every reason to apprehend that, in principle, it will be identical with it.

The situation thus created is a serious one for authors, especially in view of certain possible—and, indeed, almost inevitable—consequences. Such a measure as Sir John Thompson carried and Sir Wilfrid Laurier is understood to be intending to propose could hardly fail to compromise many of the international understandings on the subject of copyright into which the Imperial Government has entered. At the Berne Conference we spoke, as we were entitled to speak, for our colonies as well as ourselves. If one colony be released from the obligations which were there contracted, all the other colonies would be entitled to the same exemption if they wanted it; and, though the Berne Convention

provides for the possible withdrawal of the colonies, it would hardly be regarded by the other signatories as a friendly act if we did so withdraw them. It would certainly cause heart-burnings and arouse resentment. There are even those who believe that it would prove to be the beginning of the end of international recognition of the rights of literary property. Our Copyright Treaty with the United States would even more certainly be seriously compromised. At present a United States author can obtain protection in Canada by printing in Great Britain, or in any part of the British Dominions. To deprive him of his rights in Canada unless he also printed there would be to give him a genuine grievance, and it would probably provoke retaliatory measures against both Canadian and British authors. In fact there is good evidence that it would do so. Shortly after the passing of the unratified Canadian Act, Mr. Blaine wrote to Sir Julian Pauncefote complaining of the conduct of the Canadian Government, and hinting at the possibility of the "abandonment or essential qualification" of the United States Act by which the Copyright Treaty with Great Britain is confirmed.

The real nature, meaning, and motive of the proposed Canadian legislation on copyright now become clear. While ostensibly formulating conditions under which authors may acquire copyright in Canada, the Canadians are really preparing a plan for annexing the copyrights of as many authors as possible. They desire to encourage their printing industry; and they hope to do this by providing the printers with a portion of the raw material of their craft at the expense of the authors of all nations. Morally, of course, a Canadian printer is no more entitled to the gratuitous services of foreign authors than to the gratuitous services of foreign compositors, bookbinders, and proof-readers, an obvious fact to which the Government appears curiously blind. Hardly less regrettable are the causes of the agitation to which so many leading Canadian statesmen—often, we believe, against their better judgment—have thought it advisable to yield. The trouble, it is well known, arises because the men who propose to profit by the annexation of literary property are also the proprietors of the great Canadian newspapers, which influence electoral opinion. They can imperil the seats of politicians who oppose their views, and they have of course opportunities which the other side have not of pressing their views on the Canadian public. They talk loudly of Imperial dictation, and of their right to self government, and even go so far as to raise the patriotic cry of Canada for the Canadians. The unsophisticated Canadian voters do not perceive that the cry is only being used as a cloak to cover the demand that other people's property shall be handed over to Canadian printers. We can only hope that some Canadian statesman will have the courage to expose the sophism before the conflict with the Imperial Government, which is otherwise inevitable, ensues.

By the announcement that Sir Spencer Walpole is about to retire from the position of Secretary to the Post

Office, one is once more reminded how many notable men of letters have earned at St. Martin's-le-Grand the oatmeal upon which to cultivate literature comfortably. Most of them have followed the lighter branches of the craft. Anthony Trollope and Edmund Yates in the past, and Mr. A. B. Walkley and Mr. W. W. Jacobs in the present, are names that readily suggest themselves. Sir Spencer Walpole, almost alone among Post Office authors, has represented the literary calling on its more serious side. He is the author of one big history and of two considerable biographies—those of Lord John Russell and of his grandfather, Spencer Perceval—and he has also contributed manuals on subjects relating to practical modern politics to the English Citizen Series. We trust his retirement will give him abundant leisure for those literary labours which always seem so tempting to the man of letters who is still fettered by the claims of official routine.

Mr. Swinburne has given us another utterance about an Elizabethan poet in some lines of magnificent power and intensity on Tourneur's "Revenger's Tragedy," which appeared on Monday in the eleventh "birthday number" of the *Star*. He makes it the occasion for a lurid picture of a world which could produce such loathsome crimes as those which Tourneur introduced into his one great play. Here, as in his literary judgment on the play itself, Mr. Swinburne abandons sobriety of thought in the true spirit of some of the Elizabethans whom he admires. This is hardly to look at the Middle Age "steadily and see it whole"—

So, when dark faith in faith's dark ages heard
Falsehood, and drank the poison of the Word,
Two shades misshapen came to monstrous birth,
A father fiend in heaven, a thrall on earth.

Those who read Mr. A. B. Walkley's clever little notes to Mr. Swinburne's poem—still more those select few who happen to have read the play itself—will be rather at a loss to follow Mr. Swinburne in his indiscriminating eulogy of a playwright who (to quote Mr. Thomas Seacombe in the Dictionary of National Biography) "luxuriates in hideous forms of vice to an extent which almost suggests moral aberration." Neither Mr. Swinburne nor Mr. Walkley, by the way, can, we think, have noticed this article in the fifty-seventh volume of the Dictionary of National Biography, which has only just been published. The Calendar of State papers has brought to light a good deal about Cyril Tourneur, and he can no longer be spoken of as "unknown," though his parentage is still in some doubt.

This "Prologue to the Revenger's Tragedy," by the way, is only one feature of a very interesting issue of the *Star*—a paper which has really done an immense deal towards the enlightenment of the masses in matters literary, artistic, and dramatic. M. Zola has found relief from his troubles by contributing an interesting little story called "Angéline," "written in exile." M. Le Gallienne sends a picturesque poem on the Thames in a kind of irregular hexameter metre, which he handles effectively. M. Verestchagin contributes to a number largely devoted to the subject of peace an outline portrait of Napoleon, with the remark—very suggestive to those who will now be looking at this artist's pictures of war—"There's a peace-maker for you!" There is also a letter from Mr. G. F. Watts; a number of shorter poems, including a pretty lyric by Mr. J. S. Fletcher, "To an Ancient Tavern Sign"; and some very interesting messages from American editors,

written in the "our-kin-beyond-the-sea" spirit, and numerous capital pictures. But we are not sure that we do not most appreciate the ballad in imitation, not of Kipling, but of Kiplingites, with its refrain extolling "the verberant verb to Kipple." Here is the last verse:—

We have traded the oldest trade of all, the oldest art we have
sung;
We have perched Lalun on the City Wall and 'ung the pictures
of Ung.
And we fuzzy-wuzzed till the niggers buzzed through the square
we made our boast,
We were beat in fleeing, but our fleet in being has carried the
morning post.
We have dammed the Ganges with Hooghli dams, and driven the
drifts sky-high
Where the wolverine worries the warrigal and the wallaby
wallows by.
We have rooked the rookie and ranked the ranker and balla'd
the Bolivar,
We have bunked the bunker and anked the anchor, and lo! we
have berthed a star!

At the "Dictionary Evening" of the Philological Society held a few days ago Dr. Murray had one or two interesting things to say about his great work, the last two published volumes of which again illustrate that extraordinary evenness of excellence which marks its successive instalments. The almost simultaneous appearance of a new volume—the third during the year, we think—of the Dictionary of National Biography remind us of two characteristics these two works have in common. The features we refer to have nothing to do with their literary character, or the general excellence of results produced, and yet they redound very greatly to the credit of English scholarship. One is the business-like method and punctuality, and the other is the immense amount of voluntary work (or, at any rate, work in which remuneration is not considered to be "of the essence of the contract") which marks both undertakings.

As to the industry and despatch bestowed on the New English Dictionary, Dr. Murray made a calculation which showed that it was being produced at the rate of two and a half hours per column, "that allowance of time including all work, from the original research to the printing." This, however, is surely rather a bold estimate, for it can hardly include the time spent by Dr. Murray's correspondents who send him references for quotation. To estimate the time they take would be a more formidable work than the compilation of the Dictionary itself. The average must have been pulled down considerably by the twelve years during which the original MS. for "Pa" and "Pe" was lost. Its eventual discovery seems to be a marvel of research as great as any that Dr. Murray has yet achieved. For it was found at last—a remnant of it at least—"in a stable in County Cavan."

One curious phrase of etymology was touched on in Dr. Murray's speech—viz., the class of words which seem to have no derivation, in the proper sense, at all. Many words cropped up in Elizabethan times of which no account whatever can be given, and no doubt their origin was in some cases purely capricious. The word "dude" appeared quite suddenly in America, and in a very few weeks the philologists were on its track, but the most rigorous inquiry failed to fasten the guilt of it on any one. No doubt a subtle kind of onomatopoeia accounts for many such words: no one could doubt the meaning of to "galumph," invented by that well-known word-coiner, Lewis Carroll. But most of these fancy words belong to slang—thieves' "argot" is full of them. Another mint from which they

might be turned out is to be found in the strange compounds, which can seldom have an ancestry, to be found among telegraph code words, or in the telephone directory. There is also Mr. Arthur Roberts; and in a future age no doubt the philologist who has not realized that words may be purely capricious will find in the Latin "spondere," "to pledge," an obvious etymology for "spondulicks." Anyhow, philologists might well devote a little more attention to spontaneous generation as a factor in etymology.

Reviews.

Democracy and Liberty. By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. A New Edition. Two Vols. 7½ x 5 in., lxxiii. + 508 + 601 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 12/-

The issue of a "Cabinet Edition" of Mr. Lecky's "Democracy and Liberty" has afforded the author an opportunity of prefacing the volumes with an Introduction of so interesting, and, indeed, so unusual a character, as to require a fuller notice than we are accustomed to take of such additions to an already published work. It runs to no fewer than fifty-six pages, and exactly two-thirds of it consists of an elaborate study of the character, career, and policy of Mr. Gladstone. With that career and policy—and, indeed, with the character so far as it is used by the author to explain the deceased statesman's political conduct—we are, of course, precluded from dealing critically in these pages; but Mr. Lecky's portrait of the man and the orator is so vivid, it is presented with so much of his well-known brilliancy of style, and it constitutes, in short, so notable a contribution to current literature, that a literary journal would not be justified in passing it over with brief and casual remark.

The appreciation of the Gladstonian oratory from the point of view of its matter is of course the easiest portion of a critic's work. So patent, indeed, to all men were both its strength and weakness, that Mr. Lecky in his comparison and contrast of the speeches of Mr. Gladstone with those of Burke could hardly hope to escape the trite. "Both of the two orators," is his true but of course familiar observation,

Carried into political questions a passion seldom found among statesmen, and also a range and versatility of knowledge that far surpassed that of their contemporaries, but Gladstone was incomparably superior to Burke in the power of moving great masses of men, dominating in Parliamentary debate, catching the tone and feeling of every audience he addressed, and carrying an immediate issue. On the other hand, the texture of his intellect was commonplace. The subtleties and ingenuities of distinction in which he was inexhaustibly fertile were nearly always the mere subtleties of debate. His long and involved sentences and the extreme redundancy of his language scarcely impaired the effect of his speeches when they were set off by his clear, musical, and powerful voice, and by his admirable skill in enunciation and emphasis, but to the reader they will often appear intolerably verbose.

Of course the real gist of the matter, and with it the true secret of Mr. Gladstone's success, is to be found in those parts of the description which concern the unrivalled physical gifts of the orator. Oratory, in fact, considered as a practical, and distinguished from an æsthetic art—oratory regarded purely as an instrument of immediate persuasion—will always depend, to the extent of some four-fifths of its efficiency, on physical qualities, its moral and intellectual elements being represented in the proportion of about one-tenth each. When, indeed, it is oratory addressed to "the masses," as all Mr. Gladstone's temporarily effective efforts were, a rigorous investigation

of it would be found to yield something like the following analytical report:—"Personal magnetism of the orator—a combination of vocal, facial, gestural, and emotional appeals to the senses of his audience, 95 per cent.; moral earnestness, or the semblance of it, 5 per cent.; reason—a trace." We do not pledge ourselves to the exact applicability of this analysis to all Mr. Gladstone's greatest popular performances; in some of them the second and third ingredients may have been present in somewhat higher proportions, but what we do say is that any given speech of his—say in Mid Lothian in 1879—would have been equally effective if its composition had been precisely as above stated. Of the external characteristics of the great orator Mr. Lecky has made a curiously minute study, and he gives its results with an occasionally refreshing bluntness. No one, as he truly says, could stand before a good portrait of Gladstone without feeling that "he was in the presence of an extraordinary man."

Yet the greatest painter could only represent one of the many moods of that ever changing and most expressive countenance. Few men have had so many faces, and the wonderful play of his features contributed very largely to the effectiveness of his speaking. It was a countenance eminently fitted to express enthusiasm, pathos, profound melancholy, commanding power, and lofty disdain; there were moments when it could take an expression of intense cunning, and it often darkened into a scowl of passionate anger. In repose it did not seem to me to be good. With its tightly-compressed lips, and fierce, abstracted gaze, it seemed to express not only extreme determination, but also great vindictiveness—a quality, indeed, by no means wanting in his nature, though it was, I think, more frequently directed against classes than individuals. He had a wonderful eye—a bird-of-prey eye—fierce, luminous, and restless. "When he differed from you," a great friend and admirer of his once said to me, "there were moments when he would give you a glance as if he would stab you to the heart."

And, in illustration of these ocular peculiarities of his, Mr. Lecky cites the following somewhat comic anecdote related to him by the late Sir Edgar Boehm:—

He told me that he was once present when an altercation between him and a Scotch professor took place, and that the latter started up from the table to make an angry reply when he suddenly stopped as if paralyzed or fascinated by the glance of Gladstone, and Boehm noticed that the pupil of Gladstone's eye was visibly dilating, and the eyelid round the whole circle of the eye drawing back as may be seen in a bird of prey.

This peculiar property in Mr. Gladstone's eye can hardly, perhaps, have been of much use to him in addressing large popular audiences, but there is no doubt that, for all hearers who were near enough to see the play of his features, that expressive mobility of countenance which Mr. Lecky describes did much to enhance the effect of his wonderful voice. But even all these explanations of Mr. Gladstone's persuasive power still leave a considerable margin to the unexplained; and this, in our opinion, may best be filled up by the suggestion that what most critics treat as a defect of his oratory—as of course it is, æsthetically considered—its extreme verbosity, was, from the practical point of view, a main factor in its success. Those who have watched the effect upon large mixed audiences of the combination of vocal and elocutionary charm with an inexhaustible fluency of speech will readily appreciate this. A speaker with a powerful and melodious voice, who never hums and ha's, never pauses for a word, never leaves a sentence unfinished, but flows on unbrokenly and perpetually like the river before the eyes of Horace's rustic—in *omne volubilis ævum*—begins, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour or so, to exercise a sort of hypnotic influence over the mass of his hearers, who end by yielding to his persuasions an assent which they believe to be intellectual, but which is in large measure a

response to a purely sensuous appeal. Perhaps the most fluent and fascinating orator of our time, with the exception of Mr. Gladstone, was the late Sir Alexander Cockburn; and whenever he tried a cause which deeply interested him—and most causes did—it was quite common to witness the complete hypnotization of a jury by one of those brilliant pieces of forensic advocacy which the Lord Chief Justice imagined, and indeed quite honestly intended, to be a judicial summing-up of the evidence in the case.

Of the criticisms bestowed by distinguished contemporaries upon Mr. Gladstone's oratory and general intellectual characteristics, Mr. Lecky gives some interesting specimens. Some of these—like Mr. Forster's "The right honourable gentleman can persuade most men of most things: he can persuade himself of anything"—are perhaps a little too familiar for quotation. But others—such as Mr. Bright's "When I speak I sail from promontory to promontory; when Gladstone speaks he sails all round the country and occasionally goes up a navigable river and down again"—are both newer and excellent. The following also have no little merit of their own:—

"His intellect," said his old friend Dean Lake, "can persuade his conscience of anything." "His conscience," predicted another friend in his early youth, "is so tender that he will never go straight." . . . A witty prelate is credited with the saying that, though Gladstone never failed to follow his conscience, it was sometimes as the man who is driving a gig follows his horse.

But why has Mr. Lecky so grievously mishandled another famous *mot* by quoting Lowell as having noticed Mr. Gladstone's "wonderful power of improvising convictions"?

Life-long convictions to extemporize

was the actual phrase, the second line of a rhymed epigrammatic couplet, of which, by omitting the adjective, and the admirable oxymoron of its inconsistency with "extemporize," Mr. Lecky has gone far to blunt the point. The absence of the sense of humour in Mr. Gladstone's composition his critic, of course, notices. It is true that "the light touch, the love of good-natured, well-bred banter in which Disraeli excelled were not among his many gifts." But Mr. Lecky does well to recall the fact that—

Sometimes, however, in his lighter speeches, and often in his conversation, he would relate reminiscences of his early years, and he would do this with an inimitable charm and without the slightest tinge of egotism.

Not a few of these *causeries*—for such they were—were drawn from Mr. Gladstone at "question time" by a casual interrogatory in the House of Commons; and it is with the agreeable recollection of them still fresh in our minds that we would take leave of this able, if somewhat relentless, study.

Memoir and Correspondence of Susan Ferrier, 1782-1854. Ed. by John A. Doyle, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. 9×5½ in., 349 pp. London, 1898. **Murray. 18/-**

The Life and Letters of Miss Ferrier will be found both interesting and amusing by all who are well acquainted with her novels, and by a large circle of readers besides; though some, perhaps, may be of opinion that the criticisms contributed by Mr. Doyle are the most valuable portions of the book. The Letters, says he, throw light not only on the merits, but also on the deficiencies, of Miss Ferrier's work. "There, as in the novels, we see two distinct elements never able to assimilate. We see the comic Miss Ferrier, an observant, caustic satirist, just stopping short of cynicism, a boisterous humourist, delighting in extravagant incident and mock heroics. We see the moral Miss

Ferrier paying an honest but thoroughly conventional tribute to sentiment, treating it as her serious mission to exemplify obvious moral truths, and so buying the right to gratify an unregenerate and somewhat reprehensible love of mirth in her readers." The contrast is often visible in her stories, especially in "Inheritance" and "Destiny." Writing to her friend, Miss Clavering, in July, 1809, she says, "It is high time all *good ladies* and *grateful little girls* should be returned to their gilt boards." Yet only a few weeks afterwards she tells the same friend that, "as the only good purpose of a book is to inculcate morality and convey some lesson of instruction as well as delight, she does not see that what is called a good moral can be dispensed with in a work of fiction." She certainly has plenty of good ladies and grateful little girls in her own novels, and so has Miss Austen in hers. But the two elements, the comic and the serious, are not blended together in Miss Ferrier's writings as they are in "Pride and Prejudice" and "Mansfield Park." We take them separately, like taking one's brandy and water in alternate sips instead of mixing them together. It is the same with the Letters; we pass backwards and forwards from rollicking fun and broad jests to pious reflections and high moral lessons, with little or nothing between the two except, of course, when the Letter consists of simple narrative. These two incongruous elements running along side of each other detract nothing from the interest of a letter, but do impair the merit of a story; and they must certainly be ranked as one of the causes which prevented either "Destiny" or "Inheritance" from achieving any wide spread and permanent popularity. Scotch readers will always admire them for the Scotch characters or rather caricatures contained in them. But we doubt whether they are widely read in England at the present day.

Miss Ferrier's moralizing is combined with a total absence of squeamishness in regard to certain topics which the young ladies of a later generation would have treated with more reserve; and in this respect her Letters bear some resemblance to those which were written by the lively maids of honour and other sprightly damsels of the eighteenth century. Several of them, we must own, which bear marks of this peculiar freedom, are so composed that we can only guess at what they mean. But we need not be much at a loss, if we may judge by the contents of others which are sufficiently outspoken. The Letters have little value as specimens of the epistolary style, but they are full of entertaining notices of both events and persons—George the Fourth's visit to Edinburgh and the great reform riots being among the former, and Blackwood, Wilson, Mackenzie, Sir Walter Scott, Monk Lewis, and Curran among the latter. Blackwood was the publisher of "Marriage," which, when first thought of, was meant to be the joint work of Miss Ferrier and Miss Clavering, a granddaughter of the Duke of Argyll. It ended, after nine years' incubation, by appearing as Miss Ferrier's; all but one passage in the early part of the book—the History of Mrs. Douglas—which was contributed by Miss Clavering, and adjudged to be a failure. Blackwood gave £150 for the copyright of the first edition, and Mr. Doyle is hardly accurate in his reference to Mrs. Oliphant's remarks on the transaction. She says nothing of its being peculiarly liberal or enterprising. She only thinks it "a very reasonable price." And so do we. By "Inheritance," for which Blackwood gave a thousand, he seems to have been a loser. The book was a commercial failure. "Destiny" went to Cadell, but whether he made his fortune by it or not we do not know.

Bentley eventually became the purchaser of all three copyrights in 1841.

The admiration showered on Miss Ferrier's three novels by the literary society of Edinburgh at that date is well-known, and, as we are not now reviewing them, we are not called on to dissect it. Mackintosh, Jeffrey, Lord Murray, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, Miss Joanna Baillie, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, and above all Sir Walter Scott, are all contributaries to the stream of panegyric, and the reader who wishes to see the reasons they gave for it must consult the volume itself. At page 230 will be found an excellent piece of criticism by Mr. Doyle, in which he compares the four lady novelists who were practically contemporaries, Miss Burney, Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth and Miss Ferrier, and decides on their respective merits. He awards the palm to Jane Austen, and ranks Miss Ferrier with Miss Burney, between whom and the authoress of "Emma" Lord Macaulay has drawn a comparison in the essay on Madame D'Arbly with which the judgment of Mr. Doyle is in perfect accordance. The Letters, as well as the novels, show the same affinity; and it is a pity that Sir Walter Scott did not discriminate more carefully between the special merits of the several "women" whom he singles out for such distinguished eulogy, instead of leaving one to suppose that he thought them all upon a level.

A CULTURED VAGABOND.

Mogreb-el-acksa. A Journey in Morocco. By **R. B. Cunningham Graham.** With a Portrait and Map. 9×6in., 323 pp. London, 1898. **Heinemann. 9/-**

Mr. Cunningham Graham is the knight-errant of modern travel. He rides forth to explore undiscovered countries and seek for new adventures, careless of fame or gold, but simply for the joy of the open road and the stars that are over his head. As he tells us in the preface to his last volume—a preface addressed to wayfaring men with whom he claims kith and kin wherever their path may be laid—he has no great moral purpose, no theory of Empire, of the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race, of the spread of the Christian faith, of trade extension, or of *Hinterlands*.

Mr. Graham has roved in many lands and among strangely different people. He is as familiar with the Gauchos of the pampas as with the Arabs of the desert, and makes himself as much at home in the steerage of an American liner as in the hotels of the Rue de Rivoli. Like all good travellers, he has the knack of adapting himself to his *entourage* and of winning the confidence of all sorts and conditions of men, and is just as happy eating figs with a party of simple fakirs on a stony beach in the heart of the Atlas, as he would be discussing social questions with his friends at a club in Pall-mall. But he has a distinct preference for primitive races and tribesmen, to whom "the thing we call progress in Europe" is as yet unknown. And yet, for all the scorn which he pours upon modern institutions, from the Stock Exchange to the bowler hat, Mr. Graham is himself, we take leave to remind him, the outcome of the very newest and most recent civilization. If, on the one hand, his inborn love of romance and his literary instinct recall Sir Walter Raleigh and the heroes of Elizabethan days, there is, on the other, a strong element of Rudyard Kipling and Stevenson in his composition. His vigorous and racy language, his love of paradox, his very discontent with things as they are, all strike us as essentially modern. This explains why we sometimes hear his style described as clever journalism. But most critics will agree with us that it is journalism of a very rare and cultivated order. Few living writers are so deeply versed in the literature of all lands and ages. The very names of the authors whom he quotes are unknown to most of us; the forgotten romances of Spanish

writers and the madrigals of old English poets are as familiar to him as the novels of Tolstoi and Maupassant or the story of Highland Jock. It is this fine literary taste and wide knowledge which lend a charm to all that Mr. Graham writes, and make his latest work such pleasant reading. To speak frankly, it is a book not to be criticized but enjoyed, and no one who takes the volume up will find it easy to lay it down without reading it from cover to cover.

This time the Empire of Morocco, or, as the Arabs call it, Mogreb-el-acksa, the land of the Far West, was the scene of Mr. Graham's wanderings, and Tarudant, the capital of the almost unknown southern province of Sus, the goal of his efforts. A flourishing city in the sixteenth century, famous for the beauty of its gardens and the wealth of its copper mines, Tarudant was in those days often visited by French and English merchants at the time of the annual fair, but during the last hundred years or more, the fierce nature of the Arab tribes and their hostility to Christians have rendered the place practically inaccessible. The last Englishman who tried to get there, a merchant who had long lived in Morocco, spoke Arabic fluently, and travelled with a party of Moors in Moorish clothes, was recognized as a Christian on the day of his arrival, and had to escape by night, under the protection of the Governor's soldiers, from the armed mob who were piling up faggots round his house with the intention of burning him alive. This happened some thirty years ago, when Sir Joseph Hooker and Mr. Ball undertook a botanical expedition in the Atlas, or, as the Berbers said, came at the Sultana of England's bidding to seek a plant that would make her live for ever. Nothing daunted by these perils, Mr. Graham shaved his head, donned fez and turban, assumed the character of a Moorish doctor, and accompanied by a Syrian interpreter and two Arabs, set out on his ride of two hundred miles through the passes of the Atlas. After trying two different routes in vain and being turned back by the Sheikh who held the pass at the moment, the travellers reached Amsmiz safely and were in the act of climbing the last steep ridge that divided them from Sus, expecting at every moment to catch their first sight of the mosques of Tarudant, when they were arrested by an armed band sent out by the Caid of Kintafi and brought back to his castle amid shouts of "Christians! sons of dogs!" Here, in the courtyard of the Kabash, an enormous mud-built castle on the heights above the river N'fiss, they were detained for twelve days, enjoying what the Caid's chamberlain was pleased to call his Excellency's hospitality, living chiefly on couscousou, or Berber porridge, and in utter uncertainty as to their fate. At length the captives succeeded in obtaining an interview with the Caid, who discussed polygamy and monogamy, "always an interesting subject to Orientals," inquired curiously about English customs, and when he heard that Mr. Graham had been a member of our Great Council, was anxious to know if he had been dismissed for displeasing the Viziers, or if, like himself, he had grown tired of the cares of State. After this visit to Court, the prisoners found a decided improvement in their condition. They were better housed and fed, a roast sheep was sent them by the Caid, and the whole population of Kintafi flocked to the door of their tent, where Mr. Graham dispensed his drugs and cured coughs and rheumatism with a prescription made doubly efficacious by the simple faith of his patients. But still the situation remained unchanged, and for all we know the travellers might be prisoners still in this remote region if they had not succeeded in sending letters to Morocco city by a moufflon-hunter who gladly agreed to run the hundred miles.

Late one evening an Arab rekass reached the castle of Kintafi with letters from the Sultan, and the next morning the chamberlain came to inform the prisoners that it was his Excellency's pleasure they should start on their journey. After a last unavailing effort to obtain a pass to Tarudant, Mr. Graham reluctantly turned northwards and rode across rough mountain paths to Morocco city and thence back to his starting-point, the Palm-house at Mogador. But although foiled in his enterprise, Mr. Graham's journey was not in vain. He made good use of his opportunities among the wild and simple folk with whom he

lived, and his book is full of entertaining stories of Berber life, and contains much valuable information respecting "the noble Shillah race," whom, however, unlike Sir Joseph Hooker and Mr. Walter Harris, Mr. Graham regards as distinctly inferior to their Arab conquerors. His descriptions, both of persons and places, are singularly vivid and picturesque. With the simplest means he often produces an ineffaceable impression. Such, for instance, is his description of Morocco city, with the tall mosques rising above the forest of palms, and the gigantic pile of the Sultan's palace, towering like a desert-built Gibraltar over the sea-like surface of the steppes, where long trains of camels, mules, and men on foot crawl like streams of ants. And such, too, is his picture of Sidi Beckr, the Arab camel-driver, who by dint of toil and cunning has become the wealthiest man in Morocco, and who displayed his treasures of gold and silver before his guest with pardonable pride, and then broke off with a pathetic exclamation, "What avails it that I am so rich when my favourite son died of smallpox three weeks ago, and I have no one to whom to leave my wealth?" Very characteristic, too, of the writer's genius, is the passage with which he ends these brilliant pages, a passage which at once reveals the genuine poetry of his nature and the attitude which he assumes towards past and present :—

As we led our jaded animals down the abrupt descent, a Berber shepherd standing on a knoll was playing on his pipe. He stopped occasionally and burst into a strange, wild song, quavering and fitful. . . I checked my horse, and sitting sideways for an instant, tried to catch the rhythm, but failed. But though I could not catch that which I aimed at, I still had pleasure in that song, for as he sang the noise of trains and omnibuses faded away; the smoky towns grew fainter; the rush, the hurry, and the incredible nothingness of modern life sank out of sight, and in its place I saw again the valley of the N'fiss, the giant Kabash with its four truncated towers, the Caid, his wounded horse, the Persian, and the strange, entrancing, half feudal, half Arcadian life, which to have seen but for a fortnight consoled me for my failure, and will remain with me a constant vision, seen in the mind, of course, as ghosts are seen, but ever fresh.

RUSSIAN TRAGIC DRAMA.

The Storm. By Ostrovsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. 8 x 5½ in., x. + 120 pp. London. Duckworth. 3/6

Russian is probably the best dramatic language yet discovered. From six words you may tell a man's birth, education, habits, character, and point of view. Its excellence puts it beyond the reach of translation. Mrs. Garnett surpasses the last generation of translators from the Russian because her version is in the main not incorrect—notwithstanding two or three serious errors—but it so little conveys the implications of the original that it is practically useless as an introduction to Ostrovsky. The even current of slang in the translation, while obliterating all the superficial distinctions of character, necessarily fails to represent the nervous vernacular of the original: the vulgarness of the original is the robust vulgarness of surviving antiquity; Mrs. Garnett's is a debilitated vulgarness of the new growth. The old-fashioned commonness of the terrible mother's diction in the play is greatly misrepresented by such a rendering as "My, what a stuck-up thing she is! Here she is in a huff directly!" It is, no doubt, his "untranslatableability" that has prevented Ostrovsky from becoming known abroad. This version of Mrs. Garnett's is the first attempt at making him known to the English; and of all his fifty plays only "The Storm" has been translated into French and German. MM. Pavlovsky and Méténier's version may be safely recommended; moreover, speaking quite generally, the inevitable asperities of a translation are less shocking when veiled in the obscurity of a foreign idiom.

Ostrovsky is one of the most characteristic products of that brilliant period of Russia's awakening between 1830 and 1876, which produced also Gogol, Turgenief, Tolstoi, Dostoieffski, and Gonczarow. Born in the commercial class, he devoted most

of his life to the study of his environment, and put upon the stage picture after picture of that "realm of darkness," with its superstitions, its ignorance, its Juggernaut traditions of manners and morals, with its lifelong tyrannies and its daily tragedies. The bullying father; the ignorant, respectable, merciless mother; the crafty, submissive son; and, victim of all, the warm-hearted, defenceless girl—these are the commonest figures in Ostrovsky's middle-class plays. "The Storm" is the most vivid of the series.

Katerina, passionate, weak, and charming, married to characterless Kabanow, lives in her mother-in-law's house, stifled by tradition. Instinct and opportunity lead her to the embraces of a lover. Remorse follows close on the heels of happiness; and the jeremiads of a crazy woman, coupled with a thunderstorm, are enough to bring her to open confession of her sin. Her lover is forced to depart; she escapes from domestic imprisonment, and ends her sorrows in the Volga. The neighbours find her body, and the mother-in-law, forbidding her son to weep over it, departs justified. It is the triumph of useless "social needs" over "the strength of youth."

Ever since the Song of Sorrow sprang up and blossomed in the wilderness of Russian medieval literature, the keynote of Russian invention has been the triumph of Sorrow: Man and God are handed together to fight against an overmastering *ἀνάγκη*. Sometimes it is the power of winter, of famine, of government; in Ostrovsky it is the inevitable evil of human relations. "The Storm" is a picture of fate, as embodied in the reactions of character. Katerina is a study in "original virtue" brought to nought by education and environment. It is not tragedy as we know it in the traditions of the classical school; it is the sadness of life itself, reduced to dramatic dimensions. It bears the same relation to tragedy as the modern pathetic does to the old-fashioned sentimental, for the vigour of it springs from the admixture of the commonplace.

Ostrovsky is a master of the grotesque. The woman who terrifies Katerina into confession by her talk of hell-fire is no bell-mouthed Cassandra, but a little mad old lady, followed by two tall footmen in cocked hats. A touch like this adds a poignancy far beyond the reach of academic tragedy.

LITHOGRAPHY.

Lithography and Lithographers. By Joseph and E. Robins Pennell. 14½ × 10½ in., xlii. + 279 pp. London, 1898. Unwin. £3/13/6

Larger and more expensive than that first edition of "Etching and Etchers," of Philip Hamerton, which is still read and valued by the students of a greater art than Lithography, the volume which Mr. Pennell and the frequent companion of his labours have brought out this winter is not the first of what may be called authoritative writings on the subject it is designed to treat of. The matter has been discussed in book form by a French writer whose national privilege it is to possess an amenity and urbanity of style and thought in which Mr. Pennell is occasionally lacking, while his knowledge may not be found at fault; and in England more than one writer of accepted reputation has summed up in reviews and magazines some of the more characteristic achievements of the lithographic process. Still there was room for a volume which should discuss with deliberation and without prejudice, for purely English readers, the claims of Lithography, and serve as the record of its performances up to the present time. Unfortunately the judicial temper is wanting to Mr. Pennell and his comrade. We have accordingly, in the volume before us, strenuous, if we may not say impassioned, advocacy; and it is urged upon us that, unless we bestir ourselves quickly to collect the lithographs of the last generation and the last generation but one, the opportunity will be gone, save under penalty of acquiring them with something, it is implied, approaching the outlay or the difficulty involved in the acquisition of a favourite mezzotint, or of an etching that has long been the envy of the connoisseur. All this is beyond the mark. The distinction between the splendid arts of mezzotint and of

engraving in aqua fortis on the one hand, and the serviceable craft of lithography upon the other, is radical and permanent, and so far from the time coming when the real connoisseurs of artistic things will dispute with each other, *à prix d'or*, the possession of the French lithographs of the days of Louis Philippe and our own Samuel Prouts, what is really likely to happen is that when the present little "boom" has subsided, lithographs will return—even in the estimation of the less severely equipped dispensers of criticism—to their own humble place. Lithography, we hope, will still be practised, even if there should be no Mr. Pennell energetically to advance its claims. It is too valuable an adjunct of the artist to deserve to be discontinued; it is a process by which his drawing may be, as it were, multiplied in almost indefinite numbers and at an unimportant expense. It is an autographic method which has every claim on our sympathy, but about which there is not any occasion for becoming excited; since, unlike etching and mezzotint, and, it may be added, line-engraving, and possibly wood-engraving, it gives us nothing fresh. It is, that is to say, practically without quality of its own; the unique drawing has all and more than all the charm of the design mechanically reproduced by the hundred, whereas an etching of Rembrandt's, Vandyke's, or Claude's is a creation of art which could have been achieved in no other medium. Similarly, in no other medium is to be found the large, rich beauty of mezzotint. Line-engraving too—the revival of which is so keenly to be desired by the well-equipped student—has a character of its own, an interest and an individuality which we should in vain seek for elsewhere.

Mr. Pennell and his comrade then—sympathetic enthusiasts, who tell us they have written their book for the very curious reason that they found its subject "amusing"—bring to the appraisal of the method which their ready entertainment has ended by making them extol, not exactly the balanced and learned, and not, as far as we can see, the finely instinctive, judgment which are together the foundations of the critical faculty. And though they are intelligent, we cannot say that they are particularly systematic historians, or "tasters." From the field of lithography in the past they have chosen to bring away far too much. A great proportion of the pieces they have reproduced have no other interest than such a simple and inadequate one as lies in the fact that the originals happen to be lithographs instead of something else. The technical is of no account unless it is applied to good ends, and though we are grateful to the makers of this volume for bringing before us something of M. Fantin Latour, of Mr. Legros, Mr. Whistler, and Mr. C. H. Shannon, as well as for having included within the covers of their tome certain good things of the Past, we should have more easily believed in their deep appreciation of the excellent had they banished the ungainly and the mediocre. One or two of the original lithographs which they have secured would be worth having—always at a certain modest price, however—and the book, whose undue bulk we have felt it our duty to indicate, is printed in good taste.

MIND versus MATTER.

Sursum Corda. A Defence of Idealism. 7×4½ in., 212 pp. London, 1898. Macmillan. 3/6

The anonymous author of this thoughtful and ably-written little volume has unintentionally supplied a curiously apt commentary on the letter which we publish this week from Mr. Herbert Spencer. That distinguished philosopher concludes with the remark that "the charge of materialism" is a weapon "which, however often knocked out of the hand of an assailant, is presently picked up by another and used again." And here in his most important chapter—that in which, after discussing the Claims of Materialism, he essays to point out "A More Excellent Way"—we find the author of "Sursum Corda" brandishing the arm in question, no doubt in perfect good faith, and using it against Mr. Spencer with hearty good

will. Much of his criticism of the misuse of the word "anthropocentric," as disparagingly applied by materialists to the philosophical systems of their opponents, is well put and to the point. "Anthropocentricity," as the author justly insists, and on the whole acutely argues, is an unavoidable characteristic of every positive scheme of human philosophy; his unperceived fallacy lies in his attempt to apply this proposition to the agnostic's strictly negative and sceptical analysis of such positive schemes. Thus, for instance, Mr. Spencer is fully justified in describing the main thesis of Mr. Balfour in his "Foundations of Belief" as anthropocentric; since it is unanswerably true that "in the absence of the" essentially anthropocentric "assumption that things have been arranged for man's benefit there seems no reason to expect the order of the universe to be one which provides for man's mental needs and aspirations." Mr. Spencer's critic, on the other hand, is not warranted in imputing the error of anthropocentricity to this contention of his; and in the argument by which he supports that imputation—the argument, that is to say, that the validity of Mr. Spencer's criticism depends, equally with Mr. Balfour's philosophy, on its satisfying the mental needs and aspirations of those to whom it is addressed—he is, of course quite unconsciously, playing with words.

Surely the difference between the two forms of appeal is obvious. Mr. Balfour says in effect: "I invite you to accept this theory of life because certain human instincts, impulses, and yearnings (which cannot have come into existence without some object) will obtain fuller satisfaction from its acceptance than from its rejection." It is easy to comprehend and difficult to challenge the criticism that this argument places man at the centre of creation by assuming that the world could not have been constructed save with a view to providing for the satisfaction of the instincts, impulses, and yearnings aforesaid. Mr. Spencer, on the other hand, says: "I invite you, on the strength of certain reasonings addressed solely to your intellectual faculties, and in no respect to the emotional part of you—to your instincts, impulses, yearnings, or what not—to regard the theory in question as unproven." Surely such an appeal as this is no more anthropocentric than a proposition in Euclid. No doubt it has to satisfy our "mental need" of assuring ourselves that the conclusion follows from the premisses; but to assume that man is the centre of the creation is no more a condition precedent to our assent to Mr. Spencer's reasoning than it is to our acceptance of the geometrical truth that the three angles of a triangle are together equal to two right angles. Nor does the writer deal any more effectively with the positive side of Mr. Spencer's teaching, and in particular with his main position that it is not the surrounding world which has been arranged to fit the physical nature of man, but that conversely the physical nature of man has been moulded to fit the surrounding world. Where, in fact, the author of "Sursum Corda" comes to close quarters with the rival philosophy and attempts to establish his own we become conscious of his limitations. His book is valuable, not for what it proves, but for what it suggests.

HELLENIC RESEARCH.

The Annual of the British School at Athens.
No. III. Session 1896-97. 10½ x 7½ in., 254 pp. London, 1898.
Macmillan. 10/6

After two issues, in which various experiments were made, the *Annual* now assumes what will probably be its final form. It consists almost entirely of papers written by members of the British School at Athens, or those who have been in some way connected with it. Until three years ago, the school had no periodical of its own. Members used mostly to publish their papers in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, and, indeed, they almost monopolized more than one number of that journal. But this was felt to be not quite satisfactory. There was really not room in the Hellenic Journal for many studies that were worth printing; and, besides, it was hoped that a separate volume, which might

contain matter of more general interest than the Hellenic Journal, would do something to spread an interest in Greek studies over a wider area.

This number contains a great variety, and something to suit all tastes. We have accounts by several hands of the excavations and explorations in Melos lately carried on by the School; articles on architectural detail, on epigraphy, on certain sculptured reliefs, on some bronze statuettes, on mosaic pavements, a good deal about pottery, the Crucifixion on a Greek gem, Macedonian folk-customs, and a review. Most of this will have a permanent value, because it records and describes discoveries. For the rest, we should be indeed surprised if any serious mistake had escaped so careful an editor as Dr. Cecil Smith. We doubt, however, whether he was well advised in including a "review" of Jannaris' "Greek Grammar," even by so high an authority as Prof. Mahaffy. This paper touches lightly on two or three questions dealt with in the "Grammar," but can hardly be called a review of it. Prof. Mahaffy, we note, professes himself converted to the belief that the Greek accent was stress, not pitch. Whatever be the difficulties against pitch, they are as nothing to those against stress. Prof. Mahaffy must have heard a passage of Sophocles or Homer read in the modern Greek fashion with the stress accent; and if he does not recognize that this mode of reading makes ancient poetry an outrage on the ear, there is no arguing with him. We all know that the Greeks as a nation are mad on this point, and we are more amused than surprised to find Mr. Jannaris calling ancient verse, and the spelling of ancient inscriptions, something wholly artificial; but we marvel at Prof. Mahaffy.

There are a number of interesting matters dealt with in this volume, of which one or two may be mentioned. The importance of bronze statuettes in the history of art, and their relation to famous statues, is well brought out in Miss Hutton's article; and the editor, in his first article, has some interesting remarks on bronze technique. Those who are inclined to smile at the importance attached to ugly pots will find here set forth in a clear manner some of the things that pottery can teach. Who would expect to find evidence on a bare pot for ancient textile industries? Yet here are two which have been made on curious rush mats, and bear the impressions so distinct that warp and woof can be clearly seen. Mr. Rodeck's article on the Ionic capital gives another proof of the infinite delicacy of the Greek artist. Those who are inquisitive about folk-customs will find some new material in Miss Triantaphyllides' paper on Macedonia. We hope she will follow this up with others, and not forget to collect some of the rich store of poems and stories which will soon be quite forgotten. But of all this interesting miscellany we think the palm should be given to the editor's paper "On a New Copy of the Athena Parthenos." Although this statuette has lost its head, it is of fine workmanship, and the drapery appears to have been copied with great care from the original. Dr. Smith has also been fortunate enough (or rather acute enough) to make another discovery. He was led to the conclusion that the scene depicted inside the goddess's shield was not carved but painted; and it occurred to him to examine the Strangford shield in the British Museum. There, sure enough, he found that the inside had been painted, and he promises a reproduction of this painting (what is left of it) at an early date. It is astonishing that this piece of evidence was not discovered before; but we all know how often obvious things are not looked at. Mr. Yorke found a piece of the Nike Apteros frieze lying about amid chipped fragments on the Acropolis. The volume is illustrated by fifteen plates and plans, most of them clear and good.

We hope that this *Annual* will quicken the interest of Englishmen in the British School at Athens. The school has now been in existence twelve years, during which time it has done excellent work, not only in excavation, but in helping students by lectures or guidance in their researches. It has been the centre of English archaeological study in Greece, and has been useful to many an English traveller who had no connexion with it. All its work has been done against great difficulties, not

least of which was a lack of money. The German and French Schools have large Government grants, and their incomes (besides special grants) are £2,400 and £3,120 respectively. The British School had, until 1897, no grant whatever from the richest Government in the world. In 1897 Lord Rosebery, at the instance (it is believed) of Sir W. Harcourt, made the school a grant of £500 a year for five years; and we hope this will never be cut off. The subscriptions are less than £900 a year. Lately a Students' Hostel has been built, mainly by the liberality of two gentlemen, which cannot fail to be of great use to younger students. We hope that in calling attention to the merits and needs of the school we shall not have spoken in vain.

RUSKINIANA.

Ruskin : Rossetti : Pre-Raphaelitism. (Letters and Papers.) Edited by **William Michael Rossetti**. With Twelve Illustrations. 7½ × 5¼ in., xxi. + 327 pp. 1898.

Allen. 10/6

The title of this book is a misnomer. "Some Ruskin Letters to Rossetti; with Others" would better define this strange collection of relevant and irrelevant material—or, rather, that portion of it which has any real interest or significance. Too much of the book consists of unimportant notes and reminiscences, some of which, unfortunately, are also unwelcome as well as unimportant. At the very least a third of the matter might go without loss. The point at issue is not whether the unworthy as well as the worthy side of a famous man should be revealed, but that evidence of any such real or apparent unworthiness should not be printed except in a narrative where a just equipoise of relative and actual truth may be maintained. We cannot endorse the opinion of the writer in one of the great dailies that Rossetti's character is definitely besmirched by these "revelations." He had grave faults, as we all have; and some annoying idiosyncrasies, as most of us have; but a sense of humour on the part of some austere critics would not only extenuate his delinquencies but obviate unfair prejudices and accusations.

With one exception, the really vital and significant interest of the book is in the letters—in some of them rather—of Mr. Ruskin. The exception is afforded by the one letter and the several poems of Elizabeth Siddal, that remarkable woman whose strange personality is slowly becoming partially revealed to those to whom she has been only a vague name. The day will come when this book will have a value for the myth-maker or the myth-destroyer, and unquestionably the future biographer of Ruskin will have to consider these letters of his with special heed. The notable twenty-fifth letter (Ruskin to Rossetti; April (?) 1855)—with its "Now you know the best and worst of me; and you may rely upon it, it is the truth"—cannot be overlooked. If in this letter there is a generous phrase on the part of the great critic about Rossetti—"it seems to me that among all the painters I know, you on the whole have the greatest genius"—it is still more welcome to find that Rossetti himself could write as follows of a younger man, a disciple, and, even then, already spoken of as a rival (letter to Professor Norton, January 9, 1862):—

"A name perhaps new to you—but destined to be unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, in fame by any name of this generation—is Edward Burne Jones. He is a painter still younger than most of us by a good deal, and who has not yet exhibited, except at some private places; but I cannot convey to you in words any idea of the exquisite beauty of all he does. To me no art I know is so utterly delightful, except that of the best Venetians."

The revelation of character in Mr. Ruskin's letters will afford surprise to many of his readers. We are reluctant to see letters such as these published during the writer's lifetime, but they must certainly be accepted as valuable documents. If they show what a true and helpful friend Mr. Ruskin was to Rossetti, and to Rossetti and his wife, they reveal also that his friendship was a rose set with more or less obtrusive thorns. But many

unwelcome touches are redeemed, not only by the ceaseless kindness of heart displayed, but by passages such as this, where Mr. Ruskin alludes to Mrs. Rossetti by the pet name of Ida:—

"I looked over all [your] sketches at Chatham-place yesterday. I think Ida should be very happy to see how much more beautifully, perfectly, and tenderly you draw when you are drawing *her* than when you draw anybody else. She cures you of all your worst faults when you only look at her."

With this excerpt, which does honour to the writer, to the misunderstood woman of whom he writes, and to the great painter, we may take leave of a book which, with all in it that is disappointing and superfluous, is frequently of great interest and significance.

The volume itself is very handsomely "got up," with eleven admirable reproductions of pictures by Rossetti, including the little-known and beautiful "Salutatio Beatricis: in Eden," and (what should be welcome to hundreds who know it only by repute) a photo-print of the "Burd Helen" of W. L. Windus.

OMAR KHAYYAM.

The "plain man," confronted with the swelling literature of the Omar Khayyam "cult," its versions, translations, "selections, notes, biographies, bibliographies, and other material," may be judged leniently if he once more perverts the often misapplied line, "*Persicos odi, puer, apparatus*," especially as he has some excuse of relevance in the "*rosa quo locorum Sera moretur*." "Bury me," said Omar, "where the north wind shall strew roses over my grave." Mr. Heron-Allen's select bibliography of the subject includes ninety-seven items. Mr. Nathan Dole's approximately complete bibliography covers 150 closely-printed pages, and we have not dared to count the distinct entries. A second edition has also appeared of Mr. John Leslie Garner's translation—a beautiful little volume from the Chiswick Press (*THE STANZAS OF OMAR KHAYYAM*, Bell, 3s. 6d. n.). Mr. Garner aims at translation, not paraphrase, and he attains a remarkable union of fidelity to the original with admirably finished numbers. His new edition adds a few more quatrains, bringing the number up to 154, and shows a good many minor changes, generally for the better; it is free, moreover, from what Mr. Dole describes as the "rather erratic and whimsical capitalization of the original issue." Mr. Garner's version is a selection; he thinks that "Omar's themes are not many, and the ever-recurring wine, rose, and nightingale are cloying to Occidental senses." We do not know that Omar's themes are more limited than the majority of poets', and they have the advantage (like Browning's) of being open to sundry interpretations. No two students read the Tentmaker in the same way; each is apt to find his own philosophy in Omar's quatrains. Tennyson, it is true, calls him, not quite approvingly, "that large infidel, Your Omar"; others find in him the true expression of Sufi mysticism; or else he is "the mouthpiece of a purely modern pessimism," or "a transcendental agnostic and an ornamental pessimist" without the full courage of his opinions. There is also a good deal to be said for the obvious literal interpretation of Omar's wine, woman, and song, and Mr. Heron-Allen brings an apt parallel in Herrick's

But before that Day comes
Still I be Bousing;
For I know, in the Tombs,
There's no carousing.

This obvious philosophy is stale enough, however, and it is natural to seek a less banal meaning. It is partly the uncertainty of interpretation, the room for reading one's own thoughts in Omar, that accounts for his extraordinary popularity. Modern agnosticism claims him as a comrade, and his despair and revolt are in tune with our own, with Musset's, age:—

Les plus désespérés sont les chants les plus beaux,
Et j'en sais d'immortels qui sont de purs sanglots.

Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole's "Multi-variorum edition" (*RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYAM*, English, French, German, Italian, and Danish translations comparatively arranged in

accordance with FitzGerald's version, with notes, bibliography, &c., two volumes, Macmillan, 24s. n.), which is absolutely indispensable to all devotees of the "Omar cult," appeared at Boston in 1895, but, although the present edition contains bibliographical additions up to 1898, we have been unable to find in its bibliography or on its title-page any reference to an earlier edition. Though the notes are over-elaborate and there is too much pother about trifles, Mr. Dole's volumes form a "Bibliotheca Khayyamiana" which must rejoice the heart of every worshipper, and excite the interest and curiosity of even the uninitiated. The summaries of numerous critical articles, such as Mr. H. G. Keene's, with selections from many scattered translations, form a really useful feature. The illustrations to the second volume by Mr. Gilbert James are well known to readers of the *Sketch*, but their reproduction here was a happy inspiration. Even in Elihu Vedder's country their wonderful harmony with the spirit of the Persian poet will be conceded; they really are illustrations—they illuminate the verse. The photogravures from Mr. Garrett's pictures which appear in the first volume are, of course, not Persian at all, but they have their own merits of a more conventional order. There are also some good portraits of FitzGerald and other translators.

Mr. Edward Heron-Allen's second edition (*THE RUBA'İYAT OF OMAR KHAYYĀM*: a facsimile of the MS. in the Bodleian Library, translated and edited, Nichols, 10s. 6d. n.) is, like Mr. Dole's, exquisitely got up in white and gold, with borders and ornaments by Miss Ella Hallward. Indeed, no one would now think of bringing out an Omar Khayyam that was not "dainty"—the fear of the Club is before their eyes. It was not so when Mr. Quaritch—himself an Omarite—brought out FitzGerald's simple editions in plain brown Roxburgh covers without a smack of Eastern adornment. But Mr. Heron-Allen's book, except in point of artistic form, is the very opposite of Mr. Dole's. Instead of a "multi-variorum" text, it is a text and translation of one manuscript—the famous Ouseley manuscript in the Bodleian, which Cowell copied for FitzGerald forty-two years ago, and on which his first edition mainly rests. Mr. Heron-Allen gives the MS. in photographic facsimile, as well as set type; he has also collated other MSS. and texts, and given the various readings, together with many notes on FitzGerald's interpretation of individual quatrains and on other poetic parallels. "At some future time," says Mr. Heron-Allen, "I propose to print an edition of FitzGerald's quatrains, giving the original, or inspiration, of every quatrain, if not of every individual line."

We must say we hope he will abandon this project. It is obvious that FitzGerald took the ideas of Omar and transposed and rearranged them as his genius suggested. To trace out the particular Persian line that may have inspired each thought in FitzGerald's version seems rather a fruitless labour. What would really be worth doing, and might perhaps be done by Persian scholars like Mr. Heron-Allen and Mr. Denison Ross, who helped to revise this edition, is to subject the Persian texts to a critical examination in order to ascertain, if possible, how many of the Rubáiyát (varying in number in the different MSS. from less than one hundred to eight hundred) may reasonably be ascribed to Omar himself and how many are later interpolations. This would be better worth the efforts of Persian scholars than further trituration of the well-worn theme of FitzGerald's relations to his original. We only hope the mere suggestion may not bring upon us sentence of excommunication from the more rigid apostles of the "cult." After all, one can scarcely have too much of "old Fitz," or, for that matter, of the only Eastern poet—we do not except Hafiz—who has attained a "European reputation." It is odd that this same poet should be known in the East principally on account of his astronomical lore and—of all things in the world—a reform of the calendar! What had the calendar to say to him who wrote, as Mr. Garner has it—

Life's caravan unheeded glides away,
And barren hopes alone remain,—but nay,—
Fear not the pain the future has in store,
But drink,—upon us steals the twilight gray.

One more reissue of the FitzGerald Rubáiyát comes from Messrs. Macmillan (12s. 6d. n.), *THE RUBA'İYAT OF OMAR KHAYYĀM*, provided with lavish ornament in black and white by Mr. W. B. Macdougall. The edition is admirably printed and tastefully bound. Among the heavy double-page border-designs in white line on black ground there are a few pages of real beauty—such as the peacock design—but there are some distressing examples of conventional design, such as that which meanders in all directions across the double-page at the end of the book. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's paraphrase from several literal translations of Omar is republished, in a new format, in an edition of only 1,000 copies (Grant Richards, 3s. n.). The quatrains are excellently printed by Constable in a volume looking rather like a delicate edition of the Common Prayer-book. Mr. Le Gallienne's paraphrases, and those original numbers which he holds are in Omar's manner "explicit expressions of philosophy implicit in his verses," have been fully criticized in many fashions, but any collection of verse containing such lines as—

Nor yet shall fail the efficacious vine:
Wash me as white as silver in old wine,
And for my coffin fragrant timbers take
Of tendrilled wood . . .

will be welcome to those who love the obvious spirit of Omar.

SERMONS.

University Sermons. Preached before the University of Glasgow, 1873-1898. By John Caird, D.D., LL.D., late Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Glasgow. 8½ x 5½ in., viii. + 402 pp. Glasgow, 1898. MacLehose. 6/-

This posthumous volume, brought out by the present Master of Balliol, will entitle his brother to be remembered as one of the most remarkable preachers of a period which has given us much good homiletical work. Characterized not only by their great literary merit, but also by their originality, their intellectual breadth, their vigour, fulness, and accuracy of thought, they will be read with interest by many to whom sermons as a rule do not appeal. In their theological teaching they stand apart in more than one respect from the more ordinary type of doctrinal exposition—e.g., Professor Caird's treatment of such religious ideas as "the New Birth, or the Imputation of Righteousness" will scarcely be accepted as adequate by philosophical students of Christianity, while his views on moral development are open—at any rate in the form in which they come from his pen—to serious question. But the worth of the book is independent of the isolated views which find expression in it; and no one can fail to be impressed by the sincerity of thought, by the appreciation of contemporary perplexities, by the unshaken faith, by the beauty of sentiment, by the moral fervour which are apparent on almost every page, as well as by that great command of language, of which the following extract from the sermon on "Things New and Old" will give some idea:—

It is no false sentimentality which makes us feel that there are things which have gained a glory and sacredness simply by age. The grey old tower or keep, standing lone and grim on moor or mountain-side where for centuries it has stood; the ancestral home from whose walls the faces and forms of bygone generations—warriors, statesmen, courtiers, and divines—look down on the living inheritors of their name and fame; the ancient minster or abbey to whose original architectural grace and nobleness decay has added a tender, pathetic beauty that is all its own—the love that clings to these things, though it never thinks of justifying itself, is no irrational or indefensible emotion. It might plead on its own behalf that even mute and material things are ennobled when they bring up before us the vanished ages, and awaken in us the thought of those who, though they have long passed away and their very existence is but the shadow of a name, are yet linked to us by the tie of a common nature—of those joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, which once for them were as real and absorbing as our own. It might urge too that, apart from their own use or beauty, there is that in these monuments of antiquity which gives material embodiment to the lesson of permanence amidst change, to the thought that there are things which the ever-flowing stream of time cannot wear away, and that there is a

side of our being on which we, the children of a day, are yet related to that which is invisible and eternal.

This is, in a word, a noble volume, and it should receive from all religious men a warmth of welcome which has been accorded but to very few selections of sermons published during the century.

THE REV. H. HENSLEY HENSON. It will be evident to all readers of Mr. Henson's very striking work on *APOSTOLIC CHRISTIANITY* (Methuen, 6s.) that, for once at least, an attempt has been made to approach the Christian origins in a fair and scientific spirit. And it is not to be wondered at that such attempts are rarely successful, when we consider the difficulties in the way. In the first place, the sixteenth century has got between us and the light. When we try to form an idea of Christianity in its first age we find ourselves asking: "How does this fact agree with the teaching of the Council of Trent?" or "How can we reconcile that doctrine with Anglican usage?" Secondly, the nature of the original documents themselves renders a scientific investigation of early Christianity very difficult. The difficulty is indicated in the sub-title of Mr. Henson's book—"notes and inferences mainly based on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians." The faith had been delivered by word of mouth; the Epistle is after all merely a letter of advice, instruction, and reproof on special points which had arisen after St. Paul's departure. In no case can the argument from silence, the "omission is prohibition" rule be applied to the apostolic letters. On the one hand, the Epistles leave no doubt on the essential and central doctrine of Christianity; but, on the other hand, the information they supply as to the institution and constitution of the Christian Church is accidental and fragmentary. Thus Mr. Henson, in the chapter on the Holy Communion, says very well:—

We must not look for detailed and thorough teaching about the Holy Eucharist in the Epistles before us.

St. Paul deals with practical matters, which were urgent, which were causing scandal, which threatened worse scandal. In so far as the Holy Sacrament was concerned in the disorders the Apostle deals with it, but no further.

The general trend of this useful and thoughtful book is in support of the Jewish origin of the organization of the Christian Church. The author is especially informing on the peculiar question of the *χαρισματα*, or extraordinary graces, though we imagine that his treatment of the account in the Acts of the original Gift of Tongues will be pronounced at least "temerarious" by some theologians.

DR. HORTON. Mr. Henson sees in St. Paul's remarks to the Corinthians on the Eucharist, confessedly imperfect as they are, a clear enunciation of the Real Presence; Dr. Horton, the able author of *THE COMMANDMENTS OF JESUS* (Isbister, 6s.), finds in those famous words no approach to or hint at such a doctrine. This is how he reads the letter of the apostolic teaching:—

Assuming that by faith you have come to the Lamb of God that takes away the sins of the world, and that by His precious blood you have been cleansed from sin and pardoned; assuming that you are living by faith in the Son of God who loved you and gave Himself for you; . . . assuming too that you are in a society of believing persons, who walk in the light; . . . then you shall meet at stated times and celebrate this outward rite as the symbol and the witness of that interior life; and the memorial of these inestimable facts shall in its turn aid that inner life.

As evidence of the minor importance of the Sacrament in the early Church, Dr. Horton states that the Gospel of St. John, the intimate disciple, contains no account of the founding of the Lord's Supper. But neither does St. John give any account of the birth of Jesus, and Dr. Horton would hardly wish to press the force of this omission. St. John's purpose, in fact, was not so much to relate facts as to declare the interior doctrine; he does not describe the Nativity, he says: "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us"; he does not describe the institution of the Eucharist, but gives the teaching: "Whoso eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day." If Christianity had in some manner been overwhelmed in the first century, only to be discovered, a spiritual Herculeanum, in the nineteenth, Dr. Horton's reading would be certainly admissible. But Mr. Henson's is as fair a comment on the documents as Dr. Horton's; and he introduces the additional support of an appeal to history. If this is admitted as a canon of interpretation, it would be difficult to find a hint in the Fathers or in the liturgies that anything approaching the Zwinglian doctrine had ever existed in the Church.

THE REV. J. B. JOHNSON. The historical method we have just alluded to leaves, of course, quite untouched the larger issue of true or false, reasonable or unreasonable. It is difficult, no doubt, to know what the Greeks thought on the subject of the mysteries; it is much more difficult to find out how far the mysteries corresponded with the eternal facts of humanity and life. Mr. J. B. Johnson, author of *THE CHURCH AND THE SACRAMENTS* (Skeffington, 5s.), deals with these larger topics and serves not only religion, but the higher philosophy. His position is thus stated under the heading "Rationale of Sacraments":—

The curiously unreasonable theory that man could be saved by a process that was entirely spiritual contradicts not only the nature of man himself, who is combined of flesh and spirit, but makes of none effect the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, in Whom the Divine and Human Natures are forever united.

He teaches that the whole universe is sacramental, "an outward and visible sign" of an inward power and of that infinite Energy from which it proceeds. We hope, by the way, that if Mr. Johnson's book reaches a second edition he will correct the bad misprint on page 126, where, instead of "Mr. St. George Mivart," we read "Mr. George Mirvin."

MR. STOPFORD BROOKE. Dr. Horton, as we have seen, stops short of the legitimate conclusion to which his arguments would lead him; he disallows any supernatural or magical virtue in the Sacraments, but he admits the great miracle of the God-head of Christ. But in *THE GOSPEL OF JOY* (Isbister, 6s.) Mr. Stopford Brooke carries the negation of miracle to its legitimate and logical issues:—

When the Christian Church [he says] long after the death of its Master looked back upon His life, and on all that since His departure had happened to fill the hearts of His followers with heavenly joy and hope, they made, or rather there grew up among them, in order to express their deep emotion, the poetic story with which the birth of Jesus was celebrated.

Out of the hearts of the poor who flocked into the doors of the Church of Christ and found peace and pleasure of heart in the love of Jesus flowed the wonderful beauty of this ancient poem.

Mr. Stopford Brooke's sermons show all his well-known rhetorical power. In glancing over his utterances, and those of other schools of religious thought, one must be thankful, perhaps, that men are not consistently logical; that the upholders of the doctrine of the Real Presence will certainly not answer to the requirements of a strictly rationalist logic; that Dr. Horton, who rejects the miracle of the Real Presence, clings to the Miraculous Birth; that Mr. Stopford Brooke, who rejects the Miraculous Birth, believes in God and in the angels; that many an agnostic cherishes a trembling faith in his heart; that often the professed pessimist illustrates in his life the doctrine that charity shall never fail.

CANON WINTERBOTHAM. In the old school of commentary the maxim seems to have been that nothing must pass without comment, and the parables and miracles were treated as elaborate puzzles, each minutest part being highly significant. Often the results were picturesque, but they were not infrequently absurd, and we incline to think that Canon Winterbotham has taken a wiser course in his interesting book, *THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN* (Methuen, 3s. 6d.). His view is that the parables, especially those which refer to the mysteries of "the Kingdom," each enforce some special point, and when we have seized this point we are to neglect all else as mere dramatic ornament. Thus, in his treatment of the parable of the ten virgins, the author emphatically denies that the conduct of the "wise" virgins was meant to be an example to Christians, save in one particular:—

Our Lord has evidently no intention whatever of blaming [any more than of praising] them. They only behaved as the ordinary run of people would behave under such circumstances.

They are not Christians, and they do not stand for Christians except in one specific and very limited aspect. They are just part of a story from common human life as seen in the East—like the unrighteous steward or the unjust judge.

They are not moral, in fine, any more than the unjust judge was; but a moral is to be deduced from their story—namely, that as they had a reserve of oil, so the Christian should endeavour to accumulate a reserve of spiritual strength.

DR. BUTLER. Those who have listened to Dr. Butler in the Chapel of Trinity, Cambridge, will be glad of the opportunity of possessing his collected sermons, issued under the title of *BELIEF IN CHRIST AND OTHER SERMONS* (Cambridge, Macmillan and

Bowes, 5s. n.). We may quote one passage—in which he seems to interpret more truly the word “tribulation” than does Canon Winterbotham, who thinks it applies only to those who have undergone martyrdom. Dr. Butler thus speaks in his eloquent sermon on the text, “He that overcometh shall inherit all things”—

There are those [he says] who still are coming out of “the great tribulation.” When they are at their weakest, the hardest tasks are set them, and they accept them without a murmur. Burthens are laid on them which, far from bringing human honour, can only humiliate. They take them, and bear them, despising the shame. Ridicule, calumny, injustice, perplexity, darkness, doubt, all these things sometimes are against them, and at this coldest and darkest hour the Spirit of God makes His voice heard in their hearts, prompting them to some fresh sacrifice and some unexpected venture of faith.

CANON HAMMOND. The vicar of St. Austell, who has had the happy idea of writing *THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE BIBLE* (Skeffington, two vols., 10s.), dwells in his preface on the very great leakage of “young people” from the Church, and, indeed, from all religious communities. He puts forward the theory, which is no doubt a just one, that in the great majority of instances children are wearied by the services which they are forced to attend, and form an early resolution to discontinue their “assistance” at public worship at the earliest possible date. Canon Hammond thinks that long sermons, wholly unsuitable to the childish mind, are among the most important causes of the leakage, and he offers these two volumes of short addresses, delivered by him in his church, as a contribution towards the lessening of the evil. All the sermons are commendably short; all are simple, direct, and fitted, not only for the actual “infantes,” but for the grown-up children who must make so large a part of every congregation.

THE REV. G. WINGFIELD HUNT. We know the Tennysonian dictum as to “honest doubt” and cordially agree with it, but there is a species of doubt by no means honest, and Mr. Wingfield Hunt addresses himself to this variety with much force in *THE CATHOLIC GOSPEL* (Skeffington, 5s. n.). Here is an apt anecdote related by him:—

A story is told [he says] of a British officer in India, who, having been living an unchaste life, went to the chaplain to argue about religion with him. “Religion,” said he, “is all very well, but you must admit there are difficulties—about the miracles, for instance.” The chaplain, knowing his man, looked him straight in the face and thus made answer—“Yes, there are some things, I’ll admit, in the Bible that are not very plain, but the seventh commandment is very plain.”

It reminds one of the cobbler (cited, we believe, by Swift) who heard that the learned were not altogether in accord on certain points of textual criticism. “If that’s so,” said the cobbler, who had rapidly constructed an elaborate sorites, “I may get drunk as often as I like, and beat my wife as hard as I please.”

DR. CLIFFORD. It has been the hope of many, and not only of members of the English Church, that one day the *Ecclesia Anglicana* will assume the interpreter’s office and reconcile together the parted members of the great Church Catholic. The difficulties are tremendous; the conditions laid down by the Roman Church, for instance, are at present hopeless obstacles, and undiscriminating Protestantism is almost as *intransigent* as the Roman Curia itself. The prospects of a great reunion are not of the brightest, and yet one cannot help finding something of good omen in the generous appreciation of Canon Liddon contained in Dr. Clifford’s interesting *TYPICAL CHRISTIAN LEADERS* (H. Marshall, 3s. 6d.). Dr. Clifford, indeed, has “not a moment’s doubt” that much of Canon Liddon’s teaching “would have been repudiated . . . with indignant energy by the Apostle Paul as forming ‘another gospel’ essentially opposed to the spirit and teaching of the Founder of Christianity”; and yet he went gladly to St. Paul’s to hear the canon’s sermons, and insists on their extraordinary power and value.

DEAN GOULBURN. The *SERMONS ON ST. JOHN BAPTIST* (S.P.C.K., 1s. 6d.) display, of course, the Dean of Norwich’s power of exposition and personal devotion. We note one interesting passage on the use of tradition, to the principles of which, we need hardly say, the Dean does not consistently adhere in other passages:—

Do we not often . . . pay a higher regard to the interpreters and the interpretation than to the pure word of God? Is there not a constant tendency in all parties to love the gloss somewhat more than the text? To eschew the simple, heavenly manna of scriptural truth, . . . and to crave for the stronger flavour given to it by a Patristic interpretation, or a Calvinistic interpretation, or a rationalistic interpretation?

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

The “Bibelots” deserve a hearty welcome, if only the selection of books to form the series be judiciously made by Mr. J. Potter Briscoe, the editor. They are books for the pocket—their width is under three inches—but we have seldom seen any handy reprint so clearly printed, on such excellent paper, and so well fitted to stand rough wear. The first Bibelot contains *Selections from COLERIDGE’S TABLE-TALK* (2s. 6d.). The publishers are Messrs. Gay and Bird.

Mr. Fisher Unwin publishes a very dainty edition of George Herbert’s *COUNTRY PARSON* (3s. 6d.), edited by the Rev. H. C. Beeching. The book now has more interest for the layman and less for the country parson than when it was first written, for the former has learnt to love George Herbert, and the latter will hardly nowadays accept in all things the advice of the Rector of Bemerton. He will hardly, for instance, choose his wife for her skill in poulting, and, as Mr. Beeching in an excellent introduction says, “There is probably only one living preacher”—we hope this is not Mr. Beeching himself—“who needs the advice about not exceeding his hour.” Nor will the cleric of to-day agree that “the country parson’s library is a holy life.” But the parson of to-day stands on a much higher level of culture and breeding than he did in Herbert’s day—a fact which, as Mr. Beeching points out, explains the excessive humility with which Herbert, a man of high connexions, elaborately clothes himself when he determines to take Holy Orders.

CÆLICA, by Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, is the latest addition to the series of “Elizabethan Sonnet Cycles” (Kegan Paul, 5s. net), edited by Martha Foote Crow. The introduction, which is agreeably written, proposes an explanation not only of the poet’s poetry, but also of his celibacy. It is suggested that “among all the sighing knights that surrounded the much-flattered and whimsical Queen,” Fulke Greville alone was in love with her. The fact that Queen Elizabeth was fifty-five years old when Fulke Greville came to Court is duly noted by Miss Crow, who does not see in it any reason why the poet should not have remained single for her sake. The literary criticism with which the introduction terminates is brief and luminous, and leads up to the conclusion that “in its subject-matter ‘Cælica’ comes nearer to Shakespeare’s philosophical grasp than does the attempt of any other Elizabethan sonneteer.”

The series of “Temple Classics” (Dent), which we noticed at length some little time ago, is continued with *CHILDE HAROLD*, *SARTOR RESARTUS*, *THE SONGS OF ROBERT BURNS*, *Browning’s PARACELUS*, *Keats’ ENDYMION AND THE LONGER POEMS*, and *MAHABHARATA* (1s. 6d. each). The latter calls for most remark. Ancient India has two great epics—its *Iliad* and its *Odyssey*—which offer a most curious parallel to the two great epics of Ancient Greece. “Mahabharata,” the epic of the Bharata nation, is the history of a great war. “Remayana” recounts the wanderings of an expatriated hero. More than this, “Mahabharata,” which tells of a war which took place some fourteen centuries before Christ, has for its keynote the rivalry between two god-born chiefs, just as Homer’s Epic has for its keynote the rivalry between Achilles and Hector. Like the poems of Homer, “Mahabharata,” to quote Mr. Romesh Dutt, the present editor and translator, “is an encyclopedia of the life and knowledge of Ancient India”:—

It discloses to us an ancient and forgotten world, and proves a noble civilization which has passed away. Northern India was then parcelled among warlike races living side by side under their warlike Kings, speaking the same language, performing the same religious rites and ceremonies, rejoicing in a common literature, rivalling each other in their schools of philosophy and learning as in the arts of peace and civilization, and forming a confederation of Hindu nations unknown to and unknowing the outside world.

How far the Homeric books represent complete original poems is a subject of debate; it is certain that “Mahabharata” has

expanded enormously by accretions gained during the centuries up to a period far on in the Christian era. New nations, new exploits and battles, new legal codes, new creeds, new traditions found expression within the elastic limits of the national epic, which has grown into a poem almost seven times the size of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* put together. We need hardly say that it is not presented to us entire in this neat little volume. The plan adopted has been to take the main incidents which form the story and to translate these only, linking them together with short notes. In the books, however, which actually describe the fighting, and which are very prolix, the editor has ventured on condensation "severe and thorough" rather than simple translation. Thus, on the whole, we have an epic of ninety thousand Sanskrit couplets presented to us in about two thousand English couplets. A complete translation in English prose does exist, but we quite agree with Mr. Romesh Dutt that, for general reading, a verse translation is much more likely to convey something approaching the true impression of the original. Mr. Romesh Dutt is not quite first in the field, for Sir Edwin Arnold's fine translation of the concluding books of the epic is well known, and one episode in it was translated into verse by Dean Milman. Mr. Dutt, who has a wide reputation as an Indian historian and novelist, has proved a very capable translator, and has produced for Mr. I. Gollancz, who is the general editor of the Temple Classics, one of the most interesting of that useful series, and given an opportunity to Englishmen to learn something, in a cheap and handy volume, of a poem which still forms a part of the lives of the two hundred millions of their fellow-subjects in India, and is still studied and revered by every class of Hindu from the highest to the lowest. We are glad to see that Messrs. Dent are also bringing out a large illustrated edition, with photogravures, of Mr. Romesh Dutt's verse translation of the *Mahabharata*.

The latest of the "Oxford Poets" is an American poet—John Greenleaf Whittier—whose complete poetical works are now issued from the Clarendon Press in three separate *formats*. There is the ordinary octavo edition, for everyday use at 3s. 6d.; there is an octavo edition on Oxford India paper at 8s.; and there is a miniature edition also on Oxford India paper, in four handy volumes enclosed in a protecting case. Than the last one cannot imagine a more graceful gift-book for a cultivated Quaker. The edition is a reprint of the Cambridge edition published by Messrs. Houghton and Mifflin, of Boston, in 1894, and is the first complete edition to appear on this side of the Atlantic. It includes the verses of Whittier's later years, which were first privately printed and then gathered into the small volume called "At Sundown." Mr. W. Garrett Horder, in a brief introduction, draws attention to the purity of the poet's motives, which, he considers, constitutes his best title to an enduring place in Anglo-Saxon literature.

The recent sensational excursion of Mr. Henry Savage Landor naturally awakens interest in the adventures of the few previous explorers who have succeeded in reaching Lhasa. In the course of the present century only two European parties have managed to get there; that of Manning, whose few and fragmentary notes were reprinted, with an introduction by Sir Clements Markham, in 1876, and that of the French missionaries Huc and Gabet, described by Huc, whose narrative, translated into English by Hazlitt, has long been out of print. A welcome is due, therefore, to the new edition of this translation of Huc's *TRAVELS IN TARTARY, THIBET, AND CHINA* (Chicago Open Court Publishing Company, and London: Kegan Paul, 10s.). The editor's sardonic remark that the Jesuit travellers did not "use the powers of hypnotism in their dealings with the Lamas, and while being subjected to outrageous tortures," is an unkind reference to the troubles of a recent explorer.

From Messrs. Constable we have received the four volumes of their new edition of Fielding, containing *THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES*. It should be noted that the advertised introduction by Mr. Edmund Gosse is an introduction to the series as a whole.

The volumes before us only contain the actual text of the masterpiece, together with reproductions of Hoppner's portrait of Sophia Western and three Cruikshank illustrations. The edition is limited to 750 copies, and the price is 30s. net. The first volume of *AMELIA* in the same series, with a Cruikshank frontispiece, has also appeared.

Lover's "Handy Andy," which we noticed the other day, is now followed in the same series by that writer's masterpiece, *RORY O'MORE* (6s.), with a good introduction by Mr. O. J. O'Donoghue. So far as print is concerned, we confess it is a relief to turn to this volume, published by Messrs. Constable, from the Fieldings just mentioned, which come from the same house. These books of Lover's seem to us to reach almost an ideal for a library edition, so far as type and *format* are concerned, and are in the best traditions of this publishing house. The Fieldings are in a thick, black type so large that, although the page is considerably wider and longer than that of the *Lovers*, it contains about nine lines of print less. The result is that it conveys an appearance of heavy pomposity which seems—so easily is the mind affected by the senses—to deprive the story of some of its literary grace.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton issue new illustrated editions of Mr. J. M. Barrie's *AULD LIGHT IDYLLS* and *A WINDOW IN THRUMS*, and Mr. Ian Maclaren's *BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH* and *THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE* (6s. each). The first three are illustrated from etchings by Mr. William Hole, who confines himself almost entirely to portraiture—a method of illustration which might well be more adopted than it is. There is a capital edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress" illustrated on this plan. Bunyan's picture gallery is exceptionally well suited to it. Mr. William Hole has made a close study of the types that haunt the kailyard, and has a clever appreciation of facial expression, but his drawing leaves something to be desired. "The Days of Auld Lang Syne" has pictures in pen and ink by Mr. A. S. Boyd.

Mr. Nimmo in the "new cheap large-type edition" of the "Border Waverley" gives us *KENILWORTH*, *THE PIRATE*, and *THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL* (3s. 6d. each), in which Mr. Lang's introductions and notes are perhaps an adequate compensation for the illustrations; and in the neat little "Temple Scott" (Dent, 1s. 6d. n. each) we also have *THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL* (two vols.), *PEVERIL OF THE PEAK* (three vols.), and *QUENTIN DURWARD* (two vols.), prefaced by a biographical note by Mr. Clement Shorter. Messrs. Dent also begin a "Temple Edition" of Dickens with *PICKWICK* in three volumes (New York: Doubleday and McClure, 4s. 6d. n.). In a somewhat similar *format* Messrs. Blackwood publish an *ADAM BEDE* in three volumes (3s.), following on three previous volumes, containing "The Rev. Amos Barton," "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," and "Janet's Repentance." We are glad also to see a reprint of *JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN* (Dent, 4s. 6d.), the best-known work of that prolific writer, Mrs. Craik, and a book which certainly marked an epoch in the development of the modern novel. It is satisfactory to learn that from its publication in 1856 it has been in steady and constant demand. The illustrations consist partly of views of houses and buildings, partly of the flat colour drawings now in vogue for book illustration. One or two of them, set in a decorative frame, are not ineffective. Two more volumes of Mr. Grant Richards' finely-printed "Winchester Edition" of Jane Austen contain *NORTHANGER ABBEY* and *PERSUASION* (5s. each).

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

THE ROMANCE OF THE HOUSE OF SAVOY, 1003-1519, by Althea Wiel (Putnam). The most ancient dynasty in Europe—with its forty princes and twenty-seven generations, its constant changes, its almost continual wars, its glorious victories and frequently-threatened but never quite effected annihilation—forms no light subject for the historian; but Madame Wiel has approached it with courage and dexterity, and presents to us a series of dramatic scenes which vitalizes again the romance of the period she describes. The author places the

reader *en rapport* with her subject by beginning with a general historic survey of the house founded by Count Humbert of the White Hands and continuing it down to the victory of Sadowa. The main body of the work describes in detail the incidents of some five hundred crowded years, with the result that Madame Wiel occasionally appears to give us a catalogue *raisonné* of men and things. Many chapters avoid this fault, however, and present in picturesque phraseology a continuous narrative of events which, as Madame Wiel says, form a "history of grand military successes and noble achievements," but which nevertheless has its darker side. Notwithstanding its courage and its romantic qualities the "Casa Savoia" will always be found fighting with its neighbours, and always on the side that offers it most advantages at the moment. The Savoyards were as rapid as the bat, in the fable of the battle of the birds and beasts, in the matter of changing sides, and have thus gained for themselves in the past a reputation for unscrupulous ambition and disregard of treaties. The geographical position of the country, however, explains much; the race might have been crushed at almost any moment by one of three neighbours. Some interesting chapters deal with the coming of the Savoy Princes into England when Henry III. was King, and when his wife's relations ruled the realm through him and used our "desirable sterling" with a liberal hand to further their own ends in our country and at home. This period gave us the good Boniface who, besides succeeding Edmund Rich in the archi-episcopal See of Canterbury, was "Procurator" of the church of Belley and held other offices which came readily to this handsome, brave, and bullying Savoyard. Here Madame Wiel quotes freely from that shrewd chronicler, Matthew Paris, who had no love for the Queen's family. Among the many heroes of the House of Savoy perhaps the fine flower is to be found in Amadeus VI., the "Conte Verde," the Knight and Crusader of so many delightful stories, the account of whose life and adventures transports us to the very heart of the age of chivalry. These two agreeable volumes will attract all who are interested in the romance of history.

Mr. Fitchett's *FIGHTS FOR THE FLAG* (Smith, Elder, 6s.) inevitably remind us of Mr. Christie Murray's unlucky hero whose manuscripts are continually declined with thanks, and who receives consolation from a sympathizing friend. This person tells him he is badly treated since his articles are just the Tommy Rot people like. We mean the word in a Pickwickian sense, of course, and we fully admit that "people will like" Mr. Fitchett's "Fights." They are all about battles and sailors and soldiers; the banner is waved, and all is left in a fine state of breezy, if somewhat vague and smoky, patriotism. It is needless to say that when Mr. Fitchett tells of battles on land he takes good care that our allies the foreign dogs are kept in due subordination. Thus, when he has no space to dwell on the "desperate fight round the Schellenberg," he can find space to say what is not true—namely, that it was "the stern courage" of "the British" which at last carried the position. Now the simple fact is that it was not the front attack of the British, but the flank attack of Lewis, of Baden, which forced the Bavarian lines on the Schellenberg at Blenheim; Again, the British soldier is, to speak in a figure, "all over the place." The reader is not chilled by any pedantic insistence on the fact that the British soldier was not a fifth of the allied army, and that the bulk of the fighting fell to Prince Eugene and the Imperialists. Again, the British General is kept in his due place of pre-eminence. "Nothing less," says Mr. Fitchett, "than the warlike genius and masterful will of Marlborough could have wielded with effectiveness an army made up of such diverse elements." Well, it was made up like all the armies of the sixteenth, and most of the armies of the seventeenth, century. Gonzalvo de Cordoba and the Marquess of Pescara, Charles V. and the Duke of Elver, Maurice of Nassau and Gustavus Adolphus, Wallenstein, and Tilly, and John of Wörth had commanded precisely similar armies. But this is mere pedantry. Mr. Fitchett does not write history, but the kind of article calculated to please

the emotional Imperialist who has replaced the emotional humanitarian of the early Victorian era. It is a perfectly lawful and even innocent occupation. We can recommend "Fights for the Flag" strongly to parents and guardians who want a book for a boy. If it sets him reading more widely for himself it will do him good, and even if it does not it will do him no harm.

Dr. A. Lockhart Gillespie, the author of *THE NATURAL HISTORY OF DIGESTION* (Walter Scott, 6s.)—the latest volume of the Contemporary Science Series—has himself done much good work in connexion with the subject of digestion. The book gives a clear and concise account of all that is known of this important function as it occurs both in plants and animals, including a description of the senses of smell and taste and the feelings of hunger and thirst. Metabolism, or the changes which take place in the tissues, dietetics, animal heat, the use and abuse of stimulants, non-alcoholic as well as alcoholic, and the whole question of foods are discussed in a rational manner. Dr. Gillespie has woven into his story many facts observed by himself. Of the carnivorous plants the most remarkable perhaps is the *Nepenthes*, the walls of whose pitchers are divided into three zones—the upper one narrow and studded with honey cells to attract the insect, the middle one covered with an exceedingly smooth epithelium secreting wax along which the unfortunate insect slides to be engulfed at the bottom of the pitcher in a digestive juice secreted by yet another kind of cell. Many of the insects die in a short time, others try to save themselves by climbing up the pitcher, but they always slip on the polished wax-coated surface and tumble again to the bottom. In large pitchers an additional horror is provided, for the rim of the aperture just below the honey cells is armed with sharp teeth which are pointed downwards and bristle in front of such of the unlucky victims in the pitfall as try to emerge. The illustrations are good. They are taken from various sources, and some are original. There are two good indices—the one of authors, the other of subjects.

Dr. Samuel Kinns has published, with a new introduction, a second edition of his *SIX HUNDRED YEARS* (Cassell), a title which needs the longer description of the book which appears on the title-page—viz., "Historical Sketches of Eminent Men and Women who have more or less come into Contact with the Abbey and Church of Holy Trinity, Minorities, from 1293 to 1893." The book does not profess to be the history of a parish; but a series of chapters "quite independent of each other," suggested by monuments in the Church, or by the names of persons connected with it. The author has made laborious search among the archives of the British Museum, and has produced a pleasant volume, tracing the course of English history almost continuously from the year 1293 downwards—a course, however, which involves a somewhat lengthy repetition of many familiar stories, such as the episode of the Black Prince and King John at Poitiers, the days of Bishop Latimer, and the history of Lady Jane Grey. The residence in the Abbey of Bishop Barlow, whose character Dr. Kinns is at great pains to defend, gives occasion for a discussion of the proofs of his consecration, without, however, throwing new light on the matter. One of the best chapters is a manful defence of Shakespeare's memory against the charge of deer-stealing; but the suggestion that the early religious training of the dramatist helps to disprove his having shared in a boyish prank strikes one as rather naïve. The dissolution of the monasteries leads Dr. Kinns to lay stress on what he boldly terms a "discovery" of the Act of Parliament conferring the title "Fidei Defensor" to the King, after his excommunication had annulled its former bestowal. The Washington coat of arms suggests a chapter on "the Stars and Stripes," and an engraving by Isaac Newton a description of the coinage up to his time of office as Master of the Mint. For a book which professes to be one not of local interest only, the concluding chapters on the Church itself, comprising a good deal about the author's institution to the living, his relations with the patron, and the particulars of his parishioners, err somewhat on the side of minute detail. The portraits and illustrations are numerous and interesting. On the whole, Dr. Kinns has done a valuable work in producing the book, and the industry which he has expended on unravelling and explaining the antiquities of the very interesting church of which he is vicar is a good example to other beneficed clergy, not only in London, but in the provinces.

Among my Books.

WOMEN AS HISTORIANS.

II.

For at least thirty of the years during which Mrs. Everett Green was at work little or nothing worth notice was done by any Englishwoman in the way of historical research or original work. Harriet Martineau's "History of the Peace" is a very clever and a very useful compilation. It is written with great vigour of style, and still remains a convenient and eminently readable book of reference. But it is the work of a journalist, not of an historian; there was no need for the writer to consult any other authorities than such as the columns of *The Times* supplied her with. All that she wanted was to be found in the newspapers. Why should she look further? She had lived through all that period which she reviewed, and had, in fact, done something towards making the history which she discoursed upon. It may be doubted whether Miss Martineau had any sympathy with the remote past or any desire to know much about it.

And yet a new literary era had begun. There was, indeed, no School of History at Oxford as yet, nor any talk of such a school at Cambridge. The new awakening did not proceed from the Universities. The English Historical Society was started in the first year of Her Majesty's reign, and one of its earliest issues was the monumental work of J. M. Kemble—the "Codex Diplomaticus ævi Saxonici." Then came the various county Archæological Societies, and others like the Camden Society for printing works that as yet existed only in manuscript. The Deputy Keeper's reports began to attract attention, and all along the line there was intelligent curiosity, till men began to say emphatically, "The history of England has never yet been written—it will have to be written all over again." Not even the great teachers of Physical Science had it all their own way. There was a large and increasing public who eagerly listened for any word that the great apostles of the new school of history were pleased to utter; and a more brilliant apostolic succession than that which began with Palgrave, and included such names as Freeman and the Bishop of Oxford, Sir Henry Maine and Mr. Bryce—to carry down the list no further—it would be hard to find a parallel for; they discovered for us new worlds, and seemed to us to be bringers-in of a new revelation.

Nevertheless, the women were slow to throw themselves into the severer study of history. It has only been during the last ten years or so that they have won any considerable place. Under the mighty stimulus which her illustrious husband could not fail to exercise upon a lady of great literary capacity and ambition, Mrs. J. R. Green has done some very good work, and given promise of doing better work still by and by. Her monograph on Henry II. is a very able one, and exhibits a thoughtful mastery of the subjects under discussion which no mere *cramming* could account for. The two volumes on "Town Life in the Thirteenth Century"

are a solid contribution to our knowledge of town development and municipal history, and full of miscellaneous information of a very interesting and attractive character. But by far the most important contribution to our historical literature which has yet appeared from a woman's pen is Miss Norgate's very vigorous "History of England under the Angevin Kings." The book has been published more than ten years, and no second edition has yet been asked for, but this proves very little and may mean that Miss Norgate was before her age. At any rate, she can afford to wait, for these two volumes will have to be read; and the fact that Miss Norgate writes not for the entertainment of boys and girls, but addresses herself rather to scholars and learners, will ensure her, sooner or later, that sort of lasting recognition which is best worth having. Not that it must be inferred from this that this history is by any means dry, or the style crabbed or laboured. On the contrary, these volumes are eminently interesting. The authoress has a picturesque way of describing situations that need being brought before the reader's mind with precision. She has a good "geographical eye," as somebody said of Dr. Arnold, and her literary faculty is quite above the average. Whether for good or evil, the great "Dictionary of National Biography" has lately taken Miss Norgate captive, and in her last article on Thomas Becket she shows that her hand has not lost its cunning.

Two more women historians deserve to be mentioned with respect and admiration as those who have lifted their heads above the crowd. The one is Miss Eckerstein, whose very remarkable volume entitled, "Woman under Monasticism," exhibits an extraordinary breadth of learning and a thoroughness of treatment which is perhaps only too searching. The chapters on Convents among the Anglo-Saxons, on the influence of St. Boniface, and on Mystic Writings for women in England are full of curious information and suggestive remarks. But Miss Eckerstein's learning overweighs her. She writes like one who tries to drive a four-horse coach while his hands are not large enough nor his fingers long enough to manage the reins, and she is always reminding us that there is such a thing as having too much to say. Do women take as much pains in cultivating a style as men do? Or is not their temptation to be led astray by a fatal fluency on the one hand or by a laboured solemnity on the other?

They who have watched for the contributions of Miss Mary Bateson to the *English Historical Review* during the last few years can hardly help expecting from this vigorous and largely gifted lady some really important study of the Religious Orders in England which sooner or later will place her in the first rank of women historians. To immense capacity of work and an eminently *scholarly* mind she adds a severe and trenchant style and a critical insight which are prime requisites for the historian. Yes! They are all *prime* requisites; for they are all essential to any one—man or woman—who hopes for great success as a teacher of that which M. Fustel de Coulanges did not hesitate to designate as "the most difficult of all the sciences."

From this rapid survey, which obviously could not pretend to be exhaustive, different conclusions will perhaps be drawn by my readers according to their various convictions or their prejudices; the following, among others, seem to me to be obvious:—

1. The study of history in England during the last seventy years, to go no further back, has been pursued with an ardent enthusiasm which not even the votaries of physical science have surpassed. In history, too, splendid discoveries have been made and important results have been arrived at, such as may be classed among the great certainties accepted as axiomatic by the great thinkers of mankind. I cannot remember that so far any English woman has helped forward this march of historic discovery in any other way than by commenting upon or popularizing the great results which have been worked out by others.

2. No work of real genius in historical literature has yet appeared from a woman's hand. The nearest approach to it that I am acquainted with is Miss Norgate's "Angevin Kings." On the other hand, is there any department of our literature which has exhibited during the present reign such a wealth of splendidly original constructive ability as our great masters in history can point to? The modern school of English historians are no longer story-tellers—they are philosophical thinkers. Under their guidance and influence a science of history is being built up, slowly but surely.

3. When we come to compare the manner of writing by men and women respectively in this department of our literature, the most striking fact is the immeasurable superiority of the men over the women in mere style. Here more than in anything else—in some mysterious way which I cannot account for—difference of sex shows itself in a very marked manner. I sometimes think that a woman might have written with the exquisite dramatic skill of Froude, or could even have risen to the almost matchless rhetorical rhythm of Macaulay; but I cannot conceive that any woman could have written as the late Dean Merivale wrote his "History of the Romans under the Empire," or could ever have attained to the stern and majestic style of the Bishop of Oxford in his last volume of the "Constitutional History." In all art—musical, pictorial, or literary—there seems to be a limit beyond which women cannot go.

4. It may be said, indeed, that the much-vaunted "emancipation of the sex" has scarcely had a fair chance as yet of showing what women can do. I, for my part, so entirely believe in the possibilities of the future that I am quite willing to look forward to a time when woman will have no cause to complain that she has less than her "rights." So far, however, in this one department—that of literature, and especially historical literature—there has been advance in culture and achievement among the women students and writers; but, unless my judgment errs, there has been much greater advance among the men. The present outlook seems to point to this: that in the future the great builders-up, the great discoverers, the great thinkers, the great historians will not be women.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

Notes.

In next week's *Literature* "Among My Books" will be written by Mrs. Clement Parsons, on Thackeray.

A committee of the London Chamber of Commerce is now engaged in investigating the question of the postage of periodicals, and it may be hoped that its inquiries will be the prelude to a redress of grievances. At present an arbitrary distinction is drawn between the periodicals which are newspapers and the periodicals which are not. A periodical consisting mainly of news or comment on news, and published "at intervals of not more than seven days" can be sent anywhere in the United Kingdom for $\frac{1}{2}$ d. All the others have to pay ordinary book-packet rates. The arrangement is naturally a great impediment to the circulation of magazines and trade and technical journals—more particularly in the remote rural districts—and a change in the law, putting all periodicals on the same footing as the newspapers, would unquestionably be popular. The demand for the reform, which is not now being made for the first time, has hitherto been met by the reply that it would involve a loss of revenue which the Post Office could not afford to face. This, of course, is the stereotyped objection to Post Office reforms; and even if the loss were certain—which it is not—the question would still remain whether it ought not to be incurred in the interest of the general convenience. However, as is pointed out in an article on the subject in the *Bazaar*, periodicals contain advertisements, and the *raison d'être* of advertisements is that they shall be answered; and the grist thus indirectly brought to the Post Office mill might well compensate for any direct loss caused by the reduction of the charges.

Our note, last week, on the humble beginnings of *Blackwood's Magazine* suggests a further glance at the early history of Scotch periodicals. For the promoters of *Blackwood* were not in the strict sense of the word pioneers. The appearance of No. 1 of *Blackwood* was, in fact, coincident with the appearance of No. 1 of a new series of "a repository for the short and occasional productions of men of genius," entitled the *Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany*. The format of this publication is almost identical with that of *Blackwood*; but in the matter of actuality, it beats *Blackwood* out of the field. It prints a number of new and original letters by the privateer Paul Jones, and discusses the Proceedings before the Committee of the House of Commons on Steamboats, drawing the conclusion that a speed of seven or eight miles an hour "is as rapid sailing as any one could desire or choose." There is also a picture very well drawn of an ecclesiastic undergoing the torture of the thumbekkin.

This *Edinburgh Magazine* had existed since 1804, and with it, in 1817, was incorporated the *Scots Magazine* which had existed ever since 1739. The *Scots Magazine* was frankly produced in imitation of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but the editors allege ingenious reasons for its production. One of their motives was "that the Caledonian Muse might not be restrain'd by want of a public *Echo* to her song"; another "that the occurrences of *Europe* might not be wholly lost to make room for the low views of private persons." The magazine began very much on the lines of the *Review of Reviews*, most of its contents being extracts from the English papers. But it has a special London letter of its own—that in No. 1 is about the pantomimes—and there is a plentiful sprinkling of new and original poetry, and a report of new books, mostly theological. One of these entries pleasantly illustrates the condition of the law of copyright in 1739:—

The main duty of Bishops, a sermon, by Mr. Robert Paton Minister at Renfrew pr. 4d. Done from a copy taken in short-hand, the author refusing to consent to the publication of it.

The *Scots Magazine* lived until the Constable failure in 1826, seeing the rise and fall of several short-lived rivals—the *Edinburgh Eighth Day Magazine* (1779) and others.

Even the *Scots Magazine*, however, was not the very first of the Scotch periodicals. It was anticipated, in 1738, by the *Letters of the Critical Club*—a sort of Scottish *Spectator*, and further back still we come to the *Bibliotheca Universalis*—a quaint little 16mo., announced as *An Historical Account of Books and Transactions of the Learned World*, issued in 1688. "Our Design," says the pioneer editor of this brochure, "is to publish Monthly Accounts of what is doing Abroad, by the Learned World, and also to report what the Virtuoso's and Learned among ourselves are pleased to communicate. Our Stationer's Trade going not very far as yet, and it being too much for Private Stock to bring home all sorts of Books, therefore the account of many books must be taken upon credit of those who publish them"—a plan which, if it were still feasible, would no doubt commend itself to many publishers of the present day.

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Messrs. Macmillan's promised *School World* has issued its first number and promises to be an extremely useful publication. It is described, rather oddly perhaps, as "for use in secondary schools." Its chief purpose, in fact, is to be "used" in connexion with their work by teachers in secondary schools. Its contents are at once varied and sensible, dealing in a readable way with a great number of subjects connected with the principles and practice of teaching, and will help to keep alive that continued practical interest in, and enjoyment of, their work which is certainly now far more common than it used to be among teachers. Two comments we should like to make. We hope the editor will make a definite and acknowledged attempt to gain the sympathies of assistant masters of the chief public schools—who are not interested, for example, in "child study," but who do want help in teaching older boys—and we trust he will not be too serious or forget that personal influence is, after all, more important than methods founded on the most scientific of inductions. At the same time, no one really interested in public schools will regret the fact that there is no allusion to athletics from the first page to the last of this excellent magazine.

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The life of St. Francis of Assisi seems to find an increasing number of students in this country. M. Paul Sabatier's French life is, of course, the leading authority upon the legend of the Saint, but this has been done into English and a second edition has just been published. Not long ago the "*Jittle Flowers*," exquisitely translated by Mr. T. W. Arnold, came out in Messrs. Dent's delightful "*Temple Classics*" Series, and Mr. Robert Steele is preparing a version of the "*Speculum Perfectionis*" for issue in the same form. In the meantime Mr. Sebastian Evans' translation of Brother Leo's touching record has been published by Mr. David Nutt. This looks as if there are plenty of readers interested in the story of the most beautiful figure in medieval Christendom, and the editor of the *Quarterly Review* evidently holds this opinion, since the first article in the January number is about St. Francis.

* * * *

While Dr. Jessopp has been discoursing in *Literature* of the work done by women as historians, Mr. David Christie Murray has been making remarks which have offended the lady novelists. He spoke of "the hopeless drivel of a lot of school-girls"; and Mrs. Hélène Gingold protests, in the *St. James's Gazette*, that "young feminines"—the expression is not ours—do well to write. In such a controversy, of course, a grain of fact is worth any quantity of rhetoric, and it is a fact that hardly any of the women writers of the past whose work is still remembered were what Mrs. Gingold would call "young feminines" when their first books appeared. Fanny Burney, who began at twenty-five, and Charlotte Brontë, who began at twenty-eight, were the youngest of them. As for the rest, Miss Edgeworth published her first novel at thirty-three, Jane Austen at thirty-six (though two of her masterpieces were written, it is true, before she was twenty-three), Mrs. Gaskell at thirty-seven, and Miss Mitford at thirty-eight. The modern sex-novel is usually perpetrated at a much earlier age; but then the modern sex-novel has not yet proved that it can stand the test of time.

Our Oxford Correspondent writes:—

It is as yet difficult to say what is the feeling of the University as to the "Labour College" which is to be established at Oxford. We are told that one-half of the authorities are in sympathy with the movement, but the other half are very antagonistic; so says Mr. Vrooman in the *Westminster Gazette*, but these animosities and enthusiasms are at present veiled beneath a mask of apparent calmness. In fact, nobody seems to know very much about the matter. But no doubt the beginnings of "Ruskin Hall" will be watched with the keenest interest by the University which it is (apparently) intended to regenerate. Its students are to be domiciled in a large house situated between St. Aldate's and the Castle, in St. Ebbe's, a part of Oxford more ancient than pretentious: a site which is very well chosen, as it naturally carries the mind back to the earliest beginnings of Alma Mater, and is at the same time a protest against the vicious opulence of colleges in more fashionable quarters. All household duties are to be performed by students—a rule which recalls the matriculated cooks and butlers of antiquity. On the other hand—and this at least does not smack of medievalism—female influence, represented by the "Backworth Club," is to take the place of academic discipline! This is a development which colleges will surely do well to imitate. One does not quite see why the new hall is named after the sage of Coniston. It is true that a pilgrimage is to be made to the muddy lane which Ruskin and his more thoroughgoing disciples endeavoured—unsuccessfully—to turn into a passable road, before the master rather unkindly changed his mind and discouraged the enterprise. But it is questionable how far the objects of the Labour College are Ruskinian. It exists apparently for the education of would-be vestrymen, intending county councillors, and "fellows" (it is to be hoped with a small "f")—"who harangue crowds in the streets"—a class, it must be admitted, who need all the education they can get. These and others are to be instructed how best to grapple with problems of practical sanitation and gas and water supply. Such a programme is no doubt admirable, but savours of Philistinism.

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The movement for the preservation of decaying languages, to which we referred in our last number, takes shape in the *Jewish World* in a controversy as to whether Hebrew can become a living language. Mr. Jaffe says no, and points out that in the Hebrew version of the Bible there are only about 5,000 words, while the English language contains 100,000. No doubt one of the chief difficulties in translating the Hebrew Bible lies in the fact that one word in Hebrew may be rendered by so many different words in a modern language according to the context. De Quincey, in comparing Hebrew and Greek, while allowing that Hebrew ideas are "infinite as regards their power," pointed out that they are "meagre and sterile as regards their numerical wealth":—

The Hebrew [he says] has scarcely any individuated words. Ask a Hebrew scholar if he has a word for a *ball* (as a tennis ball, *pila lusoria*); he says, "O yes." What is it then? Why, he gives you the word for *globe*. Ask for *orb*, for *sphere*, &c., still you have the same answer; the individual circumstantiations are swallowed up in the generic outline.

Nevertheless, two of Mr. Jaffe's opponents in the *Jewish World*, Mr. Newman and Mr. Segal, both base their arguments on the many Hebrew translations of European writers—of Shakespeare, of Nietzsche, of Spenser, of Dickens, and others. Mr. J. Suwalsky enforces a somewhat stronger point by referring to the many original works in science and mathematics, lately written in the Hebrew tongue. The controversy seems to be still raging.

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That eminent publicist, Mark Twain, has come to the conclusion that the way to effect universal disarmament is to begin by reducing the world's armies to the same proportionate footing as they had at the date of Waterloo. This is not the place to discuss the feasibility of such a proposal, but it is interesting to note that a very similar plan was suggested by Sir Arthur Helps just thirty years ago. In that brilliant book, "*Realism*," which is oddly neglected by the present generation, in spite of the treasures of wit and wisdom that it contains, Sir John Ellesmere gives a list of the reforms that he would bring about if he were endowed with a life of 900 years, and the consequent supremacy amongst mankind that accumulated experience and

wealth would give him. He did not, indeed, propose to himself in his most sanguine moments that he could abolish war :—

We are such a set of foolish, quarrelsome little beasts, and we derive so much pleasure from hearing about sieges and battles and knowing of the miseries of our fellow-creatures, that I should not endeavour to abolish war altogether.

What he proposed to do was to allow the Great Powers one fighting man for each thousand that they then possessed. The naval Powers would be given a ship apiece and one or two gunboats :—

These little armies and navies should go about fighting away like fun, and undertaking what would then be thought great battles and sieges. The newspapers would still be well fed with interesting events ; and taxation for war purposes would be insignificant. I should have, outside the great cities, little model cities, which should represent them for war-like purposes—a neat little Paris outside Paris ; and I should scatter some squalidity in the way of building about Wimble-don-common, and call it in military despatches London.

Possibly Uncle Toby and his famous bowling-green campaigns afforded a hint for the last part of the plan, which is necessary to its efficiency.

The best of the literary articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* is by Mr. Norman Hapgood, and concerns dramatic literature. His theme is the audacity with which the modern actor will alter the text of a masterpiece in order to strengthen the part of a particular player ; and his illustration is the Daly performance of the *School for Scandal*. Mr. Hapgood writes :—

Sheridan wrote his comedy for a company of players, and Lady Teazle is a part no more "fat," probably less fat, than others in the play, since Sheridan, in giving an admirably balanced dramatic action, entirely overlooked the necessity of glorifying one actor. There was, therefore, nothing open to Mr. Daly but to supply Sheridan's oversight, which he did with astounding frankness. The orchestra played when Miss Rehan went off the stage ; she took away a speech belonging to Charles Surface, in order to have the last chance at the audience. In dialogues where six or eight persons are of equal importance she sat at the side while the others talked, and when it was her turn for a word she walked out into the centre, all the others faded off, and the word was spoken.

Parallel instances will, no doubt, occur to every reader ; and the theme, we understand, will be developed at some length in "The Actor and His Art," which Messrs. Downey are publishing.

Mr. Richard Gowing, whose death we regret to record, was for several years Sylvanus Urban of the *Gentleman's Magazine*—the oldest of all our magazines, with a history going back to the year 1731. It was eminently characteristic of the age to which he belonged that he should have doubled this rôle with those of editor of the *School Board Chronicle* and secretary of the Cobden Club. He was an East Anglian, from Ipswich, and wrote a book on "Public Men of East Suffolk," as well as a monograph on Cobden, and a pamphlet on "Protection," which has continued to be in demand for twenty years. A literary man himself, Mr. Gowing was also the father of literary men. His son, Mr. Lionel Gowing, at one time a journalist at Shanghai, has published a most interesting description of a driving tour from Vladivostok across Siberia to Europe.

The death is announced from Budapest of Dr. Alexander Szilágyi, the eminent historian and secretary of the Hungarian Historical Society, in his 72nd year. His funeral took place on the 15th inst., from the hall of the University Library of Budapest, whose keeper he had been for many years. He was a great favourite, especially among his younger colleagues, who always addressed him as "Uncle Sandy."

At a meeting of the Edinburgh Bibliographical Society, held a few days ago, an interesting paper was read by the secretary on the distribution of Irish Bibles in the Highlands in the seventeenth century. Kirkwood, the rector of Astwick in Bedfordshire, who undertook the work of distribution, met with a good deal of opposition, especially from those who wanted to extirpate the

Irish language out of the Highlands. In reply, he published a pamphlet in which he delivered himself of the weighty prophecy that the extirpation "is not possible in this age and it is not probable to be effected in succeeding ages." Kirkwood, however, was a man who deserved well of his country, for he successfully carried a scheme of Highland parish libraries, and to him was due the institution of the S.P.C.K. in Scotland.

The unfailing popularity of Shakespeare with Parisian audiences may be gathered from an article on the theatre by M. Judith Chadel in this month's *L'Humanité Nouvelle*, which tells of the success achieved by Monsieur Novelli as Othello and as Shylock. The French actor's rendering of the Moor naturally departs somewhat from English traditions. Perhaps its excessive realism is enhanced by the relations of the French with the natives of North Africa. Speaking of Novelli's performance Monsieur Chadel says :—"Ne l'avions nous pas croisé cent fois, à Alger, à Tunis, à Bizerte, à Constantine, à Sousse, à Sfax, à Tripoli," and again "un autre être a jailli devant nous, dans la double obscurité de sa face de bronze et de son âme si éloignée de notre âme et quelque peu, aussi, de l'âme Shakespeareenne." His reading of the last scene is certainly more realistic than the usual English rendering :—

Il serra le cou de sa Desdémone, avec la chevelure dénouée de la pauvre femme, il l'emporta vers le lit où s'achève le meurtre tel "un grand singe de Bornéo," volant une faible proie.

Measure for Measure, which, possibly owing to the frank nature of the intrigue, is now seldom seen upon an English stage, has also just been performed at the Théâtre de L'Œuvre. Monsieur Chadel expresses regret that it was not given in "la dévotieuse et noble traduction de François Victor Hugo, au lieu de cette adaptation en vers français qui dénature la souplesse de pensée et la jovialité forcenée de Shakespeare." But Monsieur Lugué Poe's attempt to restore the mise-en-scène, "qu'on lui consacrait au temps d'Elizabeth," is of much interest (says Monsieur Chadel) "en notre époque où trop souvent au théâtre, le décor prime l'action."

The worthy Scotchman, who, after seeing the production of Home's *Douglas*, wanted to know what had become of "Wullie Shakspeare," is certainly outdone by an Irish theatrical manager of the last century, whose playbill has been unearthed by the *Daily News*. It runs thus :

KILKENNY THEATRE ROYAL.

By His Majesty's Company of Comedians.—On Saturday, May 14th, 1793, will be performed, by command of several respectable people in this learned metropolish (sic) for the benefit of Mr. Kearns,

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET,

originally written and composed by the celebrated Dan Hayes, of Limerick, and insarted (sic) in Shakespere's Works.

This is a bold solution of the question as to the authorship of *Hamlet*, and opens up immense possibilities for the Irish Literary Society in the new dramatic enterprise which it is now contemplating.

The mistakes which French journalists fall into when writing of English affairs have often been the subject of humorous comment. A gay list of these fills two of the brightest pages of Mr. Roland Belfort's "Johnny Crapaud and his Journals" (The Regent Press, 1s.), a sparkling and unconventional account of modern Parisian newspapers and newspaper men. We gather that a *Figaro* writer informed his readers that "Disraeli was the father of Lord Salisbury," and that the famous "Whist" of the same organ gravely described Sir William Harcourt as the "leader of the blatant band of Imperialists who flaunt the British flag in the face of the nations." Another paper lately praised the "Lor Maire" for the dignity with which he filled his functions as "President of the House of Lords" ; while a fourth recently announced the arrival in the Engadine of "Sir Labouchère, Member of the Chamber of Lords of Great Britain

and Vice-President of the Honourable Company of South African Indies."

Another chapter of the same book is devoted to the sources from which French journals of the baser sort derive their revenues. As there are eighty political dailies in Paris alone, and many of them have no circulation worth speaking of, one naturally feels curious to know how they are kept alive. Mr. Belfort's explanation is this :—

They command a subsidy from the Government Secret Service Fund. The Paris gambling hells pay for creating a conspiracy of silence around their pigeon-plucking exploits. They distribute about 1,000,000 francs annually. Monte Carlo spends about 600,000 francs on the Continental Press for the dissemination of puffs and the suppression of scandals. The principal financial establishments, banks, railways, steamship companies, and other commercial corporations regularly furnish their quota of support. The *Crédit Foncier*, for instance, probably spends 2,500,000 francs per annum for publicity and occult support.

We, who have so often been accused of insularity by foreigners who, after all, are continental for purely geographical reasons, have in one particular always shown what an interest we take in sunnier portions of the globe. That is the importance attached in journals, such as the *Review of Reviews*, to the opinions expressed by foreigners, like M. Verestchagin, upon our national characteristics. English writers of the most opposite ways of thinking have attached the highest value to the judgment of foreign nations on English literature and art. Dr. Johnson compared the judgment of foreigners to the judgment of posterity, and Matthew Arnold, rejoicing over the approval at last vouchsafed to Shakespeare and Milton, in France and Germany, speaks of their judgment as that of "the high court of appeal." But judges who from time to time sit upon this judicial bench certainly do not always grasp the true character of the writings on which they wish to pass sentence. It was of no use for Voltaire to put on the black cap with Shakespeare and Milton in the dock, because it was quite clear that they only offended against his own national prejudices. Even the judgments of the most urbane of foreign critics, M. Taine, frequently amuse rather than convince, if only for his attempt to see the origin of some of Shakespeare's finest characteristics in a mode of life which we associate—perhaps wrongly—with the boulevards.

Some such misunderstanding seems to lie at the root of Monsieur Verestchagin's remarks—given in the *Review of Reviews*—upon the haughtiness of the English. This venerable charge, which the Russian painter revives in a new shape, by referring to our treatment of the natives in India, has long been chief among French reflections upon English manners. Yet it is surely nothing more than a backwardness in certain formalities, a tendency to keep the hat upon the head, a lack of fluency in a foreign language, a love of facts, and an endeavour to find a more direct way to the heart than the decorated avenue through which the Frenchman glides so gracefully. To discover how interesting we really are we must refer to our own writers. For the stolidity with which we are so often charged by foreigners, a great English thinker deftly substituted the more interesting characteristic, melancholy. After all, his opinion was not very different to that expressed by Taine himself when he contrasted French wit and English humour :—

It matters not if French wit be wanting ; they have a form of it for their own use, which is, indeed, far from agreeable, but is entirely original, is powerful, poignant, and even slightly bitter in taste, like their national beverages. They call it "humour" ; generally it is the pleasantry of a man who though joking maintains his gravity. . . . The man who jests here (in England) is seldom kindly and is never happy ; he feels and forcibly censures the inequalities of life.

Whatever may be said of our wit, Monsieur Verestchagin has one word of unqualified praise for the English :—"There is no other country which contains so many real gentlemen."

FICTION.

CURIOS (John Long, 6s.) by Richard Marsh, contains seven stories of the strange adventures of two bachelors. The first and best, "The Adventure of the Pipe," we remember to have read in a periodical some time ago, when it struck us as particularly ingenious and exciting. Time has not robbed it of its interest. If all of Mr. Marsh's stories were as good, "*Curios*" would be an entrancing book, but although many of the others are above the average of short stories of mystery, they are not carried out so well as the first. There is a blithe out-setting, an appetizing air of romance, and a touch of mystery, but the interest is not always sustained to the end. Mr. Marsh's style is sometimes a little crude, but his book is one to while away an otherwise dull hour, or banish the tedium of a railway journey.

Those who love stories of exciting adventure are liberally catered for by Mr. H. Phelps Whitmarsh in *THE WORLD'S ROUGH HAND* (New York: The Century Co.). The author appears to have tried his hand at many out-of-the-way trades, and the account of his experiences makes most interesting reading. Now he is "sundowning" in South Australia, and now fishing for pearls on the "Ninety-mile Beach"; and the intervals of his time are filled up with silver-mining, hair-cutting, and other strange employments. Perhaps the best chapter in the book deals with the voyage of the *Day Dawn*, on which peacefully named vessel there is a most entrancing rough-and-tumble fight. The book is pleasantly written, is full of good stories, and reads like a true record of adventure—which last is, perhaps, the most important point of all.

THE CHILD ABEL, by Claud Nicholson (George Allen, 3s. 6d.), is very French in temper, style, and atmosphere. It is an episode, not a story. The child Abel is the undisciplined, uncontrollable offspring of a Catholic mother, Mathilde, and of an irreligious father, Aristide—although some doubt, by the way, rests on his paternity. His mother dies after a scene with her husband that is distinctly Zolaesque, and Aristide, who cannot guide aright the lad left on his hands, puts him under the care of an uncle, when he finds peace in the bosom of "fanaticism." That is all. But the experiences of Abel are very powerfully told.

If Mr. Edward B. Nicholson, Bodley's librarian, chooses to occupy his leisure with the writing of such very different and commendable stories as *THE MAN WITH TWO SOULS* and "The Angel of Iblis" and to publish them in a small, paper-bound volume of less than a hundred pages (David Nutt, 1s.), he may be assured of having a sympathetic public. He writes like a scholar, and his *contes* are above the average. He should not be too serious, however. "The 'Varsity Mile" is a good and not too smart study in undergraduate athletics and psychology, and shows Mr. Nicholson at his best.

Miss Marianne Farningham, in *A WINDOW IN PARIS: A ROMANCE OF THE DAYS OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR* (Clarke, 6s.), aims less at the amusement than at the regeneration of the human race. With the Tsar and Mr. Stead, she sighs for the establishment of universal peace, and treads in the literary footsteps of Baroness von Suttner. It cannot be said, however, that "*A Window in Paris*" approaches "*Die Waffen Nieder*" for power or convincingness.

Excellent, also, are the intentions of Gainsford Somers in *THE HUMAN OCTOPUS* (Simpkin, 6s.), the extirpation, namely, of the gambling spirit of the human race; but the means which she appears to advocate thereunto—terrorism, assassination, and enforced suicide—are somewhat drastic.

Major Paul Norris has surely published his *EVELINE WELLWOOD* (Jarrold, 6s.) a trifle late in the day. But if there still be readers who enjoy novels setting forth the wickedness of the Land League and the cruelty of boycotting, with plenty of Irish superstition, Irish buried treasure, and Irish brogue thrown in, they will find this book to their taste.

Canadian Letter.

Literature must of necessity be sometimes beforehand with its colonial correspondents. Such has been my fortune in the case of Dr. Parkin's "Life of Thring." But I may, nevertheless, be allowed to say that it cannot but be a matter of gratification to Canadians that one who is at the present time headmaster of one of our largest and most important schools should have been so congenial a spirit to the master of a great English Public School as to have been requested, as a sort of testamentary bequest, to write his life and unfold his views on education, and that he should have achieved that task so well as Dr. Parkin has done. It is also peculiarly fitting that Dr. Parkin, who has done so much in former years to promote the political unity of the British Empire, should thus illustrate in his own person what may be called its growing literary unity. Another book in respect to which you have anticipated me is Gilbert Parker's latest novel, "The Battle of the Strong," in which he so strikingly illustrates the mysterious power of right and the ultimate futility of wrong. For us in Canada a notable fact is that Mr. Gilbert Parker here deserts Canadian scenes, though he only exchanges the French of Canada for the French of Jersey. The recent visit which he has paid us in Toronto, the addresses he there made, and the hearty reception he received may, however, encourage us to hope that he has no intention of following the example of Mr. Grant Allen, or Mrs. Coates (Sara Jeanette Duncan) and losing touch with Canada so completely as to prevent his books being still claimed as Canadian literature.

One recent book, however, of, I think, a very high order of merit, your energetic staff of reviewers appears to have left to me. I refer to a volume of verse called "Nocturnes of New York," by our versatile Nova Scotian writer, Mr. Charles Roberts, whom I had occasion to mention more than once in my last letter. There is much beauty of thought and grace of diction in this little volume of the kind illustrated in

THE STREET LAMPS.

Eyes of the city,
Keeping your sleepless watch from sun to sun,
Is it for pity
You tremble seeing innocence undone;
Or do you laugh, to think men thus should set
Spies on the folly day would fain forget?

A new volume of verse by Bliss Carman is necessarily something which, in a letter on current Canadian literature, one cannot pass over without mention. His "Aurelian Wall and Other Elegies," which has lately appeared, consists mainly of short poems in honour of various poets and writers from John Keats to Henry George, and if they were not graceful and musical they would not be Bliss Carman's. But they will not, I think, add in any special degree to the reputation he has already achieved.

Apart from *belles lettres* precedence should surely be given to a book by no less a personage than the Speaker of the House of Commons at Ottawa. Catholicity of taste is, I take it, a very appropriate quality for a Speaker, and in his "Canada and its Capital," Sir James Edgar ranges from remarks on Canada's history and system of government to winter and summer sports at Ottawa. But the two passages in the book which would probably attract most interest in England are those in which the distinguished author says:—

No one who understands the people of Canada can doubt that if a supreme crisis should arise in which the motherland was threatened, the whole resources of the Dominion in men and money would be poured out in England's cause as freely as if we were a county in England herself. It would be unwise to commute to-day for any fixed contribution in money the unlimited debt in loyalty which Canada cheerfully owes to the motherland.

And—

This much we do understand, that no nation ever became great, no people ever emerged from Bæotian stagnation, without having the responsibility of foreign relations in some way thrust upon them.

On the same principle of classification I will next mention what I think will at least rank as a literary surprise—a work by an Attorney-General on "Love." Mr. J. W. Longley, Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, from the careful study which he has devoted to his subject, would seem at least as worthy of holding a brief in the Court of Love as he is before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Where he treats of that ideal love which is of the essence of religion, his book undoubtedly suggests considerable familiarity with the writings of the late Henry Drummond, but, in truth, he runs through the whole gamut of human affection and has his views to express on love in all its phases, in all which, indeed, he finds an essential unity.

Passing by an easy transition from love to fiction, I may mention as among books which have appeared since my last letter "Judith Moore," which may be described, perhaps, as a summer idyll of Canadian farm life, by Joanna E. Wood, a young Canadian writer of considerable promise. What, however, I think, is much more worthy of notice than "Judith Moore" is a novel by the same author called "The Untempered Wind," published originally in New York, of which a Canadian edition has just appeared. The theme of this book was, it may be, suggested, to some extent, by Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," but it is full of originality and cleverness. Myron Holder, the heroine, deceived by the specious reasonings of the man she loves, has made the fatal slip; but her moral nature, nevertheless, retains strength enough to bear with heroic patience her subsequent life, passed in the little village of Jamestown, the narrow and pharisaical religionism of whose inhabitants and their harsh treatment of the shamed and repentant Myron are very tellingly described. Very clever are some of the touches throughout the book, and I believe I could justify the strong assertion that some of them bear comparison with George Eliot. Here, too, I may mention as something of an event in the Canadian literary world, the republication, by a Boston firm, after twenty years, of Kirby's "Golden Dog, Le Chien D'Or," which one often hears spoken of as Canada's greatest novel. It may, however, though not without cleverness, be justly described as a somewhat florid story of splendour and crime, and love and hate, of the old-fashioned type. The scene is the province of Quebec and the period the times of the Intendant Bigot, the same, in fact, as those of Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty," and a comparison between the two books illustrates in a somewhat interesting way a change of form which has come over novel-writing. A sort of continuation of Kirby's story of the "Golden Dog" has also appeared during the last few weeks in "The False Chevalier, or The Lifeguard of Marie Antoinette," by W. D. Lighthall, in which the scene is laid partly in Lower Canada and partly in Paris, and the period covered is from 1786 to the days of the Terror. It at least possesses the recommendation that if one once takes it up one is loth to put it down unfinished. I may add that the French-Canadian, who appears to be rather a favourite in literature, has recently had a chatty little book devoted to his characteristics and customs under the name of "Canadian Folk-Life and Folk-Lore," by William Parker Greenough, who, if not a Canadian, has at all events spent part of a great many years in the Province of Quebec, and in this volume chronicles his observations about the Habitants. Perhaps, however, the feature most worthy of notice in the volume is the collection of Chansons Canadiennes, with the music. Some of these songs date from the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries, having been imported generations ago from old France and kept alive among the people by oral tradition. Among Mr. Greenough's collection are such old favourites as "A la claire fontaine," "Alouette," "Malbrouck-s'en-va-t-en-guerre," and "En roulant ma boule." Any who do not know the charm and swing of these popular songs cannot too soon make their acquaintance.

A very conspicuous feature of the literature which has issued from our Canadian press during the last six months is the desire that is apparent to place on record, as far as possible, the history of the early settlement of the country and the experiences and

habits of the pioneers of civilization in Canada. A book illustrating this tendency is "The Making of the Canadian West," by the Rev. R. G. MacBeth, a readable little history of the Province of Manitoba, which, if slight in texture, at all events preserves the reminiscences of an eye-witness to the progress of that country, and gives the inner history, which is of some interest, of the Red River rebellion of 1869. In a previous volume, published last year, the same author gave some account of the life of the Selkirk Settlers of the Red River Valley, who, for some half a century, enjoyed the seclusion of a home a thousand miles distant in every direction from any settled district. In this connexion, too, a "Jubilee History of Thorold Township and Town," published by the Thorold and Beaverdam Historical Society, deserves mention. Such local histories may not often lend themselves easily to brilliant literary treatment, but they tend to preserve many details of the life and early times of use to the future historian and of interest to the antiquarian. The same may be said of the *Bulletin des Recherches Historiques*, a French-Canadian monthly publication, consisting of short, signed articles of historical and antiquarian interest in relation to the Province of Quebec, with the very appropriate motto:—

Qui manet in patriâ et patriam cognoscere temnit,
Is mihi non civis sed peregrinus erit.

Before concluding, I will say a word about a book received with a great flourish of trumpets by the local Press and entitled "Fire and Frost," by Ethelbert H. Cross. It is a most strange medley of short stories, verses, critical essays, historical sketches, humour and satire. Mr. Cross seems determined to prove himself a literary Jack-of-all-trades. Yet there is much originality and some depth of thought and study displayed in the strange mixture served up in the volume. In his critical and historical essays, perhaps, Mr. Cross is at his best, and I may cite a passage in an essay entitled "Genius and Patriotism" as an example. Mr. Cross there declares his opinion that the sterility of Canadian literature is due not to a deficiency, but to an excess of patriotism, and that if Canadian authors content themselves with a discussion of local issues, obscurity will be their reward.

The grandeur of the Athenians [he says] lay in the breadth of their genius. While the citizens of other cities or nations were wrangling over local issues, these men walked in their groves and gardens discussing things eternal. The problems that occupied their minds were problems of human destiny, of human conduct, and of human nature. Diogenes lived in his tub and discussed the universe. Aristotle, Plato, Zeno, Socrates, and Epicurus are remembered to-day because they spoke of issues which every age could appreciate.

Many passages at least as worthy of quotation might be cited from essays on Mazzini, Talleyrand, Rossetti, and James Thompson (the author of "The City of Dreadful Night").

I will mention last of all, for one place is as appropriate as another for it, a ponderous law-book of over a thousand pages upon the Law of Mines in Canada, by two Toronto barristers of good standing, in which all that is to be said about the laws connected with mining in the various provinces is collected, both statutes and decisions of the Courts. In these days, when so much British capital is finding its way into Canadian mines, there may be readers of this letter who will be glad to have their attention called to it.

A. H. F. LEFROY.

December 5, 1898.

SIR WALTER BESANT'S "THE PEN AND THE BOOK."

[BY A PUBLISHER.]

II.

I turn now to the estimates for cost of production.

These are furnished with the view of enabling those unacquainted with the mysteries of publishers' accounts and printers' or paper-makers' charges to know for themselves what a book

really costs to produce. Here are some examples (I give the numbers they bear in the volume):—

II. "Book of 20 sheets, 320 pp., 339 words to a page, long primer type, 1,000 copies.

Composition ...	20 sheets @ 26s.	...	£26 0 0
Printing ...	20 " @ 8s. 6d.	...	8 10 0
Paper ...	" @ 15s.	...	15 0 0 "

I omit the charge for binding, since I wish to deal with this class of charges later. Now, without a copy of the book itself it is impossible to check this estimate accurately. In the first place we are not told if it is a crown octavo, a foolscap, or demy; secondly, we are not informed if the type is set solid or leaded; and thirdly, what are the number of pounds in a ream of the paper and the price per pound. None of these data are furnished. Eight-and-sixpence is a very low price for printing, and can be done only when the printer uses cheap ink. The average price for 1,000 copies of a crown octavo is about 12s., which would make the estimate wrong by £3 10s. on this item alone.

III. "For 800 copies of a book in demy 8vo., pica type, 25 sheets, 281 words, and 32 lines to a page:—

Composition ...	25 sheets @ 21s.	...	£26 5 0
Printing ...	25 sheets @ 9s. 6d.	...	11 17 6
Paper ...	12½ reams @ 20s.	...	12 10 0 "

My general criticism for estimate II. applies to this also. But, in addition, a gross error occurs. Eight hundred copies of a twenty-five sheet book requires twenty reams of paper, not 12½ reams, and this error shows itself again in the printing charge, so that even at 20s. a ream the estimate is wrong by £7 10s. undercharge. For printing an octavo book of over 500 copies the average price is 15s. per ream per thousand—the price would be reckoned on the thousand scale. Twenty reams would give £15 and not £11 17s. 6d.

Let me give an example of a reprint estimate:—

V. "A second edition of 3,000 copies [of a book of 20 sheets].

Printing 20 sheets of 16pp. @ 16s.	...	£16 0 0
Paper @ 42s. a sheet	...	42 0 0 "

Now what is meant by paper at 42s. a sheet? The statement has no meaning. And if, as in example II., it costs 8s. 6d. a sheet to machine, why charge now 16s. a sheet? And if it all means something, why not make the meaning plain, and not muddle "the many thousands who are thinking of the literary life"? Probably I could put the account into sensible English, but I am not writing a text-book.

Estimate No. IV. deals with a book (size again not specified), each page of which is to have twenty-two lines or 288 words of small-pica type. Now 288 words of small pica in twenty-two lines would make the type-page too broad for a crown, and would not give enough for a demy octavo; and in either case the printed page would look ridiculous.

It is quite impossible to check the charges for composition here given, since these must vary with the nature of the book. Binding charges also vary with the class of material employed, the amount of gold or other decoration required, and the cost of design and making of block. But to show how unreliable these estimates are I may point out that in not one of them is there a charge for printers' corrections or authors' alterations. It is assumed that an author does not or should not make them; but I have never seen a printer's account for a book which had no charge for corrections and alterations. In some cases even, this charge has exceeded the cost of composition. Again, every binder charges for making the binding-block; no such charge is here entered. It is, in truth, only misleading to attempt to give, as is here attempted, a fair idea of the cost of producing a book. It is not a lesson in theoretical mechanics, but an actual demonstration in experimental physics that is necessary. In other words, the student must have the manuscript before him; he must cast it off; he must choose the type and style and size of the page; select the paper; decide on the number of the edition, and whether it should be printed double or quad; he must select a cloth to please a taste; and if he wish to produce a pleasing effect he must employ good workmen and good material. A good printer, for instance, will assist him by his experience. He will use good ink (not ink at 6d. or 9d. a pound), and not

stint it. He will have the work "read" by accomplished readers who are paid good wages, so that the correction charges are lowered, and the work is not disfigured by misprints. He will do a hundred and one odd things which are not specified in the charges, but which count materially and which could not be obtained from cheap printers. These are matters which cannot be taught by means of a text-book of the nature of "The Pen and the Book."

On pages 164-5 is given a table which is intended to "show approximately what is the commercial value of an ordinary book—not necessarily a novel—sold at 6s." The table is misleading. It is based on charges which I have shown to be inadequate: it does not give the amount spent on advertisements; and it does not state on what terms the book is sold, so that a fair division of the profits may be arrived at. The table is also inaccurate. In example iii., which deals with the sale of 2,000 copies of an edition of 2,000 copies printed, no allowance is made for "press copies." Example v. has the same error, where the income from sales of 10,000 copies at 3s. 6d. is given as £1,750.

As an appendix to this table, we are told that—

"The cost of production can be, and generally is, made very much cheaper—

"(i.) When a great deal of work is put into the hands of a printer;

"(ii.) When paper is bought in large quantities;

"(iii.) When cloth for binding is bought in large quantities;

"(iv.) By sending the book to a country printer, or to a printer in Holland."

Publishers don't buy cloth; binders do that. Many publishers do go to the country for their printing; but they go to good printers, and their prices do not agree with the estimates furnished in this work. Printing books in Holland is not an unmixed blessing. It has been tried, but not with very successful results. On a first glance at "The Pen and the Book" I thought it was "made in Germany." Certainly I would not delight in sending out so imperfectly manufactured an article. The only implication that can be intended by furnishing such statements as the above is that the author should, on these accounts, receive the full benefits of all the advantages thus obtained. Now, because I, as a publisher of good standing and capital, can obtain certain allowances on the material I buy or on the labour I employ, should it follow that I should make the author a present of them? By no means. The author is not my partner. I buy his literature as I buy the paper and printing and binding. If he desire that I should publish his book on commission, I furnish him with an estimate which he can refuse or accept as he pleases, and the details of this estimate are made up irrespective of what I may make in commission on the sales of the book. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred I do not believe that I shall make a crown piece in commission on sales. I tell the author that, and try to dissuade him from throwing his money away. If he *will* have it this way, why, then, my charges are such as make it worth my while undertaking the business, and giving him the benefit of my advice, experience, and staff. Whatever "extra" terms I obtain are legally and morally mine, since these constitute the only profit I can hope to make by doing for the author what he cannot do for himself. If I make any commission on the sales, I have earned them by selling the book.

More carefully to test the costs here tabulated, I wrote to four of the printing houses I myself employ, and asked them to furnish me with estimates based on the data given in this work. Their replies were at least twenty per cent. in excess of the estimates quoted by Sir Walter Besant. But it by no means follows from this that I should accept the offer he makes and have him print the works for me, and for the reasons I have already given. It would be very easy for a publisher to produce a first edition of 1,000 copies of a crown octavo book, of even 360 pages, for one shilling or elevenpence each; but if he value his reputation he will avoid the "cheap and nasty." He must leave the manufacture of such articles to the days when "The Method of the Future" shall be in operation.

"THE METHOD OF THE FUTURE" :—

"Briefly the method will be this. The author will dis sever himself altogether from the publisher, and will connect himself directly with the bookseller and the libraries. He will appoint an agent or distributor, to whom he will pay a commission. He will take upon himself the printing and production and advertising. He will himself incur the risk, if any, of a loss on the first run of the book."

Let us for a moment look into this and see what the method means. We will imagine an author has written a work and that he has, say, £100 to spend on its production—not always an easy task for the imagination. He goes to a printer with the MS. and asks him to go on with the composition. What will the printer say? He will say :—"My dear Sir, I don't know you. You have no account with me; but I'll print your book with pleasure, if you'll deposit the money in advance." Very well; the money is deposited, and one of the terrible charges against existing publishers who ask for the money in advance vanishes. The book is composed, and the author goes to the paper-maker, who deals with him in exactly the same fashion. Well, he is settled, and the book is printed. Then the poor, tired author (who is supposed all this time to have nothing else to do) goes to the binder and is treated as the printer and paper-maker treated him; but he also is satisfied. The book is finally delivered into the hands of the "agent or distributor." The agent has agreed to publish the book at a commission of, let us say, ten per cent. or fifteen per cent.; but he says to the author :—"I don't know you. You have no account with me. The book must be advertised; will you kindly say how much you wish to spend, and deposit the money?" I should imagine this would be the last straw on the poor author's back. "A fico for your methods of the future!" he would roar. "Am I a millionaire?" Still, the matter cannot stop here, and so our author spends his last shilling. The book is advertised, subscribed, travelled, boomed, and the rest, but—it doesn't sell. Every week the author calls on his friends the bookseller and librarian, and wants to know how his book is going. He pesters his friends to buy them, he denies his relations presentation copies. He worries his agent to distribute. Weeks pass, months go by, still nothing comes in. He goes again to the agent—this time for some of the profits. His coat is worn; he has had no square meal for a month; his landlord is clamouring for the rent; generally speaking, he is physically and socially a wreck. The agent looks at him aghast, as he hears the request for profits. "Profits! Is it profits you want? Why, Sir, your book has not sold enough to pay for warehousing! I've lost all my travelling expenses. If this is what your method of the future means to me, you'd better look out for another agent. I'm going to break stones." What becomes of our author? He goes to the Authors' Society, and—but it may be wiser to draw a veil over what happens there. But supposing the book is a success. The author has had to pay cash for all his expenses, but now he finds that he must wait six months before he gets a farthing of his share of profits. What is he to do in the meantime? I see nothing else for him but either to raise loans on what may be coming to him or wait quietly in a workhouse.

Now for author number two. This is a gentleman whose reputation has been made in days when "the method of the future" was not. He is making £5,000 a year by his pen. He has a town house and a country mansion and loves interviewers. He has a social position—is probably thinking of going into Parliament. He travels in the summer and is in request during "the season." He hunts, rides, enjoys his rubber at the club. Also he writes. Has he any time to "take upon himself the printing and production and advertising?" Probably he goes to an agent and says to him :—"My dear Sir, I really have no time to look after all these details. Would you kindly do this for me? I'll pay you an extra five per cent. commission." The "method of the future" is now once more the method of the past. The agent is now the publisher, and he is but human. Time passes, and he is charged with secreting profits, keeping discounts, adding percentages. Wicked agent! He must be inquired into. The inquiry takes place and a bookseller publishes another and

revised edition of "The Pen and the Book," containing new "Costs of Production" and a new "method of the future."

Lastly, there is author number three. He has read "The Pen and the Book," and "enthused" over the glowing periods of the chapter on "The Life of Letters." His breast is filled with an ambition to become a great writer. But, alas! he knows no booksellers and librarians, has no money, and cannot afford to "risk a loss on the first run of his book." He is probably a poor clerk, earning a small wage, or living on a narrow income with a wife and family. What is he to do? He can only beg the agent to do for him what he cannot do for himself. And how will the agent treat him? Why, just as a publisher would now. It might be that the Authors' Society will help him. Not at all. "You are not an author," they will tell him, "you have not published a book. Nor are you a member." So he goes home, and perhaps another "mute inglorious Milton" passes away.

But where, all this time, is the literary agent? With the extinction of the publisher, his occupation must, surely, be a very narrow one. I surmise that he has now become the "distributor," working on a commission of ten per cent. or fifteen per cent. Well, I do not envy him his lot. I think if he compares his position now and what it was in the days of publishers he will wish himself back again in "the good old times." In those days he received ten per cent. for sending manuscripts round to various houses and writing a few letters. If they were not "placed" he always had his fee. Now, for a paltry extra five per cent. he must have larger premises to find room for a staff of invoice clerks and book-keepers. He must pay them wages and employ packers, and spend money on string and wrapping paper. He must send out travellers and pay their expenses. He must keep advertising accounts and a counter-hand to attend to collectors. His stationery bill is trebled; his cartage account is an item, as are his postages. His first year's balance-sheet shows that he is working at a loss of, perhaps, ten per cent. It is his turn now to "strike"—and he does. What happens? He arranges for a twenty-five per cent. commission, which means that he works for about the same remuneration as the publisher did of old, and makes the author do all the fatiguing and harassing manufacturing work.

No! "This will never do." Authors will not, and cannot become book writers and book manufacturers; nor will literary agents become distributors. Both know well another game that pays far better.

Correspondence.

MR. CROZIER'S MISREPRESENTATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—It is to be regretted that the reviewer of "My Inner Life," &c., did not test Mr. Crozier's allegations concerning my views before giving to them further currency. It ought, I think, to be a recognized principle that where an author makes injurious statements respecting some third person's opinions, a reviewer should, unless he already knows them to be true, not repeat them without having first verified them.

Mr. Crozier is described as speaking of "Mr. Spencer's pure and undiluted materialism," and my views are again referred to as "the dead wall of materialism": no indication being given by the reviewer that these characterizations are either untrue or doubtful. How untrue they are the following extracts from two of my books will show:—

Hence the reasonings contained in the foregoing pages, afford no support to either of the antagonist hypotheses respecting the ultimate nature of things. Their implications are no more materialistic than they are spiritualistic; and no more spiritualistic than they are materialistic. Any argument which is apparently furnished to either hypothesis, is neutralized by as good an argument furnished to the other. ("First Principles," § 194.)

It may be as well to say here, once for all, that were we compelled to choose between the alternatives of translating mental phenomena into physical phenomena, or of translating physical phenomena into mental phenomena, the latter alternative would seem the more acceptable of the two. . . . Hence though of the two it seems easier to translate so-called matter into so-called spirit, than to translate so-called spirit into so-called matter (which latter is, indeed, wholly impossible); yet no translation can carry us beyond our symbols. ("Principles of Psychology," § 63.)

I have not seen Mr. Crozier's book, and do not know whether in any place he has recognized the opinions thus expressed; but, judging from the notice in last week's *Literature* and from other notices I have seen, this allegation of "pure and undiluted materialism" must be presented in so conspicuous and emphatic a manner that qualifications, if there are any, go for nothing.

It is not a trivial matter thus to give a false characterization to the whole of a thinker's works. Many readers must inevitably be turned away from them; many others must take them up with a prejudice which prevents unbiased perusal; and those who are already antagonists are furnished with a newly-sharpened weapon with which to renew their attacks. For the charge of materialism, false as it is, is a weapon which, however often knocked out of the hand of an assailant, is presently picked up by another and used again.

HERBERT SPENCER.

Brighton, January 8, 1899.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Quoth your reviewer of Mr. Henderson's admirable book:—

As to Wallace stealing the widow's beer at Perth 'in his youth,' we scout the idea. . . . An accomplice of Wallace the thief was Matthew of York, who pleaded his clergy. Now, was the national hero likely to be priggish alone in company with a clerk of the hated English race?

Ebbene! but whose idea is thus scouted: the English provost marshal's, who *accused* Wallace of stealing beer, or the writer who, greatly daring, thinks it probable that William le Waleys the accused and William le Waleys the patriot were one and the same "party"? The charge was never tried, because the accused evaded capture and trial.

The beer, however, may have been drunk by the future patriot, never have been paid for, yet Wallace have been but technically a thief. Which of us can say he never left a town without settling his tavern bill? All authorities agree that, for some misdeed or other, Wallace was in hiding at the time he assumed his great rôle. Being notoriously (see Blind Harry) what Pitscottie called Gilnockie, "ane louse levand man," it is not surprising if he had to quit Perth somewhat quicker than convenient, and the English clerk might not be meticulous in distinguishing between theft and a mere neglect to pay his bills. There is this little circumstance to be noted. Blind Harry (I am sorry I have not his poem at hand to look up the reference) states that just about this time, 1386, Wallace was in Perth *in the disguise of a priest*. What more natural then that he should refresh himself in company with the genuine article, even were the last an Englishman?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HERBERT MAXWELL.

SIR WALTER BESANT'S "THE PEN AND THE BOOK."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I am neither an author nor a publisher, but, as a book-buyer and a ratepayer, I have read "A Publisher's" article in the current number of *Literature* with dismay. A few quotations from the section on the "Royalty System" will show that my fears are only too well grounded:—

Suppose an author agrees to a 20 per cent. royalty. On a six-shilling book (sold to the trade at 3s. 6d.) this yields

him 1s. 2 2-5d., while the publisher's *net profit* [the italics are mine] is 1s. 3 3-5d. This assumes that the first thousand copies cost one shilling each. . . . How does the publisher fare with his £26 (= 400 × 1s. 3 3-5d.) ?

Remember that this £26 is the poor man's *net profit*. We have a balanced account to show this in the clearest way :—

To Cost of 1,000 copies @ 1s. each... ..	£50 0 0	By Sales—400 @ 3/6 ea. £70 0 0	
„ Advertising, say ...	15 0 0	„ Proportion of Profit	26 0 0
„ Author's Royalties ...	24 0 0		
„ Travelling and Working Expenses @ 10% on Sales ...	7 0 0		
	<u>£96 0 0</u>		<u>£96 0 0</u>

What could be clearer ? The 400 times 1s. 2 2-5d. which the author receives goes on one side of the account, the 400 times 1s. 3 3-5d. which is the publisher's *net profit* goes on the other side, and everything balances up neatly. But stay—there is an explanation at foot of the account:—“ The £26 are all swallowed up in expenses, and the publisher is left with 500 copies of a book worth, probably, waste-paper price.” And the publisher reckons that he will at any rate make a few shillings by selling the remainder to the butterman. I wish, Sir, that I could break it to him gently ; but the truth must be told. He is on the high road to bankruptcy, and he does not know it. The production of 1,000 copies of that book, and the sale of 400 copies have cost him £96 in payments out of pocket ; and he has received £70 from the booksellers. He has drawn £26 of his own capital to make up the deficiency, and yet he only complains of having lost his net profit.

Lest there should be any doubt as to his meaning, he gives a second example. In this the author gets 1s. 2 2-5d., while the publisher receives but 11 1-10d. The result is that the total payments for printing 1,000 copies and selling 400 copies amount to £117 ; while the 400 copies bring in £70. And this is his comment on the transaction :—“ So that, after giving back his proportion of profits, the publisher has, in addition, to pay £28 10s.” An ordinary business man—perhaps even an author—would say that the publisher makes a dead loss of £47.

It appears, then, that publishers must have started with enormous capital to keep this sort of thing going on for so long. But no amount of capital can stand it for ever. And since publishers do not realize how rapidly they are losing money, we must be approaching a crisis when they will be ruined and forced to take refuge in the workhouses. The authors must follow them, as there will be no one left to pay them those sums of 1s. 2 2-5d. I shall have to pay higher poor-rates ; and, as no more new books will be published, second-hand books will be raised to fabulous prices, far beyond my means. But all this may be averted if publishers will avoid spending their *net profits* on expenses, and if they will also give some little attention to book-keeping as well as to book-publishing.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

January 17.

PLAIN FIGURES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Permit me to point out that “ A Publisher ” in his article in to-day's issue of *Literature* understates his case by including the “ Proportion of Profit ” twice in his column of receipts from an imaginary sale of 400 books.

The corrected table ought to read as follows :—

To Cost of 1,000 copies @ 1s. each... ..	£50 0 0	By Sales—400 @ 3/6 each, i.e. :—	
„ Advertising, say ...	15 0 0	1s. cost ...	£20 0 0
„ Author's Royalties ...	24 0 0	1s. 2 2-5d. Author	24 0 0
„ Travelling, &c. ...	7 0 0	1s. 3 3-5d. Publisher	26 0 0
	<u>£96 0 0</u>	Net loss ...	<u>£96 0 0</u>

It is simply by the accident of fixing Travelling Expenses, &c., at £7, and Advertising at £15, that the net loss happens to be the same amount as the publisher's portion of the proceeds of sales.

The same remarks apply to the next table, which ought to show a net or absolute loss of £47.

Your obedient servant,

HUGH D. MACDONALD.

Highcroft, Muswell-avenue, Muswell-hill, N.

January 14.

“ LIKE HE DID.”

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I see that a correspondent of *Literature* gives examples of the use of this expression by a Canon, a Queen's Counsel, and myself ; and he asks whether it is going to be generally adopted. I hope not. It appears from your correspondent's letter that only one of us *wrote* the phrase. The preacher rolled it through Westminster Abbey, and in the evening of the same Sunday I used it at the Passmore Edwards Institute. Into such fine company I have strayed by a slip of the tongue ! My “ lecture ” on Dr. Johnson was but a series of readings connected by nervous remarks, and if I said “ like Mr. Augustine Birrell does ” I now beg to substitute “ as,” and withdraw from the gaze of grammarians.

I am, yours, &c.,

WILFRED WHITTEN.

60, Chancery-lane, W.C.

Authors and Publishers.

Mr. Goldwin Smith is engaged upon a political history of the United Kingdom down to the Reform Act of 1832, short and popular in character. Mr. Goldwin Smith speaks of this work as the last that he will undertake ; it will probably be published in the autumn.

The “ History of Japanese Literature,” which Mr. W. G. Aston has written for the series which Mr. Gosse is editing for Mr. Heinemann, differs from those which have preceded it in the fact that two-thirds of it is translation and only one-third history or criticism. The Japanese have cultivated a voluminous literature for upwards of twelve centuries, but forty years ago no Englishman had read one page of a Japanese book. Even now no history of Japanese prose and poetry exists in any European language, and Mr. Aston, whose life has been given to this subject, has a free field, and is of opinion that the richness and variety of the ancient prose literature of Japan will astonish English readers. One curious fact is that Japanese is the only language in which women have excelled in classical times. The great writers of the eleventh century were all women, and an analysis of and quotation from their works promises much entertainment. Mr. Aston brings his subject up to the very latest writers now taking advantage of the Japanese copyright law in Tokio and in Yokohama.

We understand that Lady Burghclere is engaged on a Life of George Villiers, Second Duke of Buckingham. The career of this versatile personage has never before been written in detail, and the romantic episodes of his life—as important as it was frivolous—may well furnish material for an interesting work.

“ A Political History of Contemporary Europe ” is to be the English title of M. C. Seignobos' work which will be published here this year by Mr. Heinemann. Beginning with the critical year 1814, Mr. Seignobos' aim has been to write an explanatory rather than a narrative history, and to form a summary of a period over which it has been almost impossible hitherto to get a comprehensive view.

“ A Short History of the Saracens,” being a concise account of the rise and decline of the Saracenic power, by the distinguished native Indian writer Ameer Ali (Syed), will be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan.

Some further additions are to be made to Macmillan's popular “ Eversley Series.” Mr. J. R. Green's “ Conquest of

England" will form a suitable pendant to his two former historical works which have already been issued in this series. Under the title of "Essays from the *Spectator*" will appear a posthumous selection from the contributions of the late editor of that periodical, Mr. R. H. Hutton. The first volume of a new edition of Shakespeare (with introduction and short notes to the plays and poems, by Professor Herford), to be completed in ten monthly volumes, is also to be issued at the end of January.

George Borrow was a fascinating personality, and the Life, Writings, and Correspondence of the famous scholar-gipsy which are to appear early in March ought to be very good reading. He had an adventurous life, as he told the world in his delightful books, and there must surely have been many interesting incidents that he did not relate, and which will come fresh from the biographer's pen. The biographer in this case is Professor William Knapp, and the publisher will be Mr. Murray. The Life comes at an opportune moment. The expiring of the copyright of "Lavengro" is sure to bring forth some cheap editions of that very entertaining blend of romance and personal experience, while the excellent gipsy scenes of "Aylwin" ought to send many readers to the writer from whom Mr. Watts-Dunton drew much of his inspiration.

Sir Alfred Lyall is republishing his "Asiatic Studies, Religious and Social," and adding to them yet another series. The two volumes—one containing the original matter and the other the new studies—will be issued in a month or two by Mr. Murray. Another book about India—of a less serious character—which may be expected about the same time, is Mr. Mark Thornhill's "Haunts and Hobbies of an Indian Official." Mr. Thornhill has already published the "Experiences of a Magistrate during the Indian Mutiny." His new volume will deal with less exciting events, and will give a picture of an Indian Civil Servant's life and recreations in peaceful times. A third work of Indian interest which Mr. Murray has in hand is "Lumsden of the Guides," by Gen. Sir Peter Lumsden and Mr. George R. Elmslie, C.S.I.

"An account of the history, topography, and antiquities of the cities, towns, and villages of the county of York, founded on personal observations made during many journeys through the Three Ridings" is the sub-title of Mr. J. S. Fletcher's new book, "A Picturesque History of Yorkshire." The list of illustrators alone will give a general idea of the scale on which Messrs. Dent propose to produce this work; it includes Alfred Parsons, W. Hyde, John Fulleylove, Herbert Railton, George S. Elgood, J. Ayton Symington, G. P. Rhodes, Helen M. James, Jessie Macgregor, and Bertha Newcome. Mr. Fletcher, who is well known as the author of various publications closely associated with the county and its traditions, is a Yorkshireman by birth and has lived in Yorkshire nearly all his life.

We regret that in a note which we published in our last issue as to Mr. Fletcher's new novel, "The Paths of the Prudent," through the unfortunate omission of a line, an erroneous statement was made as to this novel. It is not the case that it includes "roadside scenes during the Civil War" and that it has been published in the United States. These statements referred to another book by Mr. Fletcher called "At the Sign of the Blue Bell." "The Paths of the Prudent" has never been previously published. We refer elsewhere to the little poem by Mr. Fletcher in the birthday number of the *Star*.

The Rev. Mr. Fitchett, author of "Deeds that Won the Empire," whose "Fights for the Flag" we review elsewhere, is a Wesleyan clergyman, who two years ago was the President of the Victorian Conference. He is principal of the Methodist Ladies' College at Hawthorn, a suburb of Melbourne, and likewise edits several religious papers as well as the Australian edition of the *Review of Reviews*. He is also a steady contributor to the

Melbourne *Argus*. From all which it is clear that he is a man of extreme industry.

A rich vein, hitherto practically unworked, of architectural study is to be found in the Dutch farmsteads and country houses of Cape Colony. They are from one to two centuries old and upwards, scattered among umbrageous surroundings in the districts neighbouring on the Cape peninsula. The *Cape Times* has published a Christmas Annual for 1898, under the title "Old Cape Homesteads and their Founders," which gives a very attractive idea of these buildings, which embody a distinct style of domestic architecture, a variant of the Holland or Belgium urban styles of the contemporary period, adapted to rural and to Colonial conditions. The letterpress and a number of illustrations are by Mrs. A. P. Trotter, and we understand that this lady is preparing an illustrated book on the subject on a more elaborate scale.

Mr. Houston S. Chamberlain, whose life of Wagner is well known, has completed the first part of his work on the nineteenth century. The introductory volume will be published in February, and will deal with the past in its relation to and influence upon the life and thought of the present century.

On March 1 Mr. Grant Richards will publish the first issue of a new monthly magazine to be entitled the *Butterfly*. Our readers may perhaps remember the little venture of the same name which ran during the year 1893. This new periodical is to be a continuation of the old; but a continuation amounting to an entirely new departure. The artists who, six years ago, associated themselves in that undertaking have now recruited their ranks, and on its art side the contributions will be by Messrs. Maurice Greiffenhagen, G. D. Armour, Max Beerbohm, A. S. Hartrick, E. J. Sullivan, Raven Hill, J. W. T. Manuel, S. H. Sime, and Edgar Wilson. On its literary side the *Butterfly* will contain contributions by Messrs. Arthur Morrison, Barry Pain, "Adrian Ross," Max Beerbohm, H. D. Lowry, Walter L. Emanuel, and Robert Bell. The magazine will be issued monthly at a price of sixpence per number.

After passing through two editions in Germany, and having appeared in the Russian and Italian languages, Professor Max Verworn's great work, "General Physiology," an outline of the science of life, has now been edited and done into English by Dr. Frederic S. Lee, Professor of Physiology in Columbia University. Messrs. Macmillan are the publishers.

Mr. Charles de Kay has prepared a translation of M. Leon Daudet's book on his father, Alphonse Daudet, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Sampson Low. The volume will contain intimate studies of the novelist and sketches of the family life generally of the Daudets.

"The History of Educational Theories in Britain" is to be the title of the new work by Mr. H. L. Mark, of Owens College, Manchester. The book begins with the Middle Ages, dwells on the Renaissance period, and is brought down to the present day.

Mr. Fred T. Jane, whose enlarged edition of "All the World's Fighting Ships" we mentioned in *Literature* of December 17, has completed a novel dealing with life in East Devonshire and is now writing a story of the modern Navy on lines that have not yet been tried. Mr. Jane, by-the-by, is, we believe, a descendant of the original of "The Vicar of Bray," or at any rate of the divine generally supposed to have been the Vicar of Bray's original, the Rev. Joseph Jane, D.D., Regius Professor at Oxford, *tempore* James II. and William III.

Mr. William Heinemann will very shortly publish in book form the articles, written in the first place for *Scribner's Magazine*, on "The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns," by Richard Harding Davis. Mr. Davis has added a carefully-considered summary of his impressions as war correspondent, which he had no leisure to set down exactly during the campaigns. These

should be valuable as descriptive of the warfare of two modernly-equipped nations. The book is illustrated by many photographs, taken on the spot, giving graphic representations of the many engagements at which Mr. Harding Davis was present.

Professor Saintsbury is to be congratulated upon the approaching issue of the fortieth and concluding volume of Balzac's "Comédie Humaine," published by Messrs. Dent. Among the *littérateurs* who have been associated with the editor in this entirely new translation are Miss Ellen Marriage, Mrs. Clara Bell, and Mr. James Waring, the illustrations having been supplied by Messrs. W. Boucher, D. Murray Smith, and J. A. Symington. A large paper edition is shortly to be in the hands of the booksellers, and such an edition should go far to do away with the reproach that Balzac is not read in this country as he should be.

Among the numerous histories of English literature now current in England there is, so far as we know, none in which the author has fully realized that, even for quite advanced students, it is necessary to provide a fair number of illustrative extracts. This is a point not overlooked in the "Intermediate Text-Book of English Literature," which was begun some years ago by the late Mr. W. H. Low, and has now been completed by Mr. A. J. Wyatt. The work will henceforth be issued in two parts, the first dealing with English literature from its earliest beginnings to 1660, the second covering the period, 1660-1832.

Mr. Neil Wynn Williams, whose study of Greek character, "The Bayonet that Came Home," we noticed last year as "a delicate, characteristic picture of provincial life," has now completed a story of English provincial life founded on a long acquaintance with the rural population. It is to be entitled "The Green Field: A Novel of the Midlands," and will be published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall in February.

Captain Edward Spencer—"Nathaniel Gubbins" of the

Sporting Times—who achieved such a popular success with his cookery book entitled "Cakes and Ale," has just passed for press the last sheets of a work on "drinks." The title of the work is to be "The Flowing Bowl." It will form a treatise on drinks of all kinds and of all periods, and will be interspersed with many anecdotes and reminiscences. The book will be issued next month by Mr. Grant Richards, uniform with "Cakes and Ale," but with a new cover-design by Mr. Phil May.

Messrs. Methuen will publish later on this year an elaborate edition of "The Leviathan" of Thomas Hobbes, which Mr. W. G. Pogson-Smith, of St. John's College, Oxford, is editing.

During the spring season Messrs. Duckworth will publish the second edition of "Spinoza: His Life and Philosophy," by Sir Frederick Pollock, and two more volumes of "The Saints" Series—"S. Ignatius of Loyola," by Henri Joly, formerly Professor at the Sorbonne, translated by Mildred Partridge; and "S. Louis," by Marius Sèpet, Librarian of the National Library, Paris, translated by C. Kegan Paul. The translations are edited by the Rev. G. Tyrrell.

"Arbor Vitæ" is the title Mr. Godfrey Blount has chosen for his book on the nature and development of imaginative design for the use of teachers and handicraftsmen. The work will shortly be issued by Messrs. J. M. Dent and will form a demy 4to. volume of nearly 250 pages, copiously illustrated by specimens of decorative design. Another book on a different subject, which will interest lovers of home music and pianists generally, is to come also from Messrs. Dent. This is "A History of the Pianoforte and Pianoforte Players," by Dr. Oscar Bie, with portraits, illustrations, facsimiles, and new original compositions. The translators are Messrs. Kellett, M.A. Oxon, and E. W. Naylor, M.A., Mus.D. Cantab.

Messrs. George Newnes is publishing, by arrangements with Messrs. Sampson Low, a popular edition, in eighteen sixpenny weekly parts, of Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent," containing all the original illustrations and a specially prepared map, together with a new introduction by the author. Part I. will be ready on February 1.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

- ART.**
The Year's Art, 1899. Compiled by A. C. R. Carter. 7½x5in., 484 pp. London, 1899. Virtue. 3s. 6d.
Sketches from Memory. By G. A. Storey. A.R.A. 9x5½in., xx+401 pp. London, 1899. Chatto & Windus. 12s. 6d.
- BIOGRAPHY.**
Memor and Correspondence of Susan Ferrier. 1782-1854. Ed. by John A. Doyle. 9x5½in., 349 pp. London, 1898. Murray. 18s.
Marysienka, Marie de la Grange D'Arquien, Queen of Poland. By K. Waliszewski. Translated by Lady Mary Loyd. 9x5½in., xvi+297 pp. London, 1898. Heinemann. 12s. n.
- DRAMA.**
The Masqueraders. A Play in Four Acts. By Henry Arthur Jones. 7x4½in., ix+113 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.
The Heather Field and Maeve. By Edward Martyn. With Introduction by George Moore. 8x6in., xxviii+129 pp. London, 1899. Duckworth. 5s.
- FICTION.**
The Two Standards. By William Barry. (Green cloth Library.) 8½x5½in., viii+580 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 6s.
Infatuation. By Mrs. B. M. Croker. (The Times Novels.) 7½x5½in., 332 pp. London, 1899. Chatto & Windus. 6s.
The Archdeacon. By L. B. Walford. 8x5½in., 274 pp. London, 1898. Pearson. 6s.
Red Rook. By Thomas Nelson Page. 7½x5½in., 451 pp. London, 1898. Heinemann. 6s.
The Vision Splendid. By Florence Bright and Robert Macbray. 8x5½in., 374 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 6s.
- Merry Suffolk, Master Archie, and other Tales.** A Book of Folk-Lore. By Louis A. Fison. 7½x5in., 79 pp. London, 1899. Jarrold. 1s.
Little King Rannie. By M. E. Winchester. 7½x5in., 463 pp. London, 1899. Digby, Long. 6s.
Ashes of Empire. By R. W. Chambers. 7½x5in., 328 pp. London, 1898. Macmillan. 6s.
Tom Benton's Luck. By Herbert E. Hamblen. 7½x5in., xiii+374 pp. London, 1898. Macmillan. 6s.
The Shadow of a Crime. By Hall Caine. (6d. Series.) 8½x5½in., 138 pp. London, 1899. Chatto & Windus.
- GEOGRAPHY.**
The Native Tribes of Central Australia. By Baldwin Spencer and F. J. Gillen. 9x5½in., xx+671 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 21s. n.
- HISTORY.**
Sir John Cope and the Rebellion of 1754. By the late General Sir Robert Cadell, K.C.B. 9½x7½in., xii+282 pp. London, 1898. Blackwood. 10s. 6d. n.
- LAW.**
Seven Lectures on the Law and History of Copyright in Books. By Augustine Birrell. M.P. 7½x5in., 228 pp. London, 1899. Cassell. 3s. 6d. n.
- LITERARY.**
French Literature of To-day. By Yveta Blazé de Bury. 8x5½in., 279 pp. London, 1899. Constable. 6s.
Literature. Vol. III. July 9 to Dec. 31, 1898. Ed. by H. D. Traill. 12x9½in., 640 pp. London, 1899. "The Times" Office. 10s.
- MATHEMATICAL.**
A New Sequel to Euclid. By W. J. Dilworth. M.A. 7½x5in., 196 pp. London, 1899. Blackie. 2s. 6d.
- MISCELLANEOUS.**
The Antiquary. Vol. XXXIV. 10x7½in., 388 pp. London, 1898. Stock. 7s. 6d.
- MUSIC.**
Music and Manners from Pergolesi to Beethoven. Essays by Henry E. Krehbiel. 7½x5½in., 277 pp. London, 1899. Constable. 6s.
- NATURAL HISTORY.**
Sketch of the Evolution of Our Native Fruits. By L. H. Bailey. 7½x5in., xiii+472 pp. London, 1898. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. n.
- ORIENTAL.**
The Temple of Mut in Asher. By Margaret Benson and Janet Gourlay. Illustrated. 9x6in., xvi+391 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 21s.
- The Historical Development of the Qur'an.** By the Rev. Edward Sell, B.D. 8½x5½in., 144 pp. London, 1898. Church Missionary Soc. 3s. 6d. n.
- POETRY.**
Summer Sonnets, and other Verses. By Emma J. Parker. 7x4½in., viii+57 pp. London, 1898. Grant Richards. 2s. 6d. n.
- REPRINTS.**
The Virginians. By W. M. Thackeray. (Biographical Ed., Vol. X.) With introduction by his daughter, Annie Ritchie. 8½x5½in., xliii+609 pp. London, 1899. Smith, Elder. 6s.
Poems of George Meredith. 2 vols. 7½x5½in., 436 pp. London, 1899. Constable. 12s.
The Works of Henry Fielding. Vols. VI. and VII. (Tom Jones, Vol. IV., Amelia, Vol. I.) With Intro. by Edmund Gosse. 8½x5½in., 407+xiv+299 pp. London, 1899. Constable. 7s. 6d. n. each vol.
Rory O'More. By Samuel Lover. Ed. by D. J. O'Donoghue. 8½x5½in., 452 pp. London, 1899. Constable. 6s.
The Works of William Shakespeare. (The Whitehall Ed., Vol. XI.) Ed. by H. A. Doubleday. 7½x5½in., 490 pp. London, 1899. Constable. 5s.
- Songs from the Plays of Shakespeare.** (The Illustrated English Poems.) Ed. by Ernest Rhys. Illustrated by Paul Woodroffe. 8½x6½in., 85 pp. London, 1898. Dent. 3s. 6d. n.
- SCIENCE.**
Handbook of Metallurgy. By Dr. Carl Schnabel. Translated by Henry Louis, M.A. 2 vols. 9½x6in., xvi+876+xiv+732 pp. London, 1898. Macmillan. 42s. n.
A Short History of Astronomy. By Arthur Berry, M.A. 7½x5in., xxxi+440 pp. London, 1898. Murray. 6s.
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- TRAVEL.**
Mogreb-El-Akssa. A Journey in Morocco. By R. B. Cunningham Graham. 9x5½in., xi+323 pp. London, 1899. Heinemann.

Literature

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EIGHTY YEARS OF CRITICISM.

Next week will witness the publication of the thousandth number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, an event which will receive commemoration in the enlarged form to be given to the February issue of the venerable periodical in honour of the occasion. Eighty odd years is of course no extraordinary term of life for an English newspaper, our journalism, daily and weekly, having, as we all know, a much longer history behind it than our monthly magazines and reviews. But we need hardly say that octogenarianism among these latter almost constitutes a "record." Their average term of existence if it were to be actuarially calculated would fall conspicuously short of the Psalmist's span; so much so, indeed, that this vigorous old monthly, which has proved itself "so strong" as to reach fourscore without any signs of its strength becoming "labour and sorrow," has, with the single, and perhaps doubtful exception of the time-honoured organ of Silvanus Urban, no living companion of anything even distantly approaching to its own age. The longest-lived of its

contemporaries was born thirteen years later and expired seventeen years ago; and the next in point of seniority has still another forty odd years to live before it will be in a position to celebrate its eightieth birthday. Of the dim multitude which have fitted across the stage of literary life and disappeared after a few years of existence into the realms of Dis it is unnecessary to speak. Some half-dozen of them lived long enough and with enough distinction to leave a name behind them in the annals of our literature—though sometimes, indeed, a name derived only from the accidental and temporary association with them of some writer destined to become a classic; but the rest are shadows. Many, moreover, even of these have resembled the *doyen* of our monthlies only in their interval of issue. They have been "miscellanies" in the true sense of the term rather than "reviews," even sometimes when they bore the latter name; and among their varied contents they have relied more upon the serial story, the biographical or historical essay, the sketch or study from man or nature, than upon any contributions bearing directly on the subject of literature. But it has been the distinction of *Blackwood*—while providing, of course, for a due variety of tastes among its readers—to have maintained throughout its long life that well-marked character of a critical review, which, from the first, or almost from the first—for we might, no doubt, dismiss from consideration those early and tentative efforts so well described by Mrs. Oliphant—had been impressed upon it. Hence, in its life-history, we are able with tolerable accuracy to trace the general progress and development of English literary criticism.

The result of such a survey arouses, as might be expected, a mixture of feelings. Only, at least by those among us who have adopted the modern conception—in some important respects a fallacious conception—of criticism as a science or quasi-science can it be regarded with unalloyed complacency. To those, on the other hand, for whom criticism has always been, and who hope that it may ever remain, a branch of literature—an art which will forfeit its artistic character in exact proportion to its undue striving after an impossibly scientific basis—it must often be difficult to escape the feeling that in the course of the last eighty years it has lost more than it has gained. It is easy, of course, to enumerate the various offences against all sound canons of the critical art of which its early professors—little suspecting it, good souls, to be a Science, with or without a capital letter—were habitually guilty; and perhaps no happier hunting-ground for these errors could be found than in the pages of our revered "Maga" during the first twenty years or so of its career. To begin with, there was the well-known error—an error of such *naïveté* and so full of the "freshness of the early world" that it almost disarms censure—of judging a book, not on its literary merits, but

by the political opinions of its author. Next there was the error—if such it can be called, for it seems to deserve a harsher name—of deliberately undertaking the criticism of a book in a spirit of personal animosity to the writer. Then, again, there was the more venial error founded on what has been described as “the complaint that the author has written his own book instead of the critic’s,” who accordingly criticizes it from the point of view of its success in realizing, or its failure to realize, not its author’s conception of what it should be, but its critic’s theory of what it ought to be. And, yet again, there is the error of treating a book, not as a work to be interpreted and appraised by its reviewer, but merely as affording him an opportunity to display his own superior knowledge of the subject, or the wit and eloquence with which he can discourse upon it or upon collateral topics more or less remotely connected with it.

Besides these there were other errors abundantly exemplified in the criticism of the past; but these, as the most frequent and conspicuous, will suffice for purposes of illustration, and of these, we may no doubt say without undue vanity that they have been either corrected altogether, or appear only in a much mitigated form in the critical work of the present day. For instance, no Tory or Radical reviewer would nowadays think of “slating” a meritorious novel or disparaging a valuable biography, or a well-written volume of essays, because it happened to be the product of a Radical or Tory pen. And though personal dislike of a writer may still occasionally—for we are still human—add emphasis to a critic’s disapproval of his work, the open avowal of such a “critical” attitude as was revealed by Macaulay when, awaiting an unpublished book of Croker’s, of the merit of which he could have no possible knowledge, he expressed not merely his desire but his intention of “dusting the varlet’s jacket for him,” would in these days be impossible. Again, though the critic is doubtless not yet wholly free from the tendency to impose his own theories on the author, and is not always proof against the temptation to exhibit the treasures of his wit and information to the neglect of his proper business, it may yet, we think, be fairly said that the more competent members of the craft make, for the most part, an honest attempt to judge of books from the standpoint of those who have written them, and show, further, a sufficient consciousness of the fact that it is their primary function to display the artistic merits or demerits of their author rather than the wealth of their own attainment or the brilliancy of their own literary genius.

On the other hand, it is surely undeniable that, in freeing itself from these defects as an art or science of the interpretation and appraisal of literary products, criticism has lost some of its attractions as literature. That, indeed, was inevitable. A judicial pronouncement cannot, without deviating from its true character, be made as interesting and animating as a fine piece of forensic advocacy; nor does it or should it reveal as much of the individuality of the man who delivers it. The frank impressionism of Christopher North, and even the prejudice and paradox of

De Quincey, have for the reader of to-day a certain charm which is quite independent of the purely literary attractions of their respective styles. The most perversely aberrant of their criticisms are still alive—as much so, almost, as Johnson’s stolidly inappreciative analysis of Milton’s “Lycidas,” or his frigid examination of the poetry of Gray. For all of them have the great human attraction of disclosing to us a human personality which begins by impressing us with its original and individual elements of force or beauty, and ends by possessing us with a perpetual curiosity to study it in its attitude towards each successive work of literature which is placed before it. And the consciousness of exercising this attraction naturally reacts for good as well as evil on the writer who exercises it. No doubt it must tend—and we see plainly that in the past it did, in fact, tend—to foster in him such qualities as vanity, arrogance, and dogmatism; but, beyond question, it quickened his intellectual powers and his literary faculty to an extraordinary degree. Critics of the eminence and with the audience of those who flourished, a small but an admired—and dreaded—band, in the earlier years of the present century, wrote under something like the same stimulus as that which now sustains the energies only of the successful novelist and the popular actor. Nowadays, the critic’s public is immensely larger and indefinitely less interested in his individual performances, which, moreover, in themselves, have become so frequent as to have grown wearisome and are getting too short to be interesting. No blame for this can be attributed to anything but the influence of destiny. As books continue to multiply with the fecundity of the minutest organisms in the lowest and simplest forms of life, and as readers tend more and more to become as the stars in the sky and as the sand on the seashore, it is inevitable that criticism also should adapt itself to the new conditions, that it should become more and more of a convenient business of registration and certification adapted to the immediate needs of authors and publishers, and should retain less and less of its original character as an independent and self-sustaining branch of literature.

Hitherto, the study of English literature has not proved as attractive to German as to French critics. To MM. Taine, Jusserand, Angellier, Legouis, Davray, Filon, Morel, and Texte we owe some illuminating work, and French interest in Tennyson’s work has recently been remarkable. Quite recently we reviewed a translation of “In Memoriam,” and at the present moment *Becket* is appearing in the *Revue d’Art Dramatique*, done into French prose by Mlle. Marie Sainclair. In Germany, Hettner is almost the only contemporary critic who has dealt with English literature *per se*. Other critics, however, like Eric Schmidt, write of it incidentally, and Carlyle and Tennyson form the subjects of monographs by Th. Fischer. A deeper interest in our literature is, in fact, gradually arising in Germany. Meanwhile, an interesting announcement comes from Austria—viz., that Leon Kellner, of the University of Vienna, is engaged on a history of English poetry in the reign of Victoria.

In the latest list of promotions to membership of the Legion of Honour we find the names of three men of

letters—M. Georges Courteline, a humourist; M. de Curel, of the Théâtre Libre; and M. Georges d'Esparbés, a writer of bloodthirsty short stories about the Middle Ages. None of the three is quite so famous as M. Zola, who was lately ejected, or M. de Pressensé, who lately retired of his own free will from that distinguished body; but their preferment serves to illustrate the importance which the French still attach to literature as a department of human endeavour worthy of public recognition. With us, when a literary man is decorated, the reason is generally to be found in some service which is not distinctly literary. Sir Martin Conway, for example, had distinguished himself as an explorer; Sir Edwin Arnold had done good work in connexion with the Indian Education Department; Sir Walter Besant had invented the Society of Authors and the People's Palace; Sir Lewis Morris had claims upon the Liberal Party; Lord Lytton's peerage was not the reward of his novels, but of the services which he had rendered his country as Colonial Secretary; Lord Houghton was not made a Baron for writing "Strangers Yet," but for political services, including a somewhat precipitate change of his political opinions. The cases of Lords Macaulay and Tennyson are almost the only exceptions to the rule that come to mind, and the former had been a distinguished public servant and a Cabinet Minister.

Ceylon is not, perhaps, the part of the British Empire that one would have expected *a priori* to show the way in the matter of copyright legislation. Yet, while European Parliaments are still baffled by the difficulty of dealing with the subject of copyright in Press messages, the Ceylon Legislative Council has read a first time, and has named a date for the second reading of, a Bill to secure newspaper proprietors against the pilfering of their "exclusive information" by their rivals. The text of the measure is before us, and its principal provisions may be shortly summarized as follows:—

1. A message received by submarine telegraph and published in a Ceylon newspaper is the exclusive property of that newspaper for forty-eight hours—provided that the period shall not extend beyond sixty hours from the receipt of the message—and must not be published elsewhere. Any comment upon, or reference to, such intelligence shall be deemed to be publication.
2. The punishment for the first offence shall be a fine not exceeding 100 rupees; the punishment for a second offence a fine not exceeding 200 rupees.
3. Such messages to be headed "By Submarine Telegraph," and to state the day and hour of their receipt.
4. Intelligence thus protected must not, until the forty-eight hours have elapsed, be telegraphed to any one outside Ceylon.
5. Protection is not accorded by the Ordinance to documents published by the Government Printer, or the report of proceedings in the Legislative Council.
6. The Ordinance to be cited as "The Telegram Copyright Ordinance, 189—."

The experiment promises to be an interesting one. In Ceylon the measure will probably work satisfactorily. Newspapers and press messages are few there; everybody knows everybody else's business; and the detection of offenders will be comparatively easy. Here the problem is more complicated, as any one can see for himself by reading the evidence lately given on the subject before the Copyright Commission; though even here it may be hoped—in the interest of the enterprising newspapers which spend large sums on their foreign correspondence—that some solution of it will presently be found.

In our issue of the 14th, when referring in this column to "A Child's History of Ireland," by Mr. P. W. Joyce, LL.D., we attributed its publication by an error to Messrs. Macmillan. The book is published by Messrs. Longmans.

Reviews.

Memoirs of the Verney Family from 1660 to 1696.
By Margaret M. Verney. Vol. IV. 9½×6in., xiv.+510 pp.
London, 1890. Longmans. 21/-

It is just four years since the third volume of the very interesting Verney Memoirs was published, and Miss Verney now brings her useful labour to a conclusion with the death of Sir Ralph Verney in 1696. Like its predecessors, this volume is full of light upon the *vie intime* of the seventeenth century, and the whole book (to which an exhaustive subject-index is here printed as an appendix) must be as indispensable to the historian or the student of manners as are the Paston Letters for an earlier age. Such a book can be best reviewed by the presentation of a few specimens of what it tells: this is one of the cases in which a single brick does give some notion of the whole building.

The present volume opens with an account of the courtship of Edmund Verney, Sir Ralph's eldest son, who is already well known to Miss Verney's readers. After a good deal of heiress-hunting he was safely married to Mary Abell, daughter of a Royalist merchant, turned Buckinghamshire squire, who lived just long enough to become the laughing-stock of his country neighbours by the effusion with which he welcomed the Restoration—notably by a "Collection for the poore King," which he handsomely headed with a donation of £9 16s. 2d. After his death his youthful heiress was found to be a suitable mate for Edmund Verney, whose paternal estate marched with hers. From the quaint description of the courtship, in which the maiden showed herself more eager than her somewhat languid suitor, one may quote an amusing letter of the rector of Claydon to Edmund, whom he was most anxious to see well married:—

I found Mrs. Mary in her morning dresse, a white and blacke petty Coate and wast coate, and all cleane and fine linnen, so lovely proper and briske, I protest I knew her not at first sight, though I had been there a good part of the day but three dayes before. . . . They made themselves merry at Valentine's day in drawing Valentines, and very unwilling she was to be brought to draw (six or seven papires being put together rolled up) for feare she should not draw you. But being persuaded to it at last she ventured, and they say very fairly happened on you to her great satisfaction. . . . I cannot but adde, had I gained her, as you have done, I would marry her, if she would have mee, though I beg'd; and thinke to see more happy dayes in such a choyce, than in another with thousands per an.

Edmund made a good husband, though but a backward lover. One does not augur the best, it is true, from the fact that he wrote to Sir Ralph to bewail the expenses to which the wedding journey put him, somewhat in the vein of the amiable Mr. Cheviot Hill in "Engaged." The catalogue is interesting:—

Besides spending 43 shillings for his wife's wadded cloak, he pays 2 pounds 3 shillings for her silk mantle; "one pound for my pocket money; Wife 10 shillings; gloves 8 shillings and sixpence; and for coache hire these 2 dayes 10 shillings. For a Carman sent for and disappointed 6d.; paid at a play for eight maidens in the 18d. places, 12s.; for their Extraordinaries 6d."

But this was merely a touch of unusual thrift, and Edmund behaved very well under the heaviest calamity that could befall a married man: his poor little heiress was soon attacked by insanity, and proved a heavy burden to the family. "Ah," writes Lady Hobart, the goodness of whose heart was only equalled by the badness of her spelling, "How i pety por cosen mun, that must bar this

hevvy cros." Lady Hobart did her best to console old Sir Ralph for this disappointment in his daughter-in-law by urging him again to try matrimony himself, saying, "Your por son will be a very misarabell man in his wif, I fear; be sure you chuse a better, but one you must have." It was with this Lady Hobart that the young couple lived at first, in a house in Chancery Lane distinguished as having "a very handsom garden with a wash hous in it," and rented at the high sum of £55. In this situation they had almost too close a view of the Great Fire. Lady Hobart, who had to remove all her goods "in porters and carts," though her house was not actually reached by the flames, writes a most vivid description of the scene to Sir Ralph Verney. She says:—

I am sorry to be the mesinger of so dismall news, for por London is almost burnt down. It began on Saturday night and has burnt ever sence and is at this tim more fears then ever. . . . Tis thought flet stret will be burnt by tomorrow, thar is nothing left in any hous thar, nor in the Tempell, thar was never so sad a sight nor so dolefull a cry hard, my hart is not abell to expres the tenth nay the thousenth part of it, thar is all the carts within ten mils round, and cars and drays run about night and day, and thousens of men and women carring burdens.

One of the most interesting chapters in the volume is that which describes Edmund Verney's life on his wife's estate at East Claydon. With a mad wife, who habitually broke the windows and took knives and scissors to bed with her for purposes of offence, a disorderly household, and a strong natural turn for indolence, it is a wonder poor "Mun" got along so well and cheerfully as he did. Another interesting chapter describes his younger brother John's experiences in the English factory at Aleppo, where the competition for the Open Door of the East was almost as lively as it is to-day. A Merchandise Marks Act was needed:—"France was bringing cloth into the market, in combination with Spain, calling it *Drap de Londres*, and marking it, as was said, with the names of English makers." Holland, by way of hampering English trade with the Sultan's dominions, sent a warship into the Red Sea, with instructions to hoist English colours and take "all he could rap and ring from the Turkes, which incensed their Emperor highly." The race for trade is conducted in a more scrupulous fashion in these moral days—or is it greater publicity that we are to thank?

In 1685 Edmund Verney's second son went up to Oxford. With the assistance of the Senior Tutor, Miss Verney has been able to give a very full and graphic account of his life at Trinity, whither it is amusing to note that he carried, besides other provision and "two Guinnies" in cash, a trunk containing "18 Seville Oranges, 6 Malaga Lemons, 3 pounds of Brown sugar, one pound of white poudered sugar made up in quarters, 1 lb. of Brown sugar Candy, $\frac{1}{4}$ of a lb. of white sugar candy, 1 lb. of pickt Raisons, good for a Cough, 4 Nutmeggs." Such a cargo would arouse some interest at Oxford to-day. We should like to refer at length to the chapter entitled "Saint Nicholas' Clerks," which describes the career of two scions of the house of Verney who "took to the road" and died on the gallows, without in the least forfeiting the sympathy of the family for their peccadilloes: such was the temper of the time! But we can spare no more space, and must send our readers to Miss Verney's interesting pages for themselves. Her book, now complete, is an almost unique storehouse of facts about the daily life of the seventeenth century, and makes us deeply grateful that the muniments of Claydon House have survived their numerous vicissitudes of fortune.

THACKERAY AS PUBLICIST.

The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. With Biographical Introduction by his Daughter, **Anne Ritchie.** Vol. X.—**The Virginians.** 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., xliii. + 800 pp. London, 1899. **Smith, Elder.** 6/-

The biographical introduction to the tenth volume of the new edition of Thackeray's works tells of the novelist's second tour in America, his brief political career, and his work in the production of "The Virginians." Mrs. Ritchie's notes and reminiscences, her carefully-chosen extracts from her father's correspondence, form a most attractive prelude to the rereading of Thackeray's much discussed essay into late eighteenth century life and manners. Mrs. Ritchie lets us note for ourselves the gradual development of the book. It appears that "The Virginians" grew naturally out of Thackeray's second visit to America, that visit itself being to some extent dependent on the "Four Georges" lectures. The idea of this series had been in the author's mind since the summer of 1852. Mrs. Ritchie quotes the following characteristic paragraph from one of Thackeray's letters on the subject:—

I had a notion of lectures on the Four Georges and going to Hanover to look at the place whence that race came; but if I hope for preferment hereafter, I mean Police-magistrate-ship or what not, I had best keep a civil tongue in my head; and I should be sure to say something impudent if I got upon the subject; and as I have no particular Heaven-sent mission to do this job, why, perhaps, I had best look for another. And the *malheur* is, that, because it is a needless job, and because I might just as well leave it alone, it is most likely I shall be at it.

Later, in 1855, we see the further evolution when he says:—

I am going to try in the next six weeks to write four lectures for the great North American Republic and deliver them after they are tired of the stale old humourists.

The second American tour was, as is well known, a great success, and the many letters which Mrs. Ritchie gives us show that the lecturer was happy, found many a kind welcome, and was ever keenly alive to the humours of his tour. His pictures of the American life of the period are already of historic interest. In one letter home he says:—

A man came up to me in the street and asked me if I could sign him any one who wanted to buy a field hand. It was because I looked like a Kentucky farmer, my friends tell me, that this obliging offer was made to me.

There are many such touches of manners and of a world which has passed away as completely as those depicted in "The Virginians" itself. The episode of the Oxford election, occurring soon after the American tour, is sketched in Mrs. Ritchie's always charming manner, with here and there those intimate sidelights on her father's nature which mark all her introductory articles. At first, Thackeray thought he might win the seat from Lord Monck and he was in high spirits:—

My sister and I [writes Mrs. Ritchie] received the following letter relating to this eventful time:—

Oxford, July 11, 1857.

My dearest little women, as far as I can see, The independent Voters is all along with me, But nevertheless I own it, with not a little funk, The more respectable classes they do go with Wiscount Monck; But a fight without a tussle it is not worth a pin, And so St. George for England, and may the best man win.

"May the best man win" was a sort of catchword of the period. Mrs. Ritchie tells a pleasant story on the subject:—

My father, meeting Lord Monck in the street, shook hands with him, had a little talk over the situation, and took leave of him with the doggerel "May the best man win." "I hope not," said Lord Monck, very cordially, with a kind little bow.

Mr. Cardwell took Lord Monck's place, and Thackeray lost the seat as everybody knows. In a diary of the period his daughter wrote "Papa himself is a Cardwellite, he says, only he can't proclaim it," and so one sees he was not very sorry to lose the election and get back, as he said, to his desk with pen and ink. The Oxford business over, the first number of "The Virginians"

came out in November, 1857. It is often said that Thackeray's work reached its zenith with the publication of "Esmond," and fell to its nadir with the issue of "The Virginians." This is a convenient conversational formula, but for those who have really entered into Thackeray's point of view, the essence of his mind, the decline cannot be said to exist. There may be dull pages, but the tradition is carried on, and any student who has read Thackeray's works up to the publication of "The Virginians" will not find anything of the old charm passing away—nay, the literary cunning of the master is often more subtly employed than ever. Like most writers who possess a sense of humour, Thackeray was often his own severest critic. Mr. Motley has recorded that Thackeray told him he hated the "Book of Snobs" and could not read a word of it. And added that:—

"The Virginians" was devilish stupid, but at the same time most admirable; but that he intended to write a novel of the time of Henry V., which would be his *capo d'opera*, in which the ancestors of all his present characters—Warringtons, Pendennis's, and the rest—should be introduced. It would be a magnificent performance, and nobody would read it.

But, intermixed with this quaint humour and mocking laughter, there are many touches of melancholy too, for it was by such contrasts and rapid transitions that his wit shone. And there are little sermons, too, on his old text of *Vanitas Vanitatum*, particularly a letter to Dr. John Brown, which compresses the Thackerayan philosophy into a paragraph. The introduction contains many interesting sketches which show that Thackeray studied the costume of the period of which he wrote with care; there is also a reproduction of a well-known portrait of Thackeray himself.

A STRUGGLE WITH FATE.

George Harley, F.R.S. The Life of a London Physician. Edited by his daughter, Mrs. Alec Tweedie. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., xii. + 360 pp. London, 1898. The Scientific Press. 16/-

It would be hard to deny that the subject of this memoir deserved a biography. The late Dr. George Harley was not only a physician of note and a scientific inquirer of no inconsiderable repute among his contemporaries, but he was also a man of singular courage and force of character whose life-long battle with disease and misfortune was worthy to be chronicled, if only as a stimulating lesson to the younger members of his calling. He had left behind him a large amount of autobiographical material, and, among his children, a daughter of considerable literary experience and repute. Such a concurrence of inducements to the composition of a biographical memoir as was here present is certainly rare; and it is the more remarkable perhaps that this "Life of a London Physician" should prove in some respects a rather unsatisfactory work. Mrs. Alec Tweedie appears from her introduction to have been unduly diffident as to her powers of doing justice to her subject. She required the encouragement of Mr. Samuel Smiles before she could brace her nerves to the undertaking. And this, perhaps, is the reason why in many parts of her memoir she effaces herself to the extent of neglecting the due selection and editorial sifting of her material; while elsewhere she falls into the opposite error of unduly elaborating the comparatively unimportant. The result is a book which, considered as a life-history of its subject, is wanting in compactness and perspective, while at the same time the presence of a continuous narrative is sufficiently felt to prevent the book from frankly presenting itself as a volume of reminiscences.

The life of Dr. Harley might have been legitimately treated in either of these ways, but hardly in both alternately. His personal record has, as we have said, all the interest of conflict. It was indeed a strange mixture of minor strokes of luck and calamities which would have crushed an ordinary man. Coming to London at the age of twenty-six from Germany, where he had acquired his medical education, he succeeded in obtaining a small paid appointment at a leading London medical school—

University College—within five days of his arrival. On the other hand, he was just making a way to the front as a physician when he was suddenly smitten with blindness, driven into confinement for many months together in a dark room, and compelled to abandon his practice altogether for two whole years. Many men would have despaired at the thought of the ground they lost in the race, but Harley valiantly set to work to get abreast of his competitors, and in an incredibly short space of time succeeded. Sir Thomas Watson, to whom he had communicated his dread that he stood on the brink of professional ruin, replied cheerfully:—"I do not believe it. Quite the contrary; before six months are over you will have all your practice back again." Kind and pleasant as were the words, they were too hopeful to be accepted as literally true by the hearer, who nevertheless found them literally verified by events. Fortune, however, was cruelly persevering in her attacks upon him; for, years afterwards, in 1876, he was again stricken down by a calamity which his daughter thus describes:—

Just about his return from Sweden and Norway my father received a summons to attend a patient in the country, was put into damp sheets, had another attack of rheumatic gout, and was compelled to give up work and leave London for two years. Rheumatic gout dogged him to his grave twenty-one years later, and during all that time he was always lame from its effects. Yet he never gave in. . . .

Many men, as Mrs. Tweedie admits, have fought such battles and won, but many men, as she truly adds, have laid down their arms and died broken-hearted.

Those two years in the Isle of Man, although happy enough outwardly—for he always seemed cheery and made friends wherever he went—were in reality a living hell. He had already made two starts in life and against many odds succeeded; but he was now an older man, and the battles, though won, had left their mark and enfeebled his constitution. Other men had taken up his line of medicine and specialities; "Harley on the Liver" was no longer the sole authority, and yet so determined was he to push himself to the fore again, if only his weakened frame could stand the strain, that he collected a number of his strange cases, and strung them together, determined that as soon as ever he went back to his work he would write a book on the liver, to be the book of his life. He did write the book; it appeared in 1883 and remains the standard book on the subject up to the present day.

Undoubtedly there was a Life to be written of the George Harley who fought this gallant fight with Fate, just as there was another Life to be written of the busy and popular London physician who knew more or less familiarly all the scientific, literary, and artistic notabilities of his time from Faraday and Brewster, and from Browning and Thackeray, down to such now-obscured luminaries as Samuel Lover and that once famous dramatist whom Mrs. Tweedie, mistaking him for his father, describes as "the lexicographer James Sheridan Knowles." From his recollections of this most varied assemblage of worthies a whole and, no doubt, a much larger volume of agreeable anecdote might have been compiled; but it is only fair to say that this "Life of a London Physician" is not wanting in interest and entertainment. The chapter on Squire Waterton, for instance, gives us a most fascinating glimpse at the home life of that great but eccentric naturalist. But the book seems somehow to waver in a disappointing and, now and then, a slightly irritating manner between the biography proper and the "collected reminiscences." Both genres are represented, but they refuse to amalgamate to the complete satisfaction of the reader.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Rhodesia and Its Government. By H. C. Thomson. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., xi. + 362 pp. London, 1898. Smith, Elder. 10/6

This exceedingly interesting and judicial book, the result of its author's recent visit to Rhodesia, strikes us as the most valuable contribution which has been made to South African literature since Mr. Bryce published his "Impressions." Mr. Thomson made a careful investigation of Rhodesian affairs

in the autumn of 1897, when the native troubles were just dying down, and he deserves much credit for the impartial way in which he has represented all shades of local opinion. His own very definite conclusions have all the more value because he shows us the grounds on which they were formed :—

During my first few months in South Africa [he says] I was tossed about in a kind of mental whirlpool. Every man seemed to me to be in the right until I came to listen to the next. But gradually certain principles and ideas began to crystallize into definite shape ; and these I have tried to make clear, not only from what I myself heard and saw, but from the declarations made from time to time by various South African politicians and writers.

Mr. Thomson is perfectly able to recognize the great qualities of Mr. Rhodes and the useful work done by the British South Africa Company, even whilst he unsparingly condemns the policy of the one and the administration of the other ; this pleases us. Of the Chartered Company he writes :—

It has caused terrible bloodshed ; it has brought unrest into the whole of South Africa (for the Bechuanaland rising seems to have derived its stimulus from the rising in Rhodesia) ; it has given cause for just suspicion to the Boers, to the Portuguese, and to the neighbouring native States ; and it has cruelly wronged and oppressed those natives who have been placed under its control.

It must in justice be added—as Mr. Thomson adds—

That the purely administrative, as distinguished from the political mistakes, which the Chartered Company has made, have been made before both by the Imperial and by the Colonial Governments on almost every occasion on which fresh territory has been annexed. There is no reason why they should continue to be made ; but the Chartered Company cannot in fairness be blamed for failing to attain, at a time of exceptional trial and stress, to a higher standard than that of which those Governments have hitherto shown themselves capable.

Similarly, Mr. Thomson fully recognizes Mr. Rhodes' personal disinterestedness, generosity, courage, and other fine qualities, whilst he is compelled to pass upon him the adverse judgment of having inflicted great and lasting injury upon England :—

He has widened her territories, but he has unmeasurably lessened the moral force which she has been wont to regard as her proudest attribute. The Raid is but a passing episode, and the effect produced by it will pass away, but when Mr. Rhodes' career comes under dispassionate review, this lowering of the moral temperature, not only of South Africa but of the whole Empire, will assuredly be deemed the gravest of his faults.

To inquire into the accuracy of this condemnation, or the wisdom of Mr. Thomson's conclusion that Rhodesia should be turned into a Crown colony and the charter revoked, would lead us too far outside the paths of literature. But this much may be said, that Mr. Thomson's criticisms are always fair, earnest, and informed with moral purpose, and that his book is welcome alike for its picturesque account of a new country and its serious and impartial tone.

RAIDERS AND REBELS IN SOUTH AFRICA, by Elsa Goodwin Green (Newnes, 5s.), is unpretentious but interesting. Mrs. Green acted as a nurse in the Krugersdorp Hospital at the time of the Jameson raid ; afterwards she went on to Charterland in the same capacity, and was in touch with the chief incidents of the Matabele rebellion. A plain but stirring story is the result ; while a number of wash drawings of real merit add to the value of the book.

A SOLEMN APHORIST.

Joubert: a Selection from his Thoughts. Translated by Katharine Lyttelton. With a Preface by Mrs. Humphry Ward. 8½ x 5½ in., xliii. + 223 pp. London, 1898.

Duckworth. 5s. n.

One can imagine that a keen sense of humour would be an impediment to the enthusiastic appreciation of Joubert—the philosopher who took himself so much more seriously than any philosopher need. The critical faculties of Mrs. Ward are not,

however, limited by this particular restriction, and her biographical sketch of the latter-day Solomon of France is written gravely, as the life of a Solomon should be. Yet the figure which she has drawn for us inclines to the grotesque, and, however hard one tries to share her earnestness, it is difficult not to smile from time to time. There is the solemn picture, for example, of the philosopher “ protecting himself against emotions,” and spending whole days in bed, clad in a “ pink silk spencer,” in order to achieve this noble end. It will not be denied that this is a picture which invites the humour of the ribald. Then there is the account of the philosopher's marriage and amours. He married, it seems, in 1793, and in 1794 fell in love with Pauline de Beaumont, with whom he corresponded on the subject of Mme. Joubert's qualities and defects. As Mrs. Ward puts it, “ He quietly says of her :—‘ I knew that she had merit and some charms. The charms are gone ; the merit remains.’ ” Comparing this with Byron's famous declaration that Lady Byron would have made an excellent wrangler, we observe all the difference between the frank outburst of the natural man and the owl-like solemnity that flourishes, even at the present day, in French professorial circles. One feels a certain malicious joy in learning that the man who “ quietly says ” things of that sort about his wife to his mistress was afterwards jilted by his mistress in favour of the more engaging Chateaubriand ; and one is also a little surprised at Mrs. Ward, who gravely records the quiet saying as the final word on the subject of Madame Joubert's intelligence.

So much for the philosopher. What of the philosophy ? The French themselves, we believe, have never been swept off their feet by it ; and a careful student of the aphorisms will have difficulty in finding many that rise above the level of mediocrity. Now and again, no doubt, there is a luminous saying. A philosopher who spent whole days in bed, whether in a pink silk spencer or otherwise, for the purpose of fabricating aphorisms, could hardly fail to strike a happy thought from time to time. But most of what is valuable among Joubert's happy thoughts has already been introduced to the world in Matthew Arnold's essay. Of the rest of his aphorisms some are too obvious to deserve attention, while others melt away when they are thrown into the crucible of analysis. Take the first aphorism of all, for instance :—“ God is so great and so vast that to understand Him it is necessary to divide Him.” Apply the test of mathematics. If the infinite be divided by a finite divisor, infinity still remains. If it be divided by an infinite divisor, nothing whatever remains. On neither alternative is thought simplified by the arithmetical operation. The aphorism, in short, is based upon a confusion of ideas. Other aphorisms are not original. “ The good is worth more than the better,” for example, is hardly an improvement on our old friend *πλέον ἤμῖς πάντος*. “ Comedy should never present what is repulsive ” can be traced through Horace to Aristotle. Finally, there is a great group of aphorisms which are not only true, as aphorisms should be, but obvious—which is another matter altogether. “ There is in the mind a perpetual circulation of unconscious arguments.” “ Literary style consists in giving substance and form to the thought by means of the phrase.” “ The dregs even of Greek literature in its old age have a certain delicacy.” These are unexceptionable observations, every one of them. But, then, so was the observation that there were milestones on the Dover road.

On the whole, the main difference between Joubert's aphorisms and those of other people resides in the fact that they are always serious and always well-meant. He is never *malin*—never cynical. Yet some people prefer the cynical epigram which, reprehensible though it may be, stimulates thought after its fashion.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY STAGE.

Actors of the Century. By Frederic Whyte. 10½ x 7½ in., xii + 201 pp. London, 1898. George Bell. 21/- n.

The acceptability—at all events to the ordinary public—of a book like this large one of Mr. Frederic Whyte's depends, in a

measure, upon the facilities for cheap popular illustration which are supplied by the modern processes of reproduction. Not a plate in the volume is a work of Art—not even as much a work of Art as are those things which are the result of a combination of photography with engraving on copper—but, in their own humble way, the plates, which are very numerous, bring more within our comprehension than would otherwise be possible, the personalities of whom Mr. Whyte, by the aid of numerous extracts from all sorts of criticisms, fluently and agreeably enough discourses.

Mr. Whyte, though he is not a celebrity in literature, is at least a much better writer than many of the very insignificant people who supply the text or letter-press of those volumes of to-day which are supposed to be “lavishly” illustrated—the “lavishness” consisting in the number of “blocks,” half-tint, and so on, that are given, rather than in the effort to obtain real quality in the illustration. But, in a volume such as this assemblage of brief records and impressions of theatrical notabilities, it is, no doubt, from many people’s point of view, more important to get variety and abundance of subject in the illustrations than artistic excellence. Here not only excellence, but even mediocrity is seldom attained. For the later celebrities photographs have been employed; for those of an earlier generation, it has had to be prints—the very things that are capable, if money is spent upon them, of being reproduced well.

The range of available prints is large; but we have some fault to find with the subjects chosen, or rather, with the subjects omitted, or represented but ill. Is it possible, for example, that there was no better portrait to reproduce of Miss O’Neil than that which is given—and which occupies but a quarter of a page? Anyhow, it conveys not even the faintest suggestion of what must, by all accounts, have been the beauty and the fascination of an actress who, during the four or five years of her prominence, touched all men’s hearts—an actress whom the aged connoisseurs of our own youth were wont to look back upon as the only possible Juliet; and an ideal Juliet Miss O’Neil must assuredly have been. Talking of inadequate representation, or, if we prefer it, of omission, it may just be noted that the only passionate and delightful Juliet of thirty years ago—Mademoiselle Stella Colas—finds no representation in this book. The virtue of this book may not lie quite in its adherence to system. If it did, the absence of Mlle. Stella Colas—the *blonde cendrée* who overcame us all at the Princess’s—might be excused on the ground that she was a foreigner. She did nothing else in England but play Juliet in broken English—which, for once, became fascinating.

But, on the whole—though there ought, for instance, to have been something more about the Vaudeville of twenty years ago or more, Mr. Montague, Mr. James, and especially Miss Amy Fawcett as Lady Teazle, and Miss Amy Roselle in *Our Boys*—on the whole the volume is very comprehensive; Mr. Whyte does not appear to cherish prejudices, or to be unable to appreciate various kinds of excellence. He remembers that Miss Ellen Terry and Lady Bancroft once appeared in burlesque. What will he say when he is told that Miss Kate Terry, Miss Ellen Terry, and Mrs. Kendal (the “Madge Robertson” of those days), all of them appeared together in a burlesque in Bristol or in Bath? Mr. Whyte himself is, possibly, but young. At all events he does not affect reminiscences. He has read much of theatrical history, and he records it. Something of it, too, and something of the very best of it—at all events some of the best that has appeared in critical journals—he has left unread. But of much theatrical narrative and criticism he has made himself a master; nor does he reproduce at all pointlessly the remarks he thinks fit to select for quotation; though it is a little disconcerting for the popular journalists of to-day—and not the most distinguished of them—to be quoted upon pages which have borne extracts from the writings of Hazlitt, which have echoed the quaint fancies of Charles Lamb (on his charming Elliston, for instance), and which have cited, albeit generally with too little of approval, the finished periods of Leigh

Hunt. Mr. Whyte is connoisseur enough, however, to know, for the most part, when he has got a good thing, when the sources from which he draws are pure and excellent; yet he might have assigned even more importance than he has done to the theatrical records of Westland Marston, which were not criticisms uttered at the moment, but of the nature of memories subtle and of deep understanding. The original dramas of Westland Marston may scarcely—except by the excellence of their intention—belong to Literature; but his criticisms and analysis of the art he loved and fathomed will have, as time goes on, increasing rather than diminishing value. Mr. Whyte’s volume is the work of a real lover of the theatre and of theatrical lore; and though it may not be a permanent, it is yet an agreeable, contribution to the history of the English Stage during the century about to end.

RECENT VERSE.

Seasons pass, and literary fashions change, but the flowing tide of verse shows no abatement. It is a very little while since we examined a very large output of poetry; and in the interval some forty or fifty new volumes have taken their place upon the shelf. From these we have selected the more promising, and propose to pass them under review, necessarily with brevity, but at the same time with a brevity that in many cases implies no lack of respect or admiration. For there are several excellent volumes in the collection.

The best of them, perhaps, is Mr. F. B. Money-Coutts’ *THE ALHAMBRA AND OTHER POEMS* (Lane, 3s. 6d. n.). We have had occasion before to speak highly of Mr. Money-Coutts’ poetical qualities, and his new volume amply fulfils the high expectations which he had previously raised. The poems that compose it are various in subject, and possibly do not so clearly indicate his attitude and philosophy as did “The Revelation of St. Love the Divine,” but those who have read the earlier book will find many of the tendencies preserved. The verse is rich and melodious, the thoughts are dignified and harmonious, and a fine, animating love for humanity inspires, in one way or another, almost every poem in the book. The address “To William Watson at Windermere,” which was first printed in *Literature*, is full of a lofty sense of the duties and cares of the poetic calling, and “Any Father to Any Son” is a particularly poignant expression of natural emotion. Altogether, this is a book of uncommon beauty and of not a little strength.

Humanity, too, is the inspiring note of Miss Annie Matheson’s *LOVE TRIUMPHANT* (Innes, 5s. n.), though the methods of treatment differ considerably. Mr. Money-Coutts is confessedly opposed to dogma and formal creed; Miss Matheson is essentially a poet of the Christian belief, and in particular of the tenets of the Church of England. Her delicate, thoughtful work takes generally a religious tone, and, in the school of Adelaide Anne Procter, we have seldom met verse better sustained or more patently sincere. She is not above the stress of politics, and one of the best of her pieces is a full-orbed and impressive ode to the memory of Gladstone; while the problem of the Semitic oppression is the theme of more than one other. The dominant note of the work, however, is sympathy—a sympathy which includes everything that knows sorrow and every one that takes part in the honourable work of the world. And in the expression of these sentiments Miss Matheson has written several poems that will appeal to every lover of high thought and finished workmanship.

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney is an American of some reputation, who has more than the common share of her countrywomen’s appreciation of British influences. Her *ENGLAND AND YESTERDAY* (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.) contains a series of sonnets upon Oxford which would surely have pleased Matthew Arnold, and another set dealing with London sights, all of which have atmosphere and a happy sense of the coloured and vivifying word. There are also some experiments in Celtic balladry, which

have charm and feeling, and a few personal poems which combine criticism with exposition in a thoughtful and felicitous fashion.

Her countrywoman, Miss Helen Hay, is also a welcome comer. It is true that her modest volume, *SOME VERSES* (Duckworth, 3s. 6d. n.), is marked rather by promise than achievement, but the promise is in the right direction. We have no great faith in the young writer who turns out poems technically faultless, but implicitly void of thought; and Miss Hay's verse, while the execution is very far from flawless, contains thought which, if often thin, is always intelligent and often original. With practice she will learn to use her melodies and turn her phrases more surely. Meanwhile she has the poetic attitude, and occasionally a flash of "inevitableness"—and these things are of more value than much prosody.

The music that is sometimes denied her is rarely lacking to the Rev. G. R. Woodward. His *LEGENDS OF THE SAINTS* (Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d. n.) is a really delightful volume. Employing, for the most part, the tetrameter measure, he has told over again with real charm and a dramatic grasp of narrative a series of the finest stories in the Hagiology. There is a virility, and clean, muscular Christianity about these poems which is very refreshing, and in his translations, chiefly from the German, he displays the scholar's aptitude for well-knit phrases and neatly-turned paraphrase. This little book should make its way among lovers of religious poetry.

From Oxford come two paper-covered booklets which contain a pleasing share of careful, academic verse. Mr. Gascoigne Mackie's *CHARMIDES* (Blackwell, 1s. 6d.) is a reminiscence of University life "twenty years after," couched in sonnet form. The sonnets have not the finish of Miss Guiney's, but they, too, are often apt in the portrayal of a familiar scene. "J. A.'s" *COMING OF SPRING* (Blackwell, 1s. n.) is full of dainty nature-poetry, not particularly striking either in idea or workmanship, but always sincere, graceful, and well versified.

From Oxford to Melbourne is a far cry, and the two Australian poets who have found their way into our budget could scarcely be more unlike to the mild singers of University life. Both *LORAINÉ*, by Mr. George Essex Evans (George Robertson), and *SONGS FROM THE HILLS*, by Miss Marion Millar (Melville, 3s. 6d.), are touched at times by the Adam Lindsay Gordon tradition, but they are assuredly none the worse for that. Australia seems prolific just now of straightforward, manly singers of action, breezy, open-air companions, with a tendency, perhaps, towards rhetoric, but with plenty of the singing quality. Both the poets under review are vigorous and effective. We should be none the worse for a few more versifiers of this order in England.

Poetry mainly religious in tone is supplied by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett and Father Barraud, S.J. The first-named has a volume of *SONNETS AND EPIGRAMS ON SACRED SUBJECTS* (Burns and Oates, 3s. 6d.), which contains some good sonneteering and several well-written hymns. Father Barraud's *LAYS OF THE KNIGHTS* (Longman, 4s.) is sometimes narrative, sometimes emotional, and always melodious. Many of the pieces would make, we should fancy, acceptable additions to Roman Catholic hymnology.

Of a higher calibre, however, is the unassuming collection of *VERSES* by Miss Maud Holland (Arnold, 3s. 6d.). Here we find unusual metrical skill, and a haunting note of melancholy, which gives a vague individuality to the work. The pieces are mostly neutral tinted, but they are characterized by true feeling and a delicate touch.

A pleasant individuality is also apparent in Mr. John A. Bridges' *IN A VILLAGE* (Elkin Mathews, 5s. n.). This is a collection of poems picturing various characters and aspects of village life, and containing several dramatic presentments of the kind sublimated in Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" and "Spinster's Sweet'arts." Mr. Bridges has evidently much observation and plenty of quiet humour. His *genre* sketches are bold, and in

many instances striking in their fidelity, and the whole book has a homogeneity and completeness not common in random volumes of verse. It is one of those books that ought not to escape notice in the multitude.

There are some attractive ballads in Mr. Marshall Ilsley's *BY THE WESTERN SEA* (Elder and Shepard, San Francisco, \$1.50), and at least one really fine poem, "The Masquerade." Mr. Ilsley's strength lies in descriptive verse, and some of his pictures of Western scenery are richly coloured. Mr. R. W. Seton Watson, in *SCOTLAND FOR EVER!* (David Douglas, 3s.) seeks to combine Aytoun with Tom Moore, singing themes such as are treated in "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" to the measures of "Irish Melodies." Several of the poems are effectively wrought, and should be locally popular. The *VENTURES IN VERSE* of Mr. James Williams (Methuen, 3s. 6d.) range over many fields—Scandinavian, Western, Oriental—and discover in their maker narrative skill, metrical ease, and occasionally the faculty for contriving an arresting phrase. There are some pretty songs in Mr. Reginald Span's *POEMS OF TWO WORLDS* (Digby Long, 3s. 6d.), and their author should find a ready market for his wares among musical composers, who are generally occupied in setting far less graceful verse than is contained in his slim volume. Finally, the shorter pieces in Miss Eva Gore-Booth's *POEMS* (Longmans, 5s.) are packed with feeling, and the writer possesses much skill in compressing a sentiment, nervous and irradiating, into the compass of a quatrain.

In making this brief survey, we have set aside regretfully a number of volumes, concerning which, since it was impossible to say anything kind, it seemed kindest to say nothing at all. The general average, however, is encouragingly high.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Mr. Heinemann publishes *MARYSIENKA*, by K. Waliszewski, translated from the French by Lady Mary Loyd (12s. n.). This account, lively and picturesque, and yet full of research, of the romantic life of the wife of John Sobieski was reviewed in our columns when it was first published in French by Plon last summer. The English translation is well done, and we are glad to note that an Index, the absence of which we regretted, is added to the English edition. We can thoroughly recommend this delightful volume to English readers.

THE LIFE OF ST. EDMUND OF ABINGDON, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, by Frances de Paravicini (Burns and Oates, 5s.), is rather a pious tribute to an honoured memory than a vivid contribution to biography. The information—such as it is—is indeed drawn from the fountain-head. The list of references consulted consists mainly of books of which only antiquarians have heard, and includes manuscripts preserved at the British Museum, and Balliol and Corpus Christi Colleges; while there is ample evidence that the author has consulted these authorities with due diligence. The facts recited do not give us a picture. Yet, while discussion whether it was in this place or the other that a particular holy vision was vouchsafed will hardly help to make the narrative more convincing to the majority of readers, labour expended in the exhaustive investigation of historical by-ways is never wholly wasted, and Mrs. de Paravicini deserves at any rate the meed due to scholarly industry.

In *THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND* (Clarendon Press, 7s. 6d.) Mr. Graham Balfour has compiled a useful account of educational work in the United Kingdom during the nineteenth century, under the heads of Elementary, Secondary, and Higher Education, which, so far as we have tested it, is very complete and accurate. It should be a useful book of reference for those interested in educational questions and methods, and will help English educationists to more knowledge than they often possess of the educational systems of Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. How many persons,

for example, who talk or write glibly enough about elementary education, could explain the Irish system; or what proportion of Englishmen knows anything about the Welsh Intermediate Education Act? It will, perhaps, surprise some to find how far Home Rule in educational matters is already an accomplished fact.

For his little book on *WESLEY AND WHITEFIELD IN SCOTLAND* (Blackwood, 5s.) the Rev. D. Butler has not drawn upon any new sources of information. He is not only largely indebted to such previous labourers in the same corner of the biographical vineyard as Tyerman and Overton, but he fills a rather undue proportion of his pages with quotations from their works; while about a quarter of the volume is taken up with a reprint of extracts from John Wesley's journals. His task, however, though humble and unambitious, is performed with taste and care, and those who are curious about the influence of the Oxford Methodists on Scottish religion will find much to interest them. The tone of the book, though sufficiently devout, is by no means narrow or sectarian.

All who read *THE WAY THE WORLD WENT THEN* (Stanford, 4s.) will regret that the author, Miss Isabella Barclay, passed away before she was able to work out her scheme of producing a manual of ethnology to its completion. *Omnia ex eunt in mysterium*, said the schoolmen, speaking of all the sciences and all human knowledge, and there is no mystery greater or more fascinating than this question of how and where man first appeared on the earth, of what kind of creature he was when he first issued from the caves of the unknown. This is the chief matter of Miss Barclay's book, which we commend to all who agree with the famous maxim of Mr. Pope, as to the proper study of mankind interpreted by a higher light than was vouchsafed to that ingenious satirist. It is a wonderful example of the very rare art of writing for children without childishness; so well has the work been done that while any intelligent boy or girl of ten or eleven would read it as a delightful story, it would be difficult to indicate a clearer or better account of human origins for those of riper age who wish, not to be expert ethnologists, but to gather a general idea of human history before history proper began.

There is a story that a mayor of Liverpool—mayoral stories have been in vogue of late—being in the chair at a public banquet at which the Bishop of Chester was to respond for "literature," complimented Dr. Stubbs on having written of the history of his native land in "a light and entertaining manner." The style of the author of *THE HISTORY OF MANKIND* (Macmillan, 12s. n.), the third and final volume of which is now published, is neither less nor more light and entertaining than that of the great historian whom the mayor of Liverpool praised. Professor Ratzel's work is, in short, a valuable summary of ethnological information; but, though it is apparently intended for a popular rather than a scientific audience, it is so written that all but earnest students of the subject are likely, we fear, to content themselves with looking at the pictures. These are numerous and excellent, and there are also two interesting maps. One of these, designed to illustrate the distribution of races in Europe and Asia, has the word "Germans" printed across a portion of the British Isles. Even in England one occasionally hears the complaint that the British Isles are too largely inhabited by Germans; but those who make it presumably do not mean exactly what Professor Friedrich Ratzel means.

In *A TREATISE ON DYNAMICS OF A PARTICLE* (Cambridge University Press, 14s.) Dr. Routh, who has already given us volumes on the dynamics of a particle and on statics, now completes this particular side of mixed mathematics. Most people are, perhaps, content to know that the earth and other planets revolve round the sun, without realizing—as those who study Dr. Routh's book will realize—that the laws for their motion, at first tentatively laid down as the result of years of patient observation, have been fixed and justified by mathematical prin-

ciples, that from these we are led to predict certain variations and apparent irregularities, and that these predictions observation has in turn verified. This reasoning, first applied to forces acting on one particle, is generalized and applied to two particles acting on one another, and then to a swarm of particles, mutually reactive; and from this we deduce laws of motion for the comets. The same combination of observation and mathematics applies to the question of a resisting medium throughout space, and its probable effect on the earth's orbit, and the process of reasoning in both cases is here explained. This is not the place to enter into the more technical side of Dr. Routh's reasoning, but to the mathematical student this book will be of the highest value.

Professor Herbert A. Giles' *CATALOGUE OF THE WADE COLLECTION OF CHINESE AND MANCHU BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE* (Cambridge University Press, 12s. 6d.) is welcome both as a guide to the collection and because it shows for the first time the full extent of the debt which the University owes to Sir Thomas Francis Wade. The collection, which, as Professor Giles says, "was formed, during a residence of forty years in the East, by judicious selection of the best editions of the best works in the most important branches of Chinese Literature," will, as Sir Thomas himself admitted, "in certain departments require to be gradually subsidized. It contains very little, for instance, relating directly to Buddhism; much less to Taoism and Islamism." But as it stands it is a revelation even to those who will never get further than the catalogue. Here are novels of social life written hundreds of years before the birth of Mrs. Afra Behn; and here are Chinese poets who flourished centuries before Horace, side by side with those of nineteenth century authors of the same country. The numberless encyclopædias, commentaries, dynastic histories, and memorials to the throne bear fresh evidence alike to the industry of the Chinese and to their respect for authority; but in the light of recent events it is surprising to find in the catalogue the names of so many books devoted to the subject of defence. It is perhaps less startling to find "A Record of Blood, being notices of eminent statesmen and others who met violent deaths, with portraits illustrating each scene."

The Cardiff Free Library is well known to be one of the most energetic of these admirable public bodies. We have before us its *CATALOGUE OF PRINTED LITERATURE IN THE WELSH DEPARTMENT* (Cardiff, Free Libraries Committee, 12s. 6d. n.), which illustrates at once the patriotism of the dwellers in the Principality and the reasons why they feel proud when the word "literature" is spoken in their presence. For this list of books in Welsh or relating to Wales extends over no fewer than 541 pages of closely-printed matter. One gathers from it that the accomplished Sir Lewis Morris is not only the author of "The Epic of Hades," but also of an ode, printed at Bangor, and bearing the impressive and melodious title, "Llewelyn ap Gruffydd ein Llyw Olaf." In the matter of Bibles and hymn-books the Welsh section of the library is particularly strong. Bibles fill more than seven pages, the earliest edition being "imprinted at London by the Deputies of Christopher Barker, Printer to the Queenes most excellent Majestie" in 1588. Hymnody covers 6½ pages, but cannot be traced further back than 1738. The earliest poetry is "Flores Poetarum Britannicorum," by Dr. John Davies of Mullwyd, 1710. The catalogue is jointly edited by Mr. John Ballinger and Mr. James Ifano Jones.

The series of "Famous Scots" appears to be somewhat "tailing off." We think that it was a mistake to couple under such a title POLLOK AND AYTOUN (Edinburgh: Oliphant, 1s. 6d.). Pollok was a very small writer indeed, and to call him "famous" at this time of day requires a greater stretch of imagination than is to be found in his verse. It is true that Miss Rosaline Masson, the literary daughter of a more literary father, has managed to invest the story of Pollok, whose "Course of Time" is practically unknown to the present generation, with a good deal of interest, derived in great part from an account of his life at Glasgow University. But one cannot but

wish that Miss Masson's talent had been devoted to a more promising subject. She is not so happy as could be desired in her account of Aytoun, which is chiefly redeemed from dullness by quotation in full of the admirable "Massacre of the Macpherson." Aytoun was in reality, as we know from Sir Theodore Martin's life of him, a more interesting person than Miss Masson's need for compression enables her to show. His "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" have run through more than thirty editions, with much more excuse for their continued vitality than the dreary "Course of Time." Miss Masson chooses "Edinburgh after Flodden" for quotation; we should have preferred the fine account of the captive Montrose's entry into Edinburgh, but that is a matter of taste. More about that clever burlesque, "Firmilian," and the literary war to which it led, would have been welcome. Miss Masson's book would probably have gained by the omission of Pollok and the more adequate treatment of Aytoun for which that would have left room.

The last two volumes of Dr. Murray's NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY carry us in Volume IV. from "Gaincote," an obsolete word meaning "to catch up with, intercept, or encounter another person by taking a short cut," to "Germanizing," and in Volume V. from "Heel" to "Hod." The Romanic element forms an especial feature of Volume IV., but the proportion of Greek and Latin words is not so large, nor is the native element so strong as in some of the preceding volumes. On the other hand, in Volume V. there is a vast family of words which owe their parentage to the pronoun *He*, a number of important old English verbs, such as *help*, *hew*, *hie*, *hit*, *hield*, *hide*, and of Greek derivatives in *he* and *hi*.

But a catalogue of the leading elements in these volumes cannot give the reader any idea of the fascinating study in the history of language which they provide. Some of the most interesting articles deal with words which had once a much wider meaning than they bear to-day; others show the power of analogy to divert a word from all connexion with the derivation. Take for instance the word *garb*, which was once used to denote "elegance," "demeanour," or "mode," and has now narrowed its meaning to only one of the causes of elegance—"dress." Mr. Murray's quotation from Fuller's *Worthies*:—"So graceful is their Garbe, that they make any kind of Cloathes become themselves," shows that as late as the seventeenth century the word "*garbe*" could be actually opposed to the word *dress*. Much space is devoted to another word which has not so many meanings as it had. The word "*height*" was once used to express high degree of any quality, as in Cokaine's *Ovid* (1662):—"I am become enamoured on her to that height, that I must marry her or I shall die." In several of the quotations it is also used to signify haughtiness or pride, as in Holland's *Howlat* (1450):—"For my hicht I am hurt, and harmit in haist," or in Cromwell's *Letters* two centuries later:—"A very resolute answer and full of height." Sometimes it meant the top or summit, as in *Surtees' Miscellanies* (1486):—"On the height of Ouse brigge." But, perhaps, its most interesting use was as the verb "*to height*," which survived several centuries side by side with the verb "*to heighten*." To take one more instance of a word which has lost some of its meanings, Mr. Murray's quotations show that the word "*hell*" was originally used, like the Hebrew "*sheol*," to denote either Hades, the grave, or the infernal regions. Thus in *Hampole's Psalter* we find "*thou salt noight leve my saule in hell*" (now in our revised version of the Bible "*Hades*"); in *Wyclif's Bible* (1382) we have the expression "*lede down myn hoore heeris with sorwe to hell*" (in the authorized and revised versions "*the grave*"); and in *Gloucester* (1297), "*leste the develen of helle al quic to helle him drowe*"—clearly to the infernal regions. But in the Bible of 1611 we note the tendency to reserve the word "*hell*" for the special meaning which it bears to-day. For while the Hebrew *sheol* is frequently translated "*hell*," it is also rendered "*the grave*" thirty-one times, "*Hades*" thirty-one times, and three times "*the pit*." Some of the analogous applications of the term "*hell*," for example, to a part of the old law courts at Westminster,

to a place under a tailor's shop-board, in which shreds or pieces of cloth are thrown, and to the den in which captives are carried in the games of Barley-break and Prisoner's Base, witness to the fascination which the word has always exercised and its much more extended use in former days.

Of the power of analogy to divert the meaning of a word from all connexion with its original derivation we have a good instance in "*galaxy*," one of the few words in Volume IV., which have a Greek derivation. The word as we use it in the phrase a "*galaxy of beauty*," or as Goldsmith used it when he spoke of a "*genius lost in a galaxy of continuous glory*," has, of course, no connexion with γάλα, milk. But when the term had been applied to the Milky Way, it is easy to trace the process of transference by some imaginative writer such as Steele, who, in speaking of fair women as "*galaxies of beauty*," is clearly thinking only of their starry brightness. The derivation of the word is much more directly conveyed in the American term "*brandy-galaxy*," brandy and milk.

Mr. Murray is as judicious as ever in withholding his sanction from derivations, however attractive or ingenious, which are not supported by evidence, such as Tillotson's proposed origin of "*hocus pocus*" in the words "*hoc est corpus meum*." He has for the first time unearthed the true derivation of "*gas*," which Van Helmont, the Dutch chemist, avowedly took from the Greek *χᾶος*.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

The history of BRASENOSE COLLEGE, OXFORD, in the series of College Histories published by F. E. Robinson (5s.), has been entrusted to Mr. John Buchan, who gained the Newdigate Prize last year and the Stanhope in 1897. From the prospectus this appears to be the only volume in the series which has been assigned to an undergraduate; and, though Mr. Buchan has discharged the task efficiently and with credit to himself, other members of the College may perhaps regret that their historian should be imperfectly acquainted, as is only natural in the circumstances, with old customs and traditions that have but recently disappeared. He relates the establishment in 1701 of the Latin oration in honour of James II. (which, perhaps, produced a counterblast in the *Essay on William III.* at Trinity College, Cambridge); but he does not tell us that, when the range of subject was enlarged, it was still delivered in the College chapel, and such latitude was allowed that one sporting Fellow is traditionally reported to have harangued "*De Cuniculis Bombardizandis*!" We might have hoped, too, as the aged butler is still at his post, to have been favoured with a recipe of the famous Ale, which, alas, is now no longer brewed; but perhaps the secret is, on moral grounds, to be jealously withheld from a self-indulgent public.

There are many interesting pages on the social life of former days; but the best part of the work is the account of the buildings, of which there are excellent photographs and sketches; yet even here it is plain that the author has little idea of the immense improvement effected by the creation of the New Quadrangle in 1887, before which time there was no entrance from High-street. Much space has been allotted, as is fitting, to the glorious annals of the College, on the river, and in the cricket-field; the popular notion of it, however, as exclusively athletic has always been unjust. The most disappointing chapter is that on the famous men of the College; for, although it contains a just and sympathetic notice of Mr. Pater, names that are really important have been omitted; while a confusion is twice made between John Scotus Erigena, who was fabled to have lectured in the old Brasenose-hall, and the famous Duns Scotus of four centuries later, who is less doubtfully claimed by Merton. If, as Mr. Buchan writes, "a catalogue of distinguished living *alumni* would be out of place" in his book, it is a pity that he should, after all, give a list which is quite incomplete. To take only one profession, he omits the graceful poet and accomplished preacher now Primate of Ireland, the Bishop of Truro, Dr. Wace, and, last but not least, the Bishop of Salisbury, whose high influence in the College for twenty years can hardly be overestimated.

TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD (F. E. Robinson, 5s.).—It would not be easy to make college histories dull. They have serious matter for the student and amusing pictures of manners for the general reader; and when the historian's task falls, as it does in the present case of Trinity, to a writer possessing the requisite knowledge, industry, and power of selection, the result is sure to be good. Mr. Blakiston's book in the same series as "Brasenose College" is not quite so lively as the lighter parts of Dr. Fowler's *History of Corpus Christi*, published by the Oxford Historical Society. In the present series, erudition has to be compressed and gossip abridged; Mr. Blakiston shows a good deal of skill in choosing from his miscellaneous authorities (ranging from that mysterious register "Computus" to an undergraduate's letter asking for a new "Hatt"), and the result of his compilation is very readable.

Indeed, this necessity of compression must sometimes bear hardly on historians of colleges. They have so much to distract them. They are tempted to be garrulous on the contemporary events of the outside world, and on manners and customs—on most of which they must nevertheless practise a severe reticence, unless they would disregard time and space. Yet perhaps the chronicler of Trinity College has less temptation than some others to stray into the paths of contemporary history. That learned body does not appear to have played a prominent part at any time in the events of the last 350 years. There has never been anything unique about it: it began in much the same way, and passed through much the same vicissitudes as most other academic foundations. Occupying the site of, and perhaps inheriting some traditions from, the monastic institution of Durham College, it was of course affected in the usual degree by the successive influences of the ages. A period of expansion under President Kettell (whose name still survives in "Kettle Hall") was followed by the lean years of the Civil War, and the general academic revival of the late seventeenth century by the equally general stagnation of the eighteenth. But the history of Trinity was not closely associated with wars and national changes. Royalty did not lodge within its precincts; although the Court ladies scandalized President Kettell by coming to the chapel "mornings, halfe-dressed, like angels." The hand of Round-head Commissioners was not specially heavy upon it. Of course, it is natural that the college archives should show an entry of money disbursed "ad ignes accendendos" at the Restoration; but its Presidents were neither forcibly extruded by Parliaments nor violently intruded by Kings. Indeed, it is seldom that the life of an institution has been so little chequered by incident and so little before the public eye. Trinity has expelled no poets (except John Glanvill) and been libelled by no historians. Its name is associated with no movements, political, social, or ecclesiastical. It has not posed as the regenerator of society by plain living and high thinking or otherwise. It has been neither the cradle of a new religion nor the nursery of a new sacerdotalism. Other houses may at various times have been known as the home of deserving poverty or the exclusive resort of fashion; Trinity does not appear to have been marked by any especial stamp, except the stamp of a place of sound learning and education. Its annals are those of a quiet, but not a torpid life.

The story of each period is supplemented by a list of the most notable amongst contemporary Trinitarians. Undoubtedly the most honoured name of all is that of the elder Pitt; but nothing seems to be known of his academic career—at least, nothing remarkable. Another famous Trinity man was Walter Savage Landor, who appears to have been rusticated for firing a gun—not with homicidal intent—into a fellow-student's window. Newman's connexion with the college was happier; he stood rather apart from its social life, but always "retained, like many other scholars since, the warmest feelings towards the foundation of Trinity." For eighty years or so from the outbreak of the Civil War—that is, for the period of Wood, Aubrey, and Hearne—there are ample materials at the disposal of all chroniclers of things academic. Mr. Blakiston is fullest when dealing with the events of this time; and he is enabled to use a most valuable document in the shape of a metrical "Day of my

Life," written by a Trinity undergraduate towards the close of the last century. But he wisely considers that a detailed treatment of the last fifty years is for the present outside the historian's province.

THE BOOK OF THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW, 1879-1897 (Macmillan and Bowes). The *Cambridge Review*, affectionately known to undergraduates as "the maiden aunt," has, by a London witling, been dubbed "parochial"; and undoubtedly the cult of self-centralization is even more rampant in Cambridge than in the sister University. The editors of this collection have been frankly Academic. A hundred pages are given up to papers on "Cambridge"; and of the so-called General Articles the majority are experiments in parody of the classics or of classical editors, including a clever "letter to Freshmen" by "Chesterfield," and Dr. Verrall's delightful application of his own professional manner to Jane Austen's "Mansfield Park." The same section contains, also, a somewhat sombre account of American Universities, and a brief exposure of the happily short-lived craze, imported from Oxford, of murdering the English language according to the "uzzer" dialect. Finally, among the verses are several in Latin.

We are inclined to think that this comparatively limited appeal has been inspired by wisdom, for in purely literary qualities the *Cambridge Review* does not shine beside the *Oxford Magazine*, and she has been shorn of her fairest laurels by the editor's resolution to exclude everything which has "found a permanent home elsewhere." A little of J. K. S., but not his best, is left us; and there are contributions by others whose names are already, or will probably soon become, familiar to the reading public. It is a great pity, by the way, that the editors have not obtained permission to publish the names of the authors, for we who can recognize them to-day are few, and to-morrow shall be no more. However, for all, and they are many, who care to be in touch with University life this little volume will be of unique and permanent value as an absolutely living and authoritative reflection of a vital and invigorating atmosphere. Readers will carry away a more lasting impression of the whole tone of the book than of any particular qualities in the different pieces.

Excellent humour is not predominant, and in striking contrast to young Oxford, the love-lyric is conspicuous by its absence. Even in the lighter vein, University subjects have evoked the happiest hits:—

To Incepting M.A.'s.

Let not thy Soul towards Syndicates be soaring,
A place on Boards is scarcely worth the winning,
For Boards of Studies are more bored than boring,
And Syndicates more sinned against than sinning.

Or again:—

On a "Bohn."

Euripides, when I behold
Your work with Buckley's mated,
I pity Enoch, who of old
Died not, but was translated.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

NEWMAN HALL: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY (Cassell, 12s. 6d.), does not challenge comparison with any of the great autobiographies that belong to literature; but it will, nevertheless, excite a lively interest in the circles which hunger for personal information concerning this prominent Nonconformist minister. Mr. Newman Hall was born in the year 1816, and the occurrence is noted in his mother's diary with an enigmatical reference to the raising of an Ebenezer. He was converted in 1832, by the perusal of a letter in which his sister, aged fourteen, "wrote from school telling her mother that she had that day resolved to set out on pilgrimage to the Celestial City." From such beginnings one would have expected a narrowness of mind—probably of a Methodistical, but possibly of a Baptist, description—to result. But Mr. Newman Hall joined the Congregationalists, who are probably the most broad-minded of all the Nonconformists, and became—to parody the well-known phrase—a man of the world among Congregationalists, and a Congregationalist among men of

the world. He even figured, indeed, as a Congregationalist among Alpine climbers; for he is probably the only minister of that persuasion who has made the ascent of the Diablerets. In the course of his long pastorate, Mr. Newman Hall was brought into contact with a goodly number of men; and it is his account of his relations with them that gives his reminiscences interest for a wider circle of readers. He has been present at a good many intellectual breakfast parties, and a whole chapter is consecrated to his intercourse with Mr. Gladstone, who seems to have written him a good many letters of no particular importance. In the light of subsequent events the following extract from the popular preacher's diary is of interest:—

July 6th, 1877.—Mr. Gladstone spent the evening at my house, Hampstead. About fifty gentlemen to meet him—till 11.30. General conversation on the Eastern question, and various opinions. We might be led by our Government to annex Egypt in some form. This might alienate France—might lead to war—our empire was already too large—large empires were in danger from lack of brain power to manage—as businesses might overgrow capacity—we should be responsible for no more than we can properly and consistently control. The opinion of the Continent was that we were drifting towards war. The last blow of Turkey had been delivered in Montenegro.

It is also placed on record that Mr. Gladstone wrote to Mr. Newman Hall to state that he had never believed him "capable of any act at variance with a Christian or a pastoral character." This, of course, is as satisfactory as it could be, though the autobiographer omits to inform us of the nature of the circumstances by which the emphatic disclaimer was called forth.

Under the title of CHRISTOPHER CRAYON'S RECOLLECTIONS (J. Clarke, 3s. 6d.) the late Mr. James Ewing Ritchie tells the story of his life and times. His picture of East Anglia in 1837 is of wide general interest and of some historical value, for, from his earliest days, Mr. Ritchie was a keen observer, with an eye for a humorous point. His picture of Lord Melbourne as the handsomest, the most cultivated, and the most courteous gentleman that ever figured in a Royal Court is not quite so vivid as that of another historian, who spoke of him as "unbuttoned, and a laugher," but Mr. Ritchie is sound, if not epigrammatic. His sketches of bygone village life, of the difficulties of a Dissenting Minister (his father seems to have been a fine example of one) fifty years ago, are full of facts and much original observation. Mr. Ritchie's own literary career, too, makes a highly interesting chapter in a very readable book.

SPORT.

MY HORSE, MY LOVE, by Sarah B. Linard (Unwin, 3s. 6d.), is chiefly made up of conversations with a certain Count, a Polish patriot, on the subject of the horse. The Count is supposed to know everything that is to be known in equine lore, and he gives his friend, the author, little lectures with plaster-of-Paris models of portions of the animal's anatomy to illustrate them. A good deal of space is devoted to eulogy of the Arab horse, and to details about him. Much that the Count says will be familiar to all who have a slight acquaintance with stable matters; many of his ideas are just, though to speak of the bearing rein as "holding the head as if in a vice" is exaggeration. As we too often see, the bearing rein is at times used in a cruel and senseless way, and not seldom on the horses of kindly but unobservant people who would be the first to condemn its abuse if they realized the fact that the animals which drew them were thus borne up; but there are occasions when bearing reins—properly applied—are of great service, and some horses cannot be driven without them. Possibly it may be necessary to warn grooms against putting an icy cold bit in a horse's mouth, though we fancy few grooms or coachmen would do so. One of the Count's theories seems to be new. The author asked him what the dry, grey warts on the inside of horses' forelegs "were intended for." The answer was quaint, not to say eccentric. The wart is Nature's "vinaigrette and restorative."

"When the weary, overtaxed animal, sweating at every pore, and covered with foam, can reach down and rub with his wet nose this always dry, hard substance, he is instantly refreshed with an odour like that of geranium. Tossing his head with delight, and sniffing perceptibly, he applies again and again his wet nose to this bountiful, secret, and cunningly-arranged restorative, and is thus fortified and strengthened sufficiently to resume his journey."

Mrs. Linard thought that this was a "wonderful theory" and it certainly is. The second part of the book is made up of

commonplaces ancient and modern. The author informs her readers with regard to Persimmon that "it was the first time the Prince of Wales had ever placed a horse to race for him"—the Prince, of course, has run horses for many years—"and his astonishing success carried everything before it. . . . Persimmon was not permitted to race again, and was put at once to the stud, with a harem of fifty mares." Perhaps it is natural that the author should not know much about the breeding of race-horses, but then it was so easy not to write about it.

THE SPORTSMAN'S YEAR-BOOK (Lawrence and Bullen) is described by its editors, Messrs. C. S. Colman and A. H. Windsor, as "a sportsman's Whitaker." It surveys the events of the year in such different departments of athletic amusement as racing and rackets, boxing and tobogganing, golf and quoits, shooting and curling, baseball and bowls. It also contains a space for a diary, in which a sportsman may enter his scores at cricket, his breaks at billiards, the weight of the fish he has caught, or any other interesting biographical detail.

There are both humour and good sense to be found in the very outspoken pages of IRELAND FROM ONE OR TWO NEGLECTED POINTS OF VIEW ("Liberty Review" Publishing Company, 1s.), by H. S. Constable. Its aim is too essentially political for it to be reviewed at length in these pages, but one may recommend it to the notice of people who want to make telling speeches against Home Rule. A pleasing story may be quoted:—

An improving landlord, finding one day a pig in his tenant's cabin, built him a pigsty. Visiting him six months afterwards, he found the pig still in the cabin. Upon inquiry he discovered that, since his last visit, one of the sons had married, and his father had set him up with his newly-married wife in the new pigsty.

The moral of THE SECRET OF ACHIEVEMENT (Nelson, 3s. 6d.) is that "there is one thing better than making a living—making a life." The principle is approached from various points of view, and anecdotes are marshalled in support of it. We gather from internal evidence that the author, Mr. Orison Swett Marden, is a citizen of the United States; and the number of illustrative anecdotes about great men which he furnishes is on the same scale as the falls of Niagara, the Brooklyn Bridge, the Chicago Exposition, and other great American institutions. A boy should get good from the book, and should not be bored by it.

Miss Caroline Gearey has had many competitors—notably Thackeray—in the period she has chosen for her latest book, ROYAL FRIENDSHIPS (Digby Long, 6s.), in which she tells of the attachments of Anne for Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and of Charlotte for Mrs. Delany. The history of the first two friends is the more interesting by reason of the outspoken manner of the Duchess, and the frequent extracts from her "Account of the Conduct," with its remarkable details of the union of "Morley and Freeman." Miss Gearey lays no claim to originality of research in either of these essays, but has ranged freely among the memoirs and biographies of the periods of which she writes, with the result that she is always well informed and often amusing.

PROPHETS OF THE CENTURY.—Mr. Arthur Rickett, the editor of these various papers by various authors on the "Prophets of the Century" (Ward Lock, 6s.), must, we presume, be held responsible for the plan of the book and for the point of view from which the contributors to the volume were asked to regard Wordsworth, Carlyle, Tennyson, Ibsen, and the rest. We suggest the point of responsibility, because it would be unfair to give praise or blame to the several contributors for a scheme and a mode of treatment which, as we conjecture, are to be attributed to the general editor. Thus, Mr. Tudor Pritchard, who lays stress on the moral message of Wordsworth, may, privately, hold the opinion that Wordsworth strayed from his real domain of poetry into the arid ground of ethics, and Mr. William Arthur, the commentator on Carlyle, may have a strong conviction to the effect that the seer of Chelsea was a very clever man of letters, who mistook the nature of his inspiration. This possibility allowed for, one need have no hesitation in regretting the point of view which has been taken. Prophecies fail, and fail in more than one sense of the word; that which lasts is the pure æsthetic enthusiasm, with its result in beautiful literary form. Thus, much of Carlyle's essay on Burns, alluded to by Mr. Arthur, has long been obsolete as criticism, though it will always remain a vivid and picturesque piece of literature; the prophecies of Browning (expounded in this volume by Dr. Blake Odgers) have ceased to edify or to terrify, but Browning's lyrics possess enduring life and charm. However, there are many persons who look for a "message" in everything which they read, and to this class we may commend "Prophets of the Century."

THE CRIMSON MOON.

Behind the Legions of the Sun, the Star Battalions of the night,
The reddening of the West I see, from morn till dusk, from dusk
till light.

A day must surely come at last, and that day soon,
When the Hidden People shall march out beneath the Crimson
Moon.

Our palaces shall crumble then, our towers shall fall away,
And on the plains our burning towns shall flaunt a desolate day:
The cities of our pride shall wear tiaras of red flame,
And all our shimmering glory be an idle wind-blown name.

What shall our vaunt be on that day, or who thereon shall hear
The laughter of our laughing lips become the wail of fear?
Our vaunt shall be the windy dust in eddies far and wide,
The hearing, theirs who follow us with swift and dreadful stride.

A cry of lamentation, then, shall sweep from land to land:
A myriad wavering hands shall shake above a myriad strand:
And Day shall swoon before a Shade of vast ancestral Night,
Till a more dreadful Morn awake to flood and spume of light.

This is the prophecy of old, before the running tribes of Man
Spread Multitude athwart the heirdom of an earlier Clan—
Before the gods drank Silence, and hid their way with cloud,
And Man uprose and claimed the Earth and all the starry crowd.

So Man dreamed out his dream, till at the last he smiled to see
Its radiant skirts brush back the stars from Immortality;
He crowned himself with the Infinite, and gave his soul a Home:
And then the quiet gods awoke and blew his life to foam.

This is the Dream I see anew, when all the West is red with light,
Behind the Legions of the Sun, the Star Battalions of the night.
Verily the day may come at last, and that day soon,
When the Hidden People shall march out beneath the Crimson
Moon.

FIONA MACLEOD.

Among my Books.

AFTER READING THACKERAY.

Had the broadcast public of the fifties been less inattentive in the scrutiny of qualities it would have ascribed to Thackeray not cynicism but pessimism. "Cynicism" (apart from the honest transcript of fact) was the most unessential of his traits, almost describable as only Thackeray's fun, whereas the writer of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "The Newcomes" was the first pessimist, save Swift, in English prose fiction. For a clear perception, nowadays, of this we need strictly to take the historic view of Thackeray in order to detach the impression made by his works from the impact of post-"Vanity Fair" novels by other hands. So contagious and augmentative has the Thackerayan frame of mind proved that fiction stood, until recently, badly in need of a rest from pessimism. So unintermittent had the earthly failure of hero and heroine become, that readers lost sight of the element of chance which made the faithfulness and the irony of Thackeray's conclusions, and novels, far from meriting the ancient impeachment of idealizing life, ignored every ground for cheerfulness till the *impasse* was reached of Fact rosier than Fancy. It was an almost comic sign of the times' distortedness when about two years

ago a living novelist set about disposing of Thackeray by describing him as "the very Saxon optimist in perfect maturity." Triple "brass"!

But if we can let the overrunning discouragement of Tess and Jude, and their like, slip from us we may believe that to a complacent generation even such reticent pessimism as Thackeray's must have been piquant to the point of scarification. The old lady who found Thackeray an uncomfortable writer, sufficiently revenged herself upon the too sensitive great-heart by dubbing him cynic, for, even when most a calumny, the dog's name sticks.

Not alone by the perverse, disappointing sides of his men and women, nor by the unsymmetricalness of their achievements, does Thackeray evince greyneess "abundant." It achromatizes his whole commentary, and just as characteristic as his disdain of the big drum in the manner of his writing was in its matter his refusal of rose-wreaths and joy-bells to the last appearances of his *personae*—even those he loved best. In the most acutely interesting of the novels, Colonel Dobbin weds Amelia after the long ordeal of his guardianship of her, but instead of Thackeray's final word being an assurance that they lived happily ever after, it tells of unrest and the torture of temperament. No writer who held the world a place of possible complete well-being would have written the closing sentences of "Vanity Fair." How does "Pendennis" terminate? With Thackeray's testimony that riches are not to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill, while he bids us submit ourselves to the certainty of "maimed happiness, frequent falling, bootless endeavour." In *Beatrix*, Thackeray drew one of the few superb full-lengths of woman that exist in the world's art, yet how does he handle his queen rose? He sullies her bright petals, and brings her down to dishevelment in the miry ways. With deeper melancholy, because with completer æsthetic disenchantment, he exhumes *Beatrix* in "The Virginians" to give her wind-sowing youth a trilogy-like sequel of retribution. What passage in what history is more piteous than "Baroness" Bernstein's death-scene, where the Kneller picture on the wall of *Beatrix* in her beauty gazes at the decrepit figure moaning on the bed, the wreck of that brilliant creature who once staked all for a crown and lost? The story of Thomas Newcome remains the most pessimistic of Thackeray's decipherments of life. Nothing can avail to soften the Immortals to this Quixote, not devotion, not selflessness, not the most exquisite purity of heart. Colonel Newcome is an optimist and an idealist. Like Shelley, he falls upon the thorns of life, every stage of his Via Crucis is marked with blood-drops, and only towards the end are granted "the dews oblivious." Since Cervantes the character is unparalleled, except perhaps in the brief sketch in "Charles Demailly" of the uncle at Cléry-sur-Meuse. But the de Goncourts' portrait is only one of the most memorable vignettes in fiction, while Thackeray's is a full-length. Among other things it is a contribution to the study of parenthood, that enigma to men of genius, and for those chapters "The

Newcomes" goes on the shelf with "King Lear," "Le Père Goriot," "Fathers and Sons," "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," and "Weir of Hermiston."

Never exultant, and no partisan, the great humanist addresses himself to Forty Year; and we may scarcely expect to be his lovers, *pendant que jeunes nous sommes*. While we are busy with hope and bustle, Hugo and Charles Kingsley are our fit and proper ministrants, for Thackeray offers florid enthusiasms scant nourishment, and before him the callow heroics of fools' paradises flee like ghosts from a disenchanter. Thackeray's personal tone and standpoint early became old.

Closely knit with the pessimist temper are Thackeray's plenary mindfulness of the reverse side to every situation and every quarrel, and his habit of self-inclusion in almost every arraignment. Mercifulness and humility obscured at times Thackeray's vision of life, blurring for him the distinction between venial and great transgressions; and here and there his summings-up, as in the case of *Crawley v. Crawley* and *Steyne*, are freakish and unintelligible. Carlyle decided that Thackeray was a fierce man. In truth he was scarcely fierce enough. What his development lacked was vehemence; his irony subjugated him.

Hence, however, it is that Thackeray's pessimism is never "grim," for it is unrelated to cynicism. In it not the dear beloved brother-mortals are indicted, but the order of the universe. Undesignedly so, for Thackeray was a child in the instinct he had of acquiescence. Feeling the riddle of earth more painfully than any other man of his time, he remained unimaginably orthodox. Perhaps the traditions of his race—"nineteen parsons among them"—perhaps some hesitant inertia of nature, perhaps the fastidiousness of disciplined manners prevented his elsewhere unflinching scepticism from taking the last and highest fence. As it was, Thackeray's devoutness, in rendering him not incredulous, made his sadness ineffable.

It may be a contravention of critical canons to allege a conviction that we find the real Thackeray sooner from his letters to Mrs. Brookfield, from "Roundabout Papers," and from "The Ballad of Bouillabaisse" than from all his novels put together. Seen through the medium of these more direct and consequently less ironical expressions, the tender and stinging humanity of the novels comes freshly upon us as one of the most appealing things in literature. It is the appeal of a pessimist, it is true; but at least it must be admitted that optimism has not yet been proved the more humane creed.

FLORENCE MARY PARSONS.

NAMES IN FICTION.

Many parents find it difficult to choose their children's names, but what is their task compared to that of the novelist? To find a Christian name once a year is nothing. To christen a whole set of characters at once—surnames as well as Christian—is a task that needs some setting about.

Once upon a time it was simplicity itself. Before fiction began to take itself seriously, you labelled your *dramatis personæ* as a chemist his drugs. A sharper was Captain Hawk; a simpleton, Mr. Pigeon; a sailor, Hatchway; a lawyer, Mr. Gammon; a peer, Lord Livewell; and a good man, Mr. Allworthy. So

did Bunyan name his figures, taking a hint from the moralities and interludes which flourished in the earliest days of drama. How dear to us are Mr. Facing-both-Ways and the rest, entirely in harmony as they are with the simplicity of the Pilgrim's Progress. In modern stories a writer who should follow this mode would be thought to insult his reader's intelligence. Nowadays, we are realistic even in our characters' names.

Balzac may be said to have set a fashion in this respect. He took enormous pains to hit upon names exactly suited to his creations, and his tramp through Paris on the search that was rewarded by "Z. Marcas" over a shop-door is a stock literary anecdote. The figures that move through his wonderful *Comédie Humaine* do certainly seem very aptly called. "Le Père Goriot"—how it brings before us the unblest father living alone in that hateful *pension*. Pons and Schmucke, too, must surely convey some idea of their owner's personalities, even to persons who have never read "Le Cousin Pons." Dickens' names are marvellously apt, as we see from the passing into common phrase of so many of them. Not a few have become synonyms for the kind of character to which they were attached. Mrs Gamp, is an instance that will occur to every one, and there are plenty of others. Chadband, Pecksniff, Micawber, Bill Sikes, Jingle, Quilp—what skill it needs to suggest character with such directness! Mr. George Gissing in his book on Dickens speaks of the "exquisite rightness" of the names in nearly all the stories. Occasionally, in subordinate figures, Dickens descended to the easier and more obvious method—the Veneerings, for instance, are named pretty much on Bunyan's plan—but instances of this are scarce. In Thackeray they are more numerous—Mr. Honeyman, Tufthunt, Lord Wallsend, the Earl of Bareacres, Mr. Pestler, the apothecary, and so on—but again only among the minor personages. With his leading characters Thackeray never played in this way and, though their names are not remarkable, they do not outrage probability or suggest that the author had an unseasonable vein of humour that he could not keep in check. In reading many of Anthony Trollope's stories it is impossible to get rid of this feeling. His people—especially in the political novels—violate likelihood by the strangeness of their nomenclature; and, whenever the reader is getting really interested in their doings, their unreality is forced upon him by this ill-placed jocularly. Who can believe in characters with such names as the Duke of Omnium, Sir Damask Monogram (which is ill sounding as well as farcical), Sir Timothy Beeswax, Lord Earlybird, or Captain Gunner? But then Trollope was incorrigible as an artist, and never consented to take his tales seriously himself. Disraeli's political novels, too, sinned sometimes in this respect. Tadpole and Taper, for instance (who correspond to Trollope's Rattler and Roby and represent the determined place-men, the impatient tide-waiters, as familiar to us to-day as they were in 1830 or 1860), are not very likely appellations. Horace Buttonhole, again, proclaims his character too loudly, yet has not the classic stamp of Justice Greedy or Mrs. Malaprop; and Lord Fitzlooms for an ennobled cotton-spinner suggests poverty of imagination.

If a name is to hint at character it should do so in the subtlest manner possible—in a manner so subtle as to escape all but the quick-witted, who will forgive the inartistic method in their pride at being so clever as to detect the writer's intention. None of the masters of English fiction have stooped to so cheap a device, save now and then. Fielding set an example in this respect in the very earliest days of "natural" fiction. "Peregrine Pickle" and "Roderick Random" almost serve to measure the distance between Smollett's tales, full as they are of bustling incident and racy character, and those of Fielding, which had no need to rely even in a slight degree upon "catchy" titles.

Dramatists have always taken more licence than novelists in this matter of names. For one thing, it is important that a stage figure shall make his characteristics known to the audience at once without any time out of the three hours' traffic being wasted in elaborately explaining them. For another thing, the standard of art and craftsmanship in drama has never been so high as in novel-writing. In these days, when craftsmanship is

cared for and looked for more than ever (though one would often gladly exchange correctness of manner for a trifle more substance and variety of matter), novelists must sacrifice nothing that will lend a trick of reality to their imaginings. If they take any pains to select names for their characters they should hit upon such as will be seen to suit them when their books have been read (like Sir Willoughby Patterne or Gabriel Oak); names that attempt with clumsy impertinence to give a clue to character at the outset are best left to the inept amateur of letters who has not wit enough to dispense with such an aid.

To be avoided, also, are out-of-the-way names that may have living owners in the real world. No John Smith or Tom Jones can complain if writers christen their characters after them; but if a man owns a peculiar name, he dislikes having it borrowed and attached to some figure in fiction whose proceedings very likely do it little credit. Mr. Pinero had more than one protest addressed to him concerning "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and he was even more unlucky with "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," for a real Mrs. Ebbsmith committed suicide during the run of the play, and her act was attributed partly to the annoyance caused her by the title. M. Zola had some trouble over one of the characters in his "Paris." A certain André Sagnier, whose name he had unwittingly borrowed, went so far as to demand that all the numbers of the newspaper in which the story was appearing should be confiscated by the police. He was pacified by the omission of the "g." Nathaniel Hawthorne, again, severely wounded the feelings of a certain Mr. Pyncheon by choosing the name as that of the New England family to whom belonged the House of the Seven Gables. The grievance was aggravated by the fact that in the real family there had also been a Judge. Hawthorne made a handsome apology for "seeming to sully an honourable name by plastering upon it an imaginary villain," and declared that if the fact had been known to him he "would have considered it discourteous and unwarrantable to make free with the name. It never occurred to me, however, that the name was not as much the property of a romance writer as that of Smith, and a certain indescribable fitness to the tone of my work gave it a value which no other of the many surnames which suggested themselves to me seemed to possess." Every writer must know the satisfaction that comes when an "exquisitely right" name is hit upon. But it is just as well to take reasonable precautions to avoid indignant protests such as that which Hawthorne drew upon himself. The "certain indescribable fitness" appeals in vain to a man angered at what he is pretty sure to consider an intentional insult to his patronymic.

H. H. F.

Notes.

In next week's *Literature*, "Among my Books" will be written by "C. E. Raimond" (Miss Elizabeth Robins).

The American *Bookman* gives the most popular novels of the autumn in the United States. They were "The Day's Work," "The Battle of the Strong," "Red Rock," by Mr. T. N. Page (of which Mr. Heinemann has just brought out an English edition), Dr. Weir Mitchell's "Adventures of François," "The Castle Inn," and "Roden's Corner."

The far-famed collection of Syriac MSS. in the British Museum has been steadily growing of late, and there are now nearly two hundred volumes over and above the thousand and more that are described in the late Prof. Wright's well-known catalogue. In order to acquaint the world of students with the contents of the new acquisitions, a Descriptive List, similar in scope with the Descriptive List of the Hebrew and Samaritan MSS., is now in active preparation, and will shortly be issued. The first volumes are especially rich in Nestorian writings. The collection also includes not a few works written for Syrian members of the Roman community, and we are in other respects

brought face to face with the literary activity of the Syrian Christians in modern times.

* * * *

To *Maga*,

[on completing its thousandth month.]

Crowned with a thousand months and yet so hale!

So filled with hope, so innocent of remorse!

The magnate still of literary force

Still do you gather up the century's tale.

Launched in the years when Europe felt the gale

That shook her thrones and kingdoms to their source,

Through storm and changing tide you hold your course,

Nor trim, as many do, the timorous sail.

Wellington read you, Canning knew your cheer,

O'Connell glanced across your teeming page,

Byron, Keats, Shelley, Tennyson felt your thrust;

You saw three Kings go down into their dust,

Glad at her birth, you praise the golden age

Of that good Queen whom all Earth's kings revere.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

* * * *

Bishop Godwin's "The Man in the Moone, or a Discourse of a Voyage Thither," which he wrote under the pseudonym of "Domingo Gonzaleo" and published at London in 1638, is not one of those books which might be expected to cumber the street stalls, and yet a good copy, with the plate of the flying machine, was bought the other day for a few pence in the neighbourhood of the Elephant and Castle. This is the work to which Swift is said to have been indebted for portions of his "Voyage to Laputa."

* * * *

The possibility of journeying to the moon has been demonstrated, on paper, more than once, notably by Dr. Wilkins, Bishop of Chester in the reign of Charles II., who wrote a book called "The Discovery of a New World; or a Discourse tending to prove that 'tis probable there may be another habitable world in the Moon, with a discourse of the possibility of a passage thither." This work was put forward as a philosophical treatise, in which every conceivable difficulty as it arises is seriously combated and finally explained away to the satisfaction of the author. Another work of a similar kind was a book entitled "Great Astronomical Discoveries at the Cape of Good Hope," published anonymously in 1836. It describes how Sir John Herschel discovered men, animals, houses, and trees in the moon, but is in reality a hoax perpetrated by M. Nicollet, the French astronomer, to entrap his especial foe, M. Arago. Should the gigantic astronomical telescope now being manufactured for the Paris Exposition answer expectations, and so bring the moon within the distance of a few miles from our earth, these and other books that might be mentioned cannot fail to appeal to the many as they have hitherto interested the few.

* * * *

Mr. John Russell Young, whose death was announced last week, was best known in England as one of the editors of the London edition of the *New York Herald*. He did not hold the position long, however, as Mr. James Gordon Bennett was just then changing his editors with all the rapidity of genius. Mr. Young began low down on the journalistic ladder, as a "copy-holder"—a position which, as a rule, leads to nothing more exalted than a printer's readership. He was tried, however, as a war correspondent, and succeeded, accompanying the Army of the Potomac from Bull Run till the end of the Chickahominy campaign. Two newspapers which he started—one in Philadelphia and the other in New York—were failures; but he was appointed European correspondent of the *New York Herald* in 1871, and in 1882 became United States Minister to China. He also wrote a book, "Around the World with General Grant," which was published at New York in 1879.

* * * *

From Paris the death is announced of M. Arthur Delavigne, the grandson of Casimir Delavigne, and the collaborator of Meilhac and Jacques Normand.

We have received from Mr. J. G. Cupples, of Massachusetts, the news of the death at Mosgiel in New Zealand of Anne Jane Dunn Douglas Cupples, known to her young readers as Mrs. George Cupples. Her sketches, entitled "Tappy's Chicks, or Links between Nature and Human," were written at the request of Mr. George Macdonald, in whose magazine, *Good Words for the Young*, the collection originally appeared, and attracted the attention of a well-known critic in America, the late E. P. Whipple, who caused their republication under the title of "Singular Creatures." A year or two later an edition was published in England.

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The latest accession to the Silver Library (Longmans, 3s. 6d.) is Mr. Leslie Stephen's well-known book, "The Playground of Europe." Rereading the delightful chapters in which the author traces through old poetry and prose the slow and gradual growth of the modern sentiment about mountains, one is struck by the number of early climbers and early climbing books left unmentioned. Among the exponents of the early repugnance inspired by the "high places" of Europe, a corner should surely have been found for Master John de Bremble, monk of Canterbury, who, not long after the Norman Conquest, wrote of the Great St. Bernard as a "place of torment" against which it was his duty and privilege to warn "the brethren."

* * * *

Nor is it quite just to write as though Scheuchzer, Haller, and Rousseau were the first of those who, in some measure, anticipated the modern point of view. Petrarch deliberately climbed a mountain (Mont Ventoux) in the fourteenth century, and described his experiences in a glowing letter, of which an excellent translation was made by the late Mr. Henry Reeve. In the sixteenth century Conrad Gesner climbed many mountains. His "Descriptio Montis Fracti juxta Lucernam" contains a long and eloquent eulogy of the pastime; and the dedicatory preface of his "Treatise Concerning Milk" is practically a call to the unconverted to devote their summer vacations to mountaineering. Finally, there is Bourrit, whom Mr. Stephen also neglects. He was the first of those who, without any ulterior scientific motive, devoted every summer to mountain expeditions as regularly as the year came round. He wrote quite a library of climbing literature—some of which was even translated into English, though all of it has long since been out of print.

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The moral of this is, perhaps, that a complete bibliography of climbing literature would be a very useful thing. Those compiled by Mr. Coolidge do not profess to be complete; the best of them omit a good many books mentioned in the "Bibliothèque Universelle" of Boucher de la Richarderie (1808). To a certain extent, no doubt, the want will be supplied in the Bibliography of Works on Swiss Travel which the Swiss Government is going to issue as a part of the "Bibliographie der Schweizerischen Landes Kunde"; but the obligation of many readers to the Swiss Government would be the greater if the list of travel books which are also climbing books could be issued separately, and a list of the climbing books relating to the Tyrol, Dauphiné, and the Italian Alps incorporated with it.

* * * *

We learn that the Canadian Government has come to the conclusion that it is too busy to legislate on copyright at the present moment and that the treaty with the United States must first be got out of the way. It has been suggested in some quarters that if copyright were included among the subjects dealt with in that treaty the need of making a law to the detriment of British authors might be obviated; but it would be over sanguine to hope that anything will come of that suggestion.

* * * *

A copy of Walter Savage Landor's "Simonidea," generally regarded as the rarest of all his published writings, was sold at auction by Messrs. Sotheby the other day for £9. When Mr. Sidney Colvin wrote his life of Landor in 1884 he had reason to believe that this little volume had faded out of existence; but since then five or six copies have turned up. It was published

in 1806, and contains five-and-twenty English and five Latin poems, as well as a preface dated Bath, Feb. 14, 1806. All but two and a portion of another of the English poems have been republished. The following are among the lines which cannot be found elsewhere:—

Sweet was the maid who hail'd my earliest lay
And waited to receive my vow.
But Love, blind love—all hurry, for 'twas May,
Slipt it—my stars! I know not how.

Am I inconstant? Would I then betray?
To your own law, dear girls, I bow—
Sweet are the violets of yesterday,
And yet, whose bosom wears them now?

A copy of the first edition of "Gebir" (1798) was also sold for £10.

* * * *

When the Lyceum Theatre reopens about the middle of February, in the season which will precede Sir Henry Irving's appearance in Sardou's *Robespierre*, the first production of Mr. Martin Harvey, the young actor who has taken a lease of the house, will be a new adaptation of the "Tale of Two Cities." This has been prepared by the Rev. Freeman Wills, who has written plays before and who brought out, not long ago, a life of his brother, the painter-playwright, W. G. Wills. The leading incidents of Dickens' masterpiece will be presented in a prologue and four acts. The third act will show us that *Assize of Blood—the Tribunal of the Terror*—while the piece will naturally end with the scene on the scaffold.

* * * *

At last, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has made up her mind to appear in the French version of *Hamlet* which has been made for her by M. Marcel Schwob and M. Morand. It is even probable that her first appearance as the princely Dane may be made in London. M. Mounet-Sully will have to look to his laurels. A good many actresses have played *Hamlet*. Even in these days there is Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer, who had a short season last year at a minor London theatre, and whose performance in the part is very popular with provincial audiences.

* * * *

Dom Hildebrand de Hempdune, primate of Ligugé, has obtained the Papal consent to the establishment, under the shadow of his Benedictine abbey, of the religious house, the literary refuge, which, as we mentioned on December 3, M. Huysmans coveted with all the passion of an incorrigible *fonctionnaire* who cannot work out of harness. Thus once more is illustrated the plasticity of Romanism. But M. Huysmans' artistic curiosity is far removed from the humble docility of piety. There is about him nothing of the *dérot*, and this fresh stage in his progress among the ruins and monuments of the old faiths must be taken simply as a repose by the wayside of a traveller whose life is made up of the search for sensations.

* * * *

There are certain analogies between the new *familia sacra* of Ligugé and an organization already in existence in connexion with a Benedictine monastery at Dresden. There the monks receive in their midst a certain number of artists, who, while preserving their entire liberty, and being exempted from certain religious duties, indulge in their favourite pursuits. There are painters and sculptors and poets, and the monks have already formed a little museum of the gifts offered them by the artists upon whom they have bestowed their hospitality. But at Ligugé the monks are not to invite artists to visit them. It is the writers and painters who ask to settle down under the wing of the monastery. M. Boucher, a friend of M. Huysmans, and one of the directors of the little review *Pays Poitevin*, describes the nature of the new compact as follows:—

Those who, having fully renounced Parisian civilization, would like to devote their life to the glorification of the Church and the renaissance of religious art will settle down definitely, and with their own resources, under the mantle of Saint Martin. They will be attached to the abbey, only according to their own good pleasure . . . the bond consisting simply in affiliation to the Third Order of Saint Benoit, otherwise known as *oblature*. This Third Order exacts no vows nor any special religious observances. . . . Nor does it involve a

costume, although the candidate dons the Benedictine dress the day when he is admitted to oblation. . . . These new Benedictine members of the Third Order will have as their mission the reform of religious art, just as the black monks have undertaken the reform of the liturgy.

M. Huysmans, then, has found a solution for the problems which, as *La Cathédrale* betrayed, have been worrying him for the past two or three years. In 1900 we may expect from him a fresh report of his progress in the form of a novel entitled "L'Oblat." One matter still remains to be settled—namely, whether the novelist is to be allowed to take with him to Ligugé the middle-aged servant who has played a rôle in his life not generally known. Not only does M. Huysmans, according to the writer of a curious article in the *Figaro*, owe to this servant, Anne Thibaut, much of his inspiration; he owes his conversion to her as well. Readers of *La Cathédrale* will recall the picturesque figure of Mme. Céleste Bavoil, the *bonne* of Abbé Gevresin. The sketch is drawn from life. It is Anne Thibaut herself, a mystic who hears "voices" like Jeanne d'Arc and has attained a strange ascendancy over the brain of Huysmans, which he is inclined to think now to be her providential mission.

In the reading-room of the Bibliothèque Nationale, as in that of the British Museum, the behaviour of readers is the subject of censure from time to time. Their selfishness is indicted by a correspondent of the *Echo de Paris*. One grievance is that they keep their seats with their hats, and wander away to amuse themselves elsewhere, with a *sans-gêne* like that of members of the British House of Commons; another is that readers whose desks are uncomfortably crowded with their books use their neighbours' desks as hat-stands without asking leave. Such a practice is obviously unworthy of philosophers, and inconsistent with the traditions of the politest people in the world: and one can only wonder that, if persisted in in the face of protest, it does not sometimes result in damage to the hat. Among brutal Anglo-Saxons it would be liable to do so. On the other hand, the absence of any complaint of readers who surreptitiously munch sandwiches over large paper editions, or who fall asleep and are caught snoring over their labours, may indicate that, in certain of the "minor morals," the advantage is with our neighbours.

"Smelfungus, Minor," writing from the Savile Club, sends us an amusing satire on the ingenious gentlemen who are never able to see that two poets may use the same word in the same connexion without the one having borrowed it from the other—and such critics are not always dismayed even by the fact that the poets did not write in the same language. Under the heading "Audacious Plagiarism" he writes:—

In your issue of the 14th inst. you give, on p. 37, a brief notice of Mr. Poste's prose translation of Bacchylides, and you quote, as a fair specimen, the following passage from Ode I. :—

"High aloft, cleaving the depths of ether with fleet tawny wings, the eagle, messenger of Zeus, wide-ruling thunderer, boldly travels, confident in matchless might, where lesser warblers fear to venture. Neither peaks of the vasty earth nor dangerous billows of the ever-restless main stay him, but onward through the abyss of heaven with fine-spun plumage he sweeps, his sole companion Zephyr, conspicuous to mortal gaze."

On reading this passage my memory was aroused, and my critical acumen was excited. "Where have I read some verses singularly resembling this?" I asked myself. Turning to my bookshelves, I got down Moore's *Poetical Works* (Longmans' edition, 1850), and soon found, at p. 242, this once well-known and still-remembered hymn:—

The bird, let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

Sir, is not the parallelism startling? Observe the "wing" in the Irishman's poem and the "wings" in the Greek! But even more startling is the phrase.

"where lesser warblers fear to venture,"

which in Moore's hymn becomes

"Where idle warblers roam"!

Note the use of the word "warblers" by both poets! And, again, the line in Bacchylides,

"onward through the abyss of heaven . . . he sweeps,"

becomes

"high she shoots through air and light"

in Moore! Not only the same idea, but, in one case at least, the identical words! Sir, I submit that a grosser instance of downright plagiarism has seldom been detected and exposed. The question now to be determined is—Did Moore steal from Bacchylides, or did Bacchylides steal from Moore?

As the poems of Bacchylides are said to have been only recently discovered, a hasty critic might come to the conclusion that the Irish poet did not steal from the Greek poet, because, for larcenous purposes, the works of the latter were not accessible to the former. Against this judgment, however, we may advance the surmise that Moore, who made such notorious use of another Greek poet's verses, may have had an early copy of the poems of Bacchylides.

As the matter is of the greatest interest to the critics of to-day and to our modern poets as well, I hope, Sir, you will permit a short discussion of this matter to find publicity in your columns.

THE FRANCISCAN LEGEND.—A DISCOVERY.

[BY CANON RAWNSLEY.]

It is not often in the realm of literature that a prophet so surely obtains his crowning reward, as has just been the case with the Cevennese chronicler of the Life of St. Francis.

Paul Sabatier had, as he tells us in his preface to the "Speculum Perfectionis," caused the friends of Franciscan lore to cry out in their sadness, when he assured them that, in his opinion, the greater part of the "Legend of the Three Companions" was missing. They did not, he tells us, understand that the first step in finding a thing was to realize that it was missing and needed to be found. But so assured was he that the last two chapters, xvii. and xviii., of the Three Companions were just a *résumé* of Thomas de Celano's "Life of St. Francis," placed there to hide the fact that the greater part of the original Legend of the Three Companions was lost or purposely suppressed, that he ventured to give in a note to his preface to the *Speculum*, p. xx., his reason for the faith that was in him.

He showed that when the Bollandists first printed the Legend of the Three Friends in 1768, the fact of the loss of the greater part of the Legend had been so long forgotten that it was not known to be defective, and that M. Le Monnier had pointed out the uselessness of the Legend and the carelessness of biographers who had not perceived this.

Sabatier next asked those who disagreed with him as to the loss of the part of the Legend to consider the following points.

First. One would have expected that a life written by the Three Friends, Leo, Angelo, and Rufinus, would be full of detail of the time when they were most intimately connected with St. Francis, but suddenly, at this point, the biography stops abruptly.

Secondly. Since Thomas de Celano passes very briefly over the last years of the Saint's life it would have been naturally expected that the Three Friends would have been particularly careful to expand the life at this point.

Thirdly. The preface to the Legend of the Three Friends, which was written after and not before the composing of the work, and tells us what they have done and not what they intend to do, contains a summary of contents which does not correspond with the Legend as it exists to-day, and further speaks of narrating not only the miracles of St. Francis but also remarkable examples of his conversation and piety, none of which latter are recorded.

Fourthly. The Three Friends assert that they have not

followed the historical order of events in compiling their biography, but directly one refers to the Legend itself one finds it all in strict historical sequence, and this is doubtless the later fashion of biographers.

Fifthly. The last two chapters of the Legend are evidently not in the style of the rest, and clearly they are, as stated above, a *résumé* of the Life by Thomas de Celano.

Sabatier argues that, from what exists, one can guess at the missing parts as an architect can restore a building from the remains that he finds, and he urges that diligent search for the missing material should be made in Italy, in Belgium, and the Netherlands—in the last for special reasons. He has, however, no ray of light as to its probable whereabouts. He does not expect many new facts to be found, but a single new fact may add to the knowledge of the Saint and his times and to the philosophical understanding of the Life, not only of the Saint, but of the Legend. Therefore it is worth while making the quest.

A letter just received from Sabatier brings word that the discovery has been made :—

I open my letter [says he] to tell you that news of a great piece of scientific joy and gladness has just come to me. You will remember how, in my Life of St. Francis and in the note to the preface of the "Speculum Perfectionis," I assured my readers that the story of the Three Friends as we have it was only a fragment of the original, and that it was impossible to look upon chapters xvii. and xviii. as being historically of any worth as a continuation of the Legend of the Three Friends, because it was clear from internal evidence that it was but a *résumé* of Celano's work—just to mask the suppression of the greater part. The Catholic critics laughed at me. But lo and behold! two Franciscan monks have discovered and just published "The Legend of the Three Friends" in its entirety. It has 79 chapters instead of only 18, and those two old chapters xvii. and xviii. are not to be found. Never could I have hoped for so clear and concise a confirmation of my conclusions.

The work in question is just published at Rome by Padri Marcellino de Civezza and Benefilo Domenichetti, and one does not know whether to congratulate the lovers of St. Francis, the worthy friars, or Paul Sabatier most upon this interesting discovery.

FICTION.

SOME FRENCH NOVELISTS.

Le Ménage du Pasteur Naudie. By Edouard Rod. 7×5½in., 301 pp. Paris, 1898. **Fasquelle. Fr.3.50**

Lettres de Malaisie. By Paul Adam. 7×5½in., 238 pp. Paris, 1898. **Revue Blanche. Fr.3.50**

Petites Rosseries. By Marie Anne de Bovet. 7×5½in., 299 pp. Paris, 1898. **Lemerre. Fr.3.50**

Angoisses de Juge. By Masson-Forestier. 7×5½in., 308 pp. Paris, 1898. **Colin. Fr.3.50**

Khou-n-atonou. By Judith Gautier. 7×5½in., 293 pp. Paris, 1898. **Colin. Fr.3.50**

L'Amour est mon Péché. Par l'Auteur de *Amitié Amoureuse*. 7×5½in., 511 pp. Paris, 1898. **Calmann Lévy. Fr.3.50**

Although there is no political, there is a literary. Greater France. Next to mystic and Catholic Belgium, with its Maeterlinck, Verhaeren, and Huysmans, in contradistinction with old African Réunion, brilliantly passionate and imaginative, with its Dumas and Leconte de Lisle, there is staid and positive Switzerland, not destitute of humour and elevation, as Vinet, Töpffer, and Cherbuliez show. Among the later Swiss writers who have come to Paris to seek their fortune, the foremost is M. Rod. Geneva was too small for him, and *La Semaine Littéraire* had not sufficient circulation. "Les Idées morales du temps présent," his first important work, had moreover classed him among the numerous French and German Protestants, who, at the age of discretion, cast off their plain Puritanical swaddling-clothes, and don the glittering robes of a

vague Renanic religiosity. In Paris he has worked with the stubborn determination of a Swiss, heaping up novels, articles of criticism, reviews, and even attempting the stage. At last so much industry has won its reward; the *Débats* and the *Gaulois* have welcomed him; the public have forgotten his Swiss origin; M. Barrès has done him the honour of confounding him with the French "intellectuals" who signed the petition on the Dreyfus affair, and a novel published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has brought him well out of the limbo of semi-obscure from which he had so long struggled to free himself. As the title sufficiently shows, M. Rod's novel is a study of French Protestantism; the scene is laid in La Rochelle and Montauban, the two Huguenot strongholds. The personages are Pasteur Naudie, his father, Abraham Naudie, the Professor of Theology, Defos, the rich Protestant shipbuilder, and Jane Defos, his niece. The plot is the unfortunate marriage of Pasteur Naudie and Jane Defos and the scandal that accrues therefrom for the Protestant community of La Rochelle. At a time when the Protestants are violently attacked, when M. Jules Lemaitre's *Ainée* reveals on the stage of the Gymnase their peculiarities, it is interesting to hear what a Swiss Protestant has to say about his own kin. The Catholics praise the book because they find in it arguments against their adversaries; the Protestants, while protesting that the author, because he writes in the clerical *Gaulois*, is none of theirs, read it to discover personal allusions to their spiritual guides.

It can hardly be said that M. Rod has been tender to his co-religionists. The Protestants of La Rochelle are irrepressible Pharisees; "they are not very fervent. . . they respond to the appeal of the church bells because it is respectable to appear at public worship, to have everything in order at all hazard with a probable God"; a few have stronger convictions; "they are afraid of a possible persecution, and hold in their hearts, in the calm of the present indifference, the hatred of Rome, the Pope, and the Jesuits." This is bad enough, but the individual members of Pasteur Naudie's congregation are still worse. One instance will suffice, and we shall quote the French original :—

M. Merlin, l'avoué, un matois d'une habileté terrible, qui se piquait de belles-lettres, lisait des vers à la société littéraire et composait des brochures contre la littérature immorale, dont il collectionnait avec une avidité pieuse les échantillons les plus remarquables.

The readers of M. Brunetière's *Revue des Deux Mondes* must have been delighted to find so many faults among their Puritan adversaries. There are a few pathetic passages in this story, such as the death of old Abraham Naudie, which show that M. Rod is not only a skilful novelist, but a master in delineation of the emotions. He now and then betrays his Swiss origin by expressions that the Academy would certainly not approve, thus constantly using "plutôt" with the meaning of "assez." "Des pieds possessifs" also appears venturesome.

M. Paul Adam revels in the marvellous and the recondite. After having told the story of an imaginary war in "La Bataille d'Uhde," he has recounted the establishment of an imaginary State. About 1849, some enthusiastic disciples of Saint-Simon and Fourier, under the guidance of a very shadowy prophet named Jerome, sailed for the Malay Archipelago, and found their Earthly Paradise in the very centre of the Island of Borneo, far away from the impure contact of civilized bourgeois societies. They realized the ideal of communism by abolishing marriage and property; they very soon lost their Western prejudices by intermingling with the Malay and Chinese populations, but they retained the passionate love of the West for science. Within a few years they have made great progress—they have constructed railways—models of speed, comfort, and safety—motor-cars everywhere replace carriages; there is a telescope three kilometres long; the discovery of balloons from which torpedoes may be discharged secure their military superiority.

But M. Adam has read Swift as well as Jules Verne; there is a satirical side to these wonders. These communists are by no means an ideal nation. Convinced of the truth of their doctrine, they are uncomfortably fanatical, and when they speak of invading Europe to avenge the Armenian massacres, the

reader is bound to shudder. They have retained of their Western origin two defects—pedantry and feminism. Their idea of religion savours more of Comte, the Guimet Museum, and the Madeleine ceremonies than of India or China. The Dictatorship has devolved upon a woman who seems to have learned statesmanship from Louise Michel. As M. Adam contributes to the pages of the *Revue Blanche*, he has no tenderness for the army. In Borneo it is only the criminals—men or women—who are compelled to serve. The commander-in-chief commits a murder, and as to the soldiers, it is enough to say that they have the care of the public shambles, and they acquit themselves of their duty with a thoroughness that betrays their ferocity and the author's realism. When it is stated that these Letters are written by a Spanish diplomatist who had been sent out to the Philippine Islands to inquire after the cause of the insurrection and wandered into the dominions of Jerome, the Frenchman, the account of this book will be complete. "The diplomatist," we are told, "has not reappeared in Europe." Is this due to the ferocity of the people, or to the fact that he was guided through Borneo by two fair Government officials, Pythia and Thea, who have too much in common with their Parisian sisters? Although M. Adam is included among "les jeunes," this is not his *début* in letters. He is already responsible for a series of novels in thirteen volumes entitled "l'Epoque," another in six, and a third in two, and he is announcing a great many more. He differs from Jules Verne and Swift in one respect—his "Lettres de Malaisie" cannot be put into all hands indiscriminately, the nation whose manners he describes being too much akin to those already celebrated in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries by Jacques Sadeur and the Abbé Dulaurens.

Rosserie, littérature rosse are new names given to very old things. When Swift described the manners of the Yahoos he wrote, unwittingly, the masterpiece of the *littérature rosse*. His spiritual descendants find their models in the higher class of *bourgeois* where instinct and respectability wage an epic war. Their end is to suppress all redeeming traits in the portraits of their heroes, and not to show man as he is—a sad mixture of good nature, enthusiasm, conventionality, and cowardice. Mme. de Bovet's heroes belong to the race of the Bel-Amis; her heroines are scarcely better. A long novel written seriously in that strain would give more pain than pleasure; a short story is more acceptable; its lightness, humour, perfectly-satisfied cynicism may be appreciated without an afterthought, and the utter non-existence of moral feeling in the personages warns us that, after all, they are mere creations of the fancy, not human beings whom we may meet on our path. Some of the stories in "Petites Rosseries" are perfect of their kind. One of the best is entitled "Chevalerie," and amusingly contrasts the Spanish ideal of honour with the Parisian love of scandal and *veulerie*. For Mme. Bovet, who wrote in the columns of the *Fronde*, until with the latent whimsicality of *rosserie* she organized the subscription list of the *Libre Parole* in honour of Col. Henry, the forger of the French War Office, the ideal man is a good swordsman and duellist, and the ideal woman the emancipated female of the twentieth century, possessing the wit and intelligence that the bravo lacks. The omission of a table of contents in a book of short stories is to be regretted.

M. Masson-Forestier is treading in the steps of Guy de Maupassant—"Angoisses de Juge" being the first of a series of short tales reminding us in many respects of Flaubert's illustrious disciple. Like Maupassant, M. Masson-Forestier prefers to depict people in a humble station of life, a builder, a village doctor, a soldier, a notary's clerk. Like him again, he studies precision, and takes note of the small characteristic detail. In one respect, however, he is unlike the great story-teller—he gives great importance to the part played in life by Law and Justice. The book opens with the tale of a judge who becomes convinced that a man he has helped to sentence is innocent. He does his best to get him out of the Noumea penitentiary, and is crushed at last by the man's own confession. This is followed by the tale of a witness struck down by paralysis in the witness-box when intending to charge a poor girl in whose innocence every one

believed till the day she committed suicide. The "Inventaire Tarrade," one of the best tales in the book, deals not with judges, but with notaries, a variety of the legal tribe. Quartier, the clerk, who is called in after the death of M. Tarrade, finds a hidden treasure in the house, and gives it up to the heirs because he knows he cannot face his master's eye with that crime on his conscience. The heirs, true French peasants, decline to reward him, on the ground that 27,000 francs—the amount of the treasure found—is not "a round number." The country doctor who saved his rival *confrère* is another excellent tale, and so is "Sommations respectueuses," illustrating some peculiarities of the French marriage laws.

Although lacking the humour and powerful tragic touch of Maupassant, "Angoisses de Juge" has the advantage of addressing itself to all readers. M. Colin might almost have included it among his series "pour les jeunes filles."

With the name she bears Mme. Gautier could have described no other land but the East. She has written a novel—"La Conquête du Paradis"—on French rule in India, in which the famous Duplex and Bussy, the heroic defender of Pondichery, play a prominent part. She has studied the history of Japan and written agreeable romances to celebrate the exploits of illustrious Mikados unknown to the West. She now has thought of turning to account the latest discoveries of Egyptian scholars. In the Louvre may be seen a certain number of *stèles* upon which the name of the god Amon has been effaced by order of Amenophis IV. when he attempted to effect a religious revolution and substitute the cult of Adonou for that of Amon. Mme. Gautier supposes that fragments of papyrus reveal how the priests of Amon sent a beautiful priestess to the Pharaoh to bring him over to the god of his fathers, and how she herself succumbed to the charm of the new god. Skillfully interwoven with this sentimental and historical plot is the story of the boy Moses. This tale takes up about a hundred pages, and in the rest of the book we revert once more to Japan and its heroic Mikados. There is a marvellous story of the Empress Ziu-Gou and her struggle against Korea, and a delicately-written description of Tokio, in which the exquisite colouring and poetic spirit of Theophile Gautier are once again revived.

French novels purporting to describe English manners are becoming more and more frequent. "L'Amour est mon Pêché" is, for instance, a bulky volume of five hundred pages, almost as closely printed as one of M. Zola's novels, recounting the adventures of a French governess in an English family. As her name is de Neraus and she descends from a titled family, her marriage with an officer in the Guards does not exceed the bounds of possibility. Her subsequent conduct renders her less sympathetic to the simple reader who cannot always understand her complicated psychology. Her death does not altogether redeem her past. The novel is curious to read, and not agreeable. The anonymous writer is evidently capable of doing much better. He is endowed with that quality which is growing very rare among novelists and which the French call "souffle."

The Adventurers. By H. B. Marriott Watson. 7½ x 5½ in., 356 pp. London, 1898. Harper. 6/-

It may seem paradoxical to say that Mr. Marriott Watson would be a more agreeable writer if he were something less of a stylist; for it is precisely on account of his style that Mr. Watson is admired by many of his readers. The fact remains, however, that, though he has a wonderful command of the resources of the English language, he also has an irritating trick of coining superfluous words, and fashioning phrases that have nothing but their ingenuity to recommend them. "In the article of his death" is one such tiresome phrase. It conveys no meaning to anyone who does not happen to remember *in articulo mortis*; it would not be passed by any moderator or other examiner as a translation of *in articulo mortis*; and it expresses nothing that could not be expressed as vividly by simpler and more intelligible words. Then we come upon the weird locution "equanimous." Etymology, perhaps, may justify it; but when we find it addressed to a burglar by the man who

has discovered him in the act of rifling his desk we feel that an excessive refinement of style is far from being an unmixed advantage to a story-teller. Nor do these instances stand alone.

The pity is the greater because Mr. Marriott Watson has invented a romantic story of a really high order of merit. Like Mr. Anthony Hope he has succeeded in finding a modern setting for the kind of adventure that one ordinarily associates with the seventeenth and earlier centuries. There is hidden treasure in a secret chamber of a dilapidated, medieval castle. Two sets of adventurers try to get hold of it; but neither party cares to call in the police, because the Crown has a claim to it as treasure trove. Consequently the one set of adventurers defends the castle and the other tries to storm it. The disused moat is filled; the portcullis is lowered; the drawbridge is pulled up. Ultimately one of the two bands of knaves gets off with the gold and jewels, and puts it on board a boat which is run down by a liner in the Bristol Channel. There is no flaw on which you can lay your finger and say that these extraordinary occurrences could not possibly have happened at the latter end of the nineteenth century. It is well imagined and well constructed and is just the sort of story—all fighting and no love-making—that Stevenson would have rejoiced to tell.

It would be hard to guess why Mr. Laurence Housman chooses as a title *A FIELD OF CLOVER* (Kegan Paul, 6s.), though the inscription of his frontispiece—"Mercury. God of Merchandise, Look on with Favourable Eyes"—read together with the legend opposite, "Be kindly to the weary drover, And pipe the sheep into the clover," is suggestive as a clue. We trust this volume of fairy tales may indeed prove a field of clover to him, but we are a little doubtful, for they lack the simplicity of good fairy tales and seem intended less for children than for "grown-ups," who do not as a rule care much for fairy tales. The illustrations, with all their cleverness, are often so fantastic that they remind us of those pictures inscribed with some such term as "Find the Cat." Certainly they require serious study to understand them aright.

As the title suggests, *HUNTING CROF HALL*, by Alfred E. T. Watson and other writers (George Redway, 6s.), is a book of the sporting type. It is a collection of short stories, most of them fresh, breezy, and well told, whose titles, "The Dead Heat," "The First Day of the Season," "Podger's Pointer," and so on, give an admirable notion of the subject-matter. The illustrations are Randolph Caldecott's.

In *WINDYHAUGH* (Blackwood, 6s.) Dr. Margaret Todd, the author of the successful "Mona Maclean," who still writes as "Graham Travers," has gone beyond her depth. Instead of contenting herself with the life of her own people, she must needs go further afield and try not only new pastures, but fresh "problems." Her heroine is a restless, unsatisfactory, half-Gallicized creature, who is none the better for certain spiritual and intellectual experiences, who takes to an actress's life and forsakes it, who gets married, leaves her husband, and sends for him when, owing to "heredity," she develops a weakness for something worse than Scotch drink. None of the leading characters—certainly not Wilhelmina or her weak-willed husband or her self-indulgent father—are really convincingly drawn.

Unconvincing, too, is the plot of Mr. Burgin's novel *SETTLED OUT OF COURT* (C. Arthur Pearson, 6s.), and though some of the dialogue is interesting there is a lack of distinction about the book. The hero, a nice fellow enough, is not a gentleman. This would not matter in the least if we were not quite sure that Mr. Burgin intends him for one. Some of the minor characters are amusing, but they do not atone for the conventional delineation of the two heroines, Edna and Mary, the former a singularly good woman, the latter of the stock type of heedlessness, supposed to be peculiarly feminine.

American Letter.

AMERICAN PROSE.

It seems to be the law of such anthologies as Professor Carpenter has published under the title of "American Prose" (New York: Macmillan), that they shall represent the literature of a past more or less remote. If they transcend this law and attempt to deal with contemporary literature, they meet difficulties, personal with the authors and proprietorial with the publishers, which are practically insuperable, and they remain partial and unsatisfactory. It will be easily imagined, then,

that the well-chosen passages in Professor Carpenter's volume do not stand for recent American prose, though they so nearly achieve this office in respect of some masters of it, like Lowell, Parkman, Curtis, and Walt Whitman, whose voices are still in our ears, while they perform it for writers so long silent as Cotton Mather, Jonathan Edwards, and Charles Brockden Brown, and for one writer so little American as the Englishman, Thomas Paine.

The last was evidently included from the wish to make a more characteristic showing for our revolutionary period, when the thinking and writing from the new American consciousness was so wholly political and of a purpose so distinctly civic as scarcely to be literature at all in the usual sense. This sort of thinking and writing among us has been often so good in form, so dignified, so clear, so simple, so strenuous, not only in the case of the fathers, but in that of their sons and grandsons, from Jefferson to Lincoln, in every kind of public life, as to have literary quality in spite of itself. After the first surprise at the collocation, one finds perhaps greater reason for it in what one may call the involuntary excellence of the thinking and writing than in Professor Carpenter's more explicit motive for grouping Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Webster, Lincoln, and Grant as our prose authors, with Irving, Emerson, Poe, Lowell, Holmes, and Parkman. He believes that they have a right to the place he gives them, not so much artistically as intellectually, because their utterances are expressive of the mind of "a people whose life is based . . . upon a single and consistent set of principles," acting "under given responsibilities and in pursuit of given ideals" of freedom and self-reliance. "Our prose literature," he thinks, "consists largely of what may be described as the ideas of individuals on matters of wide general interest, presented for adoption, as a series of resolutions might be, to the assembly of the people," and on this ground he admits our statesmen to the company of our scholars as in one sort masters with them of a common art.

His suggestion is ingenious and interesting rather than convincing, though it is unquestionably true in a certain measure and in a certain light; and for my own part I cannot regret that the American student of our prose should, on any theory, be invited to renew his acquaintance with the Farewell Address and the Declaration of Independence, in a day when they seem passing into the honourable oblivion which awaits all classics. They cannot be comfortable reading for many of us, at present, with their notions of Governments deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, and their counsels of perfection in our own civic life, when we are straining to impart our administration, in all its imperfection, to our recent conquests. Perhaps, however, their formulation of early ideals may have for the finer sense the charm of a delicate irony. The artistic delight of Franklin's prose is, of course, independent of accident and theory. It is so positive and so modern that if he were not a father of the republic he would be regarded as one of the first of its literary men, not to say the very first.

Professor Carpenter's introduction is a notably excellent piece of criticism in a volume where all the criticism is so good; though I am not sure that I am quite able to agree with him in his claim that American prose should have the fourth place in the literature of the world, and follow the German, which he thinks should follow the English and French. This, like his proposition concerning the nature of our prose, is rather interesting than convincing. I should like to assent, but when I think of what has been done in Russian, Norwegian, Spanish, and Italian prose, I have my modest misgivings. On the other hand, I doubt, when it comes to a question of form, whether any European prose (and ours, unless it is now Asiatic by right of conquest, is European prose) ought to be put after the German, which Professor Carpenter recognizes as "still floundering in the medieval fashions" cast off by England two centuries ago. Without pretending that we equal the Germans in length, breadth, and thickness of thinking, or even saying that they have not hidden away in their inner consciousness a grace beyond us, it seems to me that until German prose shall be

written in German verse, it is an effect of over-impartiality to give it precedence of ours.

Perhaps, however, it is at some such point as this that the comparative method ceases to be of value in criticism; and I much prefer to affirm the positive excellence of the essays by various hands in Professor Carpenter's admirably-edited volume. In their presence one must try for something of their own self-restraint, and I intend to keep myself well within bounds when I say that we may be willing to let them represent recent American criticism at its best. They do not touch contemporary work, they are necessarily retrospective and historical; but in the things which dignify criticism, as insight, breadth, clearness, candour, temperance, they leave little to be asked. Above all, they strike me as having form, objectively as well as subjectively; each in its way is a shapely piece of literary work.

In the matter of outward grace they conform to the spirit which, I think, has always wrought in American literature of the æsthetic sort, and even of the civic sort. It appears to me that our instinctive endeavour for form has had its most distinctive effect in our prose; and that the reader will be sensible of this in the criticisms of William P. Trent, Brander Matthews, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, George Santayana, Edward Everett Hale, Jr., Lewis Edward Gates, Charles Eliot Norton, and John Fiske, as well as in the work of Franklin, Irving, Prescott, and Motley, Emerson and Whitman, Hawthorne and Poe, Lowell and Parkman, which they severally comment. For myself, I cannot help regretting that I had not their work at hand when I ventured in this place not long ago some guesses at the nature of American criticism, and I should still like to refer the reader to them as illustrations of what this may be in favourable circumstances.

W. D. HOWELLS.

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SIR WALTER BESANT'S "THE PEN AND THE BOOK."

[By SIR WALTER BESANT.]

I.

The "Pen and the Book" is a little book intended for the literary aspirant alone. It has only been advertised in the *Author*—not yet in any other papers; it has not been sent out for review; the preface states that it is "in a sense, privately printed." But the statements it contains on the methods of publishing are not new; they have been already advanced in the reports and papers of the Society of Authors.

I have, however, no desire to hide behind the screen of private printing. Anybody may review the book who likes. Of course, I should prefer it to be reviewed by one who can be impartial. On the other hand, I venture to think that, had the attack made upon the book in *Literature* been shown to me before it appeared, it would not have been allowed to pass. For my reply must be simply, I am sorry to say, a series of flat denials—unqualified denials, denials supported by a witness who is the first authority on the subject—of every important point in the paper.

First, however, I must ask for certain references.

Thus (I quote the writer) "'Never sell your work' is the advice given; for the publisher, in asking you to sell outright, is 'simply trying to buy a property which may be worth many hundreds, or even thousands, for a song.'"

The words in inverted commas—"Never sell your work"—I cannot find in the book. Now, inverted commas mean a quotation all the world over. The words may be in the book, but I cannot find them. On what page do they occur?

Nor can I find that advice. On what page does it occur?

The word "for" connects the alleged advice (which is not on the page) with certain words which are. With what object was this conjunction invented? The passage itself on buying cheap shall certainly stand. Are we to suppose that publishers,

alone of mortals, buy dear in order to sell cheap? I go on, in the book, to instance certain miserable prices, and I advise young writers to refuse to accept those prices. But not, certainly, "Never to sell their work."

In fact, on selling outright your readers will be astonished to hear that the advice actually given is *exactly the opposite of that alleged!*—namely (p. 316):—

"This [the method of selling outright] is in many respects the most satisfactory if a proper price can be obtained. But the transaction should be managed by a competent agent."

This point touches my personal character. For years past I have given this opinion in the *Author*, month after month. The greater part of my own literary property has been dealt with in the same manner, through my agent, to the complete satisfaction of myself and, I hope, of my publishers. I am therefore made to stand before the public, and paraded, as one who practises secretly what he denounces openly.

Your readers will, I am sure, acknowledge that I have the right to demand where the writer found those words and that advice; and also to ask for an explanation of the suppression of the advice actually given. If the writer says that he had not read the words, he stands convicted of attacking a book without reading it. But there are other references wanted.

Again, the writer says:—"But can a decently-produced edition of 1,000 copies of a six-shilling book be obtained at a cost of £50? I think not."

I want to know on what page is to be found the statement that such a book can be produced for £50. I cannot find it. If it is in the book, it shall come out. If it is not, what excuse is there for this passage?

He says, again, that I expect unknown authors to get sales of 3,000 to 1,000 copies. On what page is that expectation stated?

I cannot find any passage anywhere which justifies this statement. Still, he may have quoted accurately. I may be mistaken. Where is it? If it is there, it shall come out. If it is not there, what excuse is there for the allegation?

Let me now proceed to other points which do not require the verification of references.

I. He speaks of the "fallacy" of literary property. Does he mean that a man who has a MS., which, when printed, will produce sums of money, large or small, is not to be considered as having a property? Can this point be seriously advanced? In that case a chair, a house, a mine is not property.

II. "But in profit-sharing agreements the author has a voice in the choice of printer and binder, and often knows beforehand what the estimate is. Certainly this is always so when he shares in the expenses." These are the words of the "Publisher." Now, I have had a very large experience in publishers' agreements, but I have never known one single case in which, in a profit-sharing agreement, the author has had any voice at all in the choice of printer or binder. I have had four books of my own published on that system. I have never once had this choice offered me, nor have I ever had an estimate of the cost laid before me.

III. "Wilful overcharging can only be tested by giving definite accounts from definite individuals. As these are not furnished, the general charge may be dismissed as unworthy of consideration." These are the words of the "Publisher."

This statement is simply amazing! For ten years and more the principal charge that authors have brought against certain publishers is that of making secret profits. Let me define. I mean charging more than they paid for printing, paper, binding, or anything else without power obtained by open agreement with the author. But I can give you one simple and unanswerable proof. In another paper of Saturday, the 14th (the *Outlook*), another publisher actually confesses the practice and tries to defend it.

IV. "The reader is told that advertisements are charged for which either never appeared or which appeared in the publishers' own organs." These are the "Publisher's" words.

I cannot find anything said about advertisements which have never appeared. I should like to know where it occurs. Counsel's opinion has been procured by the Authors' Society on the subject of advertisements in publishers' own organs. It is strongly to the effect that they can only be charged at the rate of typesetting and paper. The "Publisher" asserts the right to make such charges.

Your readers do not probably understand what is meant by this contention. It is extremely important, because the publisher's claim means nothing short of the power, by repeated advertisements in his own organs, or by unpaid exchanges, to put into his own pocket the whole profits of a book. I know of an agreement in which the publisher made a great point of charging the author only half the usual tariff for advertisements in his own organs. Observe that, even if he offers to charge only a tenth part of the ordinary tariff, the power of seizing everything still remains in his hands. It is in the desire of retaining this power that the liveliest resistance is made to this opinion of counsel. I can only hope that we may be able before long to bring this claim into open Court and to get a decision. There is no other way of settling the point.

V. "Office expenses." My point is that publishers have no more right to be paid extra for office expenses than booksellers and authors, or, indeed, any other men in trade or in professions. The point seems to me too clear to admit of dispute. Do lawyers charge office expenses? Do doctors? Do any men of business whatever? Of course publishers have office expenses. These must be paid out of their profits just as with lawyers and everybody else.

VI. "Royalties." It is difficult to understand the "Publisher's" objection to my position. This is, that the deferred royalty can be made, and too frequently is made, a method of "besting" the author. It is attempted in two ways—first, by deferring the royalties till an immense number of copies have been sold, and then by giving a very low royalty. The writer says that any book may fail. Not any book. But, if so, that is the publisher's business, not the author's.

The "Publisher" says that the royalty figures in my book do not include advertising. But they do—advertising such as is given to a moderately successful book.

VII. He speaks of my giving certain figures as the cost of a certain book. The figures are expressly stated not to be mine at all, but actual printers' estimates and accounts. To this point I shall refer in my notes on the second letter.

VIII. Publication on Commission :—

I don't know what fees are—I have never heard of their being charged. 'Percentages' are the creation of the imagination of prejudiced counsel. With commission books it is usual for the authors to suggest the amount they wish to be spent on advertisements, and the medium in which these are to appear.

These are the "Publisher's" words. What are the facts?

1. Fees are frequently charged.

2. As to percentages being the invention of any one, the statement strikes me with amazement, a kind of despair, that such a thing should be advanced after all that has been said and done. Why, the proposed "agreements" issued last summer by the Publishers' Association *actually claim the right*—the right, mind—in commission publishing, of adding a percentage on everything—a percentage of whatever they please!—for they leave a blank in the agreement.

3. As for asking the authors to name the medium of advertising, I have never seen, in all my experience, such a clause. It may be done, but I do not know of it. Nor does my witness—as will be seen.

He quotes my illustration of what a commission account should be, and what it probably would be, as baseless. I can only assure your readers that the latter is not by any means "baseless," but is drawn up with a lively recollection of things that I have seen.

"Publishers," he says, "care not a rap for books on commission." This is simply absurd. Many publishers are always willing to undertake this kind of business.

"Incidental expenses," to which he objects, are a common charge, as much as "out of pocket" expenses with lawyers. If they are honest statements of expenses, why not?

A deduction for "bad debts" does appear regularly in some accounts. I will show your readers, later, the objection to the appearance of "bad debts."

If your readers should still be in any doubt on these points, I would refer them to a book published by the Society of Authors, not written by myself, called the "Methods of Publishing." They will find there actual agreements that have been forced upon authors and their true meaning. There are other publications of the society—also not written by me—which I would advise those of your readers who wish to form an independent opinion to read and ponder.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

BORROW AND THE GIPSIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—It is the copyright of "The Romany Rye" and not, as you suppose, that of "Lavengro" which remains at present unexpired. Indeed, it is now some years since I myself edited "Lavengro" for the Minerva Library, and prefaced it by some reminiscences of George Borrow, whom, in the latter years of his life, I had the privilege of knowing.

And now may I, without presumption, add a word about your generous reference to me? You say, "the excellent gipsy scenes in 'Aylwin' ought to send many readers to the writer from whom Mr. Watts-Dunton drew much of his inspiration." I am quite conscious that to say of a writer that he "drew much of his inspiration" from a great English classic is not to disparage him; perhaps it is to honour him. But I can easily show that I did not draw my inspiration from Borrow. It is a fact, and a singular one (as has been often pointed out), that Borrow in the gipsy reminiscences of "The Romany Rye" takes the reader to the very border of Wales and then stops. And even afterwards, when he came to write "Wild Wales," he for some reason or another avoided saying anything about the Welsh gipsies—the gipsies who figure in "Aylwin." Again, in Borrow's two delightful books—to be mentioned in connexion with which is an honour to any writer—there is scarcely a word showing that he had given any attention to the superstitions and the folklore of the gipsies with whom he was brought into contact in England.

Now, it is the superstitions and the folk-lore of the gipsies alone that "inspire" the gipsy portions of "Aylwin." Once only in "Lavengro," as far as I remember, does Borrow even allude to that mysterious symbolism of nature implied by the word "dukkeripen," which plays so important a part in Aylwin. Indeed, his general indifference to the subject of gipsy superstition and folk-lore was, as an old friend of his—Dr. Hake—once said to me, very remarkable.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

"THE PEN AND THE BOOK."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I am obliged to your two correspondents for pointing out the understatements of my case in the two accounts I presented. I was perfectly aware that I had understated it; but I wished to follow the writer of the book I was criticizing in his method. My use of the term "net profit" is not mine. In "The Pen and the Book" the royalty tables give comparative profits made by author and publisher on various royalties, and

it is there assumed that this profit is *net profit*. My object was to show that the assumed *net profit* disappears in expenses not taken into account. I confess my balanced account does not show this. It ought, certainly, to have taken the form given it by Mr. Hugh D. Macdonald. In both accounts, of course, the publisher makes dead losses.

"Plain Figures," however, appears to be incredulous about these dead losses. I think, however, his attitude would change if he saw the actual returns on many of our publications. Not only are these dead losses due to manufacturing and advertising expenses alone, but oftener still to a too large advance payment of authors' royalties. These advance payments are based on sales of a certain number, and this number is never reached. Successful authors take care that they will not "take refuge" in work-houses." Successful publishers, if they escape that refuge, have little cause to thank authors of the class of the writer of "The Pen and the Book." Publishers do require large capital, and often enough they do not "stand it for ever." It would, of course, be ridiculous to assume that they make no profits. My object was simply to point out that there is another side to the "rosy" one shown by the author of the book under notice.

I envy "Plain Figures" good spirits and sense of humour. Evidently he is not a publisher.

Yours, &c.,

"A PUBLISHER."

AUTHORS' PROFITS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—There are three methods in ordinary use for settling the share that the author of a book is to receive of the profits that accrue from it—(1) sale outright, (2) half-profits, (3) royalties. Some, I might even venture to say many, of the readers of *Literature* will be interested in seeing some figures which express the results of my experience in this matter.

When I was a young man I proposed to a publishing firm a book which, if it succeeded, might be expected to have a steady sale for some years. I need not describe it further than by saying that it was of an educational kind. As I was unknown, the publishers, though seeing merit in the work, stipulated for a previous payment of £50 before undertaking the risk. The book was well received, and two or three years afterwards I received a letter informing me that the sale had been satisfactory. No account was given, but a cheque for £100 was enclosed. By this the £50 advanced was repaid and a further sum of £50 was added for the purchase of the copyright. As some other literary work which I had done for the firm was included, I may say that the sum offered for the copyright was about £30. I was a fool to accept it—that I freely acknowledge. But I was young and inexperienced; this was almost my first literary earning; and I was poor. And the money came with a curious felicity—as I thought then, but do not think now—on the first day of my holidays. Anyhow, I took the money; the book still sells—after more than a quarter of a century—but I have never received anything more from it. A few years later I had finished what may be called a second part. I was now more experienced and less needy. Accordingly I stipulated for a royalty. This has brought me in a little more than £400. The publishing price is, it is true, somewhat larger, but then the second part has not been on sale for so long. I may fairly contrast the £30 with the £400 as the results *in pari materia* of sale outright and royalties. There are, of course, books which it is best to sell outright. But if there is any chance of a permanent market such a sale is the very height of improvidence.

The contrast between half-profits and royalties is not so startling, but it is sufficiently marked. I find that two volumes for which, for reasons that need not be described, I accepted this mode of remuneration, when compared with two of the same kind published on the royalty system (the sale in the two cases being about equal) show a result of £70 as compared with a result of £145. The half-profits accounts are complicated almost to the point of unintelligibility. There are items which I have no means of checking—e.g., advertising, trade allowances, and a contribution to shop expenses. Then the books are sold at all

kinds of prices, not a little to the damage of other works of mine. A publisher who is bound to pay a fixed royalty cannot "cut" prices. On the half-profit system he can do almost what he likes. And if everything is done with scrupulous probity—and I willingly acknowledge that this is the practice of many houses—there is the grave inconvenience that a new edition swallows up all the profits of the year. The simplicity and regularity of the payment by royalty is one of its great recommendations. Nothing interferes with the author's income except the one thing which he must accept without complaint—the indifference of the public. SENEK.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have had the advantage of reading the two letters in which "A Publisher" deals with Sir Walter Besant's volume, "The Pen and the Book." I entirely agree with him in thinking that the "Method of the Future" is impossible. The "literary agent," if he is to be of any real use to the author, must take up the function of the publisher, and nothing will be gained by a change of name. Publishers there will always be, and they will always, I suppose, have "a good deal of human nature" about them, and human nature is all the better for safeguards.

I suppose that "Publisher" will allow that his *confrère*, with his very appositely timid cheque, was too sharp. Sale outright will always produce some hard cases, but a proviso might be introduced that, in the event of exceptional success, some benefit should accrue to the author. One half-profit account that I yearly receive is accompanied by vouchers from printer, paper-seller, &c. This example might be followed with advantage. I remember submitting another such account to a practical printer, who told me that the charge for composing was 50 per cent. too high. But in this case the publisher expected to wait—and did wait—some years before the book paid its expenses. But this method of recouping the partner who finds the capital is an objectionable one. These vouchers would furnish an effectual check on the sales, for which the author, whether on the half-profit or the royalty system, must now take the publisher's word. I have heard that the publisher appropriates the whole profit on *odd* copies—i.e., the printer sends in 1,025 for 1,000, and the sale of the 25 goes wholly to the publisher. This may easily become a serious abuse. S.

FORCING THE NOTE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The problem of the causes for the diminution in the number of novels published in the last year may, I hope, be explained in small part at least by the quality of those published in the year before. I have not been in the habit of reading novels largely, because work in hand has employed all the time I could give to library work, but last year I was confined to my room by a slight bronchitis for ten days, and, having no exercise or pastime, I had to do a great deal of reading to get through the day. I read, therefore, all the latest novels I could get from the circulating library, promiscuously.

As literature I was surprised at the standard of excellence which seemed to content them; it was as if they had been mostly written by amateurs who had never been taught style or construction, and they put me in continual wonder what could have induced the publishers to take some of them up; and I concluded, judging from my own experience, that the authors must have published the greater part at their own expense and that the speculation must have been very discouraging. The effect on me was a sense of disgust with all fiction, so that for a long time I could not read even one of the better class of novels, Besant or Meredith, with any enjoyment—it was as if a nasty taste in my mouth had prevented me from recognizing the quality of a good wine. In default of literary ability, healthy imagination, or subtlety of plot, they generally resorted to forcing the note of sentiment, of sensational expedient, and of the eccentricity of human nature, to such a point that the mind, unaccustomed to the pitch, tired, flagged, and finally became nauseated until even a remote suggestion of the late diet was like the memory of an attack of sea-sickness. It was months

before a really good novel gave me any enjoyment or overcame the nausea sufficiently to permit me to get interested in it.

It is supposable that the rush of new and inexperienced writers, dazzled by the reports of the profits made by the standard novelists, had resulted in complete disenchantment by the meagre results afforded by the publishers' statements; that the amateurs were convinced that even novel writing requires an education for pecuniary success; and that practically screaming at the top of one's voice continually does not keep the ear or strengthen the attention to the discourse. Nor is it only in the field of fiction that the falsetto seems to obtain. History, if we may accept even the critics, demands warmth and colour—the fight for the flag—in oblivion of the great fact that the advocate of any side will, in the end, be the opponent of the mass of thinkers (for there are many sides to every question, and he can only support one), and his flag will ultimately be the target of the missiles of those ranged under all the others; so that the only history that offends no one and remains the standard in the end is that which employs no rhetoric or persuasion. And the essayist, disturbed by the memory of Carlyle's word-mint and its numismatic richness, or by the tropical luxuriance of Ruskin's "Pascua Florida," seeks, as he polishes his phrases, to give them the cutting facets of the diamond till the glitter makes a balas ruby in its mild lustre a solace to the mind's eye.

Is there not in all our literature a tendency to force the note, which sober and conservative criticism ought to set its face against? It will not, perhaps, sober the common sense, but in time it must compel the recognition of the higher standard and make the distance greater between the good and the bad literature, so that the wayfarer, even though a fool, may read as he runs, in time.

Yours truly,

W. J. STILLMAN.

Condercum, West Bournemouth, Jan. 19.

A PLEA FOR THREE VOLUMES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—It is interesting to note, from the statistics quoted in *Literature*, January 14, that the abolition of the "three-decker" seems to have appreciably diminished the number of novels published last year; but there is an aspect of the matter which might make us pause before congratulating ourselves on this result.

Unquestionably a certain amount of trash has by this means been prevented from attaining to the dignity of print, and so far the gain is clear: but it may have been purchased at too heavy a price. After all, the contents of circulating libraries do not very seriously affect the social organism, and it is not only foolish fiction that has been suppressed by this reform. For any return on a six-shilling novel the publisher must secure a large circulation, and he has consequently rejected manuscripts with which he might otherwise have been disposed to venture; but the (comparatively) small number accepted have not been chosen for their intrinsic merit. This is not a question of taste, but of necessity; popularity is the one quality which remains of practical worth to a novelist. The only novels which can be reasonably accepted for the six-shilling form are those by well-known writers, or those which possess the elusive characteristic of being in some way "striking." And the publisher is further confronted with the difficulty that what was "striking" when he read the manuscript, may have become commonplace before the book is out.

This state of things is most damaging to literature, for it means practically that a man has no chance of a hearing unless he can catch the public ear straight off. Such success, as a rule, is ensured by a mannerism in style or subject, which (because the public will not listen to him in any other part) becomes a trick and ruins his work. But, perhaps, an even greater evil directly arising from the diminution of output is the driving of fiction along certain set grooves. A publisher is naturally inclined to work of a similar kind to that with which his neighbour has made a hit; the author is even tempted to actually produce it against his own bent; and as the competition grows keener from the imperative demand for big sales, the

number of recognized successful "types" becomes steadily diminished, and the chances of development and widening from fresh blood rapidly dwindle away altogether. The laudable desire to give the public good value for their money, on which this reform was based, stands a fair chance of producing the very opposite effect.

The fact has been surely overlooked that every book is not either a hit or a miss. There is plenty of good work which could never attain to immediate popularity, but yet might easily secure enough critical recognition to float a "three-decker." It is most important to remember, moreover, that a man who is once floated may always rise gradually to his proper level, from which an early extinction might shut him out for ever. On the old system the very small sale needed, which was practically secured by the libraries, reduced the elements of speculation and risk to a minimum; so that the publisher was able on the one hand to confidently exert his own best judgment, and on the other to check his fallibility at the public bar. An opening really existed for all but the absolutely bad, whom nobody misses.

There is a striking warning of the very dangers into which we are now running; on the stage. There the speculative possibilities of large profits have led to the inartistic methods of long runs and expensive staging, by which a manager is practically prevented from accepting good work. Fiction has not yet come to this pass, but the abolition of the three-volume edition has given it a rapid impetus down hill; and the literary agent is working in the same direction, for he chokes off the smaller men by artificially keeping up the prices of the "favourites"; and in so doing incidentally jeopardizes the very existence of the young publisher, who feels that, literally at all costs, he must "get them on his list."

Yours, &c.,

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

MR. SPENCER AND MR. CROZIER.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Perhaps I may say, in reply to Mr. Herbert Spencer, that the writer of a short review cannot discuss large philosophical questions. My business was, not to vindicate Mr. Spencer from the charge of materialism, but to give your readers some account of Mr. Crozier's book. It was precisely in order that no injustice might be done to Mr. Spencer that I spoke of "what Mr. Crozier calls" Mr. Spencer's materialism. These qualifying words do not imply agreement with Mr. Crozier, but rather the reverse.

Your faithfully,

YOUR REVIEWER.

CAPTAIN STENZEL'S "THE BRITISH NAVY."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the last issue of *Literature* you have a short article on my translation of Captain (not Major von) Stenzel's work on the "British Navy." In it you say—(1) that the translation ought never to have been made, (2) that no blame whatever attaches to "Major von" Stenzel, (3) that it is the translator who is to blame for making the translation. I will deal first with (2) and (3). You apply to me, I am willing to believe in good-natured banter, the Italian proverb, *traduttore, traditore* (=translator, traitor). Whom have I betrayed? Certainly not your "Major von" Stenzel. He was aware from the beginning that the translation was being made, and not only did he never hint to me that he objected to the translation, but he even expressed approval of my work and helped me in it. His account of our training ships was imperfect and confused. I was at much pain and some expense to remove this defect, as any one can see who will compare pp. 389 and 390 of the German original with pp. 163 and 164 of the English text. With respect to this matter Stenzel wrote to the German publisher, "*Ich kann ihm nur gratulieren.*" I have in my possession eight closely-written pages in Stenzel's own small handwriting giving me advice on difficult points of the translation, which I gratefully accepted. It is clear then that Captain Stenzel has a considerable share in the demerit, or as some may call it the merit, of my translation.

Now as to the first point. I have before me about a score

of English reviews of the German work, inclusive of such high authorities as the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Daily News*, *Literature*, and *The Times*. They are all highly laudatory without a single adverse word. For want of space I will quote only from the last two. *Literature* says (April 31, 1898):—"The author's description of the British Navy is singularly complete, and the mass of detailed information here brought together is not to be found in any book in our language." *The Times* says:—"There is no work in the English language which gives so full an account of all that concerns the fleet. We have at present no 'Navy Book,' and a translation of Captain Stenzel's excellent study would be a useful undertaking." Was I wrong in following the advice of such eminent authorities?

I am, Sir, yours,

A. SONNENSCHN. E.

Wandsworth-common, Jan. 20.

** We are glad to publish Mr. Sonnenschein's letter, but with reference to the quotation which he makes from our own columns, we must point out that the review he quotes from was a review of Captain Stenzel's work in the German language. The point raised in our note was the question whether it was desirable, as a matter of literary ethics, to translate into English a work which was itself—so Messrs. Bell contend—to some extent a reproduction of works first published in English.

MACAULAY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—A "Reviewer" has good precedent for his fondness for studying the *marginalia* of Mudie. On at least one occasion Macaulay turned his wide experience of circulating libraries to similar advantage. Croker's notes on Boswell, he said, "remind us of nothing so much as of those profound and interesting annotations which are pencilled by sempstresses and apothecaries' boys on the dog-eared margins of novels borrowed from circulating libraries: 'How beautiful!' 'Cursed prosy!' 'I don't like Sir Reginald Malcolm at all,' 'I think Pelham is a sad dandy.'" Apparently the modern scribbler on margins has become more critical.

Speaking of Macaulay reminds one of an odd mistake in the last volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography," where it is stated that Sir Charles Trevelyan married "Hannah Moore, sister of Lord Macaulay." Setting aside the dubious correctness of giving Macaulay his title in 1834, one is grieved to see that the virtuous Hannah More is so totally forgotten as this misspelling of her godchild's name implies.—Yours, &c.,

W. E. GARRETT FISHER.

Authors and Publishers.

Messrs. Methuen go so far in their recognition of the tendency towards cheap literature that they are about to issue at sixpence, under the general title of "Methuen's Library of Fiction," stories by well-known authors, most of which will be new works hitherto unpublished in book form. This is an interesting experiment. Sixpenny reprints are well known, but in no case has the work of an author of high repute been published in the first instance at that price. The first book thus published will be a novel by Mr. E. W. Hornung. Mr. Robert Barr and Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne will follow, and later will be published books by Mr. Baring Gould and others. In some cases the book will be published simultaneously at sixpence and at a higher price.

Loyalists who will celebrate the memory of the "White King" on Monday next at St. Mary-at-Hill will welcome the life of Prince Henry, Cardinal Duke of York (1725-1807), by Mr. Bernard W. Kelly, to be published by Mr. R. Washbourne, of 18, Paternoster-row, at a low price. The biography, which will contain about 160 pages, will be bound in scarlet à la Cardinal, with his Eminence's armorial bearings emblazoned in gold on the cover. The portrait of the Cardinal Duke, taken from the painting by Batoni, now in the National Gallery, will serve as a frontispiece.

A still more interesting volume on the Stuarts, however, is to come from Messrs. Innes—viz., a Legitimist Calendar, compiled by the Marquis de Rivigny and Mr. Cranstoun Metcalfe, the *intellectuals* of the Legitimist party in England. The book will contain what is believed to be a complete list of the non-jurors of both the regular and irregular succession, a tentative list of Ministers appointed by James II. after 1688, and a complete list of all the living descendants of Mary Queen of Scots, showing the order in which they stand in succession to the Throne, both from the point of view of heredity, and from that of the Act of Settlement. It appears that there are no fewer than 5,000 of these descendants—including every European Sovereign except the King of Servia and the Prince of Monaco—and several hundreds of them have, from the point of view of the authors of the Calendar, a better title to the British Crown than has her Majesty Queen Victoria.

The publishers of the *Art Journal* have conceived an original and interesting idea in their "Jubilee Series." The *Art Journal* has now completed fifty years of life, and during this year twelve monthly parts containing selected examples from the volumes of the past fifty years will be issued, each part containing two extra plates. The first part of the "Jubilee Series" contains two engravings, after "Venice—The Dogana," by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., and after "The Countess," by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

A considerable interest is evidently taken in the personality of the late "Lewis Carroll." Mr. Collingwood's Life of his uncle has already run through the first edition of 5,000 copies and a second is ready. Not only this, but there is in preparation by Messrs. Dent another book containing some reminiscences of Mr. Dodgson by Miss Isa Bowman, one of his nieces. This volume will contain a diary which "Lewis Carroll" wrote for Miss Bowman while she was a child and which is in the fantastic manner of "Alice in Wonderland."

Messrs. Downey and Co. have in hand "a new novel" by Charles Lever, called "Gerald Fitzgerald, the Chevalier." It now makes its first appearance, in England at any rate, in book form, Lever not having resuscitated it from the pages of the *Dublin University Magazine*, and his executors evidently having lost sight of it altogether. It follows the fortunes of a son of Prince Charles Edward, who is supposed (by Lever) to have contracted a secret marriage with "Geraldine"—one of the romantic Irish family of which Lord Edward Fitzgerald was a conspicuous member. The book will be published early in February.

Messrs. Hutchinson announce a work by Prince Kropotkin, which we mentioned some months ago, called "Fields, Factories, and Workshops," and a novel entitled "The Mandarin," by Carlton Dawe, author of "A Bride of Japan."

Mr. Frederick Greenwood is assisting the widow of his old friend, Coventry Patmore, to arrange the materials which exist for a life of the poet.

Messrs. Macmillan have nearly ready a History of the British Army, which has been written by the Hon. John Fortescue, who is already known in this branch of literature as the author of a history of the 17th Lancers and a monograph on Dundonald.

Mr. E. H. Cooper's account of the improvements on the St. Gervais route to the summit of Mont Blanc was published recently in *The Times*, and some photographs of this route will shortly appear in *Cassell's Magazine*. A volume of Mr. Cooper's short stories, to be called "Children, Race-Horses, and Ghosts," will be published by Messrs. Duckworth next month, besides the book which we mentioned a week or two ago, called "Wye-marke and the Sea Fairies."

The February number of *Macmillan's Magazine* will contain, besides the opening chapters of a new novel, "Valda Hanem, or the Romance of a Turkish Harem," the scene of which is laid in Cairo at the present time, an article on "The Press of Paris,"

one on "The College at Khartum, and after" (indicating the lines on which our education of the Sudanese should proceed), a review of the recent changes in the *status of "The Army Doctor,"* by Captain Trevor, "Diplomacy and Journalism" (a letter to the editor on Mr. Frederick Greenwood's article on "Public Opinion in Public Affairs" in the last number), and a paper on "Mr. Watts-Dunton and his reviewers," by a Country Cousin.

Miss Florence Stacpoole, the well-known writer on hygiene, domestic economy, and on astronomical subjects, has written some sections of "The Book of the Home," an encyclopædia on domestic matters which Messrs. Blackie, of Glasgow, are bringing out. Miss Stacpoole is also writing a novel dealing with the psychological aspect of some social questions and also a volume for Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Children's Library" on popular astronomy.

Messrs. Duckworth will publish in February a book on "Our Industrial Laws," by Mona Wilson, edited, with a preface, by Mrs. H. J. Tennant, late H.M. Superintending Inspector of Factories. The book will deal with working women in factories, workshops, shops, and laundries, and how to help them.

Mr. R. B. Douglas, the author of the "Life and Times of Madame Dubarry," will have his translation of "Les Cent Nouvelles" published in the spring. These tales were originally written to amuse Louis XI. in his younger days.

Mr. Lafcadio Hearn's volume of essays on Japan will shortly be issued by Messrs. Sampson Low.

Among the forthcoming works announced by Messrs. J. M. Dent is a new edition of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Earthwork out of Tuscany," which is to be illustrated by Mr. J. Kerr Lawson. Mr. Maurice Hewlett was the guest of the evening at last Monday's dinner of the Authors' Club. The chair was taken by Mr. Oswald Crawford.

A notable series of articles appeared in the *Saturday Review* during last year, under the initial "X," in which the right of

some well-known people to the arms they used was seriously questioned. These articles, which have been revised and considerably added to, will be published in a volume very shortly by Mr. Elliot Stock.

Messrs. Duckworth are publishing a new novel called "Omar, the Tent-maker," a romance of old Persia, by Nathan Haskell Dole, a well-known student of Persian literature and history. Omar's admirers will be interested in a tale based on authentic facts in the career of the Persian poet. The scene is laid partly at Naishapur, which, about the period of the first crusade, was at its acme of civilization, and partly in the mountain fortress of Alamut, south of the Caspian Sea, where the Ismailians established themselves towards the close of the eleventh century.

"A Son of Empire," Mr. Morley Roberts' new novel, will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson toward the middle of February. Indian frontier fighting is the theme.

For the spring Messrs. T. and T. Clark announce an exegetical study, by Professor A. B. Bruce, of "The Epistle to the Hebrews," a companion volume to "The Kingdom of God," by the same author: a book on "I. and II. Samuel," by Mr. Henry Preserved Smith, late Professor of Hebrew at Cincinnati: and "The Theology of the New Testament," by Professor G. B. Stevens, of Lane University. For the same publishers Professor W. M. Ramsay is superintending the translation of Professor Deissmann's "Bibelstudien."

M. Molmenti, whose historical works on Venice are well known, is issuing a work entitled "Sebastiano Veniero e la Battaglia di Lepanto." Another historical work which will appear shortly in Florence is a collection of essays by Emilio Pinchia on the same subject as Madame Weil's last book, the evolution of the House of Savoy and Italian Unity.

M. Marius Vachon is preparing a monograph on the works of Jules Breton, which will contain over a hundred heliograph reproductions of Breton's principal pictures.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

- ART.**
Iconografia. Dantesca. The Pictorial Representations to Dante's Divine Comedy. By Ludwig Volkmann. Revised Ed., 250 copies. 11½x7½in., xx+234 pp. London, 1899. Grevel.
- BIOGRAPHY.**
Memoirs of the Verney Family, from the Restoration to the Revolution, 1660 to 1896. By Margaret M. Verney. Vol. IV. 9½x6½in., xiv+510 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 21s.
- Edward Meyrick Goulburn,** Dean of Norwich. A Memoir. By Berdmore Compton. 7½x5½in., 154 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 5s.
- CLASSICAL.**
Euripides and the Attic Orators. A Comparison. By A. Douglas Thompson, M.A., D.Litt. 9x5½in., 193 pp. London, 1898. Macmillan. 6s. n.
- DRAMA.**
Trelawny of the "Wells." By Arthur W. Pinero. 6½x4½in., 215 pp. London, 1899. Heinemann. 1s. 6d.
- EDUCATIONAL.**
The Tutorial Dynamics. By William Briggs, M.A., F.C.S., and G. H. Bryan, Sc.D., F.R.S. (The University Tutorial Series.) Cr. 8vo., viii+312 pp. London, 1899. Clive. 3s. 6d.
- Julius Cæsar.** (Blackwood School Shakespeare.) Ed. by R. Brimley Johnson. 7½x4½in., 182 pp. London, 1898. Blackwood. 1s. 6d.
- Stormont's Handy School Dictionary.** New Ed. By William Bayne. 6x4½in., 237 pp. London, 1899. Blackwood. 1s.
- The Lays of Ancient Rome and Other Poems.** By Lord Macaulay. (Pitt Press Series.) Ed. by J. H. Ffether. 6½x4½in., xiv+184 pp. Cambridge, 1899. University Press.
- King Richard II.** Ed. by A. W. Verity, M.A. (Pitt Press Series.) 6½x4½in., xxx+232 pp. Cambridge, 1899. University Press. 1s. 6d.
- Cæsar de Bello Gallico.** Vols. III. and IV. (The Cambridge Series.) Ed. by E. S. Shuckburgh, M.A. 6½x4½in., 68+76 pp. Cambridge, 1899. University Press. 1s. 6d. each.
- The Anabasis of Xenophon.** Book IV. (The Cambridge Series.) Ed. by G. M. Edwards, M.A. 6½x4½in., xxviii+116 pp. Cambridge, 1899. University Press. 1s. 6d.
- The Aeneid of Vergil.** Book XII. (The Cambridge Series.) Ed. by A. Sidgwick, M.A. 6½x4½in., 117 pp. Cambridge, 1899. University Press. 1s. 6d.
- FICTION.**
Two Little Girls in Green. By J. J. Moran. (Cheap Ed.) 7x4½in., 200 pp. London, 1899. Mitre Press. 6d.
- The Dear Irish Girl.** By Katharine Tynan. 7½x5½in., 312 pp. London, 1899. Smith, Elder. 6s.
- In Storm and Strife.** By Jean Middlemass. 7½x5½in., 333 pp. London, 1899. Digby, Long. 6s.
- Horatio.** By Harley Rodney. 7½x5½in., 241 pp. London, 1899. Digby, Long. 3s. 6d.
- Fettered by Fate.** By G. W. Miller. 7½x5½in., 322 pp. London, 1899. Digby, Long. 6s.
- Things That Have Happened.** By Dorothea Gerard. 7½x5½in., 330 pp. London, 1899. Methuen. 6s.
- HISTORY.**
Gordon in Central Africa, 1874-1879, from Original Letters and Documents. Ed. by George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L. 7½x5½in., xvi+456 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 6s.
- A Boy in the Peninsular War.** The Autobiography of Robert Blakeney, Subaltern in the 28th Regt. Ed. by Julian Sturgis. 9x5½in., xviii+382 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 18s.
- LAW.**
Every Man His Own Lawyer. Revised Ed. By A. Barrister. 7½x5½in., xvi+736 pp. London, 1899. Crosby Lockwood. 6s. 8d.
- Notes on Persing Titles.** 4th Ed. By Lewis E. Emmet. 8½x5½in., xlv+396 pp. London, 1899. Jordan. 10s. n.
- LITERARY.**
Unpublished Letters of Dean Swift. Ed. by George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L. 8x5½in., xxvii+269 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 12s.
- Letters of Walter Savage Landor.** Private and Public. Ed. by Stephen Wheeler. 8½x5½in., xiv+399 pp. London, 1899. Duckworth. 10s. 6d.
- MISCELLANEOUS.**
Creation Myths of Primitive America. By Jeremiah Curtin. 8x5½in., xxxix+530 pp. London, 1899. Williams & Norgate. 10s. 6d. n.
- Home Life in Colonial Days.** By Alice M. Earle. 8x5½in., xvi+470 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. n.
- Poison Romance and Poison Mysteries.** By C. J. S. Thompson. 7½x5½in., 255 pp. London, 1899. The Scientific Press. 6s.
- Whitaker's Titled Persons, 1899.** 7½x5½in., 522 pp. London, 1899. Whitaker. 2s. 6d.
- Guide to Dancing.** By Edward Lawson. 6½x4½in., 156 pp. London, 1899. Routledge. 1s.
- Words for the Wind.** A Book of Prose-Poems. By William H. Phelps. 5½x4½in., 196 pp. London, 1899. G. Allen. 2s. n.
- Catalogue of the Library of Syon Monastery, Isleworth.** Ed. by Mary Bateson. 9½x5½in., xxx+262 pp. Cambridge, 1898. University Press. 15s.
- NATURAL HISTORY.**
Fertilizers. By Edward B. Forrester. 7½x4½in., xiv+335 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 4s. 6d.
- Wonders of the Bird World.** By R. Bowdler Sharpe, LL.D., F.L.S. 8½x6½in., xvi+390 pp. London, 1899. Wells, Gardner. 6s.
- PAMPHLETS.**
The Position of the Church of England. By Mandell Creighton, D.D., Bishop of London. Longmans. 6d. n.
- POETRY.**
In Rebel Moods. By George Stewart Hitchcock. 7½x5½in., 114pp. London, 1899. Simpkin, Marshall. 2s.
- White Hyacinths and Other Poems.** By Lucy A. Bennett. 7½x5½in., xii+164 pp. London, 1898. Marshall Bros. 2s. 6d.
- POLITICAL.**
Can We Disarm? By Joseph McCabe. 7½x5½in., 161 pp. London, 1899. Heinemann. 2s. 6d.
- REPRINTS.**
Feveril of the Peak. By Sir Walter Scott. Border Ed. 8x5½in., lxxix+884 pp. London, 1899. Nimmo. 3s. 6d.
- The Playground of Europe.** By Leslie Stephen. (The Silver Library.) 7½x5½in., xi+339 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 3s. 6d.
- SCIENCE.**
Outlines of Industrial Chemistry. By Frank Hall Thorp. Ph.D. 9½x6½in., xx+541 pp. London, 1898. Macmillan. 15s. n.
- A Text-Book of Physics: Sound.** By J. H. Poynting, Sc.D., and J. J. Thomson, F.R.S. 9½x6½in., 163 pp. London, 1899. Griffin. 8s. 6d.
- SOCIOLOGY.**
Charles Kingsley and the Christian Social Movement. By Charles W. Stubbs, D.D. (Victorian Era Series.) 7½x5½in., viii+190 pp. London, 1899. Blackie. 2s. 6d.
- THEOLOGY.**
According to the Pattern. By J. Gregory Mantle. 7½x5½in., viii+225 pp. London, 1898. Marshall Bros. 2s. 6d.
- Lifted Loads.** By Lucy A. Bennett. 5½x3½in., 108 pp. London, 1898. Marshall Bros. 1s. 6d.
- The Apostles' Creed.** A Sketch of Its History. &c. By Theodor Zahn. Trans. by C. S. Burn. 7½x5½in., xii+222 pp. London, 1899. Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.
- Neglected Factors in the Study of the Early Progress of Christianity.** By the Rev. James Orr. 7½x5½in., 235 pp. London, 1899. Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.
- The Master's Blessings.** By Rev. J. R. Miller. 7½x4½in., 182 pp. London, 1899. Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d.
- Church Troubles and Common Sense.** By W. H. Carnegie. 7½x5½in., xvi+118 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 2s. 6d.
- TOPOGRAPHY.**
Dartmoor and Its Surroundings. (The Homeland Handbooks, No. 8.) 7½x5½in., 132 pp. London, 1899. Beechings. 6d. n.

Literature

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BOOKMEN IN PARLIAMENT.

The Parliament which meets next Tuesday has reached a period which, in all probability, entitles it to the epithet "middle aged"; and the security of its tenure of life gives it some right to be the standard by which we should judge later Victorian Parliaments, or, at any rate, those that have sprung from the new electorate of 1884. Every one has probably said, or read, that the House of Commons is less cultured than it was, and that Latin quotations were "buried with Mr. Gladstone." The fact does not really bear stating quite so broadly; and what truth there is in the indictment must find its explanation in social almost as much as in political changes. At any rate, if the comparison embraces a period of a century and a half, the change seems to correspond to a change in the fashions of society. In the days of Chesterfield, literature was fashionable. Nowadays that exponent of polite social conventions would not, we fear, find it quite so necessary for a man of fashion to know something of books; and the

House of Commons, though its links with fashionable society are less than they were, is still more closely allied to it than is the case in any other democratic country, and reflects to some extent its culture, or the absence of it. But we may console ourselves for the deficiencies of the average M.P. by noting one very remarkable circumstance, which is, in Carlylean phrase, "significant of much."

Lord Rosebery, in his recent speech on Literary Statesmen, did not venture to discuss living politicians; nor would he be likely indeed to suggest the circumstance to which we allude save, in those communings with his own heart which have recently been for him almost the only form of political activity. But if he had let his mind run over the names of the gentlemen who compose Lord Salisbury's Cabinet, and those who composed the two preceding ones, he could hardly fail to be struck by two notable features of their composition. The first is that out of thirty-five ministers ten only have, or have had, any direct connection with literature either as authors or journalists. The second feature is still more worthy of attention. Two of these literary politicians have retired into private life. Of the remaining eight, three have become Prime Ministers; two have risen to be leaders of their party in the House of Commons; and a sixth, though not the leader of a party, has been so near becoming one that he has found it necessary to disclaim his candidature.

Now this may not give any ground for undue optimism. It may do little to support the belief that the democratic Parliament of to-day is, or is likely to become, as cultivated a body as the oligarchic Parliament of a century ago. But it does go to show that culture is a necessary equipment for the highest statesmanship. At one time in America there was a widespread prejudice against literary politicians, and to be learned or to possess a valuable library was almost a fatal disqualification to one who aspired to be President. And there has been something of the same feeling in England. Cobden scoffed at the study of history as part of the training of a statesman. And readers of Matthew Arnold's "Culture and Anarchy" will remember how he deals with the views of a political thinker—himself a man of the highest literary attainments—who inveighed against culture as a distinct bar to success in public life. These sentiments certainly do not represent any body of opinion at the present day, and Cobden's ideal of the purely practical businesslike statesman is now as little popular (at any rate in England) as are many of the political maxims which had much vogue when he first enunciated them. The appeal to the popular imagination made by a Cabinet Minister who has some taste of letters was enhanced, of course, by the example of Mr. Gladstone. But Mr. Gladstone himself was the product of our political system, which affords in some respects a much more favourable field for the

growth of literary statesmen than other democratic Governments.

For one thing, the union of learning and politics does not by any means always take the same form. If we like a statesman to be highly cultured, to have that love of books his own lack of which Walpole so much regretted, and to show the range of his intellect by his high attainment in studies which are no more than a diversion from the main business of his life, it is by no means certain that we should regard with the same satisfaction an influx of professional politicians who happened also to be professors or journalists. The latter class is more fully represented on the Continent than the former. But in France, the only continental country completely under a democratic Parliament, men of high cultivation more and more shrink with dismay from the life of a Deputy and the troubles of his candidature—a sad result, indeed, when we think of what a Chamber of Deputies might be. If a nation famous throughout the world for its wit, its eloquence, its facile handling of facts, and its lucid exposition of principles could but place its highest intellectual representatives on the benches of its Chamber, its Parliament would be the most brilliant assemblage in the world. It is a suggestive incident that is recalled by Mr. Bodley in his “France”—that, namely, of M. de Freycinet’s reception by Professor Gréard at the Academy, when it was observed that the great speech of the occasion was made not by the statesman, but by the Professor. The United States present a parallel. Though it is easy to think of names in America, as in France, which have been distinguished alike in letters and in politics, yet, on the whole, similar causes operate in both countries to encourage the man who has risen, who has by business qualities obtained local influence, and mastered the machinery of politics, rather than the man of cultivated training and intellectual interests.

The *Nation*, of New York, in a review of American literary statesmen suggested by Lord Rosebery’s address, found that, “As we come down in the scale of rank of our public men, we distinctly go up in the literary scale.” The Presidents, it thought, made a poor show compared with Lord Rosebery’s Prime Ministers. This is a curious inversion of English experience. America, of course, is in the peculiar position of having no great questions of class or religion to engage the attention of Parliament, and, until lately, no international complications. For administrative purposes the man of purely commercial and local experience is all very well; as a guide in matters of higher policy, where such higher policy is needed, he is not only unsatisfactory, but may be positively dangerous. An acquaintance with social and constitutional theory, with political science as illustrated by history, the literary instinct essential both for the orator and the diplomatist, the general temper of mind which can only be attained by intellectual culture—all this the higher order of statesmanship requires, and it belongs to the literary, or, if you will, the bookish statesman. And while a politician so endowed is the least likely to err on the side of intolerance, the instances we referred to at the outset surely prove that such endowments do not disqualify

him from being what in a healthy state a politician must necessarily be—a partisan.

Doubtless Mr. Hare was right in observing at the Playgoers’ Club Dinner, the other night, that no speech on the Drama would be considered quite complete without reference to the name of Ibsen. Indeed, it would appear from a certain volume which we notice elsewhere in this issue that the “newest new” play of a new English dramatist which is given to the reader before being presented to the playgoer cannot be properly introduced to the public except by a wave of the flag of Ibsen over the head of the aspirant—or, shall we say of the Ibsenite coat before the feet of the unconverted critics. Mr. Hare did not exactly tread upon this provocative garment; or, at any rate, he did not plant his foot so firmly on its tails as to commit himself to an acceptance of the challenge. He may be more correctly described, perhaps, as detaining it on its course for a moment or two by a slight pressure of his toe on one of the sleeves. “As an original genius,” he said, “I admire Ibsen; as an acting playwright I frankly detest him.”

The enthusiastic Ibsenite is, we fear, quite capable in his “high seriousness” of criticizing an after-dinner utterance as severely as if it were an extract from the most solemn of treatises on the drama; and if he takes Mr. Hare in this spirit, he will certainly invite him to explain his frank detestation of a playwright whose genius, almost exclusively displayed in dramatic writing, he admires. Such an explanation is still more likely to be demanded from a speaker who had previously admitted that Ibsen’s “realistic method has done much to reform what was artificial and false in the drama of the day,” and that “his influence on the younger school of dramatists may prove of incalculable value in making them go directly to truth and nature for their models.” It appears, in fact, to come to this, that Mr. Hare admires everything about Ibsen except his choice of subjects, and that it is because these are not to his admirer’s taste that he “frankly detests” him. That is a feeling which a good many people share with Mr. Hare, though they do not often express it with so engaging and, from the argumentative point of view, so dangerous a candour.

The growth of French interest in our literature, on which we commented last week, has had the fortunate effect of raising the general standard of translations from it. Few English readers, perhaps, are acquainted with the very inadequate versions of some English books which have found their way into print in France, though it is only fair to add that they can probably be paralleled on this side of the water. M. Augustin Filon has just explained the genesis of these inferior translations in the course of a *feuilleton* in the *Débats*.

Like Mr. Andrew Lang in our own country, that eminent critic is plagued with people who think that he possesses the “Open Sesame!” of the printing-house. M. Filon tells us that every now and then he gets a letter asking him to find work and a publisher for some young lady whose family has suddenly come down in the world, and who “knows English.” In such a case it seems that the average French girl has two resources. If she is pretty, and knows how to dress and to dance, she proposes to go on the stage; if she has had an English governess and has waltzed with a Guardsman, she desires to translate an

English novel. We must all be grateful to M. Filon for the very plain terms in which he sets himself to discourage this amiable weakness.

"The wages of a road-mender for the labour of an Academician"—such is the reward which M. Filon displays in the sight of the would-be translator. It is pretty much the same here in England, where translation, when really well done, owes its being rather to the artistic ambition of the translator than to the golden lures of the publisher. Regarded from a mercenary point of view, translation can usually be regarded by the professional writer, in M. Filon's striking metaphor, merely as the raft by which he may keep himself afloat until his ship comes along. The translator who is moved to consider his "price per thou," indeed, either here or in France, must sigh for a return to the days when Latin mottoes with English versions fetched sixpence each, and Greek (as we know from Fielding) were considered "plaguy dear" at a shilling.

M. Filon is filled with respectful wonder that good translations are so numerous as they are; it is hard enough to put one's own thought into words, he says, and to undertake that task for another man is to raise literary labour to the second power. He was once asked to translate Shakespeare, but—in spite of M. François Victor-Hugo—he thinks that it would be an easier business to teach every Frenchman to read him in English. This is a noble ambition, which in English eyes should more than excuse M. Filon's blunt declaration that, nowadays, France does not care about any foreign authors.

The February *Pearson's* discusses—or at any rate enumerates—the amusements of contemporary men of letters. We read that Dr. Doyle plays cricket, that Miss Sarah Grand bicycles, that Mr. Frankfort Moore rows, that Mr. Andrew Lang fishes, that Mr. Zangwill rides, that Mr. Max Pemberton hunts, and much more to similar effect. It might have been added that Mr. Norman Gale earned a bat last summer by making the highest average in a Midland Cricket Club, that Mr. Morley Roberts can give a knight to most amateurs at chess, that Mr. Rudolph Lehmann was a well-known Cambridge oar before he wrote for *Punch*, that Mr. Leslie Stephen has made many first ascents in the Alps, that C. S. Calverley was a high jumper of more than average merit, that Byron swam the Hellespont, and that Mr. Herbert Spencer is fairly proficient at the game of billiards.

From these miscellaneous facts it is obviously difficult to draw any general conclusion. Perhaps, however, taken in conjunction with other facts for which there is no space, they may warrant the deduction that literary genius and athletic proficiency seldom go together—though academic distinction and athletic proficiency may. Mr. Norman Gale's bat and Mr. Leslie Stephen's first ascents indicate that the rule may have exceptions, but the rule seems to exist. So far as billiards may be included among athletic sports, the philosophy of the matter is summed up in a reported saying of Mr. Herbert Spencer's. "A certain address in games of skill," the author of the *System of Synthetic Philosophy* is said to have observed to an antagonist who had worsted him, "is an indication of a well-balanced mind. But proficiency such as you have just displayed is strong presumptive evidence of a mis-spent youth."

Reviews.

WEST AFRICA.

West African Studies. By Mary H. Kingsley. With Illustrations and Maps. 9½×5½in., xxiv.+639 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 21/- n.

In the Niger Country. By Harold Bindloss. With Two Maps. 9×5½in., x.+338 pp. London, 1899. Blackwood. 12/6

Mr. Harold Bindloss is singularly unfortunate. He has written a book which is at least much better reading than any of the several volumes recently published about West Africa, but the accident of its appearing at the same moment with Miss Kingsley's new volume makes it inevitable that he should be a foil to her peculiar excellence. When Mr. Bindloss writes of what he has seen with his own eyes—life and death among the mangrove swamps of the Niger delta, steamers bumping on the bars of rivers, canoes threading their way through a labyrinth of creeks—he observes well, and he writes picturesquely. When he writes from hearsay he is still picturesque, but he is so inaccurate as to lose all value. Samadu and Amadu, for instance, are not different forms of the same name, though each was a black king who made war against the French; Say is no longer the boundary-line of British and French possessions on the Niger; Samory never invaded, much less devastated, the colony of Senegal, and he is a negro, not an Arab; while it is really absurd to talk of the "battle" of Weima. In short, Mr. Bindloss tends to exaggerate, and, when he has not the evidence of his senses to go on, is perfectly untrustworthy.

Yet he writes well, often eloquently; and the impression left by his observations coincides with that given by Miss Kingsley, who never exaggerates, is laboriously accurate, and shows on every page evidence of a mass of reading. She also writes well, but Heaven forbid that we should recommend her as a model of style. Respect for established institutions is not her strong point, and she has less respect for grammar and the dictionary than for most things. We could not advise any one else to write habitually, for instance, "disassociate" for "dissociate," still less to make abrupt transitions from serious to jesting talk, or lapse into slang in the middle of a discussion upon the religious ideas of mankind; yet Miss Kingsley does all these things, and more too, and frankly the result is delightful. One feels behind the whole thing a perfect intellectual honesty, a determination to give the devil, or even the Colonial Office, his due, and a resolute endeavour to express her exact meaning, combined with the shrewdest observation and unfailing animal spirits. It is the animal spirits that make Miss Kingsley such good company in her books. She is desperately interested in everything, from the religious ideas of the African down to the statistics of liquor traffic, and her enthusiasm is contagious. You begin to feel not only that you would like to fish for catfish in mud creeks, and be upset among the crocodiles, but that you really have a longing to analyse Dutch gin and see whether it is so fiery as Exeter-hall paints it. And by interesting you and the world at large, Miss Kingsley, with her knack of being readable, is doing service to the Empire. She is accomplishing in her way what Mr. Kipling has done in his. She makes you feel (and so does Mr. Bindloss, though not to the same degree) that men of our race are doing good work out in that deadly region, taking their lives in their hands and getting little

thanks for it. Miss Kingsley has a woman's admiration for the bravery of soldiers and sailors, but she holds a special brief for the trader, who is, she maintains, serving his country as well as himself, and who "hasn't got no medals nor rewards," to give him the alternative of death or glory. But for our traders we should have been without a footing on the coast at this moment, and that makes it all the harder, in Miss Kingsley's opinion, that the class who have the strongest claim to be considered there should have no control in the administration, though they provide the revenue. Trade is the most important thing in West Africa; the history of European action in West Africa is a history of trade, save in so far as it is a history of missionary endeavour, and consequently the bulk of Miss Kingsley's book is concerned with trade.

"How to make West Africa pay" would be an obvious sub-title for her work, or rather, since first and last we have made a great deal of money out of West Africa, "How to prevent West Africa from ceasing to pay." And Miss Kingsley's answer is instant and decisive—Abolish the Crown Colony system. And to the succeeding question, "What to put in place of it," she has her answer ready. The very elaborate scheme which she proposes we shall not criticise here; but its leading principles may be indicated. To govern tropical Africa so that it shall pay you must govern it in the interests of trade. If you desire trade as an end, you must desire also the means, which can only be the prosperity of the subject peoples. Africans have in their own country all the prime necessities of existence; what we can supply to them are things which progressive civilization will teach them to require, but which, if they are not prosperous, they can do without. Now, the African is not a European baby who can be taught to grow up into a European; he is a man with a definite set of ideas, especially relating to justice, capable already, as Miss Kingsley says, of attaining to a civilization like that of Europe in the thirteenth century, but incapable of being suddenly hurried over that immense gap in development within a single lifetime. Now, the Crown Colony governs the African from London on European ideas; he should be governed in Africa on African ideas. The thing has been done, and done admirably, once only in the history of Africa; it was done in the territories of the Royal Niger Company. Miss Kingsley is careful to guard against the inference that the true way to govern tropical Africa is through chartered companies; the credit of this piece of work belongs not to the system, but to Sir George Goldie, who used the system. What you want in Africa is not a system but men; not European law, but men who will go and study African law and African languages, and help in getting the country administered by Africans; who will not attempt to impose an alien civilization, but will endeavour to develop such germs of civilization as exist upon their natural lines of development. The great value in Miss Kingsley's book is that she proves the existence of this rudimentary civilization and analyses its ideas. She sets herself to find out and to explain what African law is, what are African notions of property, morals, and religion. And the great importance of her book is that we stand actually at the parting of the ways. After centuries of supineness we have begun to administer Africa. Mr. Chamberlain has not been content, as were all his predecessors, to let the machinery in existence alone; he has tried to make it work. The result has been the hut-tax war in Sierra Leone. Miss Kingsley says with justice that all previous wars in tropical Africa have been undertaken either

from the religious motive of putting down barbarous customs or to revenge attacks made upon the lives or property of Englishmen or protected natives. The hut-tax war was undertaken to enforce payment of a tax imposed in total disregard of African ideas of property. Direct taxation implies, to the African mind, servitude. These people accepted protection and friendship; they find themselves treated as slaves. The great Chambers of Commerce advised the Government that trouble would certainly result; the authorities governing in Sierra Leone confidently asserted, on the other hand, that there would be none; the result has been a massacre and inevitable reprisals. Nor is that all. Hausaland is to be taken over from the Niger Company, and bitter opponents of the Company say that, bad as the Company is from their point of view, the natives will suffer by the transfer. At the bottom of the whole series of blunders is contempt for the African and absolute refusal to consider his point of view. Miss Kingsley's book will force not merely those in authority but the public in general to open its eyes and recognize that in Africa they are dealing, not with a set of vicious children, but with men who have a code of conduct and a conception of justice quite as definite as the Europeans, and not less well observed.

It has seemed better to emphasize here the importance of Miss Kingsley's book rather than to attempt any analysis of her results. One may instance, however, her correction of the popular belief that women count for nothing in Africa. An African's strongest attachment is to his mother; women lose no right to their property by marriage; and the influence of the women is everywhere thrown strongly against European ideas. Missionaries, who often do not learn African languages nor attempt to understand with African ideas, have never as a body realized this; nor have they, with rare exceptions, endeavoured to touch the religious ideas which embody themselves in the various forms of fetish. Miss Kingsley has, in this volume, arranged her views on the subject, and this will be, not only to ethnologists but to many readers, the most interesting part of the book. This, however, is a special matter that can hardly be discussed at length here in the last paragraph of a review. There is only space left to speak of the opening chapters to her book which supplement the narrative of her travels.

These are, of course, much lighter in tone than the rest. Her chapter on fishing is very cheerful reading, but we blush to think of the methods which Miss Kingsley prefers. She draws the line at poisoning the water, but we should be sorry to trust her with a landing-net near a weir that salmon were running up, and if she ever got a chance of tickling trout she has probably done it. African fish, to judge from her description of their formidable fins, would be awkward creatures to tickle. The account of her voyage outward, and the education freely afforded to new hands by old coasters, is full of the grim humour which these death traps seem to produce; and there is a very funny story of a heroic rescue from driver ants. Here is a characteristic description of the "stupendous sweeps of monotonous landscape so characteristic of Africa":—

From Sherboro' river to Cape Mount, viewed from the sea, every mile looks as like the next as peas in a pod, and should a cruel fate condemn you to live ashore here in a factory you get so used to the eternal sameness that you automatically believe that nothing else but this sort of world, past, present, or future, can ever have existed; and that cities and mountains are but the memories of dreams. A more horrible life than a life in such a region for a man who never takes to it it is impossible to conceive; for a man who does take to it, it is a kind of dream life. I am judging from the few men I have met who

have been stationed here in the few isolated little factories that are established. Some of them look like haunted men, who, when they are among white men again, cling to their society: others are lazy, dreamy men, rather bored by it.

And here is a curious parallel from Mr. Bindloss, in whose book many memories of many countries jostle each other, for he is plainly one of the wanderers:—

When you have once moved among his kind there is no mistaking the man who has dwelt far apart in the lonely bush. As it is beneath the great redwoods of the far North-West, so it is in the steamy tropics and under the feathery palms. There is something in this man's gaze which differs from the rest of his fellows, his hearing grows keener, and he generally seems to be listening for something, as though every sound were significant. Often he has learned to think aloud, perhaps for the mere sake of hearing a human voice, and at various times and places you may hear him talking half-audibly to himself. But, perhaps, the most curious effect of such a life is the way he lies awake the greater portion of every night. One man I dwelt with in the midst of a great cedar forest in British Columbia used to ramble through the bush until it was nearly dawn. The same thing characterizes many primitive peoples, as it does most of the wilder beasts and birds, and in our own islands you may hear curlew, snipe, and dottrel crying all night long. I do not believe the Krooby is ever really sound asleep in the darkness, though he can slumber well enough when he should be at work by day; and I have seen the same thing as far away as the Siwash of British Columbia and the Kaloshians of Alaska. Possibly there is something in their nature akin to that of the fiercer beasts, or it is the smell of the earth and trees which leads even a white man back to the ways of ancestors who died in times far off at the beginning of things.

MORE LITERARY DRAMA.

Mr. George Moore is a writer of much vivacity and a critic of an amusing dogmatism, and the combination of these two qualities naturally makes for the entertainment of the reader. In his introduction to *THE HEATHER FIELD AND MAEVE*, by Edward Martyn (Duckworth, 5s.), we have him at his liveliest, "forming and expressing," like Mrs. Wittitler, "a vast variety of opinions on a vast variety of subjects." He tells us, in his opening sentence, that "many things are involved in the publication of this volume"; and he is right. "Le Théâtre Libre" is involved, and "its echo in England, 'the Independent Theatre,'" also. Ibsen, Mr. George Alexander, and Mr. William Archer are involved; and the "New Century Theatre," and the "Irish Literary Theatre," which Mr. W. B. Yeats is about to start, and "the normal intelligence of theatrical audiences in France and England." This is a lengthy concatenation, and perhaps it would hardly hold together if Mr. Moore did not piece it out with an occasional link from his abundant store of preferences and aversions. He is as good as his word, however, about this variety of involved topics. They are all in it. He puts the Théâtre Libre on the back, and "sits on" the Independent Theatre; he extols Ibsen to the skies as the greatest dramatist since Shakespeare; rallies Mr. Alexander on his refusal of *The Heather Field*; and twits Mr. Archer with his "benevolent insincerity" in forcing admiration for dramatic work which Mr. Moore does not happen to think admirable. Then he ridicules the management of the "New Century Theatre" and gives a "send-off" to the Irish Literary Theatre with the announcement that *The Heather Field* will be performed on its stage on alternate nights with Mr. W. B. Yeats' play of *The Countess Cathleen*. When to these we add that, besides the persons and institutions "involved in the publication" of Mr. Martyn's two plays, Mr. Pinero, Mr. Henry James, M. Sardou, M. Rostand, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Mr. B. W. Leader, Mr. George R. Sims, and the authors of *Admiral Guinea* come in either by name or by unmistakable allusion for a rap from Mr. Moore's shillelagh, it will be seen that readers of this Introduction have plenty of fun for their money. Indeed, we cannot remember any recent exercise in criticism more divertingly animated through-

out by the immortal counsel given by one of the author's countrymen in his "introduction" of a novice to Donnybrook Fair:—"Wherever you see a head, hit it."

Of course, the most interesting—perhaps because it is the only relevant one of the many controversies which Mr. Moore directly raises or incidentally suggests—is that which he has since been waging with Mr. Archer in one of the morning papers. He complains that "even discussion" did not help Mr. Archer to understand that *The Heather Field*, on which Mr. Moore elsewhere bestows the most enthusiastic, not to say extravagant, eulogies, was "the first play written in English inspired by the example of Ibsen"; to which Mr. Archer has replied, in substance, that whether *The Heather Field* is or is not inspired by the aforesaid example—and it is surely impossible for any human being to doubt it—it suffered from the disadvantage of being simply not good enough for early production on the Experimental Stage. This is comic but embarrassing, for when two of the leading doctors of Ibsenism in this country thus violently disagree, who is to decide? All we can say for our own part is that Mr. Martyn's play not only strikes us as a pure piece of imitation-Ibsen from beginning to end—in motive, character, and dialogue—but that to our benighted judgment it appears quite as good as many specimens of the great original. Carden Tyrrell, the visionary landowner, who—as if the mere contemplation of his rents were not sufficient exercise for the imaginative faculty of an Irish squire—is ruining himself with loans and mortgages in an imprudent attempt to reclaim unprofitable moor land to cultivation, might have stepped straight out of Ibsen. So might his sympathetic but wiser fellow landlord Barry Usher, and his affectionate younger brother, Miles. Mrs. Tyrrell is simply the eternal, uncongenial, sternly practical wife of Ibsenite drama. Her attempt to get her husband pronounced insane by two medical men—an episode which, in the hands of a dramatist who was not pledged to avoid anything like strong dramatic interest, might have made the fortune of the play—is frittered away in the well-known perverse fashion of the Master, and there is all his characteristic flatness in his final "curtain" which is brought about by Usher's exclamation:—"The wild heath has broken out again in the heather field." As to the dialogue, it is written throughout in that strain of resolute commonplace, and diversified here and there by that symbolism of the obvious, which goes straight to the heart of the Ibsen worshipper. No doubt for stage purposes it is all the better for that, as the Norwegian dramatist has often shown; but to literature proper, whose business it is to transfigure the commonplace, it stands related much as the tale of Betty Foy stands related to the best Wordsworthian sonnets, or to the Ode on the Intimations of Immortality. Nevertheless its production at the Irish Literary Theatre, and still more that of Mr. Yeats' exquisite fairy poem *The Countess Cathleen*, to all appearances absolutely unsuited for dramatic representation, will be a highly interesting experiment, the issue of which we shall await with no little curiosity.

Additions to two "theatres," widely differing, as Mr. Moore so disdainfully insists, from that of Ibsen, have appeared simultaneously with Mr. Martyn's tentative publication of his as yet unrepresented play. The "theatre," of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, indeed, is advancing rapidly towards completion. Eight of his plays have already been published. The two now before us, *THE MASQUERADERS* and *THE ROGUE'S COMEDY* (Macmillan, 2s. 6d. each), have varied singularly in their theatrical fortunes. Not many of its author's works have exceeded the former in temporary popularity, nor has he often—perhaps never, if we except "The Triumph of the Philistines"—more completely failed to hit the taste of his public than with the latter. To those who are familiar with the conditions of the stage this diversity of fates will appear explicable enough from a perusal of the two plays; but—alas! for the purpose with which our dramatists are soliciting the attention of the reading public—the explanation has little or no reference to literature. *The Rogue's Comedy* presumably owed much of its unpopularity to the tenuity of the "love interest." The success of *The Masqueraders*

was assured by one highly-exciting but violently melodramatic scene at the close of the third act. But, considered on their strictly literary merits, the quality of the less pretentious comedy, in which are set forth the grandeur and the downfall of the clairvoyant charlatan, Mr. Bailey Prothero, appears to us distinctly superior to that of the sentimental melodrama, in which David Renon and Dulcie Larondie play the principal parts. One cannot help wondering which of the two Mr. Moore would regard as the more literary—or the less unliterary—and which of them seems to him the more defiant of the influence of the greatest dramatic genius since Shakespeare.

Two or three of Mr. Pinero's plays—not those, perhaps, which have pleased most on the stage—have stood the test of publication pretty successfully. We fear, however, that *TRELAWNEY OF THE WELLS* (Heinemann, 2s. 6d.) will not add to their number. Its humours are essentially of the kind which depend for their diverting power on the grotesque in character and action; and without their assistance the written record of them is too often apt to read like mere foolery and clowning. Mr. Ablett and Mrs. Mossop, for instance, and the company of the Bagnigge Wells Theatre appear simply impossible figures on the printed page. They require to have the footlights in front of them and the “flats” behind them to make them credible at all. Even as it is, however, their effect upon a reader is less disconcerting than that of Vice-Chancellor Sir William Gower, Knt., and Miss Trafalgar Gower, his sister. Here presumably Mr. Pinero was aiming at strict realistic truth, and not giving the rein to his agreeable fancy; and it may be that the actor and actress to whom these two parts were allotted contrived on the stage to tone them down into some sort of semblance to the social types which they are supposed to represent. But as offered to us in these pages the judicial magnate is really as bizarre a figure in his drawing-room in Cavendish-square as any one of the company of Bohemian players who assemble at Mr. and Mrs. Telfer's at Brydon-crescent, Clerkenwell. He is surely a caricature, not only of the character but of the period, of which, by the way, Mr. Pinero's comparative youth makes it impossible for him to have had adult experience. No doubt there was less freedom of manners in the early sixties than there is now; but the “domestic interior” of a Vice-Chancellor in those days would not—unless he was a very exceptional Vice-Chancellor—quite so closely resemble, in its Puritanic prudery and primness, the back parlour of a small Nonconformist tradesman. And where is Mr. Pinero's authority for this strange old gentleman's pronunciation? Elderly people in those days did not say “aweer” and “cheer” for “aware” and “chair,” to the best of our recollection, though some of them did say “goold” for “gold.” Nor was “obleege” for “oblige” a then surviving form, even if it ever existed generally. Indeed, it was regarded as so essentially an idiosyncrasy of the late Lord Russell that he was habitually rallied upon it in the comic papers till the day of his death.

LORD BRAMWELL.

Some Account of George William Wilshire, Baron Bramwell of Hever. By Charles Fairfield. 9×6 in., 382 pp. London, 1898. Macmillan. 10/- n.

Any life, good, bad, or indifferent, of Lord Bramwell is certain to be welcomed. So striking was his personality, so strong his influence, so much flavour all its own was there about what he said and did, that he is likely long to remain a figure of interest to his countrymen. Mr. Fairfield did not know him; and that is a disadvantage from which his book, from first to last, seriously suffers. Mr. Fairfield is not, we should surmise, a lawyer—his inaccurate references to the Circuits and some other slight mistakes prove as much—and that also is a drawback in the biographer of one who was above all things a great master of the common law. Nor is the book written with the clearness of expression, the directness of thought, which were characteristic of Lord Bramwell, who probably never uttered an obscure sentence in the course of his long life. But Mr.

Fairfield has been industrious; he is a sincere admirer of Lord Bramwell; he writes fluently and cleverly; and, besides giving an interesting sketch of the life of the Judge, he has drawn freely from pamphlets, letters by “B.,” and judgments relating to subjects of living interest. These extracts and Mr. Fairfield's commentary will enable the reader to understand Lord Bramwell's way of looking at the problems upon which, in his later years, his thoughts ran. We are grateful to Mr. Fairfield for bringing to light again some of the vigorous letters, masterpieces of incisive good sense, which used to appear in *The Times* under the once familiar signature “B.” It may do this age good to look, even for a short time, at the world as he looked at it.

He believed that every man was the best judge of his own interests. Above all things, he prized manly self-reliance and liberty. No one, not even Herbert Spencer, has in our time more consistently and vigorously maintained the individualist theory of life. No one disliked more the various legislative devices by which the weak contrive to lean upon the strong and the unscrupulous to shuffle off responsibility for their misconduct. And yet this zealous defender of liberty and property was heard often to admit that every good man had at one time of his life been a Socialist. “I am a bit of a Socialist myself,” he once remarked to the late Mr. Newmarch. Though popularly supposed to be a “hanging Judge,” and undoubtedly stern towards all criminals guilty of brutality, he had a kind heart easily touched by a tale of true distress and a hand open to appeals from the unfortunate. Mr. Fairfield gives an example of the susceptibility of a Judge who was thought by those who did not know him to be all for “blood and iron,” the lash, and solitary confinement. A woman was tried before him for the murder of her husband. She was guilty; but it came out that for years she had suffered cruelly from his brutality. The end of the story is thus told by Mr. Fairfield:—

When he came to sum up, Sir George Bramwell related to the jury the old woman's life and treatment. By degrees the misery and pathos of the story was too much for him: he put his hands before his face and burst into tears. Recovering himself in a minute or two, he warned the jury to banish from their minds that irrelevancy in his charge. They thereupon found the old woman guilty. She died within a day or two in gaol. “I can't think,” said Baron Bramwell afterwards to a friend who saw those tears, “how I came to make such a fool of myself.”

Let us add one instance to those given in these pages of Lord Bramwell's conscientious care to administer justice with no needless severity. Shortly after he returned to town from his first Circuit a friend said to him:—“I have seen again and again in the papers, ‘Baron Bramwell proceeded to sentence the prisoner to penal servitude.’ Do you know what penal servitude means?” “In a general way I do,” was the answer. “But have you any clear idea what suffering you have been inflicting?” “No, I cannot say I have,” was the answer. So much did Lord Bramwell take to heart this conversation that, at the earliest opportunity, he made a prolonged visit to a great many prisons in London and the country, spending, in company with a friend, many days in studying the treatment of prisoners. Lord Bramwell was “ever a fighter.” As his biographer says, “his way of taking his holiday—of enjoying that leisure which he had surely earned—was to ‘descend into the street,’ as French rhetoricians say, to take his chance like the humblest volunteer in the bodyguard of truth.” But he had the true humanity, as well as the courage, of the soldier.

Round Lord Bramwell gathered naturally a mass of legends as to his sayings and doings. He could not try an important case or make an after-dinner speech without letting fall some pithy saying which “caught on.” He never did even the most commonplace work of a Judge without importing into it a strain of originality. We wish that Mr. Fairfield had told us more of the stories which still circulate as to the great Baron. The book repeats only a few, and these by no means the best available. Here is a glimpse of him as he might be seen any day in the Long Vacation at Edenbridge:—

One spring day in the year 1889 the local constable at

Edenbridge noticed Lord Bramwell intently watching a noisy group of village boys, apparently much excited about something. It was the first day of the cricket season, and they were, in fact, drawing up rules for their cricket club. Fancying they might have annoyed the old lord in some way, the constable approached, and asked whether such was the case.

"No, no," said Lord Bramwell; "those lads have been teaching me something—how the Common Law was invented."

The constable considered this a remarkable proof of juvenile precocity, and observed:

"It's wonderful what they do learn at school nowadays, my lord—over-education, I call it."

Lord Bramwell kept up a large correspondence with the most diverse classes of persons; this volume gives only an inadequate idea of the people who consulted him on subjects far remote from his ordinary occupations and who obtained his aid and advice, no matter how much immersed in business he might happen to be. A few interesting samples of his correspondence are quoted; for example, extracts from letters by the late Lord Coleridge, in which he expresses his admiration of Bishop Butler and defends the reasoning of the "Analogy," and some letters of the late Chief Baron Pollock, who, while on Circuit, never failed to correspond with his colleague. Lord Bramwell delighted in plain statement; Mr. Robert Lowe, too, liked calling a spade a spade; and when the former joined with his brother Judges in protesting against the transfer to them of the duty of trying election petitions, Mr. Lowe, in a letter which is quoted, replied in a style which Lord Bramwell might well mistake for his own:—"You don't like the job because it is full of anger and discord. My butler might just as reasonably object to carry the urn because it is hot."

Lord Bramwell was the last person to talk of style; and he always spoke very modestly of his letters and pamphlets. "I only say what other people say a little later," was his own account of his gifts as a writer. But the extracts from his letters to *The Times* and some of his judgments leave no doubt that he had a genius for the art of expression. There is much more studied art in Paul Louis Courier, and we are not going to compare Lord Bramwell as a literary artist with the prince of pamphleteers, the many-sided, richly-equipped master of colloquial eloquence. But not Paul Louis Courier or Cobbett could make subtle ideas look more simple or homely. There is no rhetoric, only argument; but it all stands out as clear as if it were a first-rate fable or a series of pithy proverbs.

The portrait prefixed to the volume is far from successful. It gives no idea of the genial, humorous smile which often played about the rugged features. It is some compensation to have the following fairly accurate sketch of Lord Bramwell as he appeared in later years:—

He was a big, burly man, sound and strong; never had any of those ailments which induce a man to pity himself, and make cures, systems of diet, and so on, important everyday questions. All his life he was an early riser, a habit which is probably quite as much an effect as a cause of physical and nervous healthiness; after he was fifty years of age he generally went to bed at ten o'clock, and could sleep nine hours on a stretch. On fine summer mornings he would leave his bed room at six o'clock, carrying his coat and waistcoat over his arm. On the stairs he usually finished tying his neckcloth, at the breakfast-room door put on his coat. At Edenbridge and in Cadogan-place, if there were no guests and the weather was hot, he would sit at table in his shirt-sleeves—the servants, no doubt, shocked and awed, for he inspired awe. Coat or no coat, he always had that emphatic, kingly air and manner—nowadays all but extinct—which one fancies the figures in some of the old historic portraits must have had.

Mr. Fairfield's running comment on Lord Bramwell's opinions is often epigrammatic and always clever. It is often also a little irritating by reason of its plentiful innuendoes—never very spiteful, to be sure—against persons who happened to differ from Lord Bramwell. But we forgive much to a writer who occasionally gives us glimpses such as these of the real nature of the man whom he describes:—

When on Circuit, the moment the Court rose, the Baron would be off on a ramble, spying out the objects of interest in the neighbourhood. He was an insatiable walker, and mountain

climber of the amateur kind; few men knew rural England better than he; never read in a railway-carriage; would say to his travelling companion, "Do put down that newspaper and look at the country we are passing through." An immense, child-like faith in the infallibility of the Ordnance Map was one of his orthodox failings, and often led him into adventures which amused him vastly; he always took with him a section of the Ordnance Map belonging to the particular circuit he was on, and would insist, as against the oldest inhabitant, that wherever a road was marked on the map, there a horse and trap could go. Occasionally it turned out that the official road had never been quite made—had been closed or abandoned for years. In consequence he more than once landed himself and his travelling companions, late at night, at the end of a sheep-track on a desolate Yorkshire moor, twenty miles from the assize town.

THE BAYREUTH PILGRIM.

Mr. Bernard Shaw is as amusing as ever in *THE PERFECT WAGNERITE* (Sonnenschein, 6s.). Wagner, it is well known, was a political revolutionary, and an attempt to explain the allegory of "The Ring" in the light of his political opinions is here made by Mr. Shaw. We notice that in last week's *Critic* he replies to some criticisms of his book and speaks contemptuously of the many guide books to "The Ring," which he believes have coloured the impressions of his reviewers.

The compilers of these books [he says] profess to pick out from the score of 'The Ring' the representative themes, and present them, duly sorted, docketed, and labelled for the instruction of Bayreuth pilgrims, who buy them and read them piously. . . . First they not only quote the themes, but invent trivially sentimental titles for them, to the confusion of the pilgrim, who finds that the theme and its meaning undergo all sorts of modifications, while the spurious label remains woodenly invariable throughout.

Here Mr. Shaw shows much solicitude for the pilgrim, who will doubtless do well to bear in mind the "modifications," which "the theme and its meaning undergo." But it is doubtful how far the most original part of Mr. Shaw's book—his reflections upon the meaning of the allegory of "The Ring"—will be of any real assistance to the Bayreuth pilgrim. It is open to question whether it is not better to leave people to plumb the mysteries of an allegory for themselves, especially when they are presented in the form of a music drama. An idea which is conveyed through the medium of poetry and music loses some of its persuasiveness when these subtle mediators are withdrawn. Again, "The Ring" is an allegory, and an allegory of universal significance. If too much stress is laid upon its local and contemporary bearings it is apt to become more of a satire than an allegory, and ephemeral instead of for all time.

The danger is still greater when, for the music and poetry which envelop the ideas of Wagner, a Fabian commentary half serious half jocose is substituted by a writer who deliberately assumes the rôle of satirist. But it is only for the Bayreuth pilgrim that we fear—lest he should look to Mr. Shaw for his staff and scrip before setting out on his journey to the shrine. To the reader who is not a pilgrim the book will be full of amusement. Sometimes he will laugh with, sometimes at, the writer, but throughout he will be amazed at the astonishing ingenuity with which Mr. Shaw discovers the principal actors in the industrial struggles of to-day behind the mask of the heroes, giants, and gods of the Nibelungen Ring. Mr. Shaw has a particularly strong pair of opera glasses. The two giants, Fasolt and Fafnir, are fighting for the Ring. By the help of his lorgnette they become the "brutalised toilers" of to-day, "honest fellows enough until their betters betrayed them." Again, the giants have built a palace for the gods and demand their promised reward in vain. Mr. Shaw has his lorgnette upon them. The scene is in an instant transferred to the modern stage. It is no longer the wrath of the giant who longs in vain for the goddess Freia, but the "noble rage" of the worker on making the discovery that "his betters are corrupt, greedy, and treacherous."

Such are the scenes which Mr. Shaw weaves into the old

world tapestry of "The Ring." In a sense they, no doubt, to a certain extent, reflect Wagner's own thoughts. But in his completed work he was carried far beyond the realm of satire. It is owing to Mr. Shaw's attempt to snatch us from the ideal world of the poet and musician back again to the sordid material of actual life that his book is more suited to the cynic than to the pilgrim. He is truculent where Wagner is romantic. Some of his illustrations of the meaning of the text will be, to say the least of it, distressing to the pilgrim the next time he takes his seat at a performance of "The Ring." He will have Mr. Shaw beside him to whisper in his ear that the magic helmet which Alberic is putting on in order to assume what shape he pleases is nothing more than the modern tall hat, which disguises a man as "a shareholder, a subscriber to hospitals"; and that Alberic, the giants, and the mine itself are nothing less than the capitalist, the labourers, and the match factory. At each whisper he will become more and more unable to appreciate the wider significance of the allegory, the unworldly character of the music, and the legendary beauty of the drama.

THREE CENTURIES OF SPANISH HISTORY.

Spain: its Greatness and Decay, 1479-1788. By Martin S. Hume. 7½ x 5½ in., x. + 460 pp. Cambridge, 1898. University Press. 6/-

Major Martin Hume begins his preface by a sentence which will have the approval of every fit reader:—"The mere relation of the events of history adds but little to the stock of useful knowledge, unless it enables us to apply the experience of the past to the conduct of the present, and so to avoid for our own time some of the errors into which previous generations have fallen." The mere relation of events is what Dr. Johnson called old almanac, and is indeed highly unprofitable. If Major Hume and his colleague, Mr. Armstrong, who writes an introduction, have not always succeeded in avoiding this bare narrative, the overcrowding of their pages can be accounted for, we presume, by the fact that the book is meant to be used in places where examinations are passed.

According to a now prevailing custom, this book is the work of two hands. Mr. Armstrong contributes the introduction, which is a sketch of Spanish history from the conquest of Granada to the resignation of Charles V., with the help of a paragraph here and there from his colleague. Major Martin Hume then takes up the story with the accession of Philip II. and carries it on to 1788. We should have liked to see him carry the history further or stop it sooner. The decay of Spain did not end in that year. Besides, the period between the accession of Philip V. and the death of Charles III. was one not of decay but of revival. The true stopping-place would have been the death of Charles the Bewitched, the last of the Spanish Hapsburgs. If this division had been preferred, he would then have had an opportunity, which his knowledge would have qualified him to use, to tell the story of "the declination of a Monarchy." There are few more interesting in themselves or less worked. From a reference which Major Martin Hume makes to the correspondence of Philip IV. with Sor Maria de Agreda, it is clear that he knows where to go for evidence as to the inward and spiritual things which do more to make the history of a people intelligible than any amount of "old almanac" about wars of the Valtellina, revolts of Naples, fights in Flanders, diplomatic schemes, and so forth, instructive as these things are when you can get the workings of human nature and the causes of success and defeat fully explained. However—*dis aliter visum*—the Cambridge University Press wanted another thing—namely, a sketch of Spanish history from the accession of Philip II. to 1788. If the result is a certain amount of congestion and some omission, the fault must not be laid only at the door of the authors.

The minute reviewer could find slips, both in Mr. Armstrong's share of the book, and in Major Hume's. The first, for example, calls Diego de Mendoza, who was the

Emperor's representative at the Council of Trent, an ecclesiastic, which he was not, while his colleague says that we took St. Vincent and St. Lucia from the Spaniards, whereas we took them from the French. Much is made by them of the bad financial and commercial system of Spain as causes of her ruin. Yet the French were not much if at all better; but France was not ruined. Major Martin Hume seems to see the real cause of the mischief in "the transmission of unrestrained power from father to son." It is an explanation we have a traditional inclination to accept. And yet the immense development of the royal authority which came at the end of the middle ages was common to Spain with all her continental neighbours, and not unknown to us. But nowhere did a nation go the road followed by Spain. Something is needed to complete the explanation, and we venture to suggest that it is a clear comprehension of the character of the Spaniards, their passions, the turn of their intelligence, the things they take for granted, their strength and their weakness.

But the work is, on the whole, very well done. The important thing is that a great deal of information is given about parts of Spanish history of which English readers commonly know little enough, and events are carefully and accurately chronicled, while Major Martin Hume is very full and clear in his account of the "alcabalas" and other barbarous financial devices of the Hapsburg dynasty. We can, therefore, recommend this little volume as a text-book, and we hope that Major Hume will, some day, have a chance of dealing with Philip III., Philip IV., and Charles II. on terms more satisfactory to his reader and, we are sure, to himself.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

The issue of a third edition of *THE COMING OF LOVE* (Lane, 5s. n.) gives Mr. Watts-Dunton an opportunity of explaining the genesis of "Aylwin." Quoting from our issue of Oct. 29, he says:—

One of my most generous critics has said of "The Coming of Love" that, "although published earlier than 'Aylwin,' it is a sequel to the novel." And a sequel it is; so far, at least, as an important character in "Aylwin" is concerned—Rhona Boswell—though between "Aylwin" and "The Coming of Love" another story intervenes.

One of the most interesting parts of the preface is the expansion of the distinction between the two Aylwins with regard to Romany women. Henry Aylwin's feeling was the very opposite of Percy's. Henry's sympathies were like Borrow's:—

Supposing Borrow to have been physically drawn with much power towards any woman, could she possibly have been Romany? Would she not rather have been of the Scandinavian type?—would she not have been what he used to call a "Brynild"? From many conversations with him on this subject, I think she would have been a tall blonde, of the type of Isopel Berners—who, by-the-by, was much more a portrait of a splendid East Anglian road-girl than is generally imagined.

Percy, on the other hand, is of the type that is strongly attracted by the unique physical attractions of a Romany girl like Sini Lovell: and for the difference there is no accounting, "as there is no accounting for anything connected with the mysterious witchery of sex." In a note on "Christmas at the Mermaid" Mr. Watts-Dunton states that recent discussion has fortified him in the opinion that the friend of Shakespeare to whom the sonnets are addressed cannot be identified. In any case, so thinks the critic, to be a friend of Shakespeare a man must be a lover of nature and a lover of England. We hope this is an accurate description of the "obscure stationer, William Hall," in whom Mr. Sidney Lee finds the "only begetter" of the sonnets.

The latest addition to the Eversley Series is an *EVERSLEY SHAKESPEARE* (Macmillan). It is admirably printed and bound, and is to be in ten volumes at 5s. per volume. The scope of the edition is explained in the introduction, thus:—

A detailed critical apparatus would have been foreign to

the aims of this edition; textual notes have as a rule been limited to the two purposes of specifying important departures from the old texts, and, where the old texts are incorrigibly corrupt, of indicating the least unlikely conjectures. The bulk of the notes are intended to provide, in the briefest possible form, such information as may smooth the reader's path without insulting his intelligence.

These notes, which are refreshingly few, as well as the introductions, which are conveniently short, are contributed by Dr. Herford, of the University College of Wales, Aberystwith.

TOPOGRAPHY.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN NORTH WALES.—Mr. A. G. Bradley, who has braved alike the terrors of the Welsh mountains and the Welsh language in his journey through the "Highways and Byways in North Wales" (Macmillan, 6s.), has managed to collect a very pretty store of anecdotes, traditions, and historical reminiscences relating to an interesting though comparatively little known corner of Great Britain. Here, for example, is a tale which throws a good deal of light on the manners of the Welsh clergy at the beginning of the century:—

"Your uncle was a saintly man, indeed," said a very old Welsh peasant to a clergyman of my acquaintance some twenty years ago, alluding to the rector of a Llyn parish about the time of Waterloo. "I never saw him drunk, even on Pwllheli market days."

The story might be paralleled by the anecdote of the South Wales parson, asked by his Bishop if he had ever been to the University. "No, my lord," the clergyman replied, "but I've been to Bristol fair." Mr. Bradley is, on the whole, favourably impressed by the character of the people of North Wales. He found them sober, though with a pleasant feeling for *cwre*, hardworking, and polite, and he notes with especial satisfaction that all the efforts of the sour land-agitators have not taken from the popular heart the old respect for "the squire." There is, of course, something to be said for the case of the Devil's Advocate. As a result of the Erastianism of the last century, which made a Welsh bishopric the reward of political "dirty work," the Welsh Church became impossible to the emotional Welshman, and the succeeding régime of Calvinistic Methodism has made Wales, and especially North Wales, perhaps the most provincial of all provinces. To the average villager the doings of the local ministers are of infinitely greater import than the doings of the Imperial Ministry, and Mr. Bradley is no doubt right in thinking that, the Church and Chapel question once removed, politics would practically cease to exist for the mass of the people. We must note that, while the author has diligently traced the steps of Borrow through North Wales, he has forgotten that De Quincey wandered also through those wilds; Llanystumdwy, for instance, mentioned by Mr. Bradley, is also mentioned though strangely mis-spelt, in one of the most picturesque chapters of the "Confessions." Peacock, too, dealt largely in Welsh culture and Welsh scenery, and it is curious that Mr. Bradley, who tells the story of Elphin, seems unaware of the existence of the "Misfortunes of Elphin," Peacock's masterpiece, as a few believe. "Headlong Hall" also was in North Wales, and there, amidst the mountains, Miss Touchandgo met Mr. Chainmail, the medieval enthusiast of "Crochet Castle," though Mr. Bradley makes no allusion to any of these delightful histories. Mr. Hugh Thomson has done some excellent and characteristic figure-pieces for the book, but in Mr. Pennell's landscapes the well-known skill of the artist wants a larger canvas.

Guide-books and local histories may be roughly divided into two classes—interesting but inaccurate, and accurate but dull. GLIMPSES OF A BEDFORDSHIRE VILLAGE, by Mr. W. Steward (Beds Publishing Company), a sketch of the growth and vicissitudes of Harrold or Harewold in Bedfordshire, belongs to neither species: it is both accurate and interesting. The author has gone to the proper sources—Domesday, the Hundred Rolls, Harvey's History of the Willey Hundred, Seeborn, "Social England," and the rest—but that does not necessarily mean a charming result. Yet Mr. Steward's chapters are in their way delightful, and the

reason is that he has not written for visitors or tourists, but for the villagers themselves. Hence he was obliged to absorb his materials thoroughly before presenting them in a popular and intelligible form to a country audience. Here and there, of course, he grins through a horse-collar, after the fashion of medieval Harroldites, to tickle his yokels, and sometimes he moralizes (or "pijaws," as schoolboys say), yet with a sense of humour and insight into the life and conditions of primitive villagedom. We are not given too much of Roman coins, &c., though we observe that "the Classical Master" of Bedford Grammar School has aided in the deciphering of a Roman seal for the apothecary's pot of ointment. The best chapters deal with feudal Harrold, and for a brief, elementary, but very clear and graphic picture of what the feudal plan meant in a village a schoolboy might do worse than "mug up" Mr. Steward's pages. We wonder whether it will occur to the authorities at the Bedford schools that history may be better taught by a local instance like this than by general text-books just dipped into at odd periods twice a week. We should not set the boys the Latin of the Rolls as a specimen of "comp.," however, especially as it is rather badly misprinted here, but there is enough besides in this little volume to interest them. Indeed, it is full of odd touches. There is an amiable periwig maker, by name Forty Aresum (which should make the fortune of a novelist), who came from Wellingborough, with a proper certificate of migration, to settle opportunely in Harrold just when periwigs were going out of fashion, and who, finding that even county family pigtails did not pay as well as periwigs, took to mending the church clock and such other clocks as Harrold possessed. It was not a lucrative profession, however, when the village had a businesslike churchwarden who got the clock cleaned and kept going for 2s. 6d. a year. The bellringers had a better time of it: they were paid 5s. for joy peals on the report of Tom Paine's execution, and when it was found that he had not been executed after all, the 5s. had been drunk. Mr. Steward says this was in 1792, when Paine was in France; but that visit began in December, 1793, so we presume he means 1793-94. For the Battle of the Nile the ringers were regaled to the tune of 12s. 6d. The official mole-killer, on the other hand, was paid by the year, £2, caught he never so many: now he gets 2d. a mole. The mill of Harrold was put at "36s. 8d. and 200 eels" in Domesday. One suspects that Gilbert de Blosseville of the "gret house" wished the miller would catch him a more varied diet. There is a pretty tale told by Layton to Cromwell about the suppressed Austin priory at Harrold: how "my lord Mordant dwelling nygh the saide howse intyessed the young nunnes to breke up the cofer whereon the covent seale was; Sir John Mordant, his eldyeste son, then present ther, perswading them to the same, caused the prioress and hir folyashe yong floke to seale a wryting in Latten," which the foolish young flock could not read, nor the prioress neither. But what the "Latten" was about is left a delicious mystery; the poor, skittish young nunnes got their deserts from King Hal in 1536, and now not a stone of their priory remains.

Mr. J. Arthur Gibbs has given us a delightful book, full of country air and vernal sounds with a pleasant literary sub-flavour, in A COTSWOLD VILLAGE (London: Murray, 10s. 6d.). In its pages he has admirably painted the characteristics, both human and other, of that vast tract of hill country, with Cirencester for capital, which stretches "from Broadway to Bath, and from Birdlip to Burford." Mr. Gibbs begins by describing the Manor-house, "nestling amid a wealth of stately trees," in a fashion which paints it to our eyes as clearly and as pleasantly as Mr. Austin has done for the garden that he loves. Then comes a long and picturesque account of the neighbouring village and its people, in which one seems to see the affection of Kingsley for the west country mingled with the intimate comprehension of Richard Jefferies. Mr. Gibbs next takes us out into the open; we follow the hounds with him and wander by a trout-stream, where, as Stevenson said, the lesson of contentment may be got by root of heart. The rustic sports follow, and there is a most amusing chapter on village

cricket. Then, greatly daring, Mr. Gibbs follows Mr. Justice Madden and Mr. Richmond Roy, and shows us Shakespeare hunting on Cotswold, where Master Shallow observes that "good sportsmen are ever welcome." The latter part of the book is devoted to birds and beasts, flowers and trees, and the other dumb inhabitants of the country, to whom so much of our rural pleasure is due. We are glad to come across the full version of "George Ridler's Oven," a song known far and wide from the snatches of it given in "Two Years Ago." We can commend "A Cotswold Village" to all readers of healthy tastes; it brings a most refreshing breath of the country among our smoky skies and muddy streets.

Miss Margaret Stokes is an honorary member of the Royal Irish Academy, and her name is familiar to antiquarians. A special value attaches, therefore, to the monograph which she has published on *THE HIGH CROSSES OF CASTLEDERMOT AND BURROW* (Dublin, Academy House, 21s. n.). An introductory chapter gives a full and erudite account of the high crosses of Ireland in general, with an explanation of the system of iconography and its symbolism. A particular and detailed examination of the Burrow and Castledermot crosses follows, and this is illustrated by a series of admirable photographs. The careful pains taken to make these as nearly perfect as might be is described by the author:—

I waited [writes Miss Stokes] through the day till the sun had illuminated each side in succession, if not prevented by over-shadowing trees; I then made $\frac{1}{2}$ plate photographs of each side, which I afterwards enlarged and printed on platino-type paper. Having mounted these, so that they would bear touching with a fine sable brush and Indian ink, I returned to the monument. Then, having the help of friends whose skill in deciphering patterns often exceeded my own, careful rubbings were made of every separate panel, those at the summit of the monument being taken with much pain and trouble from the tops of ladders, and, finally, the whole photograph was gone over with touches of white in the high lights and black in the shadows.

The result obtained quite justifies the labour which it involved; and the book will be welcomed by all students of ecclesiastical archæology.

THEOLOGY.

LAW'S SERIOUS CALL, the "finest piece of hortatory theology in any language," as Dr. Johnson called it, forms the first volume of the "English Theological Library" (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. n.), and contains the general preface written by the Bishop of London for the proposed series. Canon Overton, who has "introduced" and annotated the "Serious Call," has done his work very well, though we think he hardly does justice to the "remnant" that kept the fire of Anglo-Catholicism burning through the long night of the eighteenth century. Parson Adams and Parson Trulliber are, no doubt, types of large classes of eighteenth-century clergy, and Adams, though an excellent man, has not much of the distinctively Anglican about him; but men like Wilson and Law did not absolutely stand alone. Thus Canon Overton, in his comments on the passage—

You would justly think it a great profaneness to contemn and trample upon an altar, because it was appropriated to holy uses, and had had the body of Christ so often placed upon it, remarks that such an outspoken expression of belief in the Real Presence is rare in eighteenth-century writers. The expression of such a belief is possibly somewhat rare, though we have such instances as Charles Wesley's hymns, in such lines as:—

We need not now go up to Heav'n
To bring the long-sought Saviour down;
Thou art to all that seek Thee given,
Thou dost e'en now Thy banquet crown;
To every faithful soul appear,
And show Thy Real Presence here!

But the belief itself was probably much more common than has been thought.

Four more volumes of the excellent *MODERN READER'S BIBLE*, edited by Professor Richard G. Moulton, have been issued (Macmillan, 2s. 6d. each). "St. Matthew and

St. Mark and the General Epistles," "St. Luke and St. Paul" (two vols.), and "St. John" (the Gospel, the Epistles, and the Revelation) are all arranged in modern manner under subject-headings in place of the old chapter and verse. The new presentment unquestionably emphasizes the purely æsthetic beauty of the unique Bible literature, and Professor Moulton's introductions are all admirably done.

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.—There is a good deal within the covers of "The Expository Times" (Edinburgh, Clark, 7s. 6d.) which will interest, not only the theological, but the universal curiosity. Of course, there are many articles of purely technical value: "Arabisms in Old Testament," "Good News about Codex Bezae," the "Transliteration of Hebrew" are papers that appeal to a special circle of readers. But a larger public will be attracted by Mr. St. Chad Boscawen on Babylonian witchcraft, by Professor Sayce's series of articles on the Archæology of Genesis, and by the inquiry into Hebrew divination and sorcery, in which Professor Van Hoonacker, of Louvain, shows that the mysterious word 'ôb, generally interpreted "bottle," must probably mean the cavern or pit where the oracular responses and visions were given.

Sir Charles Dilke's little book, *THE BRITISH EMPIRE* (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.), is a reprint of a series of articles contributed to newspapers in the course of 1898. The general tenor of the papers is platitudinous, though, of course, the platitudes have a value because they are based upon first-hand knowledge. The most luminous of the articles deals with the Newfoundland question—a subject of which Sir Charles Dilke never wearies. His words are strong:—

The whole story [he writes] is one of abdication of rights in consequence of threats. No such state of things would be tolerated in the case of any other self-governing colony; and we have only to ask ourselves what we should do, if the Newfoundlanders had the spirit of the Australians, in order to convince ourselves of this fact.

This, of course, is what we are all saying nowadays. To Sir Charles Dilke belongs the gratifying knowledge that he said it first, and has said it oftener than anybody else.

COMFORT AND COUNSEL FOR EVERY-DAY LIFE FROM THE WRITINGS OF ELISABETH RUNDLE CHARLES (Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.) is the latest addition to the great host of birthday books. The author of "Chronicles of the Schönberg Cotta Family" was a deservedly popular writer, but her work is not quite of the sort which can conveniently be cut into lengths and served up as a series of aphorisms. A good many of her sayings, though creditable to her heart and appropriate to the place assigned to them in her books, are very different from those universal verities which are acceptable without a context. "There is more strength in silence than in invective" is one case in point. "It is *sin* that obliterates individuality, not *saintliness*" is another. A brief introduction is contributed by Mr. Basil Champneys; and there is also a bibliography. One is so accustomed to associate the name of Mrs. Rundle Charles with one book only that it is something of a revelation to learn that she wrote fifty.

A similar book is *THE MORE EXCELLENT WAY* (Frowde, 3s. 6d.), by Mrs. Lyttelton Gell. The subtitle, "Words of the Wise on the Life of Love," explains the purpose of this "sequence of meditations" from many authors of varying fame and merit. The book is tastefully got up and the taste and care bestowed upon it by the editress have certainly here produced a volume which many people will value.

The nature of *THE FAMOUS HOUSES OF BATH AND THEIR OCCUPANTS*, which Messrs. B. and J. F. Meehan have published at the small cost of 6d., is explained by its title. In effect, it is a hand-list of localities and persons eminent in every walk of life who have made their homes there. An elephant folio at least might be written on the social and literary history of Bath by any gentleman of elegant leisure who would not mind growing old during the process. Bath is not as it was when Beau Nash held sway in the Assembly Rooms of the city and all fashionable London journeyed there to drink the waters and plan intrigues, but its memory remains and furnishes abundant material for many romances. This hand-list is an interesting little guide and will no doubt prove useful for reference purposes as well, since it seems to cover the ground effectually. It is like a sign-post that points to many places.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

Take up the White Man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go, bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need;
To wait, in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

Take up the White Man's burden—
In patience to abide,
To veil the threat of terror
And check the show of pride;
By open speech and simple,
An hundred times made plain,
To seek another's profit
And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden—
The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of Famine,
And bid the sickness cease;
And when your goal is nearest
(The end for others sought)
Watch sloth and heathen folly
Bring all your hope to nought!

Take up the White Man's burden—
No iron rule of kings,
But toil of serf and sweeper—
The tale of common things.
The ports ye shall not enter,
The roads ye shall not tread,
Go, make them with your living
And mark them with your dead!

Take up the White Man's burden,
And reap his old reward—
The blame of those ye better
The hate of those ye guard—
The cry of hosts ye humour
(Ah, slowly!) toward the light:—
"Why brought ye us from bondage,
Our loved Egyptian night?"

Take up the White Man's burden—
Ye dare not stoop to less—
Nor call too loud on Freedom
To cloke your weariness.
By all ye will or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your God and you.

Take up the White Man's burden!
Have done with childish days—
The lightly-proffered laurel,
The easy, ungrudged praise:
Comes now, to search your manhood
Through all the thankless years,
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
The judgment of your peers.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

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Among my Books.

THE BRITISH MERLIN.

Any one that has gone gypsying about the world ever since arriving at the years that might have brought discretion has few books that are not recent acquaintances. There is just one here on my shelves in London that has come down to me from the days when I was not tall enough to reach the "grown-up" books, and solaced myself with thinking the volume in question promised better because it, too, was "quite little."

At the risk of admitting a poor taste in literature, I may confess at once that if any book were to keep on turning up, in the North, in the South, surreptitiously following me over seas (by a faithful subterfuge concealing itself in some clothes like a stowaway in a hold)—if all this were to be achieved, it was well from my point of view that the adventure should be essayed by "The British Merlin." Although he came originally from London, I am perhaps his only friend here now. He is of unimposing stature, travel-stained, and scarred. He could never have cut much of a figure, even when the faint gold tooling on his brown leathern jerkin was new and bright—and that was many a year before he and I started out on our travels.

If upon introduction you take too seriously his opening remarks, you may be minded to think him a dull dog, and to turn aside. For he pretends to be a "Royal Kalendar or Annual Register for England, Scotland, Ireland, and America for the Year 1773; Including a compleat and correct List of the 13th Parliament of Great Britain, summoned to meet for their first session on the 10th of May, 1768; and from thence continued by Prorogations to the 26th of November, 1772, when they sat for the Dispatch of Publick Business."

One has sympathy for this false start of Merlin's; one knows all about it oneself—this mournful affectation of being about serious "Business," on making one's first bow to a utilitarian world. But it is not for his Lists of Peers and Commons (although we used to look there for a name as familiar as our own)—it is not for his Royal Army and Navy List—Eclipses, Comets, and Plagues, Tables of Roads of "fixed Fairs and Marts in England and Wales," not for information about Knights of the Garter, nor to learn that the Duke of Northumberland had been Vice-Admiral of all America, the Hon. Robert Cholmondeley Auditor-General of the Plantations, and John Wentworth, Esq., Surveyor-General of the Woods of America for Life—it is not for any such matter that I find on the browned fly-leaf other names than mine setting forth with uncertain childish strokes a claim on "Merlin." If his first observations have not alienated you, you find him capable of turning over a new leaf and discovering his true value. Here, enlivened by a cheerful red lettering, you find yourself face to face with:—

Rider's British Merlin for the Year of our Lord God 1773, being the first after Bissextile or Leap Year, Adorned with many delightful and useful Verities fitting all capacities.

Merlin knows his world and the charms of pseudonymity. Even upon this festive page it is pretended that the work is "*Compiled for his Country's Benefit by Cardanus Rider.*" Further to inspire confidence, upon its blushing face is set the brown Duty Stamp.

Well, having made his bow with a grave air and discharged his duty to society, my friend tells you at the top of the next page in a gay red legend, that "*January hath XXXI. days.*" What plenitude in the sound—how full of pleasant promise! Hath January still so many days? or any called Red Letter? Who thinks to tell us now that even a common black-letter date like the 5th is old Xmas Day, that the 11th is Plow Monday—who reminds us to keep Queen Charlotte's birthday on the 18th, or that the 30th is the anniversary of the "martyrdom" of King Charles? Who provides us in these grudging days with a weekly forecast of the weather for the whole of the "year of our Lord God"? It is as easy for Merlin, as to give you in his list of Holy Days the exact date of the conversion of St. Paul, or to tell at what moment in every twenty-four hours it will be high tide at London Bridge. He generously leaves you two blank pages for each month, and he covers one with his own observations, meteorological, horticultural, therapeutical, hygienic, and general; but all so pleasantly, so airily, urged, that the instruction sits lightly. Who would be so churlish as to resent being told in January,

Let not Blood, and use no Physick, unless there be a Necessity; Eat often.

Or in June,

Cooling Sallads, as Letuce, Sorrel, Purslane, &c., will prevent too great a Perspiration, and throw off feverish Disorders. Who would not have a garden, in order next month to obey Merlin's behest:

Sow on shady Borders the Seeds of Polyanthus. Sow Corn Sallad, Marigold, Aniseeds and Dutch Brown Letuce. Set Osiers, Willows, and other Aquaticks. Rub Moss off Trees after Rain.

It isn't very useful, perhaps, but I should like to have Maundy Thursday set down in my Kalendar for '99, Candlemas, Old Mid-Summer Day, Ember Week, Lammas;—and to be reminded on the 2nd of September in a pleasant conversational style: "London burnt 1666," or "Thomas à Becket murdered"; or that I myself am to "Hough carrots" or "earth up Sellery and Chardoons." This is to humanize a dry mathematical problem, and give us back our old illusion of man's proud place in a universe of ruthless tides and planets. It is like that kindly warning in one of our daily newspapers:

"Lighting-up time for cyclists, 6.28 p.m."

That is to bring Meteorology home to men's bosoms, to emphasize our personal concern in the great business of sun-setting and the coming on of dark.

Had Merlin made my Kalendar for '99 I should feel myself to be so delicately flattered by the solicitude that in October bids him say: "Avoid being out late at Nights; or in foggy Weather; for a Cold now got, may continue the whole Winter"—so much would this touch me, that I might at a pinch go the length of following his directions for November: "If any Distemper afflict you, finish your Physick this Month and so rest till March."

If it were not that the perversity of experience is always upsetting reasonable calculation, one might wonder what in this book, beyond its appealing littleness, and its red lettering, made it to be coveted by the very young. It was, perhaps, partly that no one recommended it—it was "a find"; and here and there the names of people whose fame had endured even unto our day becked and nodded to us out of the yellow pages. There was General Gage, a tiresome person to keep track of at school, but quite friendly when encountered unprofessionally. A lot of people seemed to be alive in 1773—Catherine, Empress of all the Russias, Gustavus III. of Sweden, Louis XV., "King of France and Navarre," and Frederick the Great. There seemed in our time to be people (they were all dreadfully old) who were interested to know that the Thrale mentioned as Member for the Borough of Southwark was "Dr. Johnson's Thrale," that King George's deputy-cofferer was Hans Sloane, and that Edmund Burke represented Wendover, Bucks, in Parliament, and was "Agent to the Province of New York." Some one underlined the fact that Sir Joshua Reynolds, Kt., was President of the Royal Academy, and that Bartolozzi, Gainsborough, Angelica Kauffman, and Nollekens were Academicians.

But these were all dull discoveries beside the fact that the King had "Pages of the Back Stairs," and that oddly enough they got more pounds than the "Coffer-Bearers"; that John Yvounet was Royal "Brusher" at Kensington Palace; that Rich. Stonhewer, Esq., was "Knight Harbinger," and that the King had an "Embellisher of Letters to the Eastern Princes," whose emolument was less than half that of the "Master of the Tennis Court," exactly as much as that of the "Deliverer of Greens," and only a little more than that of the Royal "Ratkiller." There was a splendid uncertainty about the offices of "Herb. Strewer" and "Spatterdash-makers," which brought them into eminence with us.

Although not one of our little company shone in the History Class, each could have told you that the "Sedan Chair maker to their Majesties" was Samuel Vaughan; that in 1773 Mary Rickley swept out the Courts at St. James's, and that the Royal "Rockers" were Mrs. Rhelingen and Mary Meales.

As I turn over the pages to-day I am struck with the evidence of the superior esteem in which women were held a century and a quarter ago. In nearly every Department there is this entry, without explanation or further ado: "Necessary Woman." Then follows her salary. You find her everywhere. She is indispensable to the Clerks of the Council in Ordinary, to every one of the King's Households, to George Augustus Frederick, Prince of Wales. Merlin gives you the name of the "Woman" who was "Necessary" to the Northern Department of the Secretary of State, to the Southern Department; "Necessary Woman" to the American Department, to the Commissioners of Trade and Plantations, to the Admiralty—you meet the concise and flattering admission wherever you turn. As if this were not enough, you find taking precedence of Antiquary Society and British

Museum "The Laudable Society for the Benefit of Widows." And some people talk of Progress !

Give me back the days when it could be said : "America, the Fourth Part of the World, and of latest discovery, consisteth of these two parts—Mexicana or North America, Peruviana or South America. The Provinces of Mexicana are New Spain, Florida, New Albany, New England, New France or Canada. The chief islands are Newfoundland and California."

C. E. RAIMOND (Elizabeth Robins).

GRUB STREET.

"You have read in books, no doubt, of men of genius starving at the trade. At present I'll show you forty very dull fellows about town who live by it in opulence. . . . I resolved to accept his proposal, and, having the highest respect for literature, hailed the *antiqua mater* of Grub Street with reverence." Goldsmith, who knew Grub Street intimately, goes on to show how the Vicar of Wakefield's son commenced author in the approved manner, and how he failed to live in opulence, and was rescued from his misery by a young gentleman of distinction in St. James' Park.

What of Grub Street to-day, 140 years after Goldsmith's own bitter experiences ? Its surroundings may have improved in certain respects, but the old street stands where it did, dingy, full of memories, and not altogether uncomfortable. As for its memories, mostly of the last century, De Foe lived here when he was not travelling on Harley's political business ; so did Gay, for a year or two after the loss of his South Sea stock, and Crabbe, until Burke discovered him ; Fielding, after he had spent his patrimony ; Smollett, while he was writing "Roderick Random" ; and Johnson, about ten years before Smollett ; to say nothing of the pathetic and nameless crowd of scribblers who never emerged from this unlucky street. Of late years it has hardly maintained its reputation, the chief Victorian writers having lived nearer the West-end ; but as some of its younger inhabitants show great promise, it may be able to boast of another batch of celebrities before long. Meanwhile, the traditions of the street remain unaltered, and, just as doctors swarm in Harley Street—a multitude of counsellors—and carriage builders in Long Acre, so Grub Street is tenanted by men whose business it is to feed the printing press, and, incidentally, themselves and their families.

Whether they do this well or ill we need not inquire. As the thing has to be done, some of them are content to do it, and to spend all their lives in Grub Street, without thinking themselves martyrs. These, of course, are the older men, who have ceased to dream dreams of coming greatness. They have no illusions as to their literary powers, or their political influence, or the general superiority of the pen to the sword. Their pens have done little for them, and not much for any one else. They know the secrets of the Press, know how the oracle is worked and who works it ; they write more for hard cash than for the advancement of learning. Such are the modern successors of the poets, pamphleteers, and booksellers' hacks, some famous, some infamous, but most of them unknown and forgotten, who lived here in old days. Nor does a single famous man live here now. It is the same old Grub Street, now as ever the home of the unfortunate and the undistinguished, of men who are as yet on the lower rungs of the ladder, or of those who have already got to the end of their restricted literary tether. They are not always prepossessing in appearance, not over-refined, nor too well educated, nor blessed with all the external advantages that come so speedily from success. But we owe something, all the same, even to these poor failures, considering how much of what we read is manufactured by them.

Not that they are all failures by any means ; it is only that the world passes by on the other side, without leaving cards for

them. Let us take a walk down Grub Street and see who they really are. Here is a young man in shabby lodgings, where he will not stay long. His is a very old story ; years wasted at College, an imprudent marriage, a family quarrel, and two rooms in Grub Street. He has good manners, splendid health, a wife, a baby, and an inexhaustible imagination. He is working hard now, and in a few years more will be a successful novelist, and may live where he pleases. Overhead is a youngster of twenty-one, who writes endless verses, sketches, short stories, dialogues, anything that he can sell, and goes to a good tailor. His friends, perhaps, would not let him starve, but he is in no need of their help. These are new arrivals, and have not come to stay—every one says that at first—and naturally they are not as completely at home here as the plump, elderly man a few doors off, the chief sub-editor of a daily paper, who is at the top of his little tree, and has no further ambition. His work does not demand original genius, as his blue pencil destroys more than it creates ; but he is a true journalist, a kindly chief, a faithful servant to his paper, and a good husband and father. Shall we call him a failure for his small income and ordinary brains ? His principal friend is an ancient Parliamentary reporter, whose songs and carouses formerly added much to the gaiety of the street. He is still fond of the House, and enjoys his whist and other modest pleasures as much as ever. No one knows his age, for he is one of those men who will never seem old, though, sooner or later, just before he dies, he will "appear to be mortal." His reminiscences of Pitt and Fox are not to be believed. Close by lives the smartest reviewer in all Grub Street, a brilliant man now and then, that is, when he is sober, which is not every day. His fellow lodger, like himself a bachelor, is a clerical gentleman who has twice mistaken his vocation—once when he took orders, and again when he imagined himself a writer. These two will never leave Grub Street, but will die in it ; first the clever drunkard, and then his commonplace, disappointed friend. The most picturesque figure, and the pleasantest, is a venerable man, perhaps the oldest inhabitant, who spends most of his time at the British Museum. He is a perfect mine of learning, both classical and Oriental, but since his great book on Assurbanipal did nothing for him, he has had to condescend to the meanest hack work in order to keep the wolf from the door. The world has not treated him well, but he would die rather than say so ; and as for patronage, though he has known "toil, envy, want," he would be a bold man who would attempt to patronise this patriarchal old fellow. Sometimes, when the old man has had very bad luck, his next-door neighbour, a friendly young reporter, will drop in and resume his intermittent lessons in Greek, so that just a few shillings may change hands in a timely way ; for there is kindness as well as competition in Grub Street.

But these are imaginary people ? Not at all ; and they would not be imaginary even if we varied their fortunes. Let the rising novelist die of consumption and the youngster shoot himself ; let the sober sub-editor take to drink and the brilliant writer take the pledge ; give the ancient reporter a wife and the old scholar an annuity. Grub Street is quite familiar with all these ups and downs. *Mutatis mutandis*, the portraits are portraits still.

Somewhere or other, unless we are mistaken, the great cheque received by Macaulay for his History was once exhibited to the public in all its ample proportions. It is impossible to say how many young men began to live laborious days after an inspection of that document, but it is certain that in the majority of cases their performances were found inferior to those of Macaulay. To counteract the effect of that £20,000 cheque, there should have been exhibited at the same time a cheque for £5, drawn by some well-known author, and marked with the fatal letters N.S., just to show the other occasional results of writing for money. Still, while Pope had only a villa and a lasting reputation, the successful writer of to-day often has a Manor, and sometimes a Castle. How genial is the illustrated interview with the great man ; how sumptuous his study ; how hospitable his dining room, with the table laid for half-a-dozen eminent guests ; how domestic his appearance as he stands at the garden

gate, with his wife, his beautiful children, and his favourite collie ! One epoch-making novel, or two or three at the most, and all this is within the young man's reach—either this or Grub Street, but most likely Grub Street, where no one will wish to photograph him or his dining room. There he will find his level, and plenty of good company, among the "forty very dull fellows about town," and a few others.

C. H. T.

Notes.

In next week's *Literature* "Among My Books" will be on "The Classics of Forestry," by Mr. J. Nisbet, the author of "British Forest Trees" and "Studies in Forestry."

It is with mixed feelings that the lover of poetry must look forward to the approaching publication of the love-letters of Mr. and Mrs. Browning. Certainly they will be very interesting ; no doubt the decision that they should not be withheld from the world has been wisely taken ; and yet one cannot but recall Browning's somewhat exaggerated depreciation of the writers who invite the world to consider their private affairs :—

"Take notice : this building remains on view,
Its suites of reception every one,
Its private apartment and bed room too ;

For a ticket, apply to the Publisher."
No : thanking the public, I must decline.

A peep through my window, if folk prefer ;
But, please you, no foot over threshold of mine !

When it comes to reading a man's love-letters, however, his threshold is pretty far behind one. One must remember, too, Mrs. Browning's fine sonnet on her love-letters' crescendo :—

This said, *I am thine*—and so its ink has paled
With lying at my heart that beat too fast.
And this . . . O love, thy words have ill availed
If, what this said, I dared repeat at last !

Now, however, all the world is to know what it said. No blame can attach to the editor or publishers, of course, who are merely carrying out Browning's implied wishes. And we cannot deny that we shall read his love-letters with very great interest. All the same, we would rather that he had burnt them.

English authors do not often speak with a single voice on matters of foreign politics ; they certainly did not do so when some of them took it upon themselves to issue manifestoes about President Cleveland's Message and the affairs of Venezuela. In the Hindhead meeting, however, with Dr. Conan Doyle in the chair and Mr. Bernard Shaw on the platform, and Mr. Grant Allen sending a sympathetic letter, we get something like a collective literary opinion in favour of the Tsar's Rescript. We cannot, of course, discuss the value of that opinion here ; but it may be remarked that observers with a keen sense of irony will be particularly pleased to hear that the author of "Songs of Action" presided over such a gathering. It is natural, indeed, that the poet who wrote "The Song of the Bow" should share the Tsar's objection to submarine torpedo-boats ; but he might have remembered, if he had paused to reflect, that the bow is, on the whole, the more deadly weapon of the two. Dr. Doyle's own novels, indeed, are works of reference from which this statement can be verified.

The attitude of Mr. Bernard Shaw is perhaps more consistent and intelligible. Before the Tsar spoke he had himself written to the papers to advocate a military system under which soldiers should be free at any moment (even on the eve of a general engagement) to strike for higher wages, or an eight-hours' fighting day, or any other advantage which they thought themselves likely to get by bringing opportune pressure to bear upon their employers. The general adoption of this system in Continental armies (where soldiers are paid about a penny a day) would no doubt bring about disarmament quite as quickly as any resolu-

tions that are likely to be adopted by the coming conference ; and Mr. Shaw, who has a singularly logical mind, no doubt perceived as much at the time when his own rescript was issued.

Another more or less political question which is exercising authors at the present moment relates to the bookstall monopoly of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son. Certain books, as is well known, have been boycotted by the firm from time to time, and the latest of the aggrieved authors, Mr. H. Mullett Ellis, proposes to strike a blow for the rights of literature by contesting Mr. W. F. D. Smith's seat in Parliament. Up to the present, the best literary opinion seems to be opposed to the adoption of this drastic measure, both Dr. Conan Doyle and Mr. Rudyard Kipling having written letters in depreciation of it. Their opinion carries weight ; but that of more serious sufferers from the action of the firm would carry more. If Mr. George Moore, for example, would write to say that the fortunes of "Esther Waters" and "Evelyn Innes" were nothing to him in comparison with the fortunes of the Conservative party, the position of the member for the Strand Division would indeed be founded on a rock. As the son, however, of one of the earliest of the Home Rulers, Mr. Moore may fail to see his way—for other than literary reasons—to such a declaration.

A bookseller's opinion of a book may be as instructive as a critic's, though the point of view is different ; and a letter which we have received from a correspondent throws a certain amount of light upon this branch of the subject :—

For reasons which concern no one but myself [writes our correspondent] I recently decided to get rid of a certain number of modern books, and a bookseller duly arrived to look at them and make an offer.

"What I particularly want," he said, as he turned them over, "is red books."

"What sort of books?" I asked.

"Red books—that is to say, books in red covers," was his reply.

And he proceeded to explain :—"Of course, there are a few people who know about books, and insist on having the book they want without reference to the colour of the binding ; but the great mass of our customers judge by appearances. Drab books and grey books and brown books they won't have anything to do with ; green books will pass ; blue books sell a shade better ; but red books always find a market.

You can have no idea, unless you're in the trade, what a difference it makes to a book to be bound in red."

We will admit that this is a trade secret of which we were not cognizant. It seems just, however, to give it full publicity, in order that, for the future, all authors may start fair ; though we are not quite sure that the effect of their doing so will be to enhance the beauty of our libraries.

In addition to the memorial tablet, recently unveiled, at the house in Liverpool where Mrs. Hemans was born, there is to be another at the house in Dublin where the poetess died. Mrs. Hemans went to live in Dublin in 1831, in order to be near her brother, who was Chief Commissioner of Police there. Among her friends there were Sir William Rowan Hamilton, Archbishop Whately, and Blanco White ; and it was at Dublin that she published her last four volumes of verse. She died in May, 1835, and was buried in St. Anne's Churchyard.

The *New Era* : An International Record is the title of a new Roman Catholic weekly newspaper. It aims at a good literary tone, and it is to treat of literary and will also deal with social and labour questions from the standpoint of Pope Leo XIII.

Plays of English origin have been rather popular in France of late. From *Hamlet* to *Charles's Aunt*, quite a number of them have been recognized as masterpieces of their kind. Miss Betham Edwards, however, is to be congratulated on having achieved what is almost a unique distinction in this line. Her latest novel, "A Storm-Rent Sky," has been prepared for the French stage, without any preliminary appearance on the English stage, and will be produced at Reims in the month of March.

Assyriologists have done a great deal for Biblical science, history, and archæology : but many names and phrases occurring in the Babylonian and Assyrian inscriptions have not yet been made out with any degree of certainty. As an instance the following may be quoted. An Assyrian sentence contained in an inscription belonging to about 2,200 B.C. has received the following diverse renderings by well-known specialists :—(1) "On the day of the defeat of Kudurlagamar, I give to thee"; (2) "On the day in which Kudurlaggamar shall allow thee to return scatheless"; and (3) "The troops under the command of Inuhsamar will bring to thee in safety." From this it will be seen that it is much more easy to translate Greek, Latin, or Hebrew, than Assyrian. Persons who are eager for information on ancient texts should surely be warned that the doctors are not all unanimous and indeed may sometimes themselves need the warning—"less haste and more caution."

On February 8 Mr. Ruskin will attain his eightieth birthday, and will be presented with an address by his admirers. It is also hoped that his portrait may be painted by Mr. Holman Hunt.

Apropos of Sudermann's new play, which we discuss in another column, a correspondent sends us the following note :—

Oscar Blumenthal, in some satirical verses on Sudermann's new play, entitled *Die drei Reiherfedern*, *Ein Märchen*, criticizes the whole thus :—

"Kein lebendiger Stoff ! Kein schwüles Problem !
Kein Vorder—kein Hinterhaus—Poem !
Kein Echo von gestern ! Kein Ton von Heut !
Ein Spuk aus der alten romantischen Zeit—
Mit Fulda-Reimen ein Wildenbruch—Spiel
In Gerhard Hauptmann's Märchenstil."

Since the success of Sudermann's series of one-act plays entitled "*Morituri*," the form seems to have found favour with the German public. Similarity of motive, however, gave to Sudermann's work a unity wholly lacking in that of the latest adopters of the new style. The four one-act comedies, two by Ludwig Fulda, and two by Max Dreyer, just produced at the Berlin Lessing Theater, have no connexion except that they are all lightly touched and propose no problem. Two of them, Fulda's "*Die Zeche*," and Dreyer's "*Liebesträume*," are extremely well written and worked out. The first abounds in the kindly satire we are accustomed to look for in Fulda's writing. Dreyer's composition is of a more solid kind. The characterization is admirable, and the events arise naturally one out of another. It will long hold its place as the best one-act comedy in the dramatic literature of the younger school of German realists.

For the first time the Academy of Sciences of Vienna has distinguished itself by holding out a hand to literature. It entertained Gerhard Hauptmann, the dramatist, at a banquet, and invited the most distinguished talent in the city to meet him. The president, Professor Suess, was in the chair, and in his speech made a most happy allusion to the supernatural side of Hauptmann's "*Versunkene Glocke*" as a contribution to research in the direction of the primitive forests of the country. Among the guests was Paul Schlenker, the director of the Hofburg Theatre, and author of one of the best critical studies of Hauptmann's work.

The Indian Government has decided to continue the excavations at Kapilavastu, the birthplace of Buddha. Mr. Purno Chunder Mukerji has been appointed to carry on the researches so successfully commenced by Major Waddell and Dr. Führer.

Illustrated books of the eighteenth century, whether English or French, have, for the most part, greatly increased in value during the last ten years. An important collection of illustrated French books of the last century is to be found in Messrs. J. Pearson and Co.'s new Catalogue (No. 80). The whole of these appear to be in the finest condition with best impressions of the plates. One extraordinary entry refers to "The Prymer in

Englyshe for Children after the use of Salisbury," printed at London, in 12mo., 1556. This book is said to be unique, and is certainly extremely rare. The price asked is £150.

The books in Messrs. Williams and Norgate's catalogue, which has also just come to hand, are not of the same importance, though we notice some very desirable volumes in the collection—notably several of Elliot's ornithological monographs and a fine copy of the "*Contes et Nouvelles en Vers*," the famous *Fermiers-Généraux* edition, two vols., 8vo., 1762, for which £17 17s. is asked.

Both these catalogues are got up in the most recent style, well printed, and profusely illustrated. They are among the many booksellers' catalogues which have now become works of considerable bibliographical importance.

Canon Rawnsley asks us to correct an error made by his copyist in his sonnet "*To Maya*," which appeared in last week's *Literature*. The line—

The magnate still of literary force

should be

The magnet still of literary force.

Dr. Samuel Kinns writes from 182, Haverstock-hill, Hampstead, and, after thanking us for our review of the second edition of his new work, "*After Six Hundred Years*," goes on to say :—

It is true that I have repeated some well-known and familiar historical stories ; but it will be found that in every case I have added information derived from old and rare manuscripts not generally known. This has been especially the case in reference to Lady Jane Grey, for I do not think that a photograph has ever been published of the manuscript Prayer-book she used on the scaffold, and which she presented to Sir John Brydges, the Lieutenant of the Tower.

Professor Lallemand has already begun his ninth annual course of free public evening lectures on French literature at University College, London, delivered in the French language. On January 27 he discussed Edmond About. On February 10, at 8.30 p.m., he will lecture on Juliette Lamber (Mme. Adam), and on the three succeeding Fridays on *Le Roman dans l'Histoire* (Imbert de St. Amand), Alphonse Karr, and *Le Bibliophile Jacob* (Paul Lacroix).

Foreign Letters.

GERMANY.

SUDERMANN'S "THREE HERON FEATHERS."

In 1896 there appeared in *Cosmopolis* three short plays by Hermann Sudermann which were subsequently published together under the title *Morituri*. They evidently mark the beginning of a new development in their author's work. While one of them, *Fritzchen*, brings to a close the line of brilliant comedies of contemporary life which opened in 1889 with *Die Ehre*, the other two, *Teju*, a one-act tragedy of the time of the Goths, and the fanciful verse-comedy, *Das Ewig-Männliche*, are attempts to get beyond the modern, every-day world into domains where the imagination has fuller scope. The contrast in *Morituri* of the new tendency with the old in Sudermann's work was not, it must be admitted, very favourable to the former. A year ago, however, Herr Sudermann produced his Biblical tragedy, *Johannes*, which, if still not so satisfying as the best of the earlier social dramas, was at least entitled to all respect ; as has been already pointed out in *Literature*, it was the best drama of 1898. And now in his new play, *Die drei Reiherfedern*, which was produced simultaneously in Berlin, Dresden, and Stuttgart on January 21, Sudermann has taken a step further in what we might call his quest of the poetic absolute. *Die drei Reiherfedern* has been looked forward to with eagerness in Germany, but this time, I fear, Herr Sudermann has disappointed even his warmest admirers. For the first time since he became famous he has experienced something like a rebuff.

The play is described on the title-page of the printed book, which has already run through at least a dozen editions (Stuttgart: Cotta, 3m.), as a "dramatisches Gedicht," and it belongs obviously to the same category as Hauptmann's *Verunkelte Glocke*. Prince Witte of Gothland, an exile from his country, the throne of which has been usurped by his half-brother, Duke Widwolf, comes, accompanied by his faithful servant, Hans Lorbass, to the amber coasts of Samland. Here a mysterious "Begräbnisfrau" or "burial-wife," half Norn, half Fate, sends him on the quest of three feathers to be plucked from a white heron which lives on an island in the northern sea. Upon these feathers his happiness depends. If he burns the first of them the ideal woman for whom he yearns will appear to him in a vision, if he burns the second he will be brought face to face with her, but if he burns the last she will die. And this ideal appears to him in the young Queen of Samland, who becomes his wife. The Prince, however, is one of those brooding, vacillating heroes, half Faust, half Hamlet, whom we meet with more frequently in German literature than any other. Like Ibsen's Peer Gynt, he fails to recognize his happiness when he has attained it. His yearning for a vague ideal drives him out into the world, away from the side of his faithful Queen, and he only realizes what he has lost when the third feather is burnt and she sinks lifeless at his feet. *The Three Heron Feathers* is thus a tragedy of the search for the ideal; it might bear as its moral the familiar lines of Goethe:—

Willst du immer weiter schweifen?
Sieh, das Gute liegt so nah.
Lerne nur das Glück ergreifen,
Denn das Glück ist immer da.

Or, if we go to the play itself, we find its leading idea expressed in the two lines:—

Wer seiner Sehnsucht nachläuft, muss dran sterben,
Nur wer sie wegwirft, dem ergiebt sie sich.

There is material in this fairy tale, of which I have only given the baldest outline, for a noble symbolic tragedy; Grillparzer, who loved just this type of passive, weak-willed hero which Sudermann has made the central figure of his poem, might have made a masterpiece out of it. But Sudermann is no Grillparzer; neither as a stage play nor as a poem is *The Three Heron Feathers* a successful achievement. The idea at the bottom of the story is poetic, the play is full of suggestive ideas—in none of his works, indeed, is Sudermann ever lacking in vital ideas; there are thoughts here which speak as immediately to the conscience of our time as those which leavened *John the Baptist* or the earlier social plays. There is, moreover, dramatic life, there is medieval colour in *The Three Heron Feathers*—tournaments and battle scenes which bring as much noise and bustle on the scene as in any play of Wildenbruch's. But one essential is missing: never before, I think, has Sudermann shown himself so deficient in the qualities that go to make the real poet as here. There is nothing, for instance, of that visionary fantasy, that lyric feeling, that "fairy" atmosphere, which gave *The Sunken Bell* of Sudermann's rival its fascination. The verses of *The Three Heron Feathers* are anything rather than the verses of a poet; they are clever, rhetorical, witty, but rarely poetic. And, strangest of all, Sudermann's cunning as a master of theatrical effect has failed him here; for the first time he has written a drama with weary, ineffective pauses in the action; for the first time he has given his audience an excuse for yawning. In the whole play there is only one character, the Knecht Hans, who has real blood in his veins; the half-supernatural "Begräbnisfrau," obviously suggested by Ibsen's "rat wife" and Hauptmann's "alte Wittichen," has a touch of poetry in her; but the Prince, the hero, passes through the drama like a shadow. At one time blasé and modern, at another mediævally naïve, he remains from first to last an enigma; he is beyond the sphere of our sympathy.

In discussing in these columns a few weeks ago Hauptmann's *Fuhrmann Henschel*—which, by the way, has just been produced in the greatest of all the German theatres, the Vienna Burg Theater besides winning for its author the Grillparzer Prize as the best drama of the year—I had occasion to point out that

German contemporary literature had by no means so completely outgrown realism as some critics would have us believe. May not the failure of *The Three Heron Feathers* be regarded as in some measure a corroboration of this view? Herr Sudermann has unwittingly mirrored his own literary aspiration and his own fate in the fable of his new drama; he himself is the Prince who, despising the kingdoms he had won, works like *Die Ehre, Heimat*, and *Das Glück im Winkel*, has sought to conquer new domains that are, as yet at least, beyond his reach. "Icarus! Icarus! Jammer genug!" As the dramatist of contemporary life, Sudermann need not fear comparison with the best of the French masters, and he has a wealth of ideas which none of them—not even Dumas fils—has. But in *The Three Heron Feathers* he challenges comparison with the great dramatic poets, and that is a very different matter.

The "Märchendrama" which at present enjoys so much popularity in Germany is not new to the literatures of the North of Europe. It came in with the Romanticists and has never been altogether absent since their time. It was Tieck's favourite vehicle for his "romantic irony"; *Faust* itself is a kind of "Märchendrama"; so, too, are Kleist's *Küchen von Heilbronn* and Hebbel's *Genoveva*. In Denmark, the Denmark of Andersen, the favourite national drama, Oehlenschläger's *Aladdin*, is a fairy drama; and in contemporary Danish literature both Lie and Drachmann have written plays of this class. In the literature of Austria, again, it has struck even deeper roots than in the North. Mozart's *Magic Flute* is but one of a vast literature of "Märchendramas" which occupied the Viennese stage a hundred years ago and in the early years of this century culminated in the masterpieces of Ferdinand Raimund; while another Austrian play, and one of the most perfect dramas in the German tongue, Grillparzer's *Traum ein Leben* is *par excellence* a fairy play.

It is to Ludwig Fulda's *Talisman*, produced in 1892, that the "Märchendrama" owes its new lease of popularity on the German stage. The verses of *The Talisman*—the play is still popular—were more musical than those of *The Three Heron Feathers*, but its ideas were incomparably more trivial; it was not great literature, but it was at least better literature than the garbled English translation represented it to be. Then came Hauptmann's *Hannele*, and Richard Voss's *Blinde Kathrein*, a play that has never received its due in Germany, and yet *Die Blinde Kathrein* is one of the best specimens of its class. Ernst Rosmer's *Königskinder*, again, gives a striking illustration of a feature that is more or less common to all these modern German "Märchen"—namely, the realistic treatment of the fantastic world of the fairy tale. Ernst Rosmer, the pseudonym of a lady, is one of the most uncompromising of German realists. But all these plays were, of course, thrown into the shade by the famous *Sunken Bell*, which saw the light in 1897. A survey of this interesting movement in Continental literature would be incomplete without a reference to Humperdinck's music drama *Hänsel und Gretel*, and, if reports from Munich are to be trusted, *Hänsel und Gretel* has just received a not unworthy successor in *Der Bärenhäuter*, by young Siegfried Wagner, which was produced in that city on the evening after the *première* of *Die drei Reiherfedern*. *Der Bärenhäuter*, like *Hänsel und Gretel*, is again drawn from that inexhaustible well of "Volkspoesie," Grimm's *Fairy Tales*.

J. G. R.

FICTION.

Old Chester Tales. By Margaret Deland. 7½ x 5½ in., 360 pp. London and New York, 1899. Harper. 6/-

Mrs. Deland's tales are excellent reading. In them, as in real life, tragedy and comedy are so subtly blended that it is often difficult to say where the one ends and the other begins. If they have a fault it is that each carries a moral lesson, and the knowledge of this fact is apt to interfere with complete enjoyment. The book brings out very clearly, though without any such intention on the author's part, the kinship between the

American people and ourselves. The past to which "Old Chester" belongs is not so remote that many living persons on both sides of the Atlantic cannot remember something very like it. If its quaint, old-fashioned inhabitants, with their narrow, Puritanical ideas, are American, they are also thoroughly English, or perhaps we should say British, for the North Country claims more of them than the South.

Mrs. Deland is perhaps rather too fond of "negative young creatures." Though useful as contrasts with her more active characters, they are not interesting as a class. Yet they sometimes give others (including herself) an opportunity for humour.

In none of these stories is there a more curious mixture of religious and secular matters than in the one entitled "Where the Labourers are Few," which describes how a one-legged man stumped the country, giving acrobatic performances at inns and always finishing with a sermon. There is an amusing scene in a barn, to which, out of gratitude to three elderly maiden ladies who have taken care of him after an accident, he invites them to an evening's entertainment. One of them, Jane, has lost her heart to the acrobat, and is anxious that he should become a clergyman. Suddenly, in the candle-lit barn, he appears before them in tights:—

"Ladies," he began, "I shall have pleasure —"

"I really think—I really feel—" said Miss Maggy, rising.

"I—I'm afraid, perhaps—such a costume—" murmured Miss Henrietta.

Paul looked at them in astonishment. "Is anything wrong, ladies? If you'll just be seated, I'll begin at once."

"Do sit down," Miss Jane entreated faintly. "People always dress—that way."

The two elder sisters stared at her in amazement.

"But, Janie—" whispered Miss Henrietta.

"You can go," said Jane, "but I shall stay. I think it's unkind to criticize his clothes."

"If he only had some clothes," Miss Maggy answered, in despair. But they sat down.

Those who want sensation may consider Mrs. Deland's work dull, but all who like quiet stories, told with much humour and grace of style, will pronounce the book to be admirable.

Mr. Herbert Morrah knows how to construct a story, and he writes in a simple, unaffected style. *THE OPTIMIST* (Pearson, 6s.) is the name he has chosen for his new novel, and the excellent clergyman whose persistent hopefulness in adversity furnishes him with the title is perhaps the best drawn of several characters who stand out from Mr. Morrah's pages in a lifelike manner. The author pictures a variety of types with sufficient correctness. His men are better than his women, but his women are by no means badly done. The cynical barrister, the company-promoting millionaire, the baronet striving to hide his shame at his son's disgrace do talk and act much as might be expected from people in their respective stations. Of the women perhaps the best is the worldly Mrs. Mottram. The book, in short, is interesting; it is ably written and displays decided cleverness; but with all these merits it leaves the reader somewhat cold. Some of the characters are amiable enough, no doubt, but they do not engage our affections. The love interest is weak. For one thing, the heroine's successful suitor is a convict, and the action of the story takes place while Hugh Grantley is engaged in working out his sentence of penal servitude. The public can seldom be persuaded to sympathize with a convict, even if the crime be merely a forgery. And, again, "The Optimist" is a novel of character rather than incident; there are few strong situations or moments of dramatic intensity; the story flows quietly along without excitement and without haste. Sometimes the movement is a little ponderous. It is worth reading, but it will probably not be very widely read.

THE REPENTANCE OF A PRIVATE SECRETARY, by Stephen Gwynn (Lane, 3s. 6d.), is emphatically a clever and well-written novel. The incidents are in their proper order; the characters are sufficiently well defined. But it is doubtful whether the story is worth telling, and it leaves rather an unpleasant taste in the mouth. The private secretary fell in love with his employer's

wife, and fled to Canada in order to be virtuous. Having arrived in Canada he repented of his virtue; and that is the repentance which gives its title to the book. Such repentance is by no means new to fiction. It figured in "John Inglesant" in a very striking scene. Returning to England, the private secretary found that the lady was now in love with her husband to whom she had just borne a child. This seems better as morals than as psychology, though, of course, Mr. Gwynn is entitled to his opinion, and it may be that he intended the lady to be the sort of butterfly woman who is never really in love with any one. The author shows much literary skill, but would probably do better with a more attractive theme. These sordid stories, to be effective, require a large canvas and the method of Flaubert in "l'Education Sentimentale."

MISS JEAN'S NIECE (Bemrose, 2s. 6d.) is the title of a pretty little story by the author of "L'Atelier du Lys." We are not surprised to see that it has gone into a second edition. The three sisters who lived their secluded, old-world life in the suburb around which the tide of London was already surging are admirably portrayed by a sympathetic hand. Miss Euphrosyne, at forty years of age, still considered herself the family beauty, and Miss Chrissie had her idiosyncrasies also. But neither had much chance with Miss Jean, who ruled the little household with a rod of iron, only the cockatoo which had belonged to her dead brother preserving its independence. The cockatoo, indeed, takes quite a prominent part in the story and helps things forward considerably. The author shows very cleverly and naturally how, one by one, all Miss Jean's prejudices were swept away, and before the pathetic end came the poor old lady even consented that the ground on which the old home stood should be sold for building purposes. Though the book is primarily intended for girls, many others will like it.

"The Gleaming Dawn" was a thoroughly readable and stirring book, and we are not surprised that Mr. James Baker has often been asked for a sequel to it. *THE CARDINAL'S PAGE*, by James Baker (Chapman and Hall, 6s.), is not intended as a sequel, but the author hopes that it will be accepted as a "companion volume." As he says in his preface, "history and religious struggles are here wholly subordinate to adventure, although some of the characters, such as the Cardinal and Lord Mikisch, are indeed men who have played prominent parts in the history of their times." The mighty Lord of Winchester is well drawn, and Mikisch in his brutality is a vivid figure. The "little maid" is perhaps not much more than an excuse for daring deeds on the part of her lover, but as her actual appearances on the scene are rare one pardons the touch of convention about her for the sake of the freshness of all the rest.

THE TURKISH AUTOMATON, by Sheila Braine (Blackie, 3s. 6d.), was a wonderfully constructed figure of a Turk, dressed in his national costume and seated behind a box-shaped like chest of drawers. A chessboard was fixed on the top of this box, which served the Turk as a table, when he played chess. For the automaton, modern though he might appear, was a formidable adversary at chess: which is not so surprising when one knows that his body, besides clockwork and other irrelevancies for distracting a too inquisitive government, contained a certain young Pole, whose life depended on his getting out of Russia. The mechanism of the thing is well thought out.

"The machinery is mostly a blind" said the Baron, unlocking the various doors; "some of it is hung on frames and can easily be pushed aside; in reality, there is far less of it than the casual observer imagines. I open the different doors in fixed rotation; while I exhibit the chess-board, Worowski is in the body of the figure; the instant I lock them, he slips down into the box under the chess-board. I then lift up the Turk's robe to show that there is absolutely no deception. I make as much noise as possible, to drown that of his movements, which, however, is very slight."

How Worowski's most dreaded enemy, Catherine the Great herself, heard of the automaton and commanded its attendance,

and whether the Pole escaped with his life, may not be told here. The book is worth reading and ingenious.

In the preface to *A QUAKER MAID* Mrs. J. F. B. Firth (Unwin, 6s.) says:—

It has been my aim to draw a perfectly faithful and consistent portraiture of Quakerism in both its phases; firstly, the narrow, upright, conscientious unbending Quaker of the old school, who feels himself called upon to walk in a very straight path apart from the world . . . a type which is rapidly disappearing; and, secondly, the Quaker of the modern school—philanthropic, large-minded and large-hearted, with sympathy for all good men and good movements—a true Christian gentleman to be revered and admired.

Both these types are set forth in "*A Quaker Maid*" with a vividness that shows how thoroughly the author knows her subject. There is a good deal of interest about the gentle quaker girl, Priscilla, and it is cleverly shown how the restraint of the life imposed by her parents went to develop her sweetness and steadfastness of character, while on her sister Naomi, whose temperament was very different from hers, it only acted as an irritant, driving her into deceit and disaster. Naomi's somewhat justifiable intrigue and unhappy marriage are very well described. The book makes more lively reading than the title and preface lead one, perhaps, to expect.

If we class *PATERSON'S PARISH: A LIFETIME AMONG THE DISSENTERS*, by Dr. Joseph Parker (Burleigh, 5s.), among "fiction," it is because Dr. Parker has given it more or less of an imaginary outfit. His humorous servant-maids and devoted ministers, however strong their foundation in fact, have fictitious names, and fictitious speeches are presumably put into their mouths. Otherwise we should be inclined to treat "*Paterson's Parish*" as pure biography, as is more than half implied in the sub-title and also in the preface. Certain it is that Dr. Parker is writing of what he knows, and knows well. There is no extravagance or virulence in the trouncings he administers to the stumbling-blocks among his own flock and the weaknesses of the orthodox. He gives many a dig at those whom fear of social degradation keeps safe in the fold, and some distinctly entertaining sketches of the Chadband type of man who is the only idea of a Dissenter held by many. "*Paterson's Parish*" will offend nobody (unless it be those self-conscious ones who are over-much given to the fitting-on of caps), and will amuse many as it amuses us. Apart from its liveliness, the pictures given in the book of one or two men of noble life are worth remembering.

Village chronicles like *THE SCOWCROFT CRITICS*, by John Ackworth (James Clarke, 3s. 6d.), are growing common. Their stock-in-trade is the humorous difference between the village outlook and the look of the village to an outsider, and this has its value, as "*Thrums*" has long ago shown us. The villagers, under the genial pen of one who loves them, are apt to develop a certain sentimentality and picturesqueness too often denied them in life. Dolly, in her print frock and patters, with dimpled arms bare to the elbow skimming cream in the dairy, is what we expect in a village that is built between the two boards of a book. In the village of sad reality we know that Dolly will be not in the dairy but at the cheap boarding-school, where she will learn to play "*Pluie des Perles*" and to consider pink print vulgar. We do not mean that Mr. Ackworth has given us stage villagers. There is a good deal of flesh and blood about them and their rivalries, and plenty of fun. "*William's Idol*" is perhaps the most amusing of the sketches. William is a hardened snoker, and an anti-tobacco lecturer works upon his conscience with comic results. If the Scowcrofts do not strike us as precisely the real thing, their chronicler's view of them is by no means a false one, though it may be idealized by his own sympathy and appreciation.

We notice that Mrs. Herbert Martin's novel, *BRITOMART*, has appeared in the "Greenback" Series (Jarrold, 3s. 6d.). Mrs. Herbert Martin is known to her admirers as the author of "*Lindsay's Girl*," "*Bonnie Lesley*," and other popular stories.

SIR WALTER BESANT'S "THE PEN AND THE BOOK."

[BY SIR WALTER BESANT.]

II.

I have consulted Mr. G. Herbert Thring, secretary and solicitor of the Society, on the points dealt with in my letter of last week. He appears to be in accord with me on every one. I subjoin, with his approval, my questions and his answers. I do this in self-defence because it is a common trick to represent these facts and statements as mine only. They have been, on the contrary, published in the society's papers by a responsible committee and by a responsible editor. The following is Mr. Thring's reply to me:—

I. "Have I ever seen a profit-sharing agreement which contains a clause giving the author the choice of printer and binder and the printer's estimate?"

Answer.—I have never seen such an agreement.

II. "Is overcharging a notorious practice?"

Answer.—I have seen many accounts of the cost of production in which the amount charged was considerably higher than other estimates from well-known printers.

III.—"Are charges for advertising in a publisher's own organs common and could they be defended?"

Answer.—In the past I have known them frequently made. I am glad to say they are not so common now. Legally, of course, a publisher can only charge the cost of type-setting and paper for advertising in his own organs.

IV.—"Do deferred royalties generally mean greater profit to the publisher than to the author?"

Answer.—This is certainly the case. As a general rule the royalties are deferred until the sale has covered the cost of production and then a royalty is offered at an exceedingly low rate.

V.—"Are publisher's fees charged on commission agreements?"

Answer.—This is a very common practice.

VI.—"Are percentages charged on the items of account?"

Answer.—This is also a common practice.

VII.—"Is it the custom for the author to be consulted as to the medium for advertising?"

Answer.—No. In rare exceptions the author is consulted, but I have never seen any clause in the agreement which bound the publisher to consult the author.

VIII.—"Do publishers 'care a rap' for commission business?"

Answer.—I know a great many publishers who take up work of this kind.

IX.—"Is a charge for bad debts not uncommon?"

Answer.—It is not uncommon. I know publishers who do make this charge in their accounts.

Jan. 16, 1899.

G. HERBERT TRING.

The reader may not understand the objection to "bad debts." It is this. The accounts are made up at long intervals; annually, or twice a year; long after the books should have been paid for. The amount actually realized is set down. The "bad debts," therefore, if charged below, may be charged twice over. I say "may be," not "have been." The power of committing this fraud should be removed.

The "Publisher" speaks about possible losses. This is a red herring drawn across the scent. For the author has nothing whatever to do with the publisher's losses. This fact is not properly understood. The publisher takes up a book at his own risk—if there is any risk. He need not do it. I find that the best publishers are not the gamblers which your writer would persuade us. They are most careful about admitting doubtful books. The author, for his part, contributes his time, his work, his skill, or his learning. This is his risk—if there is any risk. The possible loss belongs to the publisher. As a fact, there are hundreds of writers, scattered over the whole field of literature,

whose works do not carry any risk at all. That is to say, they are certain to cover expenses, with a margin, great or small.

The author has to consider, as the chief point in the agreement, *what will happen to him in case of success, not of loss.* This is a very important point, constantly confused by talk of awful risk, terrible loss, one book paying for another, and similar stuff.

The second letter, happily, can be more briefly dismissed.

The "Publisher" states:—

1. That the size of the book spoken of in the chapter on "Cost of Production" is not given.

This I cannot allow. Everybody must understand by the *data*, the number of words to a page, the type, and the number of sheets, what size is spoken of. Also that it is a "work-a-day" book, not a book of an *édition de luxe*.

2. That printers' and binders' charges vary.

Quite true. I have given, not one, but a great many estimates for this very reason.

3. That there is no allowance for corrections.

On the contrary, there is a distinct and careful explanation of what corrections mean. This passage was submitted to a printer in order to get it stated quite accurately.

4. That advertising is not included.

More than two pages (pp. 151-153) are devoted to an explanation of what advertising means as an addition to the cost. It is carefully pointed out what an expenditure of £10, £20, &c., means for each volume.

5. He objects to the statement that "cloth for binding is bought in large quantities," because, he says, publishers do not buy cloth. He says that binders do. I really do not mind; if a large order is given a reduction is made. Pray, what does it matter whether publishers or binders buy in large quantities so that the reduction is effected? I am sorry to take up your space by having to answer objections so futile and trivial.

6. But the main portion of the letter is an attack upon the figures I have given.

These figures, I have stated plainly and unmistakably, are not my figures—I do not invent printers' bills; they are more difficult to invent than plots for novels. The figures are estimates—actual estimates—which I have had given to me (see p. 154). If they are wrong it is the printers' business, not mine. But, as books are actually printed on these estimates, I am certainly justified in setting them down as working estimates. Let your readers understand clearly that the inability of anybody to procure estimates such as these has nothing whatever to do with my book or with the actual estimates given therein.

7. He attacks the "Method of the Future."

This excursus into the Future—this brief vision of the Future—needs no reply. The "method" has been followed by some writers for a good long time, quite to their own satisfaction. I shall have great pleasure, Sir, in giving you privately, should you desire it, a few names, but I am not at liberty to publish them. I would remind, or inform, your readers that the draft agreements of the Publishers' Association last July considered this form of publishing on commission—namely, receiving the book, bound and ready for distribution, as one of the methods to be provided for. It is, therefore, not the new thing which this writer would have us believe.

I must add to the preceding that, until the references asked for are forthcoming, the "Publisher" is out of court, so far as I am concerned. Your readers will, I hope, understand the position—viz., If the references are produced, I shall make haste to change the passages concerned, especially the alleged words "Never sell your work." They must come out at once. If the references are not produced, this writer must either offer a satisfactory explanation, which will include, in the first case, the suppression of the real advice given, or be charged, which would be a very painful thing for me to do, with ———. Your readers may find the word.

To sum up. I have not discovered in these letters the slightest reason for altering anything in the book. I do not pretend to have produced a work without mistakes. But I do

pretend to have published in this book, besides the preaching to, and the teaching of, the literary aspirant for which long years spent in the work have given me some kind of right—that special knowledge derived from a four years' chairmanship of the Society of Authors, and from six years' editing of the only journal devoted to the maintenance, in the authors' interests, of literary property. I have no other desire in producing this book than to advance literature by promoting the independence of literary folk. With that view I endeavour to show what their property means. I want to see literary property administered in the interests of those who make it. To them it belongs. We have done so much already on the lines laid down in this book, following the action of the Society: the position of the author has been already so much improved since the Society has thrown light—a flood of light—upon the management of his property, that I look forward to the future with the greatest confidence. At one time I hoped that we should rally round us, openly, a small body of publishers ready to work with us on the plain lines of open dealing. So far, this hope has not been fulfilled. Still I do not despair. I would far rather work with the old machinery fitted with modern improvements than with new. But if the old machinery will not admit modern improvements, we must find what will. Above all, I have seen the Society for which I have worked grow more and more every year in numbers and in strength and in the confidence of its members. I see its work more steady; I see its influence more felt. Let us be well content to have been pioneers. I do not mind, when I think of the past and look at the present, the obloquy and the misrepresentation that have been plentifully hurled at my head during the last ten years.

In fact, I need not mind, because these things have only annoyed for a time, like your "Publisher's" letter. I assure you, Sir, that not the slightest harm has ever been done to me. I have not lost by my work for the true owners of literary property a single friend among authors, or publishers, or readers. And if I were to give up this work to-morrow—in the nature of things I must give it up before long—I should leave this book behind me as a plain and truthful statement—as truthful as a single hand can make it—for the help, and the relief, and the independence of the younger men and women of letters who are entering upon the field in which it has been my happiness to work for more than 30 years.

FROM THE MAGAZINES.

The magazine of the month is emphatically *Blackwood*—swelled by the pride of a 1,000th birthday to twice the normal size. Of the history of a periodical of whose career this issue is a successful commemoration we have already spoken at some length. In a long list of contributors we find such names as Andrew Lang, Joseph Conrad, Maurice Hewlett, Bernard Capes, Charles Whibley, and Beatrice Harraden—ample proof that *Maga*, though elderly, means to keep abreast of the times. One of the features is "Noctes Ambrosianæ, No. LXXII," in the course of which is introduced "*Maga: An Excellent New Song.*" The pronunciation of *Maga* seems settled by the following quatrain:—

Chorus.

Then fill me a bumper and push round the bowl!
For, with more than the lightness and speed of the Quagga,
She'll continue the race, set her rivals the pace,
And show them a clean pair of heels, will our *Maga*!

In the department of literary criticism there is some hard slogg-
ing, of which C. E. Raimond is the principal victim. For example:—

We do not envy C. E. Raimond her responsibility. It is a fascinating subject, truly! the painfully minute record of two neurotic and decadent lovers who marry for mutual gratification, and resolve to die together before their hereditary curse can be bequeathed to another generation. A brave and inspiring gospel this, which to the question whether life is worth living answers, Yes—provided that we realise clearly that the duration of life is in our own hands. A more pitiful

shadow of a man than Ethan Gano never trod the stage of feminine fiction, and were it not for the insidious moral of his puling life, we should heartily applaud the closing scene where—much against his own will, be it said—he finally “steers for the Sunset.”

This is quite in the old and honoured style. A more modern bit of criticism is that of Mr. Charles Whibley who discusses Arthur Rimbaud, a French poet whose claims to distinction seem to rest mainly on the fact that Verlaine attempted to assassinate him.

An article which should help the Anglo-French question (if there is one) is contributed by M. de Pressensé to the *Contemporary Review*. He protests with sense and moderation against an aggressive Imperialism as a great danger to our relations with France, finding in “the provocation of a criminal conflict between these two great Liberal peoples” a special aspect of the present-day revival of militarism. In the present struggle in France—for he cannot, of course, keep *l'affaire* out of the article—he finds a similar spirit. “It is for us Liberals,” he says, “a question of life or death.” Formerly men took sides with the different persons of the drama—

Now it is for or against Nationalism, for or against the supremacy of military power, for or against anti-Semitism, for or against Clerical Caesarism.

And the Nationalists have a foreign policy. The *revanchards* who were all for a war with Germany now clamour for an alliance with her—

Just as in England it is Imperialism—that is to say, the foe of true democracy, of freedom, and of social progress—which is at the bottom of the anti-French agitation, so in France it is Nationalism—that is to say, the party of military and clerical reaction—which is flirting with a German alliance and working for a rupture with England. Consequently, on both sides of the Channel and in the whole world, the fate of Liberalism, or, in other terms, the future of civilization, is absolutely connected with the state of the relations of our two countries.

Another very notable article is General Gatacre's reply on behalf of the British Division of the Egyptian Army to Mr. Bennett's allegations of cruelty. His reply as to the treatment of the wounded is convincing, especially as to the supposed orders given by the Sirdar for any general destruction of them. With regard to the charge that the guns were turned on harmless inhabitants flying southwards, General Gatacre frankly asserts that to disorganize a beaten enemy is one of the first axioms of war; but where the fugitives were merely dwellers in outlying districts seeking their homes again in the hour of deliverance they were unmolested. “Paterfamilias” gives a good deal of advice from the educationist point of view to those who will be responsible for the building of the Sirdar's College at Khartum and for the teaching to be carried on within its walls. Another noticeable contribution is from M. Maeterlinck—an unpublished chapter from “*La Sagesse et la Destinée*” on Napoleon's seizure of power at the close of the Revolution—headed “*Le 18 Brumaire*.”

In the midst of a good deal of interesting matter, *Macmillan's* has three articles which touch journalism. One is an amusing criticism of the welcome given by the Press to “Aylwin,” written by “A Country Cousin”; another is a reply to Mr. Frederick Greenwood's advocacy of Journalism as against Diplomacy which appeared in the January number; and a third is a very bright article on the Press of Paris. The writer seems to divide Paris journals into three classes, the solid, the light, and the scurrilous. The second class, represented by the *Figaro*, the *Journal*, and the *Echo de Paris*, are perhaps the most characteristic. The English will have news at any price, even if it sinks to the purest gossip. The French expect from their daily journals, not information, but entertainment:—

In no sense are they newspapers; a handful of paragraphs records the progress of the world; and each employs a gentleman to misunderstand foreign politics.

But they do understand style and arrangement better than we do. A sadder spectacle is the power obtained by the prints which exist to damage some particular party. “Their unscrupulous

virulence has never been surpassed in the world's history,” and “it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that for the last four years these two gentlemen (Drumont and Rochefort) have intimidated France.” The *Petit Journal*, which can charge £4 a line for advertisements, is narrow and bitterly Chauvinistic, but not quite so scurrilous. In the same magazine Mr. A. F. Davidson gives opportunely an interesting account of Alexandre Dumas.

Longman's has an article, well worth reading, by Miss Jennett Humphreys on Sir Thomas Bodley. She seems, we think, in her regret that the scraps of evidence as to Bodley's life have not been pieced together, to forget the Rev. W. D. Macray's capital biography of him in the Dictionary of National Biography. Oxonians do not, we are afraid, know much of Bodley, or realize *quantum molis erat* to found “the Bodleian.” It was far from being simply the munificent bequest of a great collector. It is the embodiment of half a century's unremitting endeavour. In 1560, Thomas Bodley, whose father, a man of means and position, had been leader in the undertaking which presented England with the Geneva Bible, stood on the site of what had once been Duke Humphrey of Gloucester's library at Oxford, and determined that the University should have a library once more. Throughout his diplomatic career he never lost sight of the main purpose of his life, and to it he sacrificed high political office. He bought books, and he begged for them or for the money to buy them with; he employed others to buy and to beg, and he lived to see his life's design realized and to rear a worthy monument of his intelligent, unselfish, and persevering labour. In the series of Great Letter Writers in the same magazine Mr. S. G. Tallentyre gives a vivid and picturesque account of Lady Mary Wortley Montague. In his “Farmer's Year” Mr. Rider Haggard gives some personal experiences of an election meeting. He tells us of—

The ecstatic gentleman who, on these occasions, is generally to be found standing outside the door and murmuring at intervals, his red face turned to the heavens as though he were addressing the stars, “’olmes for ever! ’olmes for ever! A Norfolk man for Norfolk.” Then with a sudden welling-up of enthusiasm, and fixing his eye upon the planet Jupiter, “Vote for ’olmes, old fellar, and you won't do wrong! I say vote for ’olmes!”

For true and earnest political enthusiasm, however, I think he is surpassed by the intelligent voter who becomes so moved by your eloquence that he punctuates your impassioned periods with “Ah, that's true. You've got it this time, Sir”: or “Let 'em have it, the varmin'ts”; or “Don't you be afraid, we'll see to that.”

But we can hardly agree with him that a future chronicler of the age will have any difficulty in reproducing local manners merely because the daily Press which records them is too vast to handle successfully.

The *Pall Mall* has its usual full complement of capital reading matter. An article on the progress made in military ballooning is very instructive. The Italians have been ahead in this, as they have in the work of experimenting in naval machinery: the Germans, as a rule, wait to borrow the inventions of other nations. Ballooning has often been of real value to us in military operations—especially in the Bechuanaland Expedition, after the death of Sir George Colley (here called, by the way, “Sir George Collier”), and in the Sudan. Under the heading “Suppressed Plates” lovers of Dickens will be interested to see a reproduction of a very rare portrait of the novelist etched in 1837 and signed Phiz, though it was immediately repudiated by Hablot Browne, and many will read with interest of the mistake John Leech made in illustrating the Battle of Life through not having read on to the end of the story. A tragic sequel to the story of the Merchant of Venice is gracefully told by Mr. W. W. Astor. Mr. Marriott-Watson, in continuing the adventures of Lord Francis Charmian in “The Skirts of Chance,” is not quite so happy as usual. Lord Francis in the country on his way home finds himself, through a pure accident, driving on a snowy night in the same carriage, and left at a village inn, with a married lady to whom he is a stranger. The sequel is a little tame, though Mr. Marriott-Watson always writes pleasantly. He is

surely a little inclined to exaggerate the importance of Lord Francis :—

He set her in the brougham, and himself hung in the shadows.

Her laughter tinkled pleasantly. "Have you a long drive?" she asked.

"As far as Castle de Lys," said Lord Francis.

She started. "Then you are. . . ." she began.

"My name is Charmian," he explained.

"Oh!" cried the lady; "and what must you think of me?"

Surely no one but the wife of the local grocer would have asked this question!

The *Puritan* (Bowden), a sixpenny monthly which makes its first appearance this month, is a magazine of a good class. It is a relief to find that it is thought worth while to start on its career a popular illustrated magazine with some other object in view than that of tickling the palate with gossip or with curiosities and which does not propose to busy itself with such matters as the weighty question who are the six most popular living ladies of title. It is intelligent, readable, well edited, and well got up—save that the editor does not seem to have made up his mind what kind of paper he shall use, and while apparently inclining towards a rough, yellow surface, prints sixteen of his pages on a shiny, white one. It is described as "for Free Churchmen," and its contents—current comments, fiction, reviews, and articles, mostly on philanthropic subjects—are such as appeal to Nonconformists. We hope that the title does not imply too severe a restriction as to range of subject, and that the editor will act in the spirit of the remarks he makes in the preface. Every one knows, of course, that many of the historical figures of Puritanism were not "gloomy killjoys," any more than "Little Englanders," but that does not alter the fact that, rightly or wrongly, a definite set of social opinions—some would call them prejudices—is associated with the term Puritanism. It has become, as the editor says, "a label for a supposed state of opposition to all pleasure and recreation." If it is worth while to resist the "norma loquendi" and give to Puritanism a more liberal signification we hope the editor will recognize that the Puritan public are not averse to "pleasure and recreation." Indeed if, as he reminds us, the Puritans in the North played billiards and hunted, if Colonel Hutchinson was "passionately fond of hawking," and John Owen had "a weakness for unclerical dress of rather a showy sort," we might perhaps fairly ask him so far to concede to the failings of his Puritan readers as to give them a fashion column, with notes on current billiards, hunting, and hawking.

The *Educational Review* has started on a new life as "a Pedagogic Monthly," designed to give "stimulus" rather than exhaustive treatment of educational topics. It is an attractive and scholarly periodical with a good list of contributors.

Obituary.

ADOLPHE D'ENNERY.

Adolphe Philippe d'Ennery, the most popular playwright in France during the present century, has just died at the age of eighty-eight. For more than sixty years his name, on the Paris bill-boards, has been for thousands and thousands of theatre-goers to whom the classical atmosphere of the *Théâtre Français* was not congenial a sure guarantee of a pleasure in store for them. Since Lope de Vega, as M. Lepelletier has just pointed out, "no such dramatic fecundity" has ever been seen.

The French by *drame* mean rather what the English mean by melodrama. D'Ennery was the great master of the *drame*, and what matter that his plays were wanting in distinction of style. They touched to tears, and interested popular audiences as no other work has interested them during the last two generations. M. Francisque Sarcey said "he was one of the most ingenious inventors of situations that have ever appeared."

La Prise de Pékin contained a curious example of this sort of *coup de théâtre*. The correspondent of *The Times* discovers the secret of an ambush arranged by the Chinese for the extermination of an English regiment, but he cannot warn either the regiment or his journal, being himself under the influence of the opium with which English commerce is poisoning the country. The misfortune of such pieces is that when printed they have no literary value. D'Ennery's ingenious situations do not make him a great writer for the stage. From 1850, however, to 1870 he was almost the sole writer for the "people." The list of his works is so portentous that they hardly seem the work of one man, and one can fancy the ingenious philologist of the future proving that d'Ennery, like "Ounpos," meant "welded together" or "collection." Even if none of his plays survive, the name of d'Ennery will remain as the living incarnation of melodrama in France, and there is no one to take his place.

His father was a Jew, Philippe Jacob, and the name he bore was that of his mother, originally adopted as a *nom du théâtre*. His father had a small clothing shop—he was not even a tailor—in the rue du Temple. Adolphe began life as a clerk in a bazaar, but before he was twenty he had written, in company with Charles Desnoyers, the play *Emile*, or *Le Fils d'un Pair de France*, and obtained a success. Then began his sixty years of labour. It is certainly an astonishing career. As a novelist, too, he has had his readers and still has them, for the *Echo de Paris* is even now publishing daily a *feuilleton* from his pen. D'Ennery, says a well-known writer in that paper—

Will remain for the *drame* what Beranger has remained for the *chanson*: the popular author to whom men of culture cannot refuse their cautious homage. He was one of the forces of France, and he will remain one of the glories of the French theatre.

A further incident in M. d'Ennery's career is worth remembering. In conjunction with de Villemessant, the founder of the *Figaro*, he discovered the charms of Cap d'Antibes as a winter residence; and the two writers were so struck with the peaceful air of this sunny retreat that they formed the project of building there a hospice to which impoverished men of letters, painters, and musicians might retire to end their days. Land was bought for the purpose, and the structure was begun; but de Villemessant tired of the scheme, finding that the rival attractions of the Monte Carlo Casino had a more permanent interest for him, and d'Ennery did not care to go on with it alone. Consequently the grounds and unfinished buildings were sold to a speculator, who transformed them into what is now the Grand Hotel. This spring, it is reported, the hotel will shelter an illustrious author—the author of the rescript in favour of universal peace; but the Tsar is hardly to be counted among the authors for whose benefit de Villemessant and d'Ennery began to build. Their project remained dormant, after their abandonment of it, until a very similar idea was carried into execution, through the altruistic enterprise of Lady Murray, about a year ago.

The Italian papers announce the death of CAV. GIUSEPPE TURVINI, who, originally a doctor of medicine, had been for many years Professor of Indo-European Philology in the University of Bologna. He belonged to the old school of Comparative Philology, and in Sanskrit had been the pupil of Gorresio, the editor of the *Rāmāyana*. Though he was not a Sanskrit scholar as that word is now understood, and had never published a Sanskrit text that had not been published or translated before, he was for years a devoted teacher in his University, so far as his very precarious health allowed. Only a few weeks before his death he published two splendid volumes, beautifully printed, the one containing a well-known extract from Kālidāsa's *Raghuvarṇa*, with Mallinātha's commentary, translation, and notes, the other a specimen of his translation of the hymns of the *Rig-veda*, to which he had devoted many years of his life, and of which we shall probably never see more than this specimen. Both volumes are printed in one hundred copies only and dedicated, in words which it would be difficult to match in any language but Italian, to Gorresio and Max Müller.

Correspondence.

SIR WALTER BESANT'S "THE PEN AND THE BOOK."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Unable or unwilling to follow "A Publisher" through business details, some of your readers may be glad to have a test by which to judge his statements. I can furnish them with a simple one. He quotes from Sir Walter Besant's book the following passage describing the "method of the future":—

He [the author] will appoint an agent or distributor, to whom he will pay a commission. He will take upon himself the printing and production and advertising. He will himself incur the risk, if any, of a loss on the first run of the book.

"A Publisher" thereupon proceeds to ridicule the proposal, and, drawing sensational pictures of the poor author and the rich author, makes it, as he supposes, manifest that it will not do for either. The reply is simple. The method is that which I have pursued for the last fifty years, and with the most satisfactory results. This may be judged from evidence I gave before the Copyright Commission which sat in 1877. Here is the relevant passage:—

Then the Commission understand that your books are now remunerative?—They are now remunerative, and for this reason: As I have explained, I had to publish on commission. Commission is a system which, throwing all the cost upon the author, is very disastrous for him if his books do not pay, and, as you see in this case, has been very disastrous to me; but, when they do pay, it is extremely advantageous, inasmuch as in that case the publisher who does the business takes only 10 per cent., and the whole of the difference between cost and proceeds, minus that 10 per cent. [and the trade-allowances] comes to the author. I have calculated what are my actual returns, on two suppositions. I have ascertained the percentage I get upon 1,000 copies, supposing that I set up the type solely for that 1,000 copies—supposing, that is, that the cost of composition comes into the cost. In that case I reap 30½ per cent. [on the advertised price]. But I reap much more. I was sanguine enough, when I began this series of books, to stereotype. The result is that now I simply have to print additional thousands as they are demanded. If I suppose the cost of composition and stereotyping to have been paid for the first edition, and only estimate the cost of paper and printing in the successive editions, then I am reaping 41½ per cent. The actual percentage, of course, is one which lies between those two; but, year by year, with each additional thousand, I approach more nearly to the limit of 41½ per cent. I should point out that the result of this is that I receive, as may be supposed, a considerable return upon the moderate numbers sold.

My publishers, Messrs. Williams and Norgate, answer completely to Sir Walter Besant's description of distributing agents. I do my own business with printers and paper-makers and binders. The printers keep my stock and are accountable to me for every copy. When more copies of any work are wanted for sale, the publishers intimate the fact to me, and I send a requisition to the printers to furnish a hundred more copies to the binder, who hands them to the publishers. The advertising, too, is directed by me; alike in respect of the numbers of advertisements, the times at which they shall be issued, and the periodicals to which they shall go. So that my publishers are simply agents for distribution, receiving a commission for their work. As to the trouble entailed on me, I have not found it worth mentioning when compared with the benefits gained.

It is doubtless true that the entirely impecunious author cannot avail himself of this system. It is doubtless true, also, that the unknown author or the author of an unattractive book, whose resources enable him to adopt the system, is liable to suffer loss. The losses I

suffered myself were great and continued for many years. But in such cases the choice is not between publication on commission and some other mode of publication. The choice is between publication on commission and no publication. In early days no book of mine was accepted by any publisher. He would risk neither purchase, nor half-profits, nor royalty: judging, rightly enough, that he would be a loser under any arrangement. It is not, therefore, that the commission system is in such cases disastrous, but that publication in any way is disastrous. But for an author who has made a position and can count on a public, the system is, as the above facts show, far better than any other.

"A Publisher" says that "publishers care not a rap for undertaking books on commission." The confession is significant. They "care not a rap" for moderate and fixed profits. There are exceptions, however. The late Mr. Williams carried out loyally for many years the arrangement I have described, without demur or any sign of dissatisfaction. He was content with his ten per cent. commission and such small extra profits as trade customs give. The arrangement continues with no sign of dissatisfaction from his son, who is, I believe, far from wishing to end it.

I am, &c.,

HERBERT SPENCER.

Brighton, January 29, 1899.

TO THE EDITOR.

*Sic vos non vobis nificatis aves,
Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes.*

Sir,—You are rendering to the cause of literature a great service by ventilating this most important subject of the relations between publisher and author.

Having no personal experience of the figures given by Sir Walter, I shall not venture upon this side of the question. Suffice it to say that several authors who have used the figures quoted in the publications of the Society of Authors and compared them with those of their printers have found them fairly correct. There are so many variable quantities in the turning out of a book that enormous discrepancies are sure to occur, especially if the statistician is biased in either direction.

But there is one thing I do know, and that is that authors, present and future, owe to Sir Walter Besant a debt of gratitude that they can never repay. He founded the Society of Authors, and opened authors' eyes; he revealed their strength to them. That he should have gone too far, as some publishers say—that he should not have done enough, as I have heard some authors say—is not to be wondered at: he is a strong man and he is a busy man. What could a poor little author do by himself? Sir Walter gives to the cause of his weaker brothers in arms a publicity that few other names could command; he brings to the fight an energy and talent that could not easily be surpassed, and in this fight he is largely disinterested. Therefore, whatever fault may be found with occasional figures or with occasionally too strong hits, by his undoubted sincerity and his altruistic devotion to the cause, he commands the admiration of all, and, I repeat, the deepest gratitude of authors.

If all I could do was to lay a mere tribute of gratitude at the feet of Sir Walter Besant, I should not ask you for the hospitality of your columns, though, in a paper bearing the title of *Literature*, it would not be out of place. But Sir Walter is attacked upon a point for which I am indebted to him; so, upon his request, I shall gladly give my personal experience.

The pith of "The Pen and the Book," the *cardo rerum*, really is "The Method of the Future."

THE METHOD OF THE FUTURE:—

Briefly the method will be this. The author will sever himself altogether from the publisher, and will connect himself directly with the bookseller and the libraries. He will

appoint an agent or distributor, to whom he will pay a commission. He will take upon himself the printing and production and advertising. He will himself incur the risk, if any, of a loss on the first run of the book.

I quote it as it was quoted last week, *et pour cause*. Like Valère's motto for Harpagon, it should be printed in letters of gold in every author's little home.

In your issue of January 21 it was held up to ridicule by "A Publisher." "A Publisher" takes three instances:—Author number one has his poverty delicately thrown in his face:—

We will imagine an author has written a work and that he has, say, £100 to spend on its production—not always an easy task for the imagination.

After having to pay cash to the printer, he has to pay cash for advertisements:—

I should imagine this would be the last straw on the poor author's back. 'A fido for your methods of the future!' he would roar. 'Am I a millionaire?' Still, the matter cannot stop here, and so our author spends his last shilling.

The book does not sell. Then follows a graphic picture that might find its place among the portraits of Theophrastus or La Bruyère; it betrays the superior smile of a satisfied Giton as he looks down upon a lean Phédon, and also a somewhat cruel personal knowledge of the straits to which is but too often reduced the man upon whose talents *he* thrives:—

Weeks pass, months go by, still nothing comes in. He goes again to the agent—this time for some of the profits. His coat is worn; he has had no square meal for a month; his landlord is clamouring for the rent; generally speaking, he is physically and socially a wreck.

And we think with envy of the glossey hat and well-filled frock-coat of the publisher. The publisher or agent of author number one does not thrive, but exclaims:—

. . . If this is what your method of the future means to me, you'd better look out for another agent. I'm going to break stones.

"A Publisher" now supposes the book to be a success (it is still the same author number one; it is not another story—an innovation in the art of composition which will be a revelation no doubt to many authors):—

But supposing the book is a success. The author has had to pay cash for all his expenses, but now he finds that he must wait six months before he gets a farthing of his share of profits. What is he to do in the meantime? I see nothing else for him but either to raise loans on what may be coming to him or wait quietly in a workhouse.

So the moral of this true story (I will not say "fable," for "A Publisher" is certainly not *trying* to write against his own cause) is that the case of author number 1a and author number 1b is hopeless: flotsam or jetsam for the one, the workhouse for the other.

Now for author number two. This is a gentleman whose reputation has been made in days when 'the method of the future' was not. He is making £5,000 a year by his pen.

Such an author is, of course, familiar to us all. However this may be, he does not go to the workhouse, but (it is difficult to see the drift of the story) he seems to be disgusted at having to pay an extra five per cent. and therefore throws up "The Method of the Future." Why, one cannot tell, but he does. So ends the second instance brought up to show the impossibility of Sir Walter's plan. It is interesting, however, to note here *entre parenthèses* an admission, the most damning one seen since the publication of the "model agreement" suggested by the Publishers' Society and rightly shown up by Sir Walter:—

The agent is now the publisher, and he is but human. Time passes, and he is charged with secreting profits, keeping discounts, adding percentages. Wicked agent! He must be inquired into.

Now, why should humanity be naturally connected with dishonesty? Why should a publisher be charged with secret profits? Here, "A Publisher" shows "un petit bout d'oreille"—which is unfortunate.

"Lastly, there is author number three." Like authors 1a, and 1b, he is without capital; he goes to "the agent":—

And how will the agent treat him? Why, just as a publisher would now. . . . So he goes home, and perhaps another "mute inglorious Milton" passes away.

The moral of this instance is—not the utility of the publisher as he is now. But there may be another.

I was compelled to quote fully, that your many readers may be in a position to judge for themselves in this question, which is most important not only for all writers but for all lovers of literature and all lovers of fair play. However, the upshot of all these four pen-portraits is, it is seen, to show that the "Method of the Future" is an impossible if not a foolish dream.

"Plain Figures" has in his able and witty letter shown (21 Jan.) that "A Publisher" in his article of 14 Jan. slightly overstated his case; when intending to show that the publisher's profits were small, he juggled so with his figures that he proved that—he lost £47! This and another discrepancy in the accounts are further clearly pointed out by Mr. Hugh D. Macdonald. For a business man on his best behaviour, this again is unfortunate.

Here, now, I would bring in my own experience. In case some minds were still unconverted to the feasibility of Sir Walter's "method" by "A Publisher's" dexterity at handling figures and the jocose but empty character of "A Publisher's" literary effort against it, I should like to add a plain fact; it clenches the argument altogether. The "Method of the Future" is absurd, tries to say "A Publisher." Well, though it looks like a "bull" to say such a thing, I have tried "the Method of the Future," and I like it; I find I cannot get on the Stock Exchange safe investments at 60 per cent. per ann.! Others have tried it too; if any wish to know who they are let them apply to the Society of Authors and read the back numbers of the *Author*; it is to them I owe the idea, and to them as well as to Sir Walter I owe a deep debt of gratitude.

The "Method of the Future" is a success. I am glad to proclaim the fact through your columns for the sake of all who are striving, that they should be encouraged as I was, and also for the sake of the publishers who have struck out on a new line.

Publishers do an infinite amount of good to authors at their *début*; for his reward, an author gets *κῦδος*, I am told. Yes, but he gets *κῦδος* and very little else; *κῦδος* will not keep him long in clothes, and after a time he will require something more substantial. What Sir Walter Besant has shown is that—save with a few rare exceptions—an author does *not* get in the division of profits a remuneration that is proportionate to his share in the production of what is the child of his brain.

A learned weekly contemporary, in a criticism of "The Pen and the Book," suggests that Sir Walter Besant should name publishers against whom he levels charges of dishonesty. Such a course is not possible; it would entail endless law suits and painful revelations. If publishers are honest—as undoubtedly many are—let them not act as if they wished to be dishonest; let them give to the author or his representative full access to their books; if an agreement is made on the royalty system, which is the best because it is the fairest to both parties, let a clause be added to the effect that "the printer be informed that no copy of the book is to be printed without the joint signature of both author and publisher." No such clause has yet been accepted by a publisher in England. Why? In Paris I know that one firm has adopted it. As things go, the result will undoubtedly be that publishers of the old school will soon get only young and untried authors—or adopt the businesslike attitude of placing themselves above suspicion.

The matter cannot be too thoroughly sifted for the sake of all parties. By opening your columns to a free and impartial discussion you will be conferring upon all writers and, I may say, upon the honest publishers, too, an inestimable benefit. I trust that, if at times, errors have crept into Sir W. Besant's book, everybody will see that the gratitude of all fair-minded men and women is due to him for drawing public attention to

what certainly is an unsatisfactory state of affairs, and thereby contributing with disinterested and truly British pluck to right a wrong.

I am, Sir,
Yours obediently,
VICTOR SPIERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Though I have not yet read Sir Walter Besant's book, I have closely followed the correspondence in your columns relating to it. Presuming that you are willing to give a fair hearing to both sides of the question, I venture to lay before you my own experiences as an author.

I am a writer on more serious subjects than fiction, but am not a member of any society, clique, or literary *coterie*, indeed, though my books have been well reviewed in the press, I have never sought to influence an editor or reviewer in my life. My first manuscripts were submitted to likely publishers, and as a rule, rejected with scant ceremony; from one and one only, have I ever received a word of encouragement, and were I to mention the name it would be admitted that the opinion was worth something. At last I produced what I thought to be a work of real and practical value, whatever the previous attempts might have been. It was offered to every likely publisher, and by each in turn rejected, and about the only consolation offered me was that it was a book nobody wanted, nobody would buy, and if perchance anybody did, would not read. Still, I persevered, and brought it out through a country firm of high standing, but unconnected with the publishing trade. In fact, I neither asked nor expected them to push the sale, that I intended to look after myself.

The book which nobody wanted and nobody would read, and which is, by the way, not a cheap one, has, in little more than twelve months, been sold to the extent of a good many hundred copies, and is circulating in every continent of the world; and even if you granted me space, I should not feel justified in reporting all the complimentary things said and written to me about it. The most important point is, that the cost of production, advertising, and my own travelling expenses has been covered, and as there are a fair number of copies left, and it continues to have a steady sale, I shall eventually make a profit. Of course I have not yet been remunerated for my time and labour, but what unknown author ever is in twelve months after his first serious effort? The work of distribution has proved harder than that of production, harder in fact than I expected, as I have had to encounter hostility as well as indifference.

Some months later an event occurred which suddenly gave what I supposed to be value to another of my manuscripts. Not to lose any time, I brought it out through a large publishing house with extensive connexions, which I had always supposed to enjoy the highest reputation, and practically on their own terms; they were never out of pocket a single penny except for postage stamps. The book was issued at a popular price, it was put on the firm's shelves, and there it remained. It was amazingly reviewed for so small a publication—leading articles even were written on it—but still no sales worth mentioning. In disgust I went round to a few of the London booksellers myself, and sold more in two days than the publishers admitted to in two months. They claimed a week or two ago that since then they had not received an order for a single copy, though I know better. I have called on a good many country booksellers as well, and they tell me a sample copy may have been shown them from a traveller's box, but they were never pressed to purchase. The account to 31st December shows a debit balance of a few shillings; it has, in fact, been made up so that it should, as the number of sold copies credited falls a good deal short of what I have myself had orders sent for. And, finally, the request that I, or my representatives, should be allowed to inspect and count the stock has been curiously refused.

Up to a certain point I exonerate the principals of the firm from blame. In a recent interview with their manager, he was foolish enough to boast that he had predicted the work would be a failure, and I have no longer the slightest doubt he has done

everything possible to make it one. With a free hand I would have sold the book in hundreds. I have other books to publish in the future. Will "A Publisher" or either of your other correspondents honestly tell me which of the two systems I have already adopted they think I should continue to follow?

Yours, &c.,
AUTHOR.

"THE PEN AND THE BOOK"—A VOICE FROM THE PAST.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—As the matter I touch on now is purely personal, and as I have been grossly libelled, I must demand from you publication of this letter.

In the intervals of strenuous duties I have read a book called "The Pen and the Book." It is therein deliberately stated that should I return to the earth I should learn shorthand, make myself generally useful as a hack in a newspaper office, write drivels for magazines, rise (heaven or h— save the mark!) to be editor of a magazine, adviser to a great publishing house or literary editor to some bloated morning paper!!

Living, I despised the humdrum toil of humdrum human beasts, living, I dared poverty, man's despite for work of genius that should live on the foul earth after I had spurned it. Should I come back I would again be a slave of genius, not the sleek master of material success. Have you no man of genius left on earth to rage, face to face below, against this tipping the balance of heavenly achievement with a full-lined stomach and society's grimaces?

Shame on you all! Gold-rotted, brainless homunculi!

January 27.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

MR. SPENCER AND MR. CROZIER.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In answer to Mr. Herbert Spencer's letter in your issue of January 21, I should be obliged if you would give me space to say:—

1. That the charge of "pure and unadulterated materialism" brought by me against his system of philosophy was made in full cognizance of the quotations from his writings which he has adduced to disprove it; but was made only after a long and careful study of his writings and of the inner principles which give to his system its logical coherence and consistency.

2. That the reasons for this judgment of mine have already been presented from various angles and points of view in my different works, beginning with the full-length description which I gave of his philosophy nearly twenty years ago in a little book, now out of print, entitled "The Religion of the Future," continued in my next work, "Civilization and Progress," and then again in my "History of Intellectual Development," and now, in yet another form (and one corresponding to the special object I had in view), in "My Inner Life," the volume referred to by Mr. Spencer.

3. That the ground of all my arguments is found in the general fact, that in his system of philosophy all the phenomena of the world, whether of matter, of life, or of mind, are explained by him by those purely *physical* laws which flow as corollaries from the great fact of what he calls the Persistence of Force—the fact, viz., that the world is made up of a *fixed* quantity of force existing in the antagonistic forms of attraction and repulsion—so that even when, as in his studies of sociology, he is obliged to refer phenomena *proximately* to mental laws, these laws have in turn to get all their validity from the general laws of *matter and motion* on which they ultimately rest; the whole system in this way being unified and knit together in an iron network of purely physical and mechanical laws; and this is why I have called it a system of "pure and undiluted materialism."

At the same time I much regret that, as Mr. Spencer has not read my book, he should have come across detached phrases or passages which, in the absence of their context or of the chain of demonstration which accompanies them, should have given

him pain. But I feel confident that, had he read the book, he would have felt that my demonstrations, if inadequate, were at least fairly and honestly argued; that, at the time of which I am writing, I was too much interested in finding the truth to wilfully misrepresent any one, and least of all the man to whom I owed so much; and, further, that he would have found neither lack of warmth in my appreciation of his great work nor stintedness in my acknowledgment of my deep obligations to it.

9, Elgin-avenue, W. JOHN BEATTIE CROZIER.

THE SECRET HISTORY OF WHITEHALL. TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—While to-day's list of new books contains the timely announcement of "Imago Regia; The Churchman's religious remembrance of the 250th anniversary of the decollation of King Charles I.," one's attention naturally reverts to the older literature of that event, a literature not deficient in quantity, but lacking that highest historical authenticity that we should have found in Herbert's careful record, if his heart had not failed him at the last "to endure the sight of that violence they upon the scaffold would offer to the King."

Among the books in which some mention of the subject is made, particular notice was drawn to one on the occasion of the sale last November in King-street, Covent-garden, of a relic of Charles I. hitherto unknown at auctions or exhibitions. The relic was described as "the beautiful pale blue silk vest worn by Charles I. on the scaffold," was said to have been given to Dr. Hobbs, the King's physician, and had a fairly-attested pedigree. Some historical confirmation of its origin was, however, desirable; and such confirmation was forthcoming. The auctioneer said that, by the courtesy of Colonel Hammond of the Royal United Service Institution, he had recently seen a copy of "The Secret History of Whitehall," which stated on page 302 (second edition) that "Bishop Juxon unclothed the King at the execution to his sky-coloured vest." This carried conviction with it. Where could one find a more authentic history of the great Whitehall tragedy than in "The Secret History of Whitehall"? How could one avoid attaching some additional weight to the facts that the book came from the very building outside of the window of which the tragedy was enacted and that the agent in the matter was Colonel Hammond, name and title recalling the King's custodianship? The relic was sold for 200 guineas.

When we examine "The Secret History of Whitehall" we find its contents to have little more bearing on the subject than the source from which the book was borrowed. It has no local character. It contains an account of Court intrigues, principally French. So far from giving particulars of the decollation of Charles I., its earliest pages treat of French opposition to the restoration of Charles II. How then did the error arise?

"The Secret History of Whitehall," published in 1696, consists of letters from one David Jones, holding the appointment of Secretary-Interpreter to the Marquis of Louvois in Paris, purporting to be written to a nobleman in England and to give from documents at the writer's disposal intimate accounts of Court intrigues from 1660. "A Continuation of the Secret History of Whitehall," with the same date of publication, consists of letters from 1689 to 1695. The author found these letters take up less room than he had anticipated. This is not to be accounted for by any infrequency of correspondence occasioned by his absence on the Irish campaign; for, though he is said to have commanded a troop of the Royals at the battle of the Boyne, his letters from Paris bear dates in June and August, 1690. But somehow he found himself under the necessity of supplying padding to make up a respectable volume, and did so by appending material he had by him consisting of "The Tragical History of the Stuarts" from the first rise of that family. "'Tis true," the author writes, "the connection here does not so exactly quadrate, nor does it look so natural to myself as I could wish." But it served its purpose; and, when the whole work ran into a second edition in 1717, a feeble attempt to make it quadrate appeared in the omission of the date from the title-page of the Tragical History and in paging it with the con-

tinuation, or, as it was now called, Part II. of The Secret History. And it is at page 302 of this volume that mention is made of Bishop Juxon, in his ministration to the King, having "unclothed him to his Sky-colour'd Sattin wastcoat."

Captain Jones does not claim for his Tragical History the possession of such exclusive sources of information as he claims for his former work, and he may have had no more personal knowledge of the tragedy of 1649 than of that of 1587. Yet his statements are entitled to the consideration accorded to those of others similarly situated.

W. R. LL.

A COINCIDENCE EXPLAINED.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I perceive that in the notice of my new romance, "The Forest of Bourg-Marie," your reviewer states that the French-Canadian adventurer Magloire is guilty of "masquerading under the name of a well-known dramatist."

Nothing could be further from the truth. As a matter of fact, the book was completed a very long while before I was aware of the existence of the playwright referred to, and if the creator of Magloire were ignorant of the coincidence, surely in the nature of things, Magloire himself would be the last to discover it! Nobody would expect his reading and knowledge of the world to carry him so far, except, perhaps, a reviewer.

As another matter of fact, the evolution of the name, Murray Carson, from Magloire Caron, is an everyday one. French-Canadians frequently translate their names into English equivalents when they go to "the States."

Thus—Lapierre becomes Mr. Stone; Dubois, Mr. Wood; Leblanc, Mr. White; and so on. I have even known a cabman, in the city of Ottawa, who managed to retain both forms of his name, so that in Upper Town he was called King, while in Lower Town he answered to Leroy. By imitation, therefore, Caron easily became Carson, while Magloire seemed to suggest Murray in much the same way.

Thanking you for publishing this explanation,

I have the honour to remain,

Faithfully yours,

SERANUS (S. Frances Harrison),

Author of "The Forest of Bourg-Marie."

Toronto, Canada, Jan. 10.

"A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I am glad to find that in Mr. E. Speight's admirable "Temple Reader," a new edition of which has just appeared, "A Lyke-Wake Dirge" is included. But Mr. Speight allows a curious misprint to creep in. This magnificent Dirge is printed in Brand's "Popular Antiquities" (ed. 1813) II. 180, in the chapter "Following the Corpse to the Grave," and describes the Progress of the Soul, by various stages, from the death-chamber to the Vision of Christ. The poem, as printed by Brand's editor, begins thus:—

This ean night, this ean night,
Every night and awle,
Fire and Fleet and Candle-light,
And Christ receive thy Sawle!

This verse brings vividly before us the starting-point of the journey—namely, the death-chamber in which the dead person enjoys "this one night" the light and warmth and shelter of the old home—"fire and fleet and candle-light," fire and house-room and the corpse-candle. The obsolete word "fleet" (misprinted "sleet" by Mr. Speight) means "the interior of a house" as may be clearly seen from the New English Dictionary, ed. H. Bradley (s.v. "Fleet"), and from Jamieson; I would refer also to Icelandic *flet*, in legal phrases, the term for "a house"; see also Ducange (s.v.). The reading "sleet" is most unfortunate, as it utterly obscures the picture brought before us in the introductory verse, and is quite out of harmony with the words between which it occurs. "Fire and sleet and candle-light"—it is impossible to make any good sense of such a sequence!

Oxford.

A. L. MAYHEW.

THE LITERATURE OF LOVE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Is this comparison worth noting? :—

Silenium.—Eho! an amare occipere amarum est obsecro.*Gymnasium*.—Namque ecaster amor et melle et felle est fecundissimus.

Plautus, B.C. 199.

Liza.—Wot's it feel like, bein in love, Kytie?*Katie*.—Ow it's prime Liza. It's like avin ot treacle runnin daown yer back.

Punch, A.D. 1899.

And has it come to this? Note the expression of the feeling of young womanhood as it has struck the keen observers of two different days, and mark the result. Twenty-one centuries have flown and with them has flown the bitterness of love. Its sweetness alone remains. Who now shall accuse this lingering century of pessimism?

LL.

Authors and Publishers.

Last winter Mr. F. H. Skrine, late of the Bengal Civil Service, and Professor E. Denison-Ross visited the Russian possessions in Central Asia. They were given exceptional facilities for studying the country and the administrative system which has succeeded in turning hordes of hitherto untamed Turkomans and the fanatical populations of the Khanates into peaceable subjects of the Tsar. The impressions which their visit left upon them will be before the public early in April, when Messrs. Methuen will publish their joint record under the title of "The Heart of Asia." The first part of this will sketch the history of Central Asia from the earliest times. A large collection of Arabic, Chinese, and Persian annals, hitherto inaccessible to Western students, has been drawn upon for this portion of the work, and fresh light may be expected on many points. The second part will describe what the authors saw last year—the present aspect of the cities and the entire system of civil and military government. Special attention is given to Central Asian trade, which has been revolutionized by the Transcaspian railway, and the railway system itself is dealt with in detail. The book will thus give both an insight into the past of this hitherto mysterious region and an idea of the effect which the beginning of contact with Western civilization has had upon the races which people it.

It was, perhaps, one of De Quincey's paradoxes that Greek philosophy lost something from the personal way in which it was often imparted, either in the shape of a lecture or of a dialogue. The picture of the philosopher sitting beneath the sunny porch surrounded by his pupils, or wandering across his country estate like Landor's Epicurus, with his chosen listeners, adds an additional charm to his philosophy. On such a plan is composed the treatise of Longinus upon the sublime, of which Professor Rhys Roberts, of Bangor, is bringing out a new edition. The Professor finds a similarity between the critical standpoints of Longinus and Matthew Arnold :—

They have both arrived at the conclusion that the best of really great literature is its *ψυχο* (or in Matthew Arnold's words) the high seriousness which comes from absolute sincerity.

But Matthew Arnold, we would remind the Professor, himself borrows the idea from Aristotle. There have, of course, been many previous editors of Longinus, and Professor Roberts refers to an interesting edition published in 1724 by Zachary Pearce, once Bishop of Bangor. More recent research has enlarged the task of the editor, who has now to discuss the question whether the author of the treatise was the historical Longinus or not, and to point out that the subject is not "the sublime" in the modern acceptance of the term. The book is published by the Cambridge University Press, and is likely to prove an important contribution to classical literature.

Mr. J. Low Warren, a journalist of varied experience on

the metropolitan Press, has been appointed editor of the *New Quarterly*, a Church review, which starts in March under the auspices of Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. The *New Quarterly* will chiefly deal with the new social, political, and intellectual forces arising in the Church; and among articles in the first number will be one by Canon Scott Holland on "Gladstone's Religion," and another by Earl Grey on "Co-operation and the Church." The price of the new review will be 6d., and it will consist of 128 pages.

We understand that Mr. John Beattie Crozier, whose letter on Mr. Herbert Spencer's philosophy we publish in another column, meditates a book on Emerson. His object is to elucidate the essays by stating their guiding principles.

Messrs. Jarrold and Sons, of Norwich and London, are preparing a "History of the Norwich School of Painting" by William Frederick Dickes, to be published by subscription. Messrs. Jarrold express a hope that owners of pictures by artists of the Norwich School will kindly forward particulars to W. Fred. Dickes, care of Messrs. Jarrold and Sons, 10 and 11, Warwick-lane, E.C.

Messrs. Constable have ready for publication the first volume of a History of the Second Afghan War, by Colonel H. B. Hanna. Colonel Hanna's views on the Forward Policy are well known, having found expression in many fugitive controversial writings; and his new book will, with more pomp and circumstance, repeat his indictment of that policy.

Mr. Stephen Gwynn has made a critical study of Lord Tennyson's poetry which will appear shortly as a volume of the "Victorian Era" Series. Messrs. Blackie will also add to this, among other monographs on forces of the period, "British Foreign Missions," by the Rev. Wardlaw Thompson and the Rev. A. N. Johnson, and "Indian Life and Thought since the Mutiny," by a native of India, Mr. R. P. Karkaria, Principal of the new Collegiate Institution, Bombay.

Further volumes of Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Builders of Greater Britain" Series (in which "Clive" has just appeared) are to be "Rajah Brooke: the Englishman as Ruler of an Eastern State," by Sir Spenser St. John; "Sir Stamford Raffles: England in the Far East," by Mr. H. F. Wilson, editor of the series; and "Admiral Philip: the founding of New South Wales," by Louis Becke and Walter Jeffery. Mr. Unwin's other series, "Masters of Medicine," is to include Claude Bernard, by Professor Michael Foster; Thomas Sydenham, by J. F. Paine; Helmholtz, by J. G. McKendrick; and Andreas Vesalius, by C. Louis Taylor.

The new volume about to be published in Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Story of the Nations" Series deals with Austria, and is by Mr. Sidney Whitman, who has been assisted in the work by Mr. J. R. McIlraith.

That most unkind of arts, photography, may certainly brighten the page of history, and it is to be put to this good use in a work which the Grosvenor Press is bringing out in parts, called The Imperial Gallery of Portraiture. Mr. W. L. Wilson is the editor. Several hundred contemporary portraits of leading men and women in every walk of life have been collected. The work claims to be more comprehensive than previous efforts of the same kind. The Grosvenor Press speaks of the want of such a work for our full appreciation of the writers of the eighteenth century. But the "personal bias" of which Matthew Arnold speaks may sometimes be greater when we know what an author looks like, and if the portraits are not carefully selected we may experience a shock like that which Shenstone felt when he first saw Pope. Still, the undertaking is a praiseworthy one, and judging from the sample pages will be sumptuously got up.

Mr. Horace Wyndham, whose name is well known to readers of service papers, has written, in the form of a connected narrative, a series of sketches of Army life, in all climates and under all conditions, from the point of view of a private of the line. The book will be published shortly.

Mr. W. Davenport Adams' "Dictionary of the Drama" is still announced by Messrs. Chatto and Windus as "preparing." It has been so long in this stage that most of those who welcomed the announcement when it was first made have almost given up hope of living to see the dictionary published. Mr. Davenport

Adams' store of theatrical knowledge is so vast that perhaps he finds a difficulty in getting it within manageable limits.

Three books of interest are announced by Messrs. Blackwood—the Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant, edited by Mrs. Coghill; a Life of Sir Joseph Prestwich, by Lady Prestwich; and a book on Robert Louis Stevenson, by Mr. Cope Cornford—the first in a new series of monographs on modern English writers.

A new novel by Mr. Arlo Bates, entitled "The Puritans," will be out in a few days. The interest centres round some members of a ritualistic episcopalian order, who develop an interest in spiritualism and faith healing. The publishers are Messrs. Constable.

A new "annual" is announced, "Morison's Chronicle of the Year's News," compiled by Mr. Oliphant Earl, and published by Messrs. Morison of Glasgow at the price of 3s. 6d.

Messrs. Methuen are publishing the fifth volume of the History of Egypt, edited by Professor Flinders Petrie. In it Mr. J. G. Milne deals with Egypt under Roman rule.

It has been suggested that Sir Spencer Walpole, the retiring Secretary to the Post Office, may take advantage of his freedom from official duties to continue his "History of England from the conclusion of the Great War in 1815." So far the record is only brought down to the year 1858.

In 1890 two volumes were published under the title of "Three Centuries of Derbyshire Annals"; these are to be supplemented by the issue of a catalogue of the records of the county of Derby upon which the Rev. Dr. Cox, F.S.A., has long been engaged. There will be an exhaustive index and the work will accomplish for Derbyshire what has not as yet been attempted for any other shire. It is mainly intended as a work of reference, and as an aid to ensure the safety of the documents; but it will certainly be of value to the historical student and to the local inquirer into county economics. Messrs.

Bemrose, the publishers of the "Annals," will issue this catalogue early in March.

"The Adventures of Captain Kettle," which are continued in *Pearson's Magazine* until June, have just been finished by Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, who is about to start for a journey in North Africa where he intends to complete a new serial for the same magazine.

Cyrano de Bergerac is being translated for Mr. Wyndham (who now has the right to play the piece in England) by Mr. G. Stuart Ogilvie. Mr. Ogilvie's own plays—*Hypatia* was the first to attract any attention—have not been very successful, but perhaps he will do better with some one else's ideas than with his own. No date is yet mentioned as even likely for the production of this version of M. Rostand's fine play.

Another volume of M. Hanotiaux's "Histoire de Richelieu" will probably appear in March.

Messrs. Sands are publishing a novel entitled "The Libretto," by Rudolf Dircks, author of "Verisimilitudes."

Mr. W. H. Wilkins, the editor of the *Burton MSS.*, will read a paper on the late Sir Richard Burton's Pilgrimage to Mecca at the meeting of the Royal Society of Literature on Wednesday next, Lord Halsbury in the chair. An unpublished MS. of Burton's will also be read.

Mr. Fisher Unwin is publishing an *édition de luxe* of Signor Guido Biagi's "The Last Days of Percy Bysshe Shelley," which we reviewed last December. Professor Alfred J. Church's "Carthage," written in collaboration with Mr. Arthur Gilman for Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Story of the Nations" Series, has just entered the seventh edition.

Messrs. Methuen are issuing a revised cheaper edition of Sir George Robertson's "Chitral," with all the maps and illustrations of the first edition.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.

The Life of Our Lord in Art. By Estelle M. Hurl. 8½x5¼in., xxii.+370 pp. London, 1898.

Longmans. 10s. n.

Art and the Beauty of the Earth. A Lecture. By William Morris. 8½x5¼in., 31 pp. London, 1899.

Longmans. 2s. 6d. n.

BIOGRAPHY.

Lord Clive. (Builders of Great Britain.) By Sir A. J. Arbuthnot, K.C.S.I. 7½x5¼in., xxi.+318 pp. London, 1899.

Unwin. 5s.

The Life of Sir George Pomeroy-Colley, K.C.S.I., &c. 1835-1881. By Lieut.-General Sir W. F. Butler, K.C.B. 9x5½in., 431 pp. London, 1899.

Murray. 21s.

The Life of Captain Sir R. F. Burton, K.C.M.G., &c. By his wife, Isabel Burton, Ed. by W. H. Wilkins, M.A. 9½x5¼in., xx.+548 pp. London, 1898.

Duckworth. 10s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.

A Latin Grammar for Schools and Colleges. By G. M. Lane, Ph.D. 8x5in., xv.+572 pp. London, 1899.

Harper. 6s.

Plato: Apology of Socrates. A Translation. By T. R. Miles, M.A. (The University Tutorial Series.) Cr. 8vo., 31 pp. London, 1899.

Clive. 1s. 6d.

A Geography of Africa. (Black's School Geography.) By Lionel W. Lyde. 7x4½in., 112 pp. London, 1899.

Black. 1s. n.

On the Teaching of English Reading. By Nellie Dale. 7½x5in., xvi.+166 pp. London, 1898.

Dent. 2s. 6d. n.

Vor Dem Sturm. Roman aus dem Winter 1812 auf 13. Von Theodor Fontane. (Siepmann's German Series.) 7x4½in., xxviii.+212 pp. London, 1899.

Macmillan. 3s.

FICTION.

The Paths of the Prudent. By J. S. Fletcher. 7½x5¼in., 309 pp. London, 1899.

Methuen. 6s.

The Glamour of the Impossible. An Improbability. By Cosmo Hamilton. 7½in., x½in., 178 pp. London, 1899.

Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.

The Pride of Life. By Sir W. Magray, Bt. 7½x5¼in., 357 pp. London, 1899.

Smith, Elder. 6s.

A Shuttle of an Empire's Loom. By Harry Vanderell. 7½x5¼in., 332 pp. London, 1899.

Blackwood. 6s.

Harry Ingleby. Surgeon. By Frederic J. Webb. 8½x5¼in., 407 pp. London, 1899.

Unwin. 6s.

The Sound of a Voice that is Still. By Archie Campbell. 7½x5¼in., 419 pp. London, 1899.

Redway. 5s. n.

Some Fantasies of Fate. By M. W. Welbore. 7½x5¼in., 280 pp. London, 1899.

Digby Long. 6s.

A Brace of Yarns. By W. Braunston Jones. 7½x5¼in., 219 pp. London, 1899.

Digby Long. 6s.

In the Name of Liberty. By Florence Marryat. (3rd and Cheap Ed.) 7½x5in., 308 pp. London, 1899.

Digby Long. 2s. 6d.

Rupert Armstrong. By O. Shakespear. 7½x5¼in., 318 pp. London, 1899.

Harper. 6s.

LAW.

Practice on the Summons for Directions. By Francis A. Stringer. 10x6½in., ix.+159 pp. London, 1899.

Sweet & Maxwell. 5s.

LITERARY.

Richard Wagner's Prose Works. Vol. VII. In Paris and Dresden. Trans. by W. A. Ellis. 9x5½in., xxi.+306 pp. London, 1899.

Kegan, Paul. 12s. 6d. n.

Shakespeare og hans Kunst. By Theodor Bierfreund. 9½x6½in., 307 pp. Copenhagen, 1898.

Gyldendalske Boghandels Forlag.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Money, Weights, and Measures of all Nations. 8th Ed. By H. A. Browne, M.A. 7x4½in., xlii.+206 pp. London, 1899.

Stanford. 2s. 6d.

The Pleasure of Life. By the Rt. Hon. Sir John Lubbock, Bt., M.P. (6d. Series.) 8½x5¼in., 108 pp. London, 1899.

Macmillan.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Autumnal Leaves. By Francis G. Heath. 4th Ed. 8x5¼in., 332 pp. London, 1899.

Imperial Press. 7s. 6d.

PAMPHLETS.

On the Use of Classical Metres in English. By W. J. Stone. Frowde. 1s. n.

POETRY.

Umbra Coeli. By Compton Reade. 6½x5¼in., 61 pp. London, 1899.

The New Century Press. 3s. 6d. n.

A Century of Indian Epigrams. By Paul E. More. 7x4½in., 124 pp. London, 1899.

Harper. 5s.

A Drama of Two Lives, and other Poems. By E. J. Chapman. 8½x5¼in., 97 pp. London, 1899.

Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.

The Coming of Love, and other Poems. 3rd Ed. By Theodore Watts-Dunton. 8x5¼in., xxxiii.+288 pp. London, 1899.

Lane. 5s. n.

REPRINTS.

The Works of William Shakespeare. In Ten Vols. (The Everyday Ed., Vol. I.) Ed. by C. H. Herford, Litt.D. 7½x5in., xix.+390 pp. London, 1899.

Macmillan. 5s.

The Works of George Berkeley, D.D. Vol. III. Ed. by George Sampson. With Introduction by the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P. 7½x4½in., 528 pp. London, 1899.

Bell. 5s.

The Deserted Village. By Oliver Goldsmith. (The Illustrated English Poems.) Illus. by H. L. Richardson. 8½x6in., 65 pp. London, 1899.

Dent. 3s. 6d. n.

The Sensitive Plant. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. (The Illustrated English Poems.) Illus. by Lawrence Housman. 8½x6in., 60 pp. London, 1899.

Dent. 3s. 6d. n.

Sketches by Boz. By Charles Dickens. 2 vols. (Temple Ed.) 6x4in., 309+339 pp. London, 1899.

Dent. New York: Doubleday. 3s. n.

SCIENCE.

Continuous Current Dynamics in Theory and Practice. By J. Fisher-Hinnen. 8½x5¼in., xiv.+417 pp. London, 1899.

Biggs. 10s. 6d.

Dreams. What They Are, and How They are Caused. By C. W. Leadbeater. Revised Ed. 7½x5in., 70 pp. London, 1899.

The Theosophical Pub. Co. 1s. 6d. n.

SOCIOLOGY.

Economics. By Edward Thomas Devine, Ph.D. 7½x5in., 404 pp. London, 1899.

Macmillan. 4s. 6d. n.

THEOLOGY.

Catholicism. Roman and Anglican. By A. M. Fairbairn. 8½x5¼in., xxiii.+481 pp. London, 1899.

Hodder. 7s. 6d.

The Christian Creed. By C. W. Leadbeater. 7½x5in., 109 pp. London, 1899.

The Theosophical Pub. Co. 1s. 6d. n.

An Introduction to the Creeds and to the Te Deum. By A. E. Burn, B.D. 9x5½in., xiv.+323 pp. London, 1899.

Methuen. 10s. 6d.

Horae Synopticae. Contributions to the Study of the Synoptic Problem. By Rev. Sir J. C. Hawkins, Bt. 9x5½in., xvi.+183 pp. Oxford, 1899.

Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d.

TOPOGRAPHY.

The Cathedral Church of Gloucester. (Bell's Cathedral Series.) By H. J. Massé, M.A. 7½x5in., 133 pp. London, 1899.

Bell. 1s. 6d.

TRAVEL.

West African Studies. By Mary H. Kingsley. 9½x5¼in., xxiv.+639 pp. London, 1899.

Macmillan. 21s. n.

In the Australian Bush and on the Coast of the Coral Sea. By Richard Semon. 10½x7in., xv.+552 pp. London, 1899.

Macmillan. 21s.

The Valley of Light. Studies with Pen and Pencil in the Vaudois Valleys of Piedmont. By W. Basil Worsfold. 9x5½in., x.+335 pp. London, 1899.

Macmillan. 10s. n.

In the Niger Country. By Harold Bindloss. 9x5¼in., x.+338 pp. London, 1899.

Blackwood. 12s. 6d.

Voyage Autour du Brésil. By J. S. du Fossé. Edition pour les Américanistes. 10½x7in., xlii.+326 pp. Rio de Janeiro, 1899.

Lavignasse, Filho.

MESSRS.
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NEXT WEEK, 8vo., 10s. 6d. net.

WOOD AND GARDEN:
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Literature

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"THE TRAIN OF SAPPHO."

It is a perilous thing to write about contemporary poetry without having taken the precaution of keeping abreast of its movement and of taking account of its products not only year by year, but almost month by month. The task, as those know best whose professional business it is to perform it, is no light one, and involves an amount of reading which often, and sometimes for long periods together, possesses no other charm than that of variety. Still it cannot be dispensed with. Nothing ages, nothing perishes quicker than poetry in all but its few immortal masterpieces; and for a writer to have a fairly correct judgment of what constitutes poetic merit does not necessarily qualify him to descend upon the subject whenever it suits him, and to take an easy and airy, yet at the same time critically accurate, retrospect of the poetry even of the last quarter of a century, to go no further back. Such an one is apt to mix up ancient preferences with hasty modern appreciations in a somewhat comical fashion, and to discuss "poets" of the past with an amusing unconsciousness

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that some of them are hopelessly dead and done with, if they can be said to have ever lived at all. When a few years ago Mr. Gladstone was moved—by what inquisitive correspondent, or other of his innumerable motives to writing, we forget now—to express his critical opinion on the performances of what with old-fashioned courtliness he called "the train of Sappho," his enumeration of the modern followers of that famous but scantily represented songstress—consisting largely, as it did, of a catalogue of forgotten feminine mediocrities—revealed the limitations in question in a truly diverting way. It showed that the illustrious statesman had little or no acquaintance with the songs of the latest and most conspicuous additions to the Sapphic train, and was to a great extent drawing upon his recollections of those members of the tuneful procession whose figures had altogether vanished from, if, indeed, they had ever been really visible in, its ranks.

The writer who discourses upon "Some Women Poets" in the current number of the *Quarterly* is apparently much in the same case as Mr. Gladstone. He is better advised, it is true, than to repeat a certain memorable performance of our highly respected critical contemporary, and has dealt with his women poets in strictly chronological sequence, instead of arranging them on what, in the case of their brother bards, appeared to be—or at any rate was mistaken for—a highly invidious "order of merit." He treats of them in the main, as we have said, according to their succession in time, and, seeing that his purpose is historical as well as critical, no fault can be found with him for the space which he has devoted, or even for the importance which he seems to give, to the works of the elder female singers, from the once over-praised Joanna Baillie, to the now perhaps underrated Felicia Hemans and L. E. L. They are interesting, at any rate, as links and landmarks in our poetic history, and on that account alone deserve to be criticized with sufficient fulness to bring out the contrast between the poetic taste and performance of their day and of our own. Nor is it any very startling proof of the reviewer's critical intelligence to have given their due prominence to the great names of Mrs. Browning and Miss Rossetti; for the most superficial familiarity with the subject might at least have been trusted to insure that. It is in dealing with the women poets of lesser mark, but still of genuine gift and of approved achievement, that his plentiful lack of discrimination betrays itself in the extraordinary jumble of names with which we are bewildered in his later pages, where women poets, remarkable either for the power and passion or for the exquisite artistic finish of their poetic work, are found cheek by jowl—if a metaphor so disrespectful in this connexion may be pardoned—with mere rhymestresses who have never proved their possession either of the

inward and spiritual grace of poetry or of its outward and visible signs. To mention names of the living would be invidious, but surely, though the late Eliza Cook was a worthy and well-meaning dealer in metrical common-places, who did not perhaps deserve more than another to be selected by Mr. Matthew Arnold as the typical poetic idol of the Philistines, yet the collocation of her respectable name with those of women poets like Jean Ingelow, Mary Robinson, Mrs. Woods, and Mrs. Meynell, to name no others, is calculated to provoke a smile. It is true that the reviewer guards himself by adding after the word "poets" the words "or writers of rhymes and verse"; but, if contemporary specimens of the latter class were to be included at all, the list might have been indefinitely lengthened, and there seems no reason why the net should not have been thrown wide enough to sweep all the "poets' corners" of the provincial Press.

In the reviewer's critical comments on women's poetry in its later developments we have failed to find anything of a particularly illuminating kind. To say that it is the awakened "self-consciousness" of the sex which stimulates them to poetry and finds its chief expression therein is to sail dangerously near the wind of platitude. Nor is it an observation which is specially applicable to poetry as distinct from prose. The impulse to original utterance, whether operating in man or woman, is primarily the consciousness of having something to say; and, since the Time Spirit, working such changes as it has in the attitude of the sexes towards each other in these closing years of the century, has given women a great deal that is new, or new to them, to say, they have naturally taken to saying it. It does not need a Daniel come to judgment to tell us no more than that. Women wrote only conventional poetry, as they wrote only conventional fiction, in days when the hand of convention lay heavy upon them. Now that they are free, or more nearly free than they were, to look out upon the world and inward into the recesses of their own nature with something of the independence of vision which men have enjoyed for centuries, the result makes itself naturally and of course felt in the set of their thoughts, in the flight of their imaginations, and—when the gift of expression has been bestowed upon them—in the power of their utterances. All this is so obvious that it need not, one would have supposed, have taken quite so many of the *Quarterly's* valuable pages to explain it.

The really interesting feature in the poetry of women, or so it appears to us, is one which has escaped the reviewer. What is most remarkable about this poetry is not, to our thinking, its matter so much as its form. The ideas and the emotions which women select for expression in verse are largely common to them with men. At most they only differ as one side of the shield differs from the other; they are the same, regarded—and, of course, necessarily so, when the question of sex is in any degree involved—from opposite points of view. But the chief and most striking point for remark is, first, that in sincerity and intensity the expression of the woman poet frequently leaves that of the man far behind; and, secondly,

that it much more often sounds an individual note. In this respect it stands in singular contrast to women's prose, which, as a rule, is either undistinguished altogether, or manifestly fashioned after that of some admired masculine model. This imitative knack, it is true, is nowadays pretty widely diffused, in all conscience, among the younger writers of both sexes; but in the female sex it is so dominant that there are singularly few women prose writers who can boast any originality of style. In poetry, on the other hand, the case is curiously reversed. Our women poets never imitate each other, and hardly ever their fellow-singers of the opposite sex. Among the latter we have, and have always had, poets with some of the stuff of poetry in them, but of whose work we cannot but feel that it would never have come into existence in its present form had not the immortal Mr. A. or the illustrious Mr. B. written poetry in that style before them. Of scarcely any of the women poets who have established their reputation as such is it possible to say this. In nearly all of them there is a genuine attempt to utter their own thought in their own way. And if even the greatest of them have less certainty of touch and less sense of formal beauty than the greater male poets—as we see even at the height of material excellence to which Elizabeth Browning and Christina Rossetti attained—they more than compensate for that deficiency by being almost always themselves, and seldom or never the echo of somebody else. And, after all, that is the main thing—that the voice in which they sing should be their natural voice, and no falsetto. The full power of vocalization may be one day added unto them.

On Wednesday last Mr. Ruskin celebrated his eightieth birthday, and received a complimentary address from the faculty of the new Hall which has been named after him at Oxford, and is to be formally opened on the 22nd inst. This short but impassioned document recited that it was "not alone to Ruskin the eloquent art critic" that the College had been dedicated, "but to Ruskin the Prophet, Ruskin the Road-builder. You found the labourer," it continues, "branded by the literature of the world as a mere commodity, a contemptible mechanism; you lifted him up before all mankind, declaring him to be 'the noblest, perfectest, and purest person the earth can at present show.'" Much allowance should be made for the enthusiasm of a body of followers who are at the same time commemorating an interesting anniversary in the life of their master and preparing to inaugurate the foundation of a college in his honour. But, really, the reference to "Ruskin the Road-builder," with its suggested recollections of certain futile gangs of undergraduate navvies in the seventies, is a little too provocative of a smile.

The signatories of the address would have united more suffrages if they had approached the illustrious octogenarian rather in his capacity of "eloquent art critic" than even in that of "prophet," leaving "road-builder" out of the question. And they would have done better still to have paid their tribute to him as a man of letters, who though he devoted his matchless gifts of imagination and eloquence to art criticism in the first instance, has done much more with them than develop an always debatable, and not always entirely self-consistent, theory of æsthetics;

who has used them to add enduring riches to the great treasury of English prose. It is fifty-six years since Mr. Ruskin published the first volume of "Modern Painters," and throughout the succeeding half century he has steadily maintained, if he has not added to, the fame into which he sprang at a bound. It would be hardly an exaggeration to say that he has done as much to reveal the larger compass and more varied powers of his own chosen instrument of literary expression as Mr. Swinburne has with his. That is a greater work than "prophecy"; which, as we see in the case of Carlyle, has a tendency to wear out. It is in the formal only and not in the material sense that the "word" of the prophet endureth for ever.

The recent unearthing of poems by Shelley, Rossetti, and others raises again the question of the necessity there is for thoroughly cataloguing the private libraries of this country. Even now we are by no means sure that we have an exhaustive list of all that Shelley wrote and published. It is possible that he printed at Horsham other poems, or even pamphlets, which up to the present have been entirely lost sight of, though they may still be in existence. And what is said of Shelley may also be said of Landor and Tennyson and other famous authors, for there is a strong probability that many desirable as well as rare books are in the hands of owners who, if not entirely ignorant of their existence, are often unaware of their value. The recent discovery of a rare tract on Byron, found in the pages of an old quarto in a library in the South of Ireland, and the chance finding in London of one of the only known copies of Boswell's "Dorando" are cases in point.

There is also the bibliographical side of the question which is worth considering. One of the most frequent inducements held out to book-collectors to purchase books said to be rare is that they are "unknown to Lowndes" or that they are "not mentioned by Brunet." That Lowndes and Brunet are, as they stand, necessarily incomplete reflects no discredit on the works themselves. It is an inevitable consequence of the continuous and daily additions to our bibliographical knowledge. The only means of bringing those works approximately up to date is by cataloguing all books which can be regarded as valuable and sending copies of such catalogues to the British Museum. As the case now stands, the British Museum cannot claim a copy of any catalogue unless it is published for sale, but some auctioneers are careful to send copies of their catalogues to the national collection. This, however, does not quite meet the case, for there are many libraries whose chief treasures have never been near an auction room, or, if they have, it was so long ago as to be outside any record. If the owners of such libraries were to send lists to the British Museum it would then be possible to settle definitely many knotty points in bibliography, and especially questions of comparative rarity, upon which the prices of so many books depend.

The second series of Dr. Edward Moore's "Studies in Dante" is shortly to be issued by the Clarendon Press. Its publication is awaited with special interest by Dante scholars, as it is understood that Dr. Moore has at length redeemed his promise to discuss a subject which has given rise to a great diversity of opinion—viz., the question as to the authenticity of the treatise "De Aqua et Terra." Continental opinion, as a whole, is decisively against its genuineness. Many English Dantists, on the other hand, in spite of certain suspicious circumstances attending its

publication, incline to regard it as an authentic work of Dante. Dr. Moore thinks that a careful examination of internal evidence ought to go far towards settling the question; and if, as is expected, his conclusions are in favour of Dante's authorship, it will be incumbent upon the sceptics—among whom Dr. Scartazzini and Professor Renier may be mentioned as the foremost champions, though from somewhat different points of view—to reconsider their position.

The enterprise of the Clarendon Press in the matter of Dante has been much appreciated by Dante students, not only in England and America, but also in Italy. The "Oxford Dante" is almost universally recognized in that country as the standard edition. The "Dante Dictionary," too, recently published by the Delegates, bids fair to become naturalized there, and several demands have already been made for its translation into Italian. Professor Michele Scherillo has an appreciative article on it in the last number but one of the *Nuova Antologia*. Its sobriety and business-like brevity appeal to Italian critics—characteristics which have not generally marked Italian books upon Dante. As further evidence of the interest taken by Italians in the writings of the "Oxford school of Dante," we understand that Italian translations are being prepared of articles by four Oxford Dantists—the Principal of St. Edmund Hall, the Master of Balliol, Mr. Paget Toynbee, and Professor John Earle. A first series of Mr. Toynbee's essays has just been issued by Signor Zanichelli, of Bologna, under the title of "Ricerche e Note Dantesche."

Reviews.

Sir Robert Peel. From his Private Papers. Edited for his Trustees by **Charles Stuart Parker.** With a Chapter on his Life and Character by his Grandson, the Hon. George Peel. Vols. II. and III. 9×5½ in., 25+602+663 pp. London, 1899. **Murray. 32/-**

The first volume of this interesting and important biography was published in 1891, and the two now before us complete the work. They cover the period lying between the death of Canning and the death of Peel himself, the twenty-three years which embrace all the most important passages in Sir Robert's public life, to which Mr. Parker has strictly confined himself. The public are already in possession of Sir Robert's own version of three out of the four most important transactions with which his name is connected. Three "Memoirs"—one on the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, one on his brief administration of 1834-35, and one on the Corn Law question—were published in two volumes by Lord Stanhope in 1857, and contain the substance of all that the historian requires. Some unpublished Letters to and from the Queen on the events of 1845-46, which were withheld forty years ago, are now given to the world, and are of great personal interest, though adding nothing to our knowledge. Some other memoranda left behind him by Sir Robert Peel, and hitherto unpublished, have also been drawn upon, and a great mass of private letters, of which all are important, many interesting, and some even amusing, enrich Mr. Parker's pages with various and lively colours.

This biography of the great Conservative statesman differs from most other biographies of the same class in this, that the writer of it makes no serious attempt either to explain what is obscure or to vindicate what is equivocal in the subject of his narrative. The career of Sir Robert

Peel is perhaps more full of doubtful passages than that of any other statesman of this century, not even excepting his famous pupil, Mr. Gladstone. But we are not sure that Mr. Parker has not exercised a wise discretion in leaving them as they are. He states all necessary facts with scrupulous impartiality, and leaves the public to judge for themselves. These volumes are now, therefore, a work of reference to which we can all resort with a certainty of getting the plain unvarnished truth without being distracted by controversial disquisitions or irritated by conceited dogmatism. The author keeps himself and his own opinions very much in the background, and we mean no disrespect to a man of his abilities and accomplishments when we say that we are glad of it. He makes no secret of his own sympathies and convictions, but he does not regard the utterance of them as part of his allotted work, which is far more useful as it is.

We do not mean to say that he passes over altogether without comment the well-known ambiguities in Peel's political career. But he has one defence for all of them which consists in the simple repetition of a well-worn formula—namely, that Peel preferred public interests to party interests. That was sufficient for his purpose; and he judiciously, as we think, leaves the reader to examine the statement for himself. But the matter, as he must be conscious, cannot rest there. If the party system is necessary to Parliamentary government, and if Parliamentary government is for the public good, the public good and the party system cannot usually be opposed to each other. It is a question how far the people can ever profit in the long run (whatever the immediate gain) by the fracture of an instrument essential to their political welfare. The late Lord Derby, son of the Prime Minister, and not by any means a pronounced Conservative, said of Peel's conduct in 1829 and 1846: "A man, you know, can't do that kind of thing twice." And Peel himself, at one time of his life, seemed to be of the same opinion. When pressed to take office in May, 1832, to carry some measure of reform, in spite of his previous resistance to all reform, he, in one of the memoranda here printed, says that his conduct on the Catholic question was cited as a precedent. "But," he adds, "in my opinion the fact of our having taken that course was in itself a great objection to the recurrence to it by us"—that is, a man cannot do that kind of thing twice. It is quite obvious that, if parties can place no reliance on the pledged word of their leaders, if loyalty to one's party is treason to one's country, the party system is at an end, and with it the only method that has yet been found out of conducting Parliamentary government without personal government. Peel, however, with that facility which distinguished his school, persuaded himself, as we learn from the memoranda, that he had inflicted no injury on the party system by his sudden change of front, and he would, therefore, have repudiated his biographer's defence of him. We hardly think it likely that posterity will agree with either.

Mr. Parker does say, *à propos* of free trade, that Peel deserted his party "to avert starvation." He throws down this assertion as an incontrovertible proposition, and leaves it there. It is incumbent, therefore, on his critics to point out that the danger of an Irish famine in 1845, from the failure of the potato crop, was questioned by competent authorities; and that the contrary view was so strongly impressed upon Sir Robert by a member of the Cabinet that the project was for the time abandoned, and not revived till after the publication of Lord John Russell's famous Edinburgh letter, which appeared about a fortnight

later. Sir Robert's own reference to what he calls this "very dexterous letter" clearly shows the effect which it produced upon him, and justifies a doubt whether, if it had never been written, the total repeal of the corn laws would have occurred so soon. We cannot pursue the subject any further. We have only given a specimen of the class of arguments which Mr. Parker makes no attempt to meet in his biography, intrenching himself safely behind the formula already mentioned.

It seems, from a letter written to Sir Herbert Taylor in January, 1835, just before the general election, that there was a time when Sir Robert Peel believed that the experiment of that year would succeed. Elsewhere it is stated that he "had confidence in his measures" to secure the forbearance of a hostile and exasperated majority. If it is true that he really did think so—and he says so himself—it is only another instance of that fatal self-deception to which he was more than once a victim. He did not expect to succeed when he first received the King's summons, and what had occurred between November and January to make him more sanguine we cannot conjecture. Mr. Disraeli says in "Sybil," "We believe we may venture to assume that at no period during the movements of 1834-5 did Sir Robert Peel ever believe in the success of his Administration." Mr. Disraeli was wrong. There was certainly one day when he believed in it, and that was the 12th of January, 1835. And what is more is that, eight years afterwards, Mr. Disraeli himself had changed his opinion, and quotes Sir Robert's belief in the permanence of his Government, even after the general election had left him in a minority, as a proof of his deficiency "in a fine appreciation of the circumstances of the hour."

The next event of general interest with which Mr. Parker has to deal is the Bedchamber Plot; and he quotes a curious letter written by Lady de Grey to Sir Robert Peel, pointing out to him how he should conduct himself at his first interview with the Queen. "The Queen has always expressed herself much impressed with Lord Melbourne's open manner and his truth. The latter quality you possess. The former not." Peel took the advice in good part, but it is doubtful whether he profited by it, for when at last he did acquire the full esteem and confidence of her Majesty, it was to his character, rather than to his manner, that he owed the change. During the early days of his premiership the town was full of stories regarding the effect of those deficiencies to which Lady de Grey refers. Peel was evidently not at this time the man to overcome the young Lady's determination to have her own way. She was evidently not easily daunted. The Duchess of Gloucester asked her whether she did not feel nervous the day before she was to notify her coming marriage to the Privy Council. "Not at all," was the reply—adding, however, that it had been a nervous thing to propose to Prince Albert. "What! did you propose to him?" said the Duchess. "To be sure I did," said the Queen. "He would never have presumed to take such a liberty as to propose to the Queen of England."

Her Majesty's letters to Sir Robert during the struggle of 1846, and from that time to his death, exhibit genuine affection: and, in spite of the attitude of detachment which he adopted after his resignation, there is reason to believe that, had he been alive at the breakdown of Lord Russell's Government, he would again have been Prime Minister. In 1850 he denied to Mr. Cardwell that he had ever said he would never take office again. Perhaps when he did say it he did not think that the opportunity would so soon come round. The general correspondence of this period is full of interest, as it relates to the possible re-

union of the Conservative Party under its former leaders, or some of them. It was thought that Gladstone, Goulburn, and Lord Aberdeen would be quite willing to unite with Lord Stanley. Sir Robert Peel would have done nothing to prevent it, though he would not have been one of the party. He expresses this very plainly in a letter to Lord Aberdeen of April, 1850. Yet only a month afterwards we find him making the remark to Mr. Cardwell which we have already quoted. His last speech was in the great Pacifico debate of the following June, in which occurs his famous description of diplomacy, which we wish we had space to quote and which we commend very strongly to certain critics of the present Government.

Other letters of interest relate to Peel's exercise of patronage and his literary sympathies. In 1845 Tennyson received a pension of £200 a year, since, in Mr. Gladstone's opinion, "though a great poet, he was likely always to be a starving one"; Wordsworth was indebted to Peel for £300 a year; Mr. Somerville for two hundred; and many other struggling men of letters received sums of money from him at different times. Disraeli was less fortunate. He asked for office—not naming anything definite—in 1841, and was civilly refused. He asked Sir James Graham for a place for his brother in 1843, after his attack on the Government had begun, and was refused flatly. The summary appended by Mr. George Peel calls for no particular notice; but we are perhaps indebted to him for a copy of *Alcaics*, written by E. K. Karslake on hearing of Peel's death in 1850. He sent them to Mr. Frederick Peel, his old schoolfellow, and they will be read with pleasure by many besides old Harrovians.

Studies in International Law. By Thomas Erskine Holland, D.C.L., &c. 9×5½in., viii+314 pp. Oxford, 1898. Clarendon Press. 10/6.

In this volume Professor Holland has collected a number of occasional papers on various topics of International Law—by-studies, he calls them, on special points such as are incidental to the continuous exploration and exposition of any great department of knowledge. Some of the papers fully come up to this description, but others appear to have been inserted merely to make up a volume—such, for instance, as the paper on the literature of International Law for 1884, by no means an exceptional year, and the bald biographies of English worthies read to the Institut de Droit International, which only serve to show that the Professor can express himself in French. On the other hand, the three studies on the treaty relations of Russia and Turkey and the Treaty of Berlin will be found of the greatest use in dealing with any phase of the Eastern Question that may arise. If, as has been said, treaties are oftener spoken of than read, this very clear exposition and analysis will, at least, enable them to be discussed intelligently. It is, however, a pity that the treaty modifications consequent on the recent Græco-Turkish War are not referred to. Another paper of permanent value deals with the international position of the Suez Canal, and the abortive convention for its neutralization.

Pacific blockade is also discussed, but without any very conclusive results—which, indeed, the subject scarcely admits of as yet. The crucial question is as to the right to enforce a blockade of this kind against all nations in time of peace. The recent blockade of Crete was of a very singular character. As against one flag—that of Greece—the blockade was general—that is, all access to the Cretan coast was denied; but vessels of other flags were allowed to discharge their

cargoes at the ports occupied by the Powers, provided they were not destined for the Greek troops in the island or "directed to the interior" (*dirigées vers l'intérieur*), whatever that phrase may have meant. An interesting question would have arisen if the owners of a British vessel had questioned the enforcement of these regulations in an English Court. In such case Professor Holland is inclined to think the legality of the proceeding would have been upheld, but the point is an open one.

Another very important subject dealt with is the right to bombard open coast towns, such as Brighton or Folkestone or Dieppe, for the purpose of extorting ransom. International lawyers appear to be unanimous that such a proceeding would not be in accordance with the modern rules of civilized warfare. On the other hand, the Admirals appear to be of an opposite way of thinking, and would not be without means of giving effect to their conclusion.

The international results of the war between China and Japan are also discussed; those of the Spanish-American War were perhaps not readily accessible. Professor Holland notes the sinking of the *Kowshing*, and the arrest by the Japanese of two American subjects on their way to take part in hostilities on the Chinese side, as the two most interesting precedents arising out of the war. In both cases he considers the action of Japan was justified. On the whole, and apart from the regrettable incidents at Port Arthur, he regards Japan as entitled to the credit of having conformed to the laws of war, both as regards belligerents and neutrals; while Chinese notions of International Law are still limited to the ceremonial of embassy and the conduct of diplomacy.

A CONGREGATIONALIST ON THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.

Catholicism: Roman and Anglican. By A. M. Fairbairn, M.A., D.D., LL.D., Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford. 8½×5½in. xxiii.+481 pp. London, 1899. Hodder & Stoughton. 7/6

Nothing is more necessary in the present ecclesiastical controversy than to keep a steady eye on the principles involved. Englishmen, indeed, are not, as a rule, widely or deeply moved without a pretty clear realization of some principle at stake; and the present agitation offers no exception to this rule. Sacerdotalism represents a set of ideas the meaning of which is clearly grasped both by its opponents and its advocates; but sacerdotalism is not so much a doctrine in itself, as a particular phase of one, forced into an excessive prominence. There is a much broader question behind it, and hence Dr. Fairbairn's book, which represents an honest intention to revert to first principles and to remind the combatants on either side what are the real issues at stake, is very opportune. True, Catholicism—we do not, of course, according to the present slipshod phrase, mean Romanism—is not openly thrown into the arena in what is called, rather unnecessarily, perhaps, the "crisis in the Church." But it is very likely to be compromised by unwise champions, and if one portion of the building has grown to be disproportionate and unsightly, those who attack and those who defend it may both forget that their quarrels endanger the entire structure of which it is a part. As a matter of fact, the representatives of Catholicism have done little to warn the nation against the prejudices which its mistaken exponents are likely to bring on it, and in default of any timely utterance from their side, we are not sorry to see the wider aspect of the question raised by a prominent representative of the other.

The book is a collection of papers which have all of them, we think, appeared separately before; and some of them, such articles on Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief," and on "Oxford and Jowett," touch only indirectly on the main subject

indicated in the title. The interest of the book centres round the Anglo-Catholic revival and its results, and there is an introduction, to a great extent autobiographical, describing the enthusiasm the author felt on reading Newman's "Apologia," and his disappointment when, with the increase of knowledge, Newman and his fellows

appeared as victims of sectarian spites, ill-informed, prejudiced and violent, darkened by qualities which neither literary genius, nor spiritual passion, nor religious emotion and aims could dispossess of their intrinsic meanness.

We must in fairness say that this is very strong language for Dr. Fairbairn, whose wide learning and philosophic spirit preserve him, as a rule, from the taint of any crude partisanship or intolerance. As he well says:—

It belongs to the madness of the sectary, whether Catholic or anti-Catholic, to believe that his own system grows more sane as others are made to seem less rational. But the Protestant ought to be as pleased to discover the reason in Catholicism as the Catholic to find the truth in Protestantism; what makes either ridiculous makes the other less credible. . . . If Christ lives within Catholicism, He ought to seem the more wonderful, and it the less odious to the Protestant; if within Protestantism He ought to appear the more gracious, and it the less void of grace and truth to the Catholic.

The first seven chapters are devoted to a very illuminative and subtle analysis of the Catholic idea, of the Romanist Counter Revolution on the Continent, and of the genesis of the Anglo-Catholic Revival in England. They are full of new points of view; and many familiar phenomena are explained in an acute and original way. A very forcible picture is drawn of the Church of Rome as the generator of doubt and disbelief—a position illustrated by its failure to command the educated intellect from the Renaissance onwards, but more particularly by the triumph of Deism on the Continent in the eighteenth century. In England Hume and Gibbon almost exhaust the names of illustrious Deists, and Christian apologetic may be said to have finally held the field. In France it was far otherwise, and one reason was, as Dr. Fairbairn points out, that in England the religious had ceased to be a civil question; the reign of toleration had begun, and the champions of liberty were not necessarily the champions of infidelity. As an historian of thought Dr. Fairbairn is more successful than as an analyst of it. A good instance of his analytical manner—exhibiting both its strength and its weakness—is his discussion of the supernaturalism of the Catholic doctrine, which he asserts "is, indeed, marvellous, but it is not mysterious":—

The true mystery is a thing of nature; history neither made it nor can show how it was made; reason finds it and cannot elude it, for it is bound up with the being of the reason and the system that holds and unfolds it. But a false mystery is only a marvel, a belief with a remarkable history: without ground in nature or reason in thought: but bound up with the being of an institution, explicable through it yet helping to explain it. . . . The mystery exercises reason, but the marvel taxes faith; and so while authority may be based on the mysteries of reason the marvels of faith must be based on authority.

The distinction is traced in a passage of far greater length than we have space for. It is one which presents an attractive field for the operations of a writer who moves easily among philosophic subtleties, but the reader will not fail to note that it ignores the correspondence insisted on by Butler between the mysteries and methods of natural and revealed religion, or to remember that the religious belief of the writer himself is confessedly founded on a marvel that had its origin in history. It illustrates, in fact, as we have said, both the strength and weakness of Dr. Fairbairn. To adopt the philosophic phraseology which comes so easily from his pen, he is strong in analysis but weak in synthesis. He is stimulating rather than convincing; and just as, in the matter of style, he has an unflinching facility of expression unilluminated by eloquence or wit, so in the sphere of thought he handles, and turns over, and contrasts abstract ideas with extraordinary and sometimes tiresome rapidity, but seldom succeeds in presenting with force and solidity a concrete substantive doctrine.

Dr. Fairbairn gives a very instructive account of the origin of the Anglo-Catholic revival—of its connexion with Evangelicalism and with Romanticism; and no impartial student of it will fail to sympathize with much of his criticism of its deficiencies, in both its earlier and later developments. But the picture he draws is not a wholly complete one, and his grasp of the essential spirit of the movement is still more inadequate. He ignores far too much the practical as distinguished from the doctrinal side of it. If it was a protest against Liberalism, it was also a call to a revival of piety among the laity, and of active service among the clergy. It was not, as he says, less, but more, "the child of a great love than a great hate." Nor does he remember its vitality and its power of progressive development. He recognizes the character of the Anglo-Catholicism of to-day, and, indeed, states it with some truth as resting now far more than at first on "an underlying philosophy or theology."

The determinative principle of the older men was historical—tradition; but the determinative principle of the younger men is metaphysical—a doctrine.

The fact must be taken surely up to a certain point as a proof of the adequacy of the movement for human requirements, and the criticism is hardly consistent with the remark that Anglo-Catholicism "is a thoroughly individual movement, with less national promise now than it had at first." A still more serious misconception runs through the whole volume—viz., the presentation of Anglican theory as an arbitrary limitation of religion. The whole book is summed up in the remark that the inquiry is concerning "the form in which the Christian Faith can best be presented to our age." The Anglican will, of course, reply that the form in its main outlines was settled two thousand years ago and rests upon evidence similar to that which supports the central doctrine of Christianity. The notion of a divinely constituted society, the establishment of which is supported by historical testimony, is throughout ignored; its documentary basis is barely alluded to, and the treatment of Catholicism as merely one among other experiments in the organization of religion leads to that pitfall of all theological controversialists a continuous and unconscious *petitio principii*. Dr. Fairbairn's reasoning will therefore not, we are afraid, do much to convince the Anglo-Catholic of his errors, or provide the waverer with any sure basis for his religious profession, though it will provide both of them with fruitful subjects for reflection. But the book is certainly one every theologian must welcome—high-minded in tone, broad in its outlook, penetrating in its vision, and full of luminous *aperçus* on the history of thought and of events.

LEONARDO.

Leonardo da Vinci, Artist, Thinker, and Man of Science. From the French of **Eugène Müntz**, Member of the Institut de France. Two vols. 12½ × 8½ in., xxii. + 256 + xi. + 287 pp. London, 1898. **Heinemann. £2 2s. n.**

Leonard de Vinci, L'Artiste, Le Penseur, Le Savant. By **Eugène Müntz**. Illustré. 12½ × 8½ in., 533 pp. Paris, 1899. **Hachette. Fr. 40.0**

Mr. Heinemann is to be congratulated on the art books which he has published this winter. Both the Leonardo and Gainsborough are far above the average of English illustrated books and may safely challenge comparison with the finest works of the kind which appear in Paris. Not only are they excellently printed and illustrated with admirable plates, but in both instances the text is of real value to the student.

The new life of Leonardo da Vinci is from the pen of M. Eugène Müntz, the distinguished French art critic, whose works on the Italian Renaissance have attained a world-wide celebrity. He has devoted many years to the study of the great Florentine's art, and in the present monograph has given us a careful and accurate account of the discoveries which have been made in this field by the latest generation of students. Many problems still remain to be solved. The last word can never be said until the disjointed fragments of Leonardo's manuscripts have been brought together and published in a complete form. But if M.

Eugène Müntz does not claim to pronounce a final judgment upon the great Florentine, this book is none the less a valuable contribution to the study of the most complex and many-sided among all the artists of the Italian Renaissance.

During the last thirty years a whole mass of literature has grown up round the name of Leonardo, and new impetus has been given to the study of his works by the publication of his manuscripts which has been effected by such able and industrious students as Dr. Richter, M. Charles Ravaisson-Mollien, Signor Beltrami, M. Sabachnikoff, and others. At the same time new light has been thrown upon many incidents in the painter's life by the patient and laborious researches of Professor Uzielli, whose important work on Leonardo is still in course of publication.

In the main M. Müntz follows Uzielli, and agrees with him in most of the points which are still under discussion. For instance, he rejects Dr. Richter's hypothesis as to Leonardo's supposed travels in Armenia, and thinks that the famous letter to the Governor of Syria and the map and drawings of Mount Taurus were transcribed, after the artist's wont, from the records of other travellers. Leonardo, we know, was an indefatigable compiler. According to M. Müntz, about a third of his manuscripts consists of extracts from ancient and modern authors, while an index which is attached to the fragments relating to the East seems to show that, as M. Piot and Signor Govi have suggested, he intended to use these facts as material for a book which he never finished. M. Müntz is also at one with Signor Uzielli in accepting the year 1483 as the probable date of Leonardo's arrival in Milan. This date agrees at once with the anonymous biographer's statement that Leonardo, who was born in 1452, was thirty years old when he settled at Milan, and with Sabba da Castiglione's remark that when Leonardo finally left Milan in 1499 he had spent sixteen years upon the equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza.

The chapters which M. Müntz devotes to these sixteen years are of especial interest. In his "*Histoire de la Renaissance à l'époque de Charles VIII.*" (1885) he gave us a brilliant picture of the literary and artistic revival that took place at Milan in the last twenty years of the fifteenth century, and claimed for Lodovico Sforza a place by the side of Lorenzo de' Medici among the most distinguished patrons of art and learning in the Renaissance. Since then new documents have come to light which justify *Il Moro's* claim to this exalted position and go far to vindicate his character from the worst charges which have been brought against him. We can only regret that M. Müntz, who was one of the first to recognize the great qualities of this remarkable man, should still speak of him as the poisoner of his nephew, or repeat the vulgar calumny that on one occasion he struck his wife, a statement which, in point of fact, was made, not of him, but of Gian Galeazzo, the reigning Duke of Milan. For the sake of historical accuracy, a few other slips ought to be corrected. The birth of Lodovico's eldest son, Maximilian, took place in February, 1493, and not, as stated (vol. II., p. 191), in 1491; and the grant of lands to the Duke's mistress, Lucrezia Crivelli, was made in July, 1497, several months after, and not before, the death of his wife, Beatrice d'Este. Again, the Court physician, Gabriele Pirovano, and the Duke's favourite astrologer, Ambrogio Varese da Rosate, whom he raised to the dignity of Count, were two distinct individuals, and not, as M. Müntz tells us, one and the same personage. A more serious blunder is the accusation of treachery which our author brings against Lodovico's son-in-law, Galeazzo di San Severino. Far from betraying his father-in-law to Louis XII., this gallant soldier and accomplished gentleman shared Lodovico's good and evil fortunes alike, and, after following him into his German exile and returning with him to Milan during his brief hour of triumph, was carried into captivity by the Swiss after the fatal day of Novara. But, in spite of these mistakes, all that M. Müntz has to tell us of the relations between Leonardo and his Milanese patron is of deep interest. *Il Moro's* splendid liberality and refined taste, the ease and freedom which Leonardo enjoyed at his Court, the marvellous variety of works upon which he was engaged as ducal painter,

sculptor, and engineer, are all eloquently described. Well might the great artist lament the succession of disasters which overwhelmed his illustrious patron, together with the whole Sforza race, in irretrievable ruin, and brought this brilliant episode of his own life to an abrupt close. It is the note of profound sadness and despair, not of bitter reproach, that breathes in the mournful lines which he wrote after he had taken refuge at Florence, ending with the words, "The Duke has lost his realm, his fortune, and his liberty. Not one of his undertakings has been finished." Leonardo's own hopes were blighted, his plans suddenly interrupted; he had lost home and friends, and seen the great equestrian statue on which he had spent so many years of continual labour destroyed by the French invaders. Now at fifty years of age he had to begin his career afresh. He found new and liberal patrons in Cæsar Borgia and the French King, and lived to execute other great works and end his days in peace and honour at the Court of Francis I., but he never found again a master as congenial or a friend whose sympathy was as stimulating as Lodovico Sforza.

Another portion of M. Müntz's work which merits attention is that which he devotes to Leonardo's studies in anatomy, geology, and physics. In all of these different departments we feel not only how vast was the knowledge which this singularly versatile master had acquired, but how far he was in advance of his age, and in how many different directions he anticipated the discoveries of modern science. Again, M. Müntz brings out better perhaps than any former biographer the influence of the antique upon the painter's artistic development, his intimate acquaintance with classical models, and the manner in which he had assimilated the spirit of Greek art. The point has been strongly disputed by modern critics, but in this case the present biographer is, we are convinced, wholly in the right.

When we come to M. Müntz's own opinions respecting the genuineness of the various works attributed to Leonardo, we must confess that we are on less solid ground. He is no doubt perfectly justified in maintaining the superiority of the Louvre "*Virgin of the Rocks*" over the National Gallery *replica*, and all that he says on this fiercely-contested subject is well worthy of attention, but when he goes on to class the Bacchus and St. John of the Louvre, and even the fresco in the convent of S. Onofrio on the Janiculan in Rome, among the master's indisputably genuine works, our faith in his critical powers receives a rude shock. After that, we are scarcely surprised to find that he dismisses the lovely profile portrait of a young girl which has lately passed from Mme. Minghetti's collection in Rome into that of Mr. Theodore Davis at Newport, U.S., as a modern forgery. But when he says that this opinion is shared by those connoisseurs who have seen the picture, we should like to remind him that Morelli, Dr. Richter, Signor Frizzoni, and Mr. Berenson have all pronounced the portrait to be an early work by Leonardo. It is not, in fact, for his criticism of the great Florentine's actual pictures that M. Eugène Müntz's work deserves to be studied, but for the useful summary of recent researches into Leonardo's history and for the elaborate and thoughtful analysis of his literary and artistic genius which it contains. Above all, in these handsome volumes we have a series of lovely pictures in which choice examples of Leonardo's drawings meet us on every page and help us to realize at once the exquisite grace and purity of the great master's line and the surpassing beauty of his dreams.

THE "HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE."

The Mediæval Empire. By Herbert Fisher, New College, Oxford. Two Vols. 9½ x 5½ in., viii. + 350 + 308 pp. London, 1898. Macmillan, 21/- n.

We welcome with pleasure the appearance of an English book of solid merit dealing with the history of mediæval Germany, a subject neglected more than any other section of the Middle Ages by writers on this side of the Channel. It seems strange that our historians should always be attracted by France and

Italy, and never touch on the annals of our Teutonic kinsmen ; but we know of no work of real importance written in English and dealing with Germany in pre-Reformation days, with the single exception of Mr. Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire." Even that admirable book may be described rather as a brilliant and suggestive sketch than a detailed narrative : the Middle Ages cannot be crammed into three hundred small octavo pages without some sacrifice of essentials.

Mr. Fisher's new book is not a history, but a series of historical studies. We shall still have to wait—probably for years—before an English writer expounds to us the real political meaning of the reigns of Arnulf, or Lewis the Bavarian, or Frederic III., by dint of detailing their annals. But meanwhile we are grateful to have detached portions and aspects of German history made clear to us in the lucid and businesslike style of Mr. Fisher. The general student of history may gather from his pages facts concerning the differences between German and English feudalism, the development and progress of German law, the machinery of the Imperial Administration in Italy, which were never before accessible to him in an English form. He may study the influence of racial divisions on the internal economy of the empire, and follow out the rise of the chief princely families of the later Middle Ages. We especially commend for study the account of the great Babenberg house in Austria, which has never before met with proper attention. It was this race which built up the power that the Hapsburgs were to turn to such effect, yet their name is hardly known to us. How often have we seen the Austrian Leopold of the Third Crusade—Cœur de Lion's enemy—treated as a Hapsburg by writers who ought to have known better ? How invariably does the misty "Austria-Limoges" of *King John* strut across the stage with the Hapsburg arms upon his surcoat ? The section, however, of Mr. Fisher's book which the student will find most unfamiliar and most suggestive is undoubtedly the admirable chapters dealing with German law. The subject is extraordinarily difficult to the English reader, who comes to it fresh from the comparatively simple and well-compacted law of our own medieval courts. By the reign of William the Conqueror the English system had advanced as far as the German got in the eighteenth century ; by the reign of Henry of Anjou we had obtained a hierarchy of courts and a system of procedure such as Germany was never to know. The greatest misfortune of the empire was that the strong Emperors of the early Middle Ages never succeeded in establishing a single law for their whole realm. It is hard to imagine what would have happened in England if Mercian law or the "North Peoples' Law" had persisted alongside with Wessex law down to the fourteenth century. Yet the corresponding state of things went on in Germany, all through the Middle Ages, with the most chaotic results. What could be more absurd than to find a Brunswick duke of the thirteenth century "living Swabian law" among Low German subjects who "live Saxon law," merely because his Welf ancestors had an original Swabian domicile ? Again, how strange to English ears is the legal maxim that the Emperor, wherever he may be born and whatever his ancestry, must "live Frankish (Franconian) law." What with national law, feudal law, town law, and exotic Roman law superimposed upon the rest, the German legal practice (system there was none) is almost incomprehensible. The only way out of the chaos would have been the crushing of local usage by a powerful Imperial Court ; but such an institution never came into existence.

A comparison between the history of the medieval Imperial Court and the *Curia Regis* of England [says Mr. Fisher] reveals the secret of the long political disunion of Germany. . . . The task of seeing that every man got his rights was, as Conrad II. observed, a work of enormous difficulty. It could clearly only be performed by a large exercise of delegation. It required a strong, central, permanent Court, with a professional band of royal Judges, fixed and itinerant. But such a Court was never formed in Germany. The King's Court exercised little influence in shaping German law. Its composition was arbitrary and fluctuating. Like the chameleon, it changed colour with the surface over which it travelled. When the King came into Saxony, Saxon litigants flocked to

his Court, and his Court would be mainly composed of Saxon nobles and Princes. The law administered would be Saxon law, the principles would be the traditional Saxon principles. But in Swabia the Court would be mainly Swabian, in Bavaria mainly Bavarian.

Hence case-made Imperial law could not come into existence ; an admirable Swabian precedent would have no power or meaning in Bavaria ; a decision made at Goslar would have no quotable force at Vienna. We reach the height of administrative absurdity when it is seriously urged that the Emperor and his Court cannot give a valid decision except on the very soil of the region where the decision is to take effect. With such theories in existence, it is obvious that no central fixed Court could be readily accepted by the whole of the German duchies. Yet we cannot doubt that a strong man might have stamped down local resistance and united his realm by the best of all ties. But, unfortunately, the phantom of the Roman Empire and the dream of the domination of the whole world always intervened. The German Kings—even the strongest and wisest of them—turned aside to snatch at the shadow, and the tangible benefit of national unity on the Rhine and Elbe and Danube slipped from their grasp.

SCHOOL HISTORIES.

Annals of Westminster School. By John Sargeaunt. 9 x 6 in., x. + 303 pp. London, 1898. Methuen. 7/6

This book is one of the latest of a series dealing with the history of our great public schools, and the subject is worthy of the book. For no school has a more interesting past than Westminster. Her close connexion with the foundations of Christ Church, Oxford, and Trinity, Cambridge, the old institution of the Play, the peculiar customs of Maundy money and the throwing of the Pancake, her ancient right to hear Debates in the House of Commons, her privileges in the Abbey at State ceremonies, and especially at coronations, when Westminster scholars are held to represent the people of England in being the first to acclaim the new Sovereign—all those things mark her out from other schools, and give her a position all her own.

And the book is not unworthy of its subject. It practically starts with the reconstruction of the college by Queen Elizabeth, and the daily school life of those days is, by the writer's research, made as clear to us as that of the modern boy. Two good chapters are devoted to the reign of Dr. Busby, whose name will be remembered until schoolmasters are forgotten. The whole of his long life was passed in close connexion with the school, of which he was headmaster for no less than fifty-seven years. As Mr. Sargeaunt says :—

The unrivalled length and the unsurpassed success of his mastership, the tenacity with which through great political changes he clung to his post, the dominance of his intellect, and the terror of his rod have raised his name above all of his profession.

The education he gave was a purely classical one, and he turned out many famous men, including Dryden and Christopher Wren ; but when we read that Hebrew and Arabic formed part of his regular school curriculum, we cannot deny that South had some ground for his charge that Westminster under Busby was *inconfusa Babel*.

Passing over the chapters on Knipe, Freind, and John Nicoll, who is chiefly known to fame as the master of Warren Hastings, we begin to arrive at modern times. The author touches with a tender hand the miserable financial disputes which arose in the early half of this century between school and Chapter, and which nearly resulted in the school's extinction. It was a more pleasing task to write of its revival under Liddell, and its renewed growth under Scott and Dr. Rutherford.

The book justifies its title by its fulness in dates and facts, and will be a valuable work of reference to those interested in the school's history. The general reader, however, may not find enough life and variety for his purpose. The writer often prefers to hint at some interesting character, or humorous tale, or picturesque description, rather than to draw them out in detail.

To take a single instance, Rowing at Westminster is dismissed in two or three pages, though its association with Eton in this pastime in the early part of this century is among Westminster's proudest memories. The coxswain of the famous boat of 1837 was fond of relating in after years how lavishly the Westminster crew were entertained at Windsor Castle before the race, and how abundantly their glasses—and especially the coxswain's—were kept filled from the Royal cellars, but all to no purpose. What followed may be described in the words of William Rogers, who rowed number five in the Eton boat :—

“ On the day of the race the King said to Lord Howe :— ‘ What carriage shall I have to-day ? ’ The answer was :— ‘ Your Majesty ought not to go out ; you are too unwell. ’ But he meant, he said, to see the race. I remember well his figure, seated in a closed carriage, wrapped in a white great-coat, about 150 yards from the bridge. As soon as he saw that the Westminsters were ahead, he pulled down the blinds and drove back to the Castle, which I do not think he afterwards left.”

The palmy days of Westminster are in the past, and, though it continues to do good, solid work, it has not the importance it had of old. Doubtless one chief cause of this condition is that London's gigantic growth has wrapped it round. Within the memory of men yet living, Westminster might still be called a country school. Its situation remains the same, but Busby or even Vincent would not recognize its surroundings. The brook running under its south wall, with the marshes beyond, the pleasant country road to Chelsea, the open fields to the north, stretching up from St. James's Park to Hampstead and Highgate, have all been sacrificed, and the schoolboys no longer breathe the scent of hay and clover, but the exhausted “ reekie ” air of the heart of London. The building of the Thames Embankment has rendered boating impossible, while the cricket fields are only approached through squalid streets. Changes in institutions are seldom made quickly, but those who best regard the welfare of the school may, perhaps, hold the opinion that, while London requires all her day schools, she has no further need of resident scholars and boarding-houses at Westminster.

It was proper that THE HISTORY OF TONBRIDGE SCHOOL (Rivingtons, 12s. 6d.) should be written. Old Tonbridgians had both the right and the desire to be fully informed upon the subject ; and Mr. Septimus Rivington has (in the enlarged second edition of a book which first appeared in 1869) adequately performed the task of bringing together all that is knowable concerning that ancient academy. His failure to produce a book that is likely to interest the community at large is due to the fact that Tonbridge School shares the happiness attributed by the philosopher to the peoples that have no history. There have been no memorable rebellions there, as at Eton and Rugby, and no famous headmasters, like Busby, and Udall, and Arnold, and Keate. The school is old enough. Its foundation was practically contemporaneous with that of Harrow, Rugby, Merchant Taylors', and Repton ; but it was only under the rule of Dr. Wood, now promoted to succeed Dr. Welldon, that it achieved a really extensive celebrity. For the rest, it has merely kept the even tenor of its way, turning out a fair proportion of sound scholars and useful citizens, but doing little to impress its individuality upon the world.

The list of distinguished alumni of the various headmasters is, perhaps, the most interesting feature of Mr. Rivington's book. The part which Tonbridge has played in English education can be best set forth by reciting the names of the more eminent of them. They include Thomas Herbert, eighth Earl of Pembroke, Admiral Peter Rainier, Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, General Dumoustier (of Napoleon's Young Guard), Julius Hare, Judge Homersham Cox, William Alexander Bishop of Derry, Albany Fonblanque, Professor Charles H. Pearson, General Brackenbury, Sir Reginald Hanson, E. W. B. Nicholson (Bodley's Librarian), W. R. Morfill, and A. J. Mounteney Jephson. It is a list that, obviously, is something more than respectable ; but it also is a list that reflects more credit on the later headmasters than on the earlier ones, and shows how recently Tonbridge School has begun to rank among notable

seats of learning. The book is excellently illustrated from old prints, modern photographs, and cadastral surveys ; and various old Tonbridgians have contributed notes on the school sports. Among others the Rev. W. Rashleigh, the well-known cricketer, writes of the pastime in which he excels.

CONTINENTAL DRAMATIC CRITICISM

Drame Ancien, Drame Moderne. By Emile Faguet. 7x4jin., 274 pp. Paris, 1898. Colin. Fr.3.50

M. Faguet's book is only new in the sense that even the oldest subjects acquire a fresh interest when treated by an able writer. In fact, it is rather a collection of disconnected articles on some principles of dramatic art than an elaborate discussion of any particular theme, or exclusively a comparison of the ancient and modern drama, as the title would suggest. In an *avant propos* on “ la Nature de l'émotion dramatique ” is an interesting recapitulation of the various definitions of the dramatic emotion.

The definition of Saint-Marc-Girardin, “ The source of dramatic emotion is the sympathy of man for man,” the author rejects. His own theory is that “ we go to see a tragedy at the theatre in pursuit of that pleasure which man's sufferings afford to his fellow-man,” and he attributes the popularity of the drama to man's innate ferocity, an assertion which, however, he tempers by another, “ it is because men love truth in art that they love sadness in art.” And sadness he holds is the motive of comedy as of tragedy, for while tragedy represents human misfortune in its terrible, comedy represents it in its ridiculous, aspects. When, he asks, was happiness ever the subject of a play, or did a dramatic writer ever paint a honeymoon but at the moment when it “ *commence de s'aggraver* ” ? If men loved the spectacle of human happiness, they would have created a drama illustrating it, and no such drama has ever existed. M. Faguet adds to these sources of the dramatic emotion—viz., human malignity and love of truth—a love of reflection ; these are the sentiments awakened in the spectator by the pictures presented by the drama. The fundamental difference between the Greek, English, and French conceptions of tragedy, which should constitute particularly the subject of the book, according to its title, M. Faguet discusses, to our mind, with too much brevity. His view may be summed up as follows :—

The Greeks were essentially lovers of beauty in its calm purity of line and “ nobility of attitude ” ; as in their sculpture, so on their stage. Their system was to take a simple story and surround it with the marvels of all the arts, thus composing a complete æsthetic whole. The English are lovers of reality, and like “ the complex in character because life is complicated.” They seek to embrace life in all its variety, and they draw into the main story the side issues which are inseparable from reality, so as to form a rich picture of life as life is. The French, lovers of reason, seek the “ abstract in character because an abstract character is an idea.” They take a simple action and so dispose cause and effect as to develop from given premises a logical though unforeseen conclusion :—

Il y a un sculpteur, un musicien, un lyrique, un épique dans tout dramatisse grec ; dans tout dramatisse anglais il y a un historien, un moraliste, un philosophe ; dans tout dramatisse français il y a un dialecticien, un orateur, et un professeur de morale.

The author illustrates his comparison by three typical national tragedies, *Antigone*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Le Cid*. The same subject is common to them all—lovers separated by a family feud. *Antigone* and *Hæmon* do not struggle against the obstacles opposed to their love ; *Antigone* goes straight to duty and to death, and her lover follows her. There is no painting of character, no moral conflict, all is subordinated to the laws of harmony and beauty ; the play is a succession of grand *tableaux*, accompanied by the strains of the chorus, echoing the spirit of each scene as it passes. *Romeo and Juliet* hear only the voice of love, and, sweeping aside law, duty, family honour, and traditions, they too go to death. Life, in

its varied incidents and character, in all its complexity and changes, is painted with startling reality. As in the Greek drama, there is no study of moral conflict. The story of Chimène and Rodrigue is the conflict of opposing moral forces, in the passion that unites the lovers, and the duty which separates them. Of the beauty sought for by the Greeks, of the vivid realism of the English tragedy, there is nothing. All is subordinated to the laws of reason and logic. In the representation of such *luttres morales*, says the author, French tragedy excels, and hence, he maintains, it is the most moral of the three, the most healthy, and the most elevating.

To the readers of M. Faguet's admirable weekly articles in the *Débats* these views are more or less familiar, but they will be welcome to everybody in the handier collected form.

Le Théâtre au Portugal. By Henri Lyonnet. 7 x 4 1/2 in., 298 pp. Paris, 1898. Ollendorf. Fr. 3.50

This book is the second of a series called "Le Théâtre Hors de France," the first of which, "Le Théâtre en Espagne," was reviewed in *Literature* last May. If the present volume is not so interesting as that on the Spanish stage, it is less the fault of the author than that of the state of the drama in Portugal. This country, so close to Spain and so akin to it in race and history, is, says M. Lyonnet, its very "moral antipodes," and its theatre is entirely different. Neither "Zarzuela," which is the most popular of all Spanish theatrical entertainments, nor the system of "sections"—i.e., representations lasting one hour, and succeeding each other through the evening—exists in Portugal. In Spain there is a new programme every night; in Portugal, as in Paris, pieces are played while they continue to "draw." "Too many" theatres and not enough public is a criticism which explains why many of the theatres are only open three days out of four, and why managers so frequently fail to cover their expenses. The Théâtre D. Maria II., opened at Lisbon in 1846, was intended to be exclusively reserved for producing Portuguese plays, but the plan failed from lack of national authors, and recourse is now had to French, German, and English translations, Portuguese audiences having a strong dislike to Spanish plays, as indeed to all other things Spanish. *Le Marquis de Villemér*, *L'Ami Fritz*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Le Bibliothécaire* (from the German), Ibsen's *Borkmann* have all been translated and are frequently played.

The favourite Portuguese entertainment, however, is the "Revue," which, according to M. Lyonnet, "invades everywhere, takes possession of everything, and is the only thing that pays." Portuguese authors excel in the writing of these "Revue," which, like those of Paris, seem to be a succession of comic scenes, skits on the latest inventions, scandals, and social and political events, with songs which are often witty, and dialogue which is sometimes "brutally" indecent. Of the artistic powers of the Portuguese actors the author speaks with warm admiration, especially of Brazão, João Rosa, Augusto Rosa (co-managers of the Théâtre D. Maria II.), and the old Taborda, whose portraits bear some likeness to those of the famous Samson. Here is a description of him:—

Imagine a last year's apple, wrinkled in every direction, up and down and across. Look close, and you will find a little of everything in Taborda's face: mountains, valleys, canals, precipices!

It is inconceivable that such a man—and the portraits in the book bear out this description—should have appeared, as M. Lyonnet assures us, with wonderful effect in the elegant part of "Marquis de la Seiglière"! M. Lyonnet remarks that with such excellent actors there is not one good actress.

COPYRIGHT.

Seven Lectures on the Law and History of Copyright in Books. By Augustine Birrell, M.P. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 228 pp. London, 1890. Cassell. 3/6 n.

Mr. Augustine Birrell's little tract on the History of Copyright is a reprint of "the more popular" of a series of

"Eighteen Lectures on the general subject of Copyright," lately delivered at University College, London; and the presumption is that it is intended for the general, rather than for the professional, reader. There is not enough in it to fortify the lawyer who is called upon to advise a client on a delicate and difficult point; the vexed question of Canadian Copyright, in particular, is passed over with scant ceremony, and without even a mention of the leading case of "Smiles v. Bedford," the decision which, at the present hour, protects the British author from the piratical propensities of the Canadian printer. On the other hand, for the man of letters who desires to acquire a gentlemanly knowledge of his rights and vested interests, Mr. Birrell will be found an admirable guide. He begins in the days before printing was invented, and shows how large was the industry of "multiplying copies," even in those early times. "At the date of the invention of printing there were in Paris and Orleans alone ten thousand copyists." He describes the privileges of the Worshipful Company of Stationers, for whose benefit it was decreed, in the time of Charles II., that "no haberdasher, ironmonger, chandler, shopkeeper, or any other person not having been seven years' apprentice to a bookseller, printer, or bookbinder," should be permitted to sell books. He narrates the struggle of the booksellers, in the reign of Queen Anne, to get copyright declared to be perpetual under the Common Law, and quotes the eloquent judgment (afterwards overruled) of Lord Mansfield in their favour. Finally, he discusses the extent to which authors are justified in pilfering from each other, and expounds the Law of Copyright as it stands at the present time. It is all done in a light and entertaining style, and though rather superficial, is, perhaps, thorough enough for the particular audience addressed.

Where a certain number of authors are likely to be dissatisfied with Mr. Birrell is in his treatment of the subject of perpetual copyright. As an author himself, he might be expected to be in favour of it. But he dismisses the idea curtly, and almost contemptuously, thus:—

Perpetual copyright is dead. Nobody cares about it any longer. The average life of a book! What is it? Did Glover's "Leonidas" belong to me, would I republish it in the age of Rudyard Kipling? On the other hand, would we tolerate the ownership of "Paradise Lost" by Mr. Symond's assignee? . . . We would not tolerate it, and there is an end of it. The world is governed by ideas, and one of its ideas is that authors and artists are entitled to reasonable protection for their books and pictures, and nothing more.

It is a hard saying, and scarcely one to be let pass as a self-evident proposition. The world may be governed by ideas, but the one thing that is absolutely certain about popular ideas is that they change as time goes on. Otherwise no reforms of any kind could ever be carried. And the argument suggested by the reference to Symond's assignee is easily disposed of by the use of an analogy. A fairly parallel case would be that of a moneylender entering into possession of the ancestral estate of a great family as a sequel to the foreclosure of a mortgage. Public sentiment shows no disposition to invalidate such a moneylender's title—even though he proves himself a worse landlord than the nobleman whom he has displaced; and there is no reason to suppose that public sentiment would be any more hostile to literary property, if literary property were raised from the dignity of leasehold to that of freehold. It might be necessary, of course, to impose certain limitations on the rights of the holders of copyrights, so as to prevent eccentric assignees from deliberately suppressing masterpieces; but here again our analogy is helpful. No owner of any kind of property has an absolute right to do what he likes with his own to the annoyance or inconvenience of his neighbours; and the case of Symond's assignee publishing "Paradise Lost," against his will, by order of the Court, is parallel with that of the landlord compelled, against his will, to sell his ground because it is wanted for a railway. Such are a few of the considerations that present themselves; and there are others. Perpetual Copyright existed, for a few years, in the reign of Queen Anne, and nothing terrible happened. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge enjoy perpetual copyright in

certain books at the present day, and their privilege does not seem likely to be terminated by a revolution. On behalf of a client Mr. Birrell would point out all this—and more besides—with admirable eloquence. It seems a pity that he shrinks from arguing the case on behalf of that great company of authors of which he is so distinguished an ornament.

CLASSICAL.

Cæsar De Bello Gallico. Books I.—VII. According to the Text of Emmanuel Hoffman (Vienna, 1890.) Edited with Introduction and Notes by St. George Stock. 9×6 in., 224+334 pp. Oxford, 1898. Clarendon Press. 10/6

"Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar," exclaimed Miles Standish, as he read the "Commentaries," "out of the Latin translated by Arthur Golding of London," a book which, with the Bible and Bariffe's "Artillery Guide," formed the *pièces de resistance* of his library. The Puritan Captain's study of the original Latin, had he ventured on it, would not have been much assisted by such an edition as this, in which the notes are few and far between. It is a book for scholars, not for passmen or schoolboys. But, even the plain and luminous brevity, as Cicero calls it, of Cæsar's style sometimes needs explanation; and it is a little surprising, on turning to so well known a crux as the description of the bridge over the Rhine, to find hardly a word of explanation in the notes; though at the end of the volume there is given in compensation a literal translation of the passage "for the benefit of those who may require it"—a concession to human weakness of which we have not been ashamed to avail ourselves. The real end or final cause, as we take it, of Mr. Stock's edition is the introduction of over 200 pages, which embraces, in addition to a short *étude* on Cæsar himself as "writer and fighter," a long chapter on the history of Roman wars with the Gauls, accounts of ancient Gaul, Britain, and Germany, and an exhaustive treatise on the constitution of the Roman army. The treatment of Cæsar as a historian, which we are told is the main object of the book, is thus considerably overlaid with incidental, though perhaps not altogether extraneous, matter; and the impression given is that the author has tried to bring in all that he knows in connexion with his subject—an impression which somewhat detracts from the effect of his work. A great deal of valuable information is put at our disposal. But for effectiveness—we say nothing about accuracy—this sketch cannot compare with Froude's "Cæsar," a work of which, curiously enough, Mr. Stock makes no mention, though he highly extols the labours of Napoleon III. as an elucidator of Cæsar.

"A wonderful man was this Cæsar!" We echo Miles Standish as we read about him. With regard to his history, Mr. Stock truly points out that, although it is no longer the text book of every soldier, its historical value does not diminish. "The Gallic War may be regarded as the first chapter of modern history; and it is difficult to overrate the importance of a work in which France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, and Britain all make their *début* on the world's stage." In Cæsar, more perhaps than in any other historical work, we have history at first hand, from the man who made it. And though Cæsar is his own sole authority for much of the narrative, the directness and simplicity and modest truthfulness with which it is told have commanded universal confidence. Criticism of his statements is difficult in the absence of independent evidence; but such collateral testimony as is furnished by writers like Dio Cassius, Plutarch, Suetonius, Velleius Paterculus, and others does not in any way tend to impugn Cæsar's veracity. Mr. Stock's estimate of Cæsar's personal character does not materially differ from that of other writers, nor has he any new light to throw upon one of the greatest figures in all history. Only 33 pages out of 224 of the introduction deal directly with Cæsar himself. Of the rest we can only repeat that it is learned and long, with much interesting information upon the early stages of European civilization, our own included.

Vellei Paterculi ad M. Vinicium libri duo. Ex Amerbachii præcipue apographo edidit et emendavit R. Ellis, Litt. Latt. Professor Publicus apud Oxonienses. xxiii.+194 pp. Oxonii, MDCCCXCVIII. E typographeo Clarendoniano. 6/-

It seems almost disrespectful to the learned editor of a work in which, so far as we can see, the only English words occur in citations from Bentley and E. A. Freeman, to use plain English in calling attention to its merits. The mundane question of price, however, must, in the heading to this notice, be expressed in terms of English coinage. And even, could we hope to handle the Latin language with anything like the Professor's scholarly grace, we should hardly do him justice in our readers' eyes. Whether Velleius Paterculus is worthy of the pains here bestowed upon his text may perhaps be questioned. He was one of the numerous writers holding official positions under the early Empire, dependent on Court favour, and, though fairly trustworthy with respect to early Roman history, looking on contemporary affairs through Court spectacles. He had served under Tiberius, and afterwards, by his influence, rose through the minor offices to the prætorship. His work is an abridgment of Roman history in two books (Book I. incomplete), giving a rapid survey of the early period, and becoming more diffuse as he nears his own time and extols the glories of Cæsarism. Brutus and Cassius are in his view parricides, Cæsar is the divine founder of an era culminating in the divine Tiberius. He is well-intentioned, but loquacious and pretentious in style: and his value as an exemplar of Latin style is about on a par with his merits as a historian—second-rate, if not third-rate, throughout.

Such as he is, however, Velleius here serves as a peg upon which to hang a piece of first-class scholarly work. The materials for the text, Professor Ellis shows, are but scanty, being practically confined to a single copy of a MS. discovered in 1515, but afterwards lost, and the *editio princeps* of Beatus Rhenanus in 1520. This MS. (Cod. Murbacensis) came from the Benedictine monastery at Murbach on the borders of Alsace and Switzerland, and is described by Rhenanus as corrupt and mutilated. It was collated by one Burer, an amanuensis of Rhenanus, and then disappeared; and with it disappeared the textual criticism of Velleius until 1834, when Orelli discovered at Basle, and edited, a copy made by Bonifacius Amerbach in 1516. In taking this as the basis of his edition, Professor Ellis is at some pains to show that it cannot be the copy mentioned by Rhenanus as "properanter ac infelicitè ab amico quodam descriptum"; and as no one can prove that it is, the Professor is entitled to his opinion.

One of the most interesting features of Professor Robinson Ellis' edition is to be found in the experiments which he makes in the matter of conjectural emendation. Conjectural emendation is the delight and the temptation of scholars; but, considering the unsatisfactory nature of the evidence for the text of Velleius, Professor Ellis has used this weapon with moderation. The following, among others, are ingenious emendations. In II., 25, 4, the Amerbachian copy reads "posuit victoriam qua demendes montem ti fata cum C. Norbano concurrerat Sylla"—an apparently hopeless corruption; but Professor Ellis reads "post victoriam, quia de meridie sub montem Tifata," &c. In II., 68, 1 ("cum in modica quidem servari posset,") rejecting Madwig's emendation "cum ne in modica quidem fide," he suggests two others, the second of which, "ne modica quidem eiurare posset," is tempting; *eiurare* being used in the technical sense of disclaiming upon oath the ability to pay debts, which fits in with the sense of the passage. Still happier is the suggestion on II., 111, 4 (of Tiberius) "quanto cum temperamento simul utilitatis res auctoritate imperatoris agi vidimus," that *simul* is the remains of a fuller word, *simulata*. "Simulare utilitatem," as Professor Ellis points out, would be characteristic of Tiberius, who often (in anticipation of some modern Frenchmen) urged that delay in carrying out his schemes would be injurious to the army. There is force, too, in his argument against various proposed emendations of the word *utilitatis*, that this particular word is a favourite with Velleius. Other emendations, equally

ingenious, are less convincing: e.g., *conamine* for "carmine" in II. 36, 2 "neque alio in suscepti operis sui carmine minorem Catullum," where the change seems unnecessary; or *incolumes* for "in omnes," II. 52, 4, "neque antiquius quicquam habuit (Cæsar) quam ut in omnes partes, ut militari verbo et consuetudine utar, dimitteret." As the text stands, it makes sense, the technical expression (*militare verbum*) being in *omnes partes dimittere*, of disbanding a beaten army. Professor Ellis makes it to be *partes*—a party or "side." But is *partes* specially a "militare verbum," and does not the expression "verbo et consuetudine" apply better to "in omnes partes dimittere"? "Hæremus in hac interpretatione, ut scholastico verbo utamur."

The book is small and unpretending in appearance, and the text, as we have said, is of no great value as literature. But the "apparatus criticus" and the notes are work that do credit to the editor and to the university which he worthily represents in the field of Latin scholarship.

P. Ovidi Nasonis Heroides. With the Greek Translation of Planudes. Edited by the late **Arthur Palmer**, Litt.D., Hon. D.C.L. (Oxon.), &c. 9x6in., ix.+542 pp. Oxford, 1898. Clarendon Press. 21/-

This posthumous work of one of the best Latin scholars of his time, edited and completed by his colleague, Mr. Louis C. Purser, is, like Munro's "Lucretius," valuable as much for its general lights on Latin scholarship as for the elucidation of the particular writings which have occasioned it. The "Heroides" of Ovid—or, as they were originally and more correctly called, "Heroidum Epistolæ"—are neither very difficult nor supremely interesting. They exhibit many of the merits and defects of Ovid's poetry—its apparently endless command of graceful language and flowing versification, with a lack of serious purpose or "moral fibre," and very little depth of thought. They are, as Mr. Purser explains in the well-written introduction which, at his friend's parting request, he has contributed to the work, of the nature of "suasoriæ," or declamations, upon the subject of deserted or unprosperous love, cast into the form of letters from heroines of legend and drama—Penelope, Cænone, Dido, Ariadne, Sappho, Laodamia, &c. The "suasoriæ" of the rhetorical schools were soliloquies or monologues of celebrated characters in given situations—e.g., Agamemnon deliberating whether he shall sacrifice Iphigenia, or Sulla on resigning his dictatorship, or, as Persius tells us (iii. 45), Cato contemplating suicide; and Mr. Purser reminds us that Tennyson's "Lucretius" is an example of the same thing in modern poetry. Ovid's claim to originality in the "Heroides" made by himself (*ignotum hoc aliis ille novavit opus*, A. A., iii., 346), and admitted by his contemporaries, seems to have been that he transferred these "suasoriæ" from prose to poetry, and from the deliberative to the epistolary form. On the merits of his work as a vehicle for the description of emotion and the delineation of character, Mr. Purser has some discriminating remarks, the conclusion of which is that, on the whole, Ovid has made a great deal of his subject, and that the Heroides have won not a great, but a moderate and well-deserved, success. They were known and referred to by Dante and Chaucer; imitated by Pope (in "Eloisa to Abelard") and by Michael Drayton (in "England's Heroical Epistles"); and frequently translated or imitated in Germany, France, and Italy during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

A new feature of the present edition is the full text of a translation of the "Heroides" into Greek prose, by Maximus Planudes, a Byzantine monk of Constantinople in the thirteenth century. Planudes' knowledge of Latin was imperfect, as, e.g., when he translates *regia tota* by *ἡ χώρα πᾶσα* (*regio*), *silices* by *ὄπρις* (*ilices*), or *quascunque aspicias*, *lacrimæ fecere lituras* (Her., iii., 3) by *πάντα ὅσαπερ ὄπρις σπαιχίτα* (i.e., *literals*) *τοῖς ἑσὶν ἐγέμερο δάκρυον*. But he used a MS. often as good as, and sometimes better than Codex Parisinus (P) of the eleventh century, the best existing MS. of the "Heroides"; and his version is often of use to confirm or correct its readings. Mr. Purser has also printed, by Professor Palmer's special desire, a copy of the

MS. corrections and conjectures by Bentley, which were given in the Oxford edition of 1825, but not always accurately. The present volume thus contains, besides a commentary full of valuable matter on points of Latin scholarship and literature, very complete materials for the textual criticism of the "Heroides." Professor Palmer, it appears, had completed the commentary on Epp. i.—xiv., written the larger part of his notes on xv.—xvii., and jotted down rough notes on the remainder. Mr. Purser's work has been to write the general introduction and complete the commentary—a work which, so far as we can judge, he has performed not unworthily of his friend's reputation. Professor Palmer's notes—from which we need not dissociate those of his literary executor—are admirably clear and appreciative, and full of varied information, without being overloaded or pedantic; and students of other Latin authors than Ovid may often refer to them with advantage. We may instance as good specimens the notes on vi. 47, in which the reading *Dodonide pinu* (Planudes) is upheld against that of most MSS. and editors—*Tritonide pinu*; or that on ix. 109, 110, explaining a metaphor derived (as many in Ovid) from legal phraseology. But any one who uses the book will find others equally instructive.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

IN EDWARD MEYRICK GOULBURN (Murray, 5s.), Mr. Berdmore Compton gives us a memoir of quite exemplary brevity, but sufficient, we think, to commemorate and depict the career of the author of "Thoughts on Personal Religion." That book is the best known among many works of Goulburn's, and is in itself perhaps the best memorial of him. Mr. Berdmore Compton, who worked with him at Rugby, in taking us through Goulburn's life as Headmaster, as London clergyman, and as Dean of Norwich, shows a keen appreciation of his personal holiness, and sympathizes with his uncompromising hostility to later developments of Biblical criticism. The first quality was that which distinguished him among Headmasters, though he cannot be regarded as so successful as his predecessor at Rugby, Tait, or as Tait's predecessor, Arnold. Yet there may be truth, if there is some exaggeration, in Mr. Berdmore Compton's remark that "his deeply-ingrained humility was exactly the antidote required to counteract the self-asserting, anti-reverential spirit which was the bane of the Arnold system." The second quality—the hatred of Liberalism in religion—has to some extent tended to lessen the great popularity his writings at the time gained. Originally an Evangelical, he became more and more in sympathy with the Anglicanism which was "reviving" when he was at Oxford, but he nevertheless sympathized with the following remarks, which, as now published by his biographer, have, considering the source from which they come, an interest at the present moment:—

The Ritualists, as a body, are wanting in humility. They think every one wrong but themselves, and themselves gifted with inerrancy, though not in the abstract with infallibility. It must be very comforting to be a Ritualist, to think oneself incapable of a mistake, if it were but true.

This was written about 1874, in a private letter to Mr. Berdmore Compton by Dr. Pusey. We have in this volume tersely and effectively set before us a character of great beauty, which reveals itself not only in Mr. Berdmore Compton's pages, but in the delightful portrait prefixed to them.

Mr. M. S. Monier-Williams, the author of the latest volume in the Isthmian Library, *FIGURE SKATING* (Innes, 5s.), says in his preface:—

The latter-day writer on the art of skating has no easy task before him. . . . It is necessary to avoid needless repetition of the old and excellent teaching of earlier writers, but, at the same time, to throw as much light as possible on the old paths.

Certainly nowadays skating literature has assumed considerable dimensions, but the perfect book, which shall be of use to both expert and beginner, yet remains to be written. If this volume is meant to be popular, and for the beginner only, the

author has succeeded admirably. The historical part of the subject is interesting, and the advice on the simple turns and edges is excellent, but we had hoped for something more, for those more particular points and finesses of skating which make the expert as compared with the average skater. Mr. Monier-Williams tells us that combined figure skating has not made any great advance in late years; and he has not on this subject added to what he, with Messrs. Pidgeon and Dryden, gave us some time back in "Figure Skating Simple and Combined." What we read there, and again in this volume, is very lucid and good, but there are very many points of combined skating which would have been of great use had they been included, and which, as it is, have to be learned by bitter experience. "Continuous skating" is, as far as the Englishman is concerned, a thing of recent years, and there is still, as is excellently explained, great diversity of opinion as to the right and the wrong way of performing these fascinating figures, in that the Englishman, accustomed to bold, sweeping curves, is at a loss at first in performing small curly picture figures. It is, we suppose, for this reason that we are only given meagre instructions as to the performance of such figures as loops, cross cuts, and pigs' ears. This part of the subject was untouched by Vandervell and Witham, and barely touched in "Figure Skating Simple and Combined," and we are sadly in want of some full and explicit teaching. The diagrams throughout the volume are excellent, and it contains some capital skating photographs.

Mr. Cornwall-Jones' *BRITISH MERCHANT SERVICE* (Sampson Low, 14s.) is not what it professes to be on the title-page—namely, "A History of the British Mercantile Marine from the earliest times to the present day." The historical part is superficial to the last degree, and much even of the little the author does say has no connexion with the mercantile marine. He gives, for instance, more or less full accounts of such events as the fight with Eustace the Monk and the crusades to Portugal, which have no more place in a history of the mercantile marine than an account of the battle of Stirling would have in a history of the agricultural interest. Neither does it tend to make us overlook other deficiencies to find that this volume is freely illustrated by reproductions of Mr. E. W. Cooke's etchings without acknowledgment. If the rather pretentious historical chapters had been cut off and the author had confined himself to what is the real subject of his work, he would have written a fairly useful handbook, which would deserve to be found on the cabin tables of every passenger steamer. This "real subject" is the mercantile marine as it exists to-day—its laws, ranks, duties, pay, and allowances, the lighthouses, insurance offices, and other useful information. On all these subjects Mr. Cornwall-Jones seems to be amply informed, and can be consulted with satisfaction. The author's ill-regulated desire to be historical runs away with him even here. Thus, for example, he begins his chapter on sailing ships by plunging into the story of the American clippers and of their rivalry with the British ships, but he omits the necessary preliminaries. He does not tell what constituted "a clipper" nor why it had the advantage over the bluff English ship. The dramatic interest and the instruction of the story lie in the fact that the American proved that it paid to sacrifice cargo-carrying capacity in order to attain speed. He made three voyages to the two of the squat British ship, which adhered to a model adopted when a roomy hold was of very great importance and time was of very little. Therefore he could afford to carry a little less on each voyage. If Mr. Cornwall-Jones has the opportunity to do it he will be well advised to cut his book down by a third, by leaving out the historical matter and whatever in fact does not apply to steamers, lighthouses, &c. Reduced to its solid parts, his "British Merchant Service" would be a useful book to have at hand.

ASTRONOMY.

A *HISTORY OF ASTRONOMY*, by A. Berry (Murray, 6s.), is a book quite out of the common run of scientific histories. The author writes neither as a historian nor as an astronomer in the severely exact sense of those two words. The result is that he has produced an exceedingly novel and interesting volume, which is readable and conveys a vast amount of information. There is some lack of proportion in the arrangement of the contents, for 200 pages are devoted to pre-telescopic days and only 216 to post-telescopic days, the ratio of discoveries made and work done in the two epochs being (to put it very mildly) as

one is to ten. Apparently Mr. Berry started writing his book on too ambitious a scale as regards pages, and had to pull in and wind up more curtly than he had intended. By the way, why does he persist in spelling Copernicus as Coppernicus?—though we are glad to see that Kepler, who has some claim to two "p's," is by Mr. Berry cut down to one "p." Some other names are curiously treated. Every astronomical student has heard of Hevelius of Danzig, but what percentage of readers would recognize him under the very British name of John Hevel? If "Hevelius" is to be treated as the Latin of a German "Hevel," at least Mr. Berry should have designated him as Johann Hevel. Similarly, Riccioli is the Latin form of a well-known seventeenth-century astronomer whom we decline to recognize in "John Baptist Riccioli." However, we are ready to commend Mr. Berry's history as a very acceptable addition to our historical Summaries of Astronomical Progress and as a useful, succinct record of events and of the lives of men. His account of Sir Isaac Newton is extremely well done, and we know of no one volume in which Newton's place in history is better tested or his claims better explained. This remark also applies to the labours of Laplace and the distinguished French mathematicians of the eighteenth century.

RECENT ADVANCES IN ASTRONOMY, by A. H. Fison, D.S. (Blackie, 2s. 6d.), is rather a disappointing book, and the author's preface is so curiously worded as almost to imply that he expects his readers to be of the same opinion. The author expressly says that it was suggested to him to "develop recent progress in astronomy historically." What he has done is to deal with "a few of the more interesting problems of modern astronomy in a series of separate essays." As a matter of fact the essays are exceedingly disjointed. The best passage in the sidereal portions of Dr. Fison's essays is undoubtedly that which treats of the variable star Algol and its dark satellite. We have nowhere seen this mysterious matter, and the several stages of patient investigation which have led up to our present phase of enlightenment respecting this celebrated short-period variable, so neatly and clearly unfolded. The chapter on the Milky Way is interesting, but displays so much more speculation than history that it cannot be called very edifying from the standpoint of a student who desires to learn what is known as distinguished from what is mere dreamland. Modern speculations as to the planet Mars are handled by Dr. Fison in a more discriminating and judicial spirit. He weighs and tests various recent discoveries (so-called)—e.g., Schiaparelli's canals—and finds adequate proofs wanting; and we agree with him. The chapter on the "analysis of sunlight" supplies the reader with a very good and intelligible explanation of what the solar spectrum is, how it was discovered by Newton and greatly developed by Fraunhofer, and how spectrum analysis has grown up to be a science; but all this, beginning as it does in A.D. 1672, and in an important degree worked out between 1802 and 1832, seems rather far-fetched material for a book on the "Recent Progress of Astronomy." The chapter on the analysis of starlight is more modern and to the point, and so is the closing chapter on the red flames seen in total solar eclipses; yet the Corona, the grand and startling feature of every good total eclipse—as to which so much progress has been made between 1860-98—is ignored by Dr. Fison; at least, it is disposed of in 6½ lines!

Astronomy is certainly one of the scientific subjects in which the United States can best endure comparison with the Old World. We have long had to look across the Atlantic, at least for the best elementary text-books of the subject, and Dr. David P. Todd's *NEW ASTRONOMY* (Low, 7s. 6d. n.) is a worthy companion to the somewhat more elaborate works of Professors Young and Newcomb. The most notable features in this admirable little book are its wealth of illustration and its practical nature. The diagrams and pictures will be found invaluable to those who are trying to pick up a modest knowledge of astronomy at a distance from an observatory, and such a frontispiece as is reproduced in colours from Kranz's fine painting of a total eclipse of the sun will give many well-informed readers a new sense of the weirdness of that phenomenon. Dr. Todd has written his book purely with a pedagogic purpose, he tells us, and "insistence upon rightness of principles, no matter how simple, has everywhere been preferred to display of precision in result. To instance a single example; although the pupil's equipment be but a yardstick, a pinhole, and the rule of three, will he not reap greater benefit from measuring the sun for himself than from learning mere detail of methods employed by astronomers in accurately measuring that luminary?" The schoolmaster engaged in teaching astronomy, or the student remote from laboratory and lecture-room who wants to learn it, could not do better than take Dr. Todd for a guide. Even the less seriously minded will find his book exceedingly readable.

Among my Books.

THE CLASSIC OF FORESTRY.

In these days of scientific progress, when the tilling of the fields and the husbandry of the woodlands have been reduced to arts strictly regulated by economic laws, and when, day by day, proof after proof is brought forward to demonstrate that it is only by rigidly following natural and economic laws that the earth can be made to yield its fullest measure of crops, it is with a feeling of envy that one can look back upon the literature of long ago.

How refreshing it is, like a cool sea-breeze on a hot summer's day, to turn from the study of the modern books on scientific Forestry—a summary of vegetable physiology saturated with agricultural chemistry and based on mathematics—and to solace one's leisure hours with the great ancient classic of Forestry, John Evelyn's "*Sylva*, or a Discourse of Forest Trees." It is like quitting the busy streets filled with the din and bustle of modern traffic, and resting for a while in the peaceful quiet of some cloister or old-world building, surrounded by a beautiful garden filled with umbrageous trees. Other ancient books on Forestry are likewise quaint and interesting, but they lack the special charm which Evelyn's "*Sylva*" always exercises. It is not merely the greater age of the latter which lends the added charm; it is a subtle beauty and a grace of style which is such that, of all the books which may be written on Forestry, none other can hope to dispute the unique place in literature which Evelyn's masterpiece has held ever since it was written.

John Evelyn is one of the most lovable characters among the men of his time. Born in 1620, during the reign of King James I., he lived till 1705, when Queen Anne was on the Throne. During this time he filled many public appointments, principally as Commissioner in various departments under Government. His diary reflects the man in a wonderful manner. Mixing in the first society, and much beloved by it, he was a man full of optimism, superlative in admiration, and forcible in denouncing what failed to meet with his approbation. He was a sincere and devoted adherent to the Royal family of the Stuarts, and was a courtier most expressive of his loyalty; and in those days the expressions of devotion to Royalty were what would now be deemed somewhat sycophantic. What Evelyn liked, he loved; and what he disliked, he hated. He was a Royalist, and he was a patriot. He was a man of extremes, and seems to be most natural in depicting affairs either in rosy hues or else in dark and pessimistic colours. All through his works there runs a patriotic love of his country, a strong family feeling, and a great admiration for the family seat where he was born, and to which he was bound by the strongest ties of affection. How full of breezy optimistic exaggeration and of loving admiration is his description of his birthplace, the Surrey seat of a squire, blessed with four thousand pounds a year:—

Wotton, the mansion house of my father, left him by my grandfather (now my eldest brother's), is situated in the most Southern part of the shire, and tho' in a vally, yet really upon

part of *Lyth Hill*, one of the most eminent in Engl'd* for the prodigious prospect to be seen from its summ't, tho' by few observed. From it may be discerned 12 or 13 Counties, with part of the Sea on the Coast of Sussex in a serene day; the house large and ancient, suitable to these hospitable times, and so sweetly environed with those delicious streams and venerable woods, as in the judgement of Strangers as well as Englishmen it may be compared to one of the most pleasant Seats in the Nation, and most tempting for a great person and a wanton purse to render it conspicuous; it has rising grounds, meadows, woods and water in abundance.

Here, within a short day's journey of London, he spent his boyhood and his early manhood; and here he became imbued with that love of forest trees which was to raise him to so eminent a position among literary men in the second half of the seventeenth century. In those days Britain was far ahead of any continental country in matters of Forestry; but the utilization of oak in meeting the dockyard demands for the maintenance of the King's navy exerted a strain on the resources of the country. Evelyn was, partly from his knowledge of rural economy, and partly through his keen powers of observation, better fitted than any other man of his time to deal with the question of the maintenance of the timber supply; and the outcome of his labours in this respect is the ever-charming classic "*Sylva*."

On 15th October, 1662, he records in his diary that:—

I this day deliver'd my Discourse concerning *Forest Trees* to the (Royal) Society, upon occasion of certain queries sent to us by the Comm^{rs} of his Ma^y's Navy, being the first booke that was printed by order of the Society, and by their Printer, since it was a Corporation.

Three weeks later he further notes that:—

The Council of ye R(oyal) S(ociety) met; afterwards meeting at Gressham College. There was a discourse suggested by me concerning planting his Ma^y's Forest of Deane with oake, now so much exhausted of y^e choicest ship-timber in the world.

History repeats itself. The anxiety now manifest regarding the maintenance of the navy as the finest and most powerful fighting machine of its kind in existence is but the repetition of the apprehension felt by the nation in 1662. In his introduction to "*Sylva*" Evelyn points out that:—

There is nothing which seems more fatally to threaten a *Weakening*, if not a *Dissolution*, of the strength of this famous and flourishing Nation, than the sensible and notorious decay of her Wooden Walls, when either through *time*, *negligence*, or other *accident*, the present Navy shall be worn out and impair'd.

Inveighing eloquently against the destruction of woods and forests, to transform them into agricultural land, he laments that

This *devastation* is now become as *Epidemical*, that unless some favourable *expedient* offer itself, and a way be seriously, and speedily resolved upon, for a future store, one of the most glorious, and considerable *Bulwarks* of this Nation, will, within a short time, be totally wanting to it.

When the difficulty of transport of heavy timber in those days is considered, it is easy to understand how thinking people were concerned at the prospects of diminishing supplies of oak for naval purposes. As Percival Lewis shows in his "*Historical Enquiries concerning Forests and Forest Laws*," 1811 (page 121), in the century from

* It is not quite a thousand feet above sea-level.

1608 to 1707 the number of loads of timber in the New Forest fit for the Navy had sunk from 197,405 to 19,873. In 1764, probably as the result of Evelyn's exhortations a hundred years before, it had risen somewhat to 36,662 loads; but by 1783 it had once again decreased to 19,827 loads.

It was owing to the failure in the supply of oak for the Navy that attention was first turned to the teak timber obtainable at Bombay from the forests along the south-western coast of India. This fact, coupled with the measures ultimately necessary for the extraction and the maintenance of adequate future supplies, gradually gave rise to the Indian Forest Department, whose work in conserving the remnants of the primeval forests a high civil administrative authority claims to be one of the greatest benefits conferred by the British on India, while an equally eminent military official denounces this work, and the regulations under which it needs to be carried on, as one of the prospective possible causes of future insurrection.

Interesting it often is to note Evelyn's remarks on technical questions that have acquired greater importance in later days. Some practical mind had advocated the modern method of planting in small family groups, but Evelyn disapproves of this, saying:—

Some advise, that in planting of Oaks, *dc.*, four, or five, be suffer'd to stand very near to one another, and then to leave the most *prosperous*, when they find the rest to disturb his growth; but I conceive it were better to plant them at such *distances*, as they may least incommode one another: For *Timber-trees*, I would have none nearer than *forty feet* where they stand *closest*; especially of the spreading kind.

For the production of strong crooks and curved oak timber for shipbuilding Evelyn's system of wide planting was, of course, advantageous; though one cannot but admire the acumen of the early forerunners of the modern school that advocates the planting of small groups as the best way of growing timber in mixed woods.

Evelyn has often a keen eye for the profits of timber-growing. Thus, speaking of the ash, he says:—

Fraxinus the *Ash*, is with us reputed *Male* and *Female*, the one affecting the higher grounds: The other the plains, of a *whiter* wood, and rising many times to a prodigious stature; so as in forty years from the *Key*, an *Ash* hath been sold for thirty pounds *sterling*: And I have been credibly informed, that one *Person* hath planted so much of this one sort of *Timber* in his lifetime as hath been valued worth *fifty thousand pounds* to be bought. These are pretty encouragements, for a small, and pleasant industry.

His was, however, no sordid mind. Various were the uses of the forest trees, and it was not for their timber alone that they were valuable. How delightful is the naïve quaintness in the following description of the efficacy and strength of wine made from the birch:—

The *Liquor* of the *Birch* is esteemed to have all the virtues of the *Spirit of Salt*, without the danger of its *acrimony*; most powerful for the dissolving of the *Stone* in the *Bladder*: *Helmont* shews how to make a *Beer* of the *Water*; but the *Wine* is a most rich *cordial*, curing (as I am told) *Consumptions*, and such interior *Diseases* as accompany the *Stone* in the *Bladder* or *Reins*: the juice decocted with *honey* and *wine*, Dr. *Needham* affirms he has often cured the *Scorbut* with this *Wine*, exquisitely made, is so strong, that the common sort of *stone-bottles* cannot preserve the *spirits*, so subtle they are

and *volatile*; and yet it is gentle, and very harmless in operation within the *body*, and exceedingly sharpens the *appetite*, being drunk *ante pastum*: I will present you a *Receipt*, as it was sent to me by a fair *Lady*.

The fair Lady's receipt is forthwith given, and a quaint recipe it is; for the original liquor of the birch is about the least characteristic ingredient in the perfected cordial, save so far as mere quantity is concerned.

The study of "*Sylva*" and of the conditions under which it was written suggests the very serious side of the question of Forestry in these latter days. The world's demands for timber and other wood are expanding quickly, while the reproductive capital in forests and timber is diminishing. Everything points to a timber famine within fifty or sixty years hence. It were, therefore, well for the civilized world in general if another Evelyn arose who could command the attention of the Government and of the various learned societies as before, and who would be hearkened to when urging upon them the desirability of taking timely measures to husband the vast timber resources still existing (though rapidly decreasing) in the many countries forming our vast empire, of utilizing them advantageously, and of maintaining and treating them so that they shall in future years yield supplies of useful timber equal to or perhaps larger than they now produce. For the day will unfortunately too soon come when the world's demands for timber will only be met with difficulty from the existing woodlands; and Britain should look to her future supplies of this indispensable commodity.

J. NISBET.

THE CAFÉ OF THE BLIND.

Some years ago I was in the city of Constantine, in Algeria. At that time, and possibly still, the Moorish quarter remained intact; and after sundown no European could penetrate there without a very genuine risk of assault and robbery, if not worse.

I was unaware of the reality of the peril, so that my adventuring there alone and at night was due neither to daring, nor, in the first instance, to foolhardiness; but simply to curiosity.

I had not strolled from the French quarter further than by a couple of narrow streets, when a Zouave officer, emerging from a Moorish café, politely accosted me. He took the liberty to advise Monsieur not to go further into the narrow and tortuous streets (where Moorish and not French civil law prevailed), at least without an escort; and then, with a courteous salute, passed towards the boulevard I had just left. Foolishly, I daresay, I took the advice as a kindly piece of officialism; but not wishing to appear disregarding of what was well meant, I strolled slowly after the Zouave lieutenant till he had disappeared, when I retraced my steps.

One or two more winding streets, narrower and darker than those I had left, brought me to another thoroughfare, wider, brighter, and in every way quite unlike anything I have ever seen elsewhere. This was the street known vaguely by repute throughout Algeria as "The Street of the Birds of Paradise," or more crudely as "The Street of the Caged Women." On both sides of the thoroughfare were low-roofed iron-barred rooms; and close by many of the doorways hung open-woodwork cages. In all, the occupants were women. Sometimes only one woman tenanted a barred room, sometimes two, occasionally three; in the cages there was never more than one. Many of the women were partially and barbarically clad with a leopard

or other skin; others with a vividly variegated rug, oftener with brilliant Tlemçen silk shawls; and a few wore resplendent robes which glittered with real or imitation gems and paste brilliants. Most, if not all, of the women were for sale. Those in cages could be bought and taken away at once.

I spoke to two of the women who were in the barred earthen rooms. The first was standing close to the bars. She was a Nubian, dressed in a long tunic of saffron silk, with a glittering belt of green and gold mosaic, studded with crystals, which passed from her waist over her left shoulder to the small of her back. She could speak nothing save what was, or what I took to be, a bastard Arabic; and as I could not understand what she said I moved on. The next two enclosures were mere dens, and the women in them were negresses of a singularly brutish type. At the fourth I stopped. A woman of remarkable figure, and with features that were not only handsome but were of a noble mould, and with eyes of a peculiar beauty, which suggested that she was a Georgian or Circassian, lay upon a huge bearskin. She was smoking a cigarette. When she saw me stop she spoke in a low voice, though it impressed me as harsh and almost dissonant. I answered in French, but she shook her head; and as the little Moorish I had picked up was useless for any conversation beyond the ordinary commonplaces, I had to content myself with unsatisfied speculation.

It was after this that I crossed to look at those who were exposed in cages for sale. The woman in the first cage I passed was obviously not of the desert. She was rather pretty, and though her hair was dark she had pale blue eyes. Her long, loose tresses were everywhere clasped with little blue brooches; and I noticed that her lips, the ends of her ears, and her finger-tips were stained a dull red. She accosted me in Moorish-French and asked me if I would not like to take her away from these jackals of Moors and Arabs. I said I was a stranger, a wayfarer; and if here to-day might be far to-morrow. She told me she was not an Arab ("Allah be praised!") and not a Moor either, but a Koulourli—that is, the child of a Moorish woman by a Turkish father. There were others more or less interesting, more or less tawdry, more or less attractive. One girl's face and manner impressed me greatly. She was not beautiful, hardly pretty, but she had a singularly winsome face, with large, fine, gazelle-like eyes. She was a European, a Spaniard from one of the Balearic Isles. Strangely, she was very fair, with blonde hair full of a dusky gold sheen. She had been taken to Oran, at the extreme western end of Algeria, by a Spanish naval officer, and there in a few weeks been deserted. For some months she was a derelict in that old Hispano-Mauresque town. After her child was born she had gone inland, to hill-set Tlemçen, the old Moorish city that stands within sight of the frontier of Morocco. There a rich Moor had taken her to his harem. On his death, a few months later, she had been purchased by a Jew from Algiers and straightway sold to a young Turk at Bona. The Turk, when tired of her, disposed of his property to an Arab Sheik, who had taken her with him as far as El Kantara, on the verge of the Sahara, and there without a word left her. She could then, she said, have settled in Biskra on her own account, but that unfortunately she met the Bona Jew who laid claim to her, took her to Constantine, and sold her to a Moorish trafficker in women. It was this merchant who now exposed her for sale in this wooden cage.

All this she confided to me in halting French, interspersed with Spanish and Moorish words. I told her that if she were a Spanish subject the Consul at Oran could help her; but she laughed, and asked if I had been in Oran, and knew Spaniards.

Poor child, she seemed to think that I would purchase her and take her to Biskra or Algiers. She even offered to come as a servant, as a slave. She mentioned what she believed was the sum her owner asked for her, though she added candidly that he would demand more from a *Roumi* than from a Moor or Arab.

I was trying to explain how powerless I was to help her when a man dropped some article just behind me, and, in stooping to pick it up, whispered to me in French to move away at once and return to the foreign quarter. He had passed on before

I could see his face. The next moment I descried the evil countenance of a Jewish-looking Moor, behind the cage of the Oran woman. He was her owner, and had been listening to our conversation. When he discovered that he had not a purchaser to deal with he came forward brusquely.

"Do you want her or not?" he demanded sneeringly, in guttural Algerian French. "No? Then be off with you, infidel dog, and by the way you came if you value your skin!"

The man's insolence angered me, and, thrusting him aside, I moved further down into the street. Turning a corner, I found myself in a very dark and narrow byway; but, hearing a strange chanting voice, I ventured along the ill-smelling passage, and came suddenly upon a large, open, crescent-shaped room, a kind of Moorish music-hall. There were, as I judged, from two to three hundred Moors and Arabs present.

What impressed me profoundly was the dramatic intensity of the silent, mostly cowed, cross-legged audience squatted in a semi-circle in front of a tall, fanatical Arab, a Marabet or Dervish; and his flaming eyes, as in a loud, monotonous, strident voice, extraordinarily fluent, he delivered himself of his impassioned harangue.

I stood by one of the red and yellow striped pillars in front of the *café* or hall. No one saw, or at any rate took any notice of me, with the exception of the Marabet.

Suddenly, without a pause or any alteration in his voice, he made some allusion to the accursed infidel, and his right arm shot like a bolt from his side, while with quivering hand and extended forefinger he pointed in my direction. In a moment the savage, hostile gaze of hundreds of dark eyes was fixed upon me. I can never forget the paralysing shock of that abrupt concentration of hate.

I suppose that in another minute or so I should have been knifed or trampled to death. I could have done nothing to save myself.

But at that moment I heard a voice behind me, bidding me run into the open doorway to my left, across the inner court, and then through the second door to the left, which I should find open.

Unreasoningly, with instinctive knowledge that the crisis was one of life or death, I did as I was told. As I ran across the ill-paved court I heard a snarling cry behind me, such as a baited tiger gives before charging from the reeds where he has been tracked. This single, dreadful, monotonous snarl came from a hundred human throats.

When, dazed and shaken, I leapt through the second door to the left, it closed behind me at once, and I heard the intrust of a heavy bolt.

A man took my hand and led me along a dark passage. We then crossed another court, and I saw that my deliverer was the man who had warned me in the Street of the Women. I recognized his figure and a peculiar shoulder-ornament, though I had not seen his face.

After traversing this second court we entered another house. Unlike most Moorish houses, it was not secured by bars. The door opened at a shove. There was not a light visible, and again my unknown friend took my hand.

After I had stumbled along a passage so narrow that my shoulders touched the wall on each side, my companion drew aside a heavy curtain. An oil lamp hung from the low roof, and I could see that we were in a kind of ante-room. Another heavy curtain blocked the way in front. Behind this I heard a monotonous chanting.

The man with me pulled the curtain aside, and we entered a low vaulted room, in which some five or six white-robed figures lay, or crouched inert. The light of a single great brazen lamp was so dazzling after the darkness from which I had emerged that at first I did not perceive that every one present was blind.

When we entered there was an abrupt silence on the part of an old white-bearded caftanned Moor, with dull, bleared eyes, who had been chanting verses from the Koran. My companion

cried out some words, hoarse and wild in my ears as the cry of a heron. Then the old man resumed his monotonous wailing chant. None of the other inmates stirred.

All were smoking, or had long ornamented pipe-stems with red earthenware bowls lying beside them or fallen from inert hands. This and a strange, pungent odour convinced me that this melancholy company of the blind consisted of opium or haschisch smokers. As a matter of fact they were all smokers of haschisch.

It is difficult to explain why I was so profoundly impressed by these blind haschisch drunkards. They have haunted me ever since. Perhaps it was their sightless silence that struck me as so strangely horrible. One man lay half supine, with his back against a low bench. He was quite young, but his face seemed heavy, weighty, overborne with the intolerable burden of years. There was no film across his eyes; they stared wide and luminous, but unwinkingly, unwaveringly, though the suspended lamp thrust a crude, flaring light across the intent eyeballs. Every now and again his lips moved. At last I whispered to my unknown friend to tell me, if he could, what the man was muttering so incessantly.

He approached him stealthily, and listened. Then he returned and whispered in my ear:—

"He says. . . . 'I am grown old, Allah have pity! I am grown old. . . . I am grown old, Allah have pity! I am grown old. . . . I am old, but now with *Moulai el Haschisch* (my Lord Haschisch) I see; yea, by Allah, I see this, that I am old, that I am grown old, Allah have pity, that I am grown old.'"

Beyond the young man who muttered continuously this monotonous and terrible litany was an old Arab. He lay half fallen forward. His long, gaily-decorated pipe-stem was in his right hand, which was like a vulture's claw. His face was horribly illumined by the lurid sensual dreams clouding his mind under the compelling fumes of the drug.

As were these, so were the others.

After what seemed to me an interminable time, my rescuer moved cautiously towards a man who lay on his back staring upward with sightless eyes. I saw (for I heard nothing) that he whispered to the blind and haschisch-clazed Arab. Suddenly I realized what he was doing. He slipped what looked like a Spanish dollar into the man's hand, and then helped him to disengage himself from a once white but now murky woollen robe and hood.

When he returned stealthily to my side he signed to me to disguise myself in what he had brought. I did so very reluctantly, for the garment was filthy. As soon as I had done as he directed he led me back by the way we had come, and so out into the narrow, dark, tortuous thoroughfares again. All this time he never spoke.

We passed the lower end of the Street of the Women, then diverged sharply to the right, and turned abruptly into a winding ascending alley. In a few minutes I found myself standing at the corner of the Place de la Brèche, or Bab el Oued, as it is called by the Moors, one of the chief thoroughfares of the foreign quarter, though at that late hour all but deserted. The lighted windows of an hotel struck me as wildly incongruous.

My friend stopped, and exclaimed in French, in a low voice, "If you believe in Allah, give thanks to Him. Farewell." I gave him back the blind man's garment, and at the same time handed him what gold I had with me. He took it, made a low bow, and then moved rapidly and silently away.

As I walked down the Rue de France, where a couple of French officers were laughing and chatting to some ladies whom they were escorting from the Folies-Bérgère, I heard the long, wailing cry of the muezzin of the Djamaa el Kebir, like a forlorn bird wheeling through the upper darkness. Then I ascended the few steps of the Hotel d'Orient, wondering whether that pseudo-Parisian hostelry, or the Café of the Blind and that other haunt of savage fanatics, were the reality, the real "real."

WILLIAM SHARP.

Notes.

In next week's *Literature* "Among my Books" will be written by Mr. William Archer.

We understand that we may shortly expect particulars of the *Daily Telegraph's* issue of the hundred best novels—those at least which are not excluded from the list owing to copyright difficulties. Living writers will, we believe, be represented to the extent of some twenty-five volumes and the set will probably contain novels by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, and other popular authors of the day.

The Elizabethan Stage Society will perform Ben Jonson's *Alchemist* on the 24th and 25th inst., at Apothecaries' Hall. Mr. Poel has had a good deal of difficulty in finding a player to undertake the part of Face, which is one of the longest in the whole of Elizabethan drama—and parts then generally ran to a much greater length than they do now. The *Alchemist* was first acted in 1610, probably at the Blackfriars Theatre, which occupied almost exactly the same ground as that on which the Apothecaries' Hall now stands. Abel Drugger was one of Garrick's great parts, but the piece has scarcely been seen on the stage since his time. After this performance Mr. Swinburne's *Loerine*, Edward Fitzgerald's version of *Life's a Dream*, by Calderon, and Bjørnsen's modern comedy, *A Gauntlet*, are promised.

It has long been a matter of curiosity to students of the Elizabethan drama to know why Ben Jonson, in his eulogy of Shakespeare, spoke of the author of the Spanish Tragedy as "Sporting Kyd." One is loath to believe that Ben stooped to the pun suggested by Kyd's name; and yet the very few of modern days who have read "Jeronimo" and "The Spanish Tragedy" can perceive no other possible ground of appropriateness for the epithet. The interesting and novel facts which are published in the *Fortnightly Review* by Mr. F. C. Boas throw a new light on this question, and make it highly probable that Ben Jonson's choice of an epithet for Kyd was ironical. There is certainly nothing either sporting or sportive to be found in the tale of Kyd's cowardly attempt to save his own reputation at the expense of his dead friend, Marlowe, which Mr. Boas has unearthed from the records of the Privy Council. Kyd seems to have been even weaker as a man than as a poet. Marlowe, on the other hand, gains credit from the new facts, which practically dispose of those ugly accusations of atheism and blasphemy brought against him. The same man is not likely to have discussed his Unitarian creed with an Elizabethan Bishop and proffered the blasphemous scurrilities attributed to him. One can view Kyd's new ignominy with much calm for the sake of this cleansing of Marlowe's memory.

To all Scotsmen and Highlanders and admirers of Mr. William Black, as a writer of fiction, we commend Lord Archibald Campbell's suggestion for a fitting memorial to him. The proposal is that subscriptions should be invited for the purchase of a lifeboat to be named after the novelist and placed in some fitting station upon the Highland coast.

A new Thackeray discovery has been made by Mr. W. T. Spencer, of New Oxford-street—viz., a pamphlet of thirty-six pages in a yellow cover entitled "Proceedings at the Thirteenth Anniversary Festival of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen-street, on Monday, March 29, 1868." Thackeray was in the chair, and made a speech which occupies several pages of text. Dickens was also present, and, like his brother novelist, addressed the audience at considerable length. It would seem that, until the discovery of this pamphlet, it was not known that he ever attended a festival at the Freemasons' Tavern in any public capacity. The pamphlet

is post 8vo. size, and was "Printed by Frederick Ledger, Catherine-street, Strand, MDCCCLVIII." The dedication is made to John Baldwin Buckstone, of the old Haymarket company, whose impersonation of "Tony Lumpkin" will never be forgotten by those who are old enough to have witnessed it.

* * * *

Hans Andersen must be sadly neglected now a days. Nearly every London paper, in noticing *The Red Shoes*, the new ballet at the Alhambra Theatre, said it was, "of course, founded on Hans Andersen's fairy tale." As a matter of fact, it is not the same story at all. In the ballet the shoes are in some way sacred, and the wearer commits sacrilege in daring to put them on her profane feet. In the fairy tale the magic only makes the shoes dance because of the wearer's naughtiness and vanity in thinking so much about them. The new edition of Hans Andersen, which Messrs. Newnes are issuing in fortnightly parts, with Miss Helen Stretton's delightful illustrations, seems to be wanted.

* * * *

Melodrama of the type so prolifically represented by the late M. d'Ennery or of that satirized by Mr. Jerome is not likely ever to lack a public, and, on the whole, it would be a great pity that it should. But it is somewhat on the decline, and, familiar though its incidents must always be, it might do something to reinstate itself by coining a new language. This would have the charm of novelty, and could hardly be more artificial than the old phraseology, of which a distilled essence is given by a writer in the *Daily News*. Here is his preliminary list, from which melodramatists are to be warned off:—

Foiled! Aha! I see it all now. Monster! Leave me; I would be alone. You shall bitterly rue this day. Another step and you are lost! Must we, then, separate for ever? I could have sworn you loved me. I will defend my honour with my life. Caramella, my darling, we part no more. Child, you know not of what you speak. Baffled! and by a boy—a beardless boy! Listen, Margaret; I am not the man I was. Would you thus attack a defenceless woman? This then is the end of your boasted affection. For years I have hugged my awful secret to my breast. My time will come—and then, beware! The blood of my murdered father cries aloud for vengeance. What is this? Blood! There has been foul work here. Ha! A knock! I must hide. But where? Ah, in this recess I will be unob—, &c. Do not trifle with me, girl! You shall marry Herbert de Lancey, or leave my house for ever! I will go to him—I will fall at his feet—I will entreat him to give us time to pay the mortgage. Ere yonder sun has sunk behind the western hills. How cold it is! The wind cuts like a knife. My limbs are failing. O God! Must I die here alone? I am only a poor working girl, my lord; but oh, sir, I had rather be that than what your gold would make me.

* * * *

Every actor has his own idea of Hamlet; but Signor Alisoff, in the *Rivista Moderna*, insists that the true Hamlet has never yet made his appearance on any stage. The real Hamlet, he argues, was fat, asthmatic, and a contemptible cad. "Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt" proves his fatness; and the Queen's exclamation, "He's fat and scant of breath," may be taken to settle the question of the asthma. The third allegation rests, of course, on the Prince's treatment of Ophelia. An actor who would adopt this view of the part, and give us "a fat Hamlet suffering from asthma at moments of mental agitation," would not fail, Signor Alisoff contends, to "create a revolution in the theatrical world." The idea is decidedly to be recommended to Mr. Beerbohm Tree, who might play Hamlet in the "make up" of Falstaff.

* * * *

We regret that in our review of Volumes IV. and V. of Dr. Murray's New English Dictionary we omitted to mention that Mr. Henry Bradley, not Dr. Murray, is responsible for Volume IV., including the articles on the words "garb," "galaxy," and "gas," to which we referred. Dr. Murray, who writes to point this out, says:—

I am sure that all interested in the Dictionary will be grieved to know that Mr. Bradley's work has for some time been done under sore pressure of ill health, and that he has

been at length ordered to take an entire rest for a month at a distance from Oxford, in order to regain his strength. May he speedily be with us again!

May I also point out that the etymology of *Gas* is not now "for the first time unearthed"? The full history of the word has, as is stated by Mr. Bradley, been before the world for more than a quarter of a century, having been given at large by Cosijn and Verwijs in the great Dutch Dictionary in 1873, as well as recorded by Franck in his well-known Dutch Etymological Dictionary some sixteen years ago. It is only because makers of English Dictionaries are so given to the mechanical retailing of obsolete errors that it has been reserved for the N.E.D., in accordance with its historical method and fresh investigation of everything, to be apparently the first to mention the facts in English. Yet the oversight is not wholly insular; the last edition of Kluge's German Etymological Dictionary, 1894, has not got the facts, while the new French *Dictionnaire Général*, now in publication, repeats with a *peut-être* the prehistoric guesses current before 1873.

We are much obliged to Dr. Murray for his letter. But, surely, he is a little optimistic in regarding a derivation that is given in two Dutch dictionaries as "before the world." At all events, so far as English readers are concerned, Mr. Bradley may perhaps be said to have "unearthed the true derivation of 'gas.'"

* * * *

According to the *Daily Mail*, a new game has been originated "in a certain literary circle." Everybody wears "an emblem descriptive of some well-known book," and everybody else tries to identify the book thus indicated. It is an ingenious pastime, and its possibilities do not seem to have been exhausted by the lady who wore a couple of sabots on her shoulder to indicate "Two Little Wooden Shoes." A lady who would appear in a divided skirt to suggest "The History of Rationalism," or a gentleman who would wear boxing gloves to suggest "The Mill on the Floss" would be sure of a favourable reception for their endeavours to stimulate an intelligent interest in literary affairs. Nor would such developments of the game be any less consistent with the dignity of letters than its modest and humble beginnings so sympathetically described by the *Daily Mail's* literary editor.

* * * *

The *St. James's Gazette* has been canvassing the publishers on the vexed question of the sixpenny novel, and they are found to differ widely. The probability seems to be that success will attend the experiment upon which Messrs. Methuen are about to venture so long, and so long only, as a few novels have the field to themselves. The price of paper—which is the controlling factor—is low enough to allow a presentable volume to be produced for this small figure; and the case of sixpenny reprints has already demonstrated that large, if not prodigious, sales can be obtained. On the other hand, the reading power of the individual must remain where it was. With the bookstalls and shops flooded with sixpenny novels the reader will pick and choose among them just as he now picks and chooses among six shilling novels. He may buy a few more, but he will not buy twelve times as many, for the excellent reason that he will have no time to read them. Yet—as a sixpenny novel can hardly carry more than a *ten per cent.* royalty, if as much—authors must increase their sale twenty fold, if the new format is to be of any advantage to them. Possibly they may do this while competition is limited, but hardly if competition sets in with its usual severity.

* * * *

On Wednesday, the 15th inst., Messrs. Sotheby sell what is described in the catalogue as a complete set of the Kelmscott Press publications, consisting of fifty-three separate works, from "The Story of the Glittering Plain," the first book published (1891), to Mr. S. C. Cockerell's description of the press, issued last year. Books from the Kelmscott Press are continually being sold by auction at prices which seem to increase almost daily, but this is the first occasion on which a complete series has ever been offered by auction. Although the scarce "Glittering Plain" just mentioned now brings as much as £15 and £16, it could have been got five years ago for about £4. But all the Kelmscott books, without exception, have materially advanced in price during the last few years.

The French Academy has given the Jean Reynaud prize of 10,000 francs, which is bestowed in turn by the five classes of the Institute for any work of originality, to M. Ernest Legouvé, after some discussion, in the course of which M. Legouvé himself recommended the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," M. Rostand. The French Academy has now distributed it five times, the persons honoured before M. Legouvé being Leconte de Lisle, M. de Borneir for his "Fille de Roland," M. Duruy, the historian, and M. Deroulède, the poet. M. Legouvé owes the distinction to his recent work "Dernier Travail, Derniers Souvenirs," which is already in its third edition.

* * * * *

The Russians propose to honour the approaching centenary of Poushkin's birth in a variety of ways, one of which seems less practical than the rest. In this country we think we do very well when we purchase the house in which some distinguished author lived or worked, and make it a national possession. In Russia, however, a certain Oriental magnificence of ideas is still to be found. Nothing less than the whole village in which Poushkin did much of his work will satisfy his admirers, and it is to be turned, so it is stated, into an asylum for decayed men of letters. We trust that this philanthropic scheme may work better than that for which Lytton and Dickens were so vainly zealous in this country. "Some houses were built at Stevenage" Mr. Payn has told us, "for the accommodation of decayed authors, in which none of them could be induced to live, even rent free. They pointed to the local train bills, and showed that it was impossible to reach their proposed homes after the performances at the theatres. This difficulty had not been taken into account by the patrons of the scheme; and there were others also — (What are you going to pay us for being buried alive at Stevenage?) for one." Still, enthusiasm for literature is always respectable, and perhaps the Russian admirers of Poushkin will be better rewarded.

American Letter.

GARLAND'S GRANT.

The other day I said of Mr. Hamlin Garland's "Life of General Grant," which I had just been reading, "That is the way the Americans feel about Grant," and an English man of letters, who was by, asked, "How do the Americans feel about Grant?" It would have been easy to refer him to the book, but that would not have been quite fair; the book is rather long; and, besides, I felt bound by my venture to try in a few words for the impression which many pages of Mr. Garland's careful study had left with me. If my failure in this had not so discouraged me I should still like to attempt an answer to the Englishman's question, and impart some sense of the peculiar tenderness, pride, and reverence which the name of the great, modest, quiet, kindly man awakens in us, and which Mr. Garland has known how to embody and express in his book. It is something different from our feeling for Lincoln, who moves heroically in the imagination, from climax to climax, apparently without those intervals of sordid struggle, those pauses of bewilderment and dull despair, those years of public doubt, and those months of measured agony, which make Grant's life so singularly pathetic. With Lincoln all the conclusions seem swift in the retrospect; he rose rapidly and uninterruptedly, and he ceased to be in a supreme hour. Grant slowly moved from point to point, often losing ground, and winning his way back to the popular love and trust only in the Valley of the Shadow. Of course, there is an illusion in all this, but it is an illusion arising from the essential characters of the men. Grant's career, on its high plane, was more like the career of the average man than Lincoln's, and he is more appreciable to the average intelligence, if not dearer to the average affection. His life included lapses and arrests which image the lapses and arrests in the lives of lesser

men; its errors were such as slighter natures commit, and its splendours were never quite without the shadows that dim the joys of the common lot. Nothing of marvel or of miracle was there, but only the work of a steadfast will pressing onward to its end, and taking its reverses as mutely as its triumphs. The beginnings of both men were lowly, but Grant's were without the mythic obscurity of Lincoln's, and his youth had the training which Lincoln could only give his own by the self-creative forces within him. Grant's fame was always without the dramatic, the poetic, the romantic glamour of Lincoln's; and I could fancy that, in virtue of their qualities and fortunes, Lincoln was destined to become less and less intimately known to his countrymen and Grant more and more; that Lincoln might finally abide with Washington in the legendary dusk from which it seems impossible to dislodge him, and that Grant would dwell with Franklin in the common daylight of fact, for which something very kindred in their make has a stronger affinity.

The parallel is by no means satisfactory, the analogy is obviously imperfect; and perhaps I am letting it stand as a sort of refuge from my failure to say how Americans feel about Grant. I am so far from thinking I have yet done this that I find myself with some question whether it is not merely the way I feel about Grant, and I should be glad if I could make out that it was the way, at least, that Mr. Garland felt, too.

His way of saying of how he feels is well fitted to the simple prose, the hard reality of the facts he has to deal with. He was used, as a naturalistic novelist, to face life of every kind, and he has apparently experienced all the æsthetic pleasure in his facts which his treatment of them gives the reader. His method is almost journalistically direct, and if it shows in some degree the defect of its qualities in the literary result, this is full of the freshness of materials studied by a conscientious interviewer at their sources. He went and talked with every one who knew Grant upon any side at any period of his life; he visited the scenes of his childhood, his youth, his early manhood, and his later years; he perused the fields of his victories and defeats, as faithfully as he read the contemporary records concerning him in the newspapers and official documents.

Those who know Mr. Garland's theory and practice in fiction, his avowed and demonstrated contempt for the literary formalities which keep the reader from a living sense of the affair in hand, will be prepared for his indifference to them here, but I should be disappointed, to the point of disabling his taste, if any one failed of the vivid and vigorous impression of situation and character which the author wishes to give. There is occasional looseness of texture, but the form and the colour of the traits and incidents are always caught and kept in the web; and the book has the essentials of a piece of literature, without affecting, perhaps without regarding, the conventional literary graces. It is all very interesting, but if I am to name one part that has interested me more than others I will mention the chapters dealing with that period of extreme discouragement in Grant's life, after the Mexican War, when he was trying in Missouri and in Illinois to find employment, for the powers of which he was conscious, in any calling that would promise him a living. This was a period which a man of common mind would have passed over as wanting in importance, but which a man of uncommon mind would feel to be of vital significance, and would explore and report in full detail, as Mr. Garland has explored and reported it. No passage of Grant's career was more American than this, and in none is the man more clearly, for good and for bad, to be seen. The chapters which treat of it, and the chapters treating of Grant's business disasters through the failure of Grant and Ward, in which he had no part but the hardship and the blame, are of a kind of epical largeness, though they have not the passion of those recording his last sickness, miraculously stayed while he completed the story of his life, and then relentlessly advancing, as it were, under the eyes of the nation.

To my thinking they surpass in interest the record of his conflicts with public and private enemies, graphic as these are with the unsought effectiveness of simple and faithful statement.

The story of Grant's battles, of his part in the reconstruction of the South, and of his two administrations, with the movement which almost carried him to a third from the political abeyance, not to say abasement, in which the second left him, is told with the same fidelity to what is matter-of-fact as well as to what is heroic in it all; and there is no finer effect from this than the impression of the man when his political partisans failed, and he had to confront, after all his triumph and glory, the every-day American problem of making a living.

I wish Mr. Garland could have given in greater detail the events of Grant's undertaking his personal memoirs, and had recorded the part taken by another great American in encouraging him to that effort, and imagining for him a recompense which left him without fear of want for the future. But perhaps some day the survivor will tell us this part of Grant's story himself. I hope so, and, in the meantime, I like to remember it to the honour of literature. The incident is sole in literary history, perhaps because authors have so rarely been publishers.

W. D. HOWELLS.

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FROM THE MAGAZINES.—II.

Londoners who know their London are aware that St. Martin's-lane is entitled to rank as the "Grub Street of the Arts." Under this title Mr. Austin Dobson reviews the annals of the thoroughfare in an interesting contribution to the *National Review*. His notes on Slaughter's Coffee House, which had literary as well as artistic associations, are particularly interesting. We quote an extract :—

Dryden was said to have frequented it in its early days, and Pope. But its real *habitués* were the artist-folk of the Lane. Hither from Leicester Fields would come Hogarth, bragging of the new-old theories in the "Analysis," and scoffing at the "grand contorno" of the *virtuosi*; hither Hayman, and the goldchaser Moser, and Isaac Ware, the chimney-sweep turned architect, and (from his studio over the way) Roubillac, raving in broken English of the beauties of the Chevalier Bernini. Here, too, would be seen the shrewd Swiss enameller, Rouquet, taking notes of the state of the Arts in England for Monsieur Belle-Isle, and Gravelot, who held that no Englishman could draw, and "Friar" Pine, of the engraved "Horace," who had a print shop at No. 88. James M'Ardell, the mezzotinter, Luke Sullivan, who engraved the "March to Finchley," and Richard Wilson from Covent Garden, were also well-known visitors; while, when evening drew on, and the last rays of light faded from the unfinished canvas, the ungainly figure of David Wilkie would slip in quietly to a remote table and a modest and even penurious meal. And there were literary men as well as artists, for Collins of the "Odes" is reported to have used this time-honoured hostelry; and Goldsmith, in the *Essays*, refers to its orators as if his knowledge was experimental. Here, too (as everywhere), was to be found Johnson, studying French from its French customers, and expressing his opinions (as always) in forcible language. He was disgusted by the frivolous chatter of the "fasting monsieurs." "For anything I see," he said, confirming the observation of a friend, "foreigners are fools!"

The February *Cornhill* is a shade less brilliant than usual. The best paper is one in which Sir Robert Edgcumbe revives the memory of William Robert Hicks, who had a great reputation throughout Cornwall for his wit. An example of the wit's quality may be given.

His great story, which was almost a dramatic sketch, was of the acquittal of a Cornish doctor who was charged with the murder of his mother-in-law by mixing arsenic with a dish of rabbits and onions which he gave her for supper. The setting of the court, the swearing of the jury, the speeches of counsel, and the Judge's charge were all related by Hicks with marvellous humour. The climax to the fun was the confabulation of the jury as to the verdict they should give, and their individual reasons for returning a verdict of acquittal—from the juryman who 'didn't hold with old 'omen eating rabbits and onions for supper' to the juryman who declared that 'it wasn't a ha'p'oth of odds to him, and 'twas but an old 'oman.'

The best thing in *Temple Bar* is Miss Marion Quekett's article on "The Betrothed of Napoleon." This is, of course, Desirée Clary, whom General Bonaparte jilted in order that he might be free to take Josephine off the hands of Barras. Her letters, extracts from which are given, do not support the popular view that no woman ever really loved Napoleon. "If I no longer have your love, let me have at least your friendship. That is the only consolation which remains to me," she wrote, just after the General's triumphant return from Italy. But she did not pine away. Junot, shortly afterwards, sent Marmont to propose to her on his behalf, and it was nearly a case of "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" For she says:—"Ah! if Marmont had spoken in his own name, who knows? I might perhaps have said yes; he was such a handsome man." In 1798 she married Bernadotte. Her relations with her husband, which were not quite of the happiest, are narrated in a light and entertaining style. In the scissors-and-paste department, Mr. Edward Manson contributes a paper on "Happy Hits in Oratory"; but most of his stories have the charm of familiarity.

The officers of the United States army continue to seek the victories of peace by writing of their heroic actions for the *Century Magazine*. Captain Sigbee having finished, General Shafter takes the floor, and describes the brief campaign in front of Santiago. He is merciful as he is strong, and does not criticise the Seventy-first New York Volunteers, concerning whom so many good stories are floating about. Naval Constructor Hobson continues his account of the sinking of the *Merrimac*, and praises the chivalrous conduct of his captors; they called upon him in his dungeon cell and smoked and drank with him. One hopes that the gallant officer will not conclude his narrative without giving an equally graphic and detailed account of the kissing campaign in which he distinguished himself on his return to his native land. "Harnessing the Nile," by Frederic Courtland Penfield, is an account of the proposed dam at Assuan.

How many of us are there—more, perhaps, than would like to confess it—who continue to be enthusiastic fishermen, although the practice of that misnamed "gentle art" is full of disappointment and tribulation. Some there are, of course, who console themselves with tales of the monster trout they hooked and lost, and omit to mention how often they tumbled in or got "hung up," or got their flies caught in the back of their coat. Mr. Eden Philpotts is not one of these; we do not even venture to say he is not a good fisherman; but, as he shows in the *Badminton*, he can write a most entertaining account of "a black letter day"—an experience quite refreshing after a dose of the usual angling yarn—which all who love a genial wit no less than a long day by a Dartmoor stream should by no means fail to read. In the same magazine Mr. J. Gordon, writing of a French shooting estate, hardly vindicates French *chasseurs*, and, we may add, *chasseuses*, from the unsportsmanlike charges sometimes brought against them—particularly in the matter of wounding birds. One reason for the smallness of the bag usually obtained is that the Frenchman has many reasons for not letting off his second barrel :—

In the first place, owing to the constant use of black powder already mentioned, directly the first barrel is discharged a cloud of smoke envelops him and he can see nothing. Secondly, the young Frenchman is taught that, when he shoots, even with a fowling-piece, he should tightly close the left eye; thus, after the first shot, he has not time to single out another bird, and at best can only shoot into the brown. Thirdly, he is frequently so excitable that he can think of nothing but the success of his first shot, and forgets to use his other barrel until he has seen his first bird motionless on the ground.

An English sportsman, too, would hardly tolerate an underkeeper who tried to be a wag and called attention to fictitious rabbits behind, while the real article was bolting away in front.

The most interesting article in the *United Service Magazine*—"The Admirals in Crete"—is contributed by "A Naval Officer." The events that led up to the dramatic close of the reign of the Turk in Candia were rather overshadowed by the splendid drama that ended another tyranny in the Sudan. In Crete, too, an English officer was helping to put an end to misrule. The events of September, 1898, have now become historical, but the careful and detailed narrative of "A Naval Officer" comes as a useful reminder, and the final action of Admiral Noel will always be an object-lesson as to how to treat the Turk :—

The key of the policy of the Admiral in all his doings at Candia from this day until the final evacuation of the island was this—to make no demand on the Turkish authorities that he was not prepared, in the event of their non-com-

pliance, to himself exact with the forces under his command; and not to allow any shift or evasion to postpone for one instant beyond the allotted time the fulfilment of such demand. The Pasha was aghast when he heard the terms of the Admiral's memorandum, taking off his fez to wipe the perspiration from his forehead—a remarkable action for a Turk.

During the ruthless carrying out of this policy we fear that the Pasha must frequently have had occasion to take off his fez for the same purpose.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* Mr. Percy Fitzgerald writes on the "First Printed Book and its Printers." A copy of this book, Gutenberg's Bible, was sold at Sotheby's last November for just under £3,000, and Mr. Fitzgerald gave some account of it in *Literature* of Nov. 19. The longer account of it he now gives to readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine* is well worth reading. The highest price any copy ever reached seems to be £3,400. Mr. T. H. B. Grahame has collected much curious information in a paper on British Fire Festivals, the ceremonial fires lighted at certain points of the sun's annual course, which he thinks were probably charms used for the purpose of producing sunshine. Many parallels from other countries are given by Mr. Frazer in his "Golden Bough." "The glare of the charm fire," says Mr. Grahame, "has at last faded from the midnight sky," but—

The ceremonies observed at the present day in celebrating the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot on November 5, that is to say, the rolling of lighted tar barrels down the hills, the carrying of lighted torches in procession, the kindling of a great bonfire, the burning of a human effigy, and the concluding dance around the fire, are manifestly nothing else than a revival of the rites of the old November fire-festival, transferred to a new date, and used to commemorate a comparatively recent historical event.

An illuminative comparison between Millais and Leighton is given in *Good Words* from the pen of Sir Wyke Bayliss. "Leighton," he writes, "was an artist; Millais was a painter" :—

To understand Leighton we must consider what Nature intended when she made man—and particularly, as Burns suggests, when she made woman—the beauty of form, the delicacy of colour, the softness of the texture of the skin, the capability of heroic action. To understand Millais we must consider what men and women have become, through the stress and strain of life, of love, of hope, of fear, of happiness, of pain. To Leighton it was all the same to paint an angel as to paint a man; he had seen angels, as he had seen men—in visions. To Millais an angel was an unknown quantity; he had never seen one. If one had come to him in his studio, the world would have known for the first time precisely what an angel is like.

So in colouring Millais seeks the real, Leighton the ideal. When the former paints white, it varies with every kind of texture in costume. Leighton gives white simply. The gods whom he paints do not wear all kinds of stuffs; "they are content to wear drapery, and if that drapery is white, it is white."

In the *Sunday Magazine* Mr. Leonard W. Lillington has an illustrated article on "Our National Collection of Bibles." Some idea of the enormous collection of Bibles collected in the British Museum may be gathered from the fact that the list of them fills twenty-three volumes of the catalogue. There are the rare manuscript translations from before the time of Wycliffe for the rich, and the "block" Bible, consisting of a series of crude woodcuts illustrating the chief events of scripture history, for the poor; two of the famous Mazarine Bible; the "Blank Stone" Bible, the first quarto issue of Tyndale's Testament, so-called because in the woodcut of St. Paul the stone upon which he rests his foot is blank, while in the "Mole" Bible (the second issue) a mole is engraved, and in the third issue the initials A. B. K. on the stone caused it to be called "The Engraver's Mark" version. There is also the "Wicked" Bible, the printers of which were fined £300 because of the many gross errors found in it; the "Rosin" Bible, from "Is there no rosin in Gilead"; the "Treacle" Bible, from the substitution of the word *treacle* in the same text; the "Vinegar" Bible, so-called because "vinegar" appears instead of "vineyard" in the headline of Luke XX., and others. The article is an interesting one, full of facts about our Bible, and should inspire readers with a wish to visit the British Museum.

In the *New Century* Mr. Cuming Walters returns to Shakespeare's Sonnets and lays stress on the view that they are not to be regarded as a continuous sequence. He thinks that they are mainly autobiographical—that, in fact, the "William Himself" (W. H.) theory is not one to be despised. The "Dark Lady" is to be discussed in a concluding paper.

Child Life has started on a new series as a quarterly shilling publication as the organ of the "Michaelis Guild and the Froebel Society." It is well printed and edited, and to counter-balance such articles as "A study on Children's Property-sense," or the very formidable paper on "How to balance the demands of Continuity and of connectedness in planning out a scheme of work for a Kindergarten," we are glad to see "Nature notes for Nature Lovers" and "Story telling." It is to be hoped that this magazine will fulfil its object of interesting not only teachers but parents—a much more difficult matter—in the education of children.

Little Folks and *St. Nicholas* as usual supply plenty of appropriate reading for the young. Mr. George Manville Fenn contributes to the former, and Mr. G. A. Henty to the latter.

FICTION.

THE INTRUDERS, by L. B. Walford (Longmans, 6s.). Given a quiet country neighbourhood, well endowed with marriageable maidens, and the arrival therein of a young stranger with money and credentials, it is easy to imagine the pleasant story Mrs. Walford will weave out of the familiar materials. "The Intruders" is a fair specimen of her work. There is humour in the conception of the devoted sister who keeps house for Julian Monteagle, and is assured that she also keeps the key to his every thought and action. She goes about explaining him to the other characters and placidly living with him in entire affection and utter non-comprehension till the *dénouement* opens her eyes. There is a more tragic note than the author often cares to strike about poor, second-rate little Molly's chilly marriage and early death.

Another book by the same prolific writer is THE ARCHDEACON (Pearson, 6s.). This story suffers somewhat from the want of a larger canvas. The psychological history of an interesting young man up to the time when he becomes a Church dignitary can hardly be successfully treated on the scale and in the manner of a slight society novel. A series of dissolving views present to us Theo Yorke first as a serious undergraduate who, when he goes fishing in a punt with a pretty girl to whom he has just been introduced, can impress upon her mind a new ideal of life; then the Archdeacon, a sleek, worldly, and pompous ecclesiastic; and, lastly, "the old Theo" as the simple, devoted parish priest. The first transformation is, to our minds, a good deal more probable than the second, which is brought about by a severe rating of the Archdeacon delivered by the pretty girl already mentioned, now transformed into a handsome widow. The whole might be made quite convincing by the serious psychological novelist, and lend itself admirably to a "profound character study." But things are, perhaps, better as they are, and we cheerfully sacrifice the analysis for a bright and readable story. It has much literary merit, and Mrs. Walford understands how people talk. The culminating scene in which the exemplary and highly respected Archdeacon is converted to the errors of his ways and frankly told that he has "gone back" presents a difficult situation admirably handled with a just distribution of the reader's sympathy between the rater and the rated. At the end of the book the widow and the Archdeacon, we need hardly say, bring to a satisfactory conclusion, on the same lake, and presumably in the same punt, the conversation which had been interrupted twenty years before. As a piece in three acts, with the intervening history taken for granted, the novel is distinctly a good one, and will entertain, if it does not convince, the reader.

INFATUATION, by B. M. Croker (Chatto and Windus, 6s.), is a much better novel than the one which came last from the same writer—"Miss Balmaine's Past"—it is better constructed, and there is less ballast that could be thrown overboard. Nor is there anything that marks any exorbitant demands on the reader's credulity. The original title of the story was "P.P.C." Miss Maria Talbot, niece and companion to a rich and tyrannical old harridan of a Mrs. Pegrim, cherished an affection for one Captain Borrodaile, who, having on his side quite "cooled off" during a residence in India, plants himself on his return in some lodgings

in the same house as Maria. He is aware of the situation ; she is not ; and after three weeks sojourn he departs after sending up to her his card with P.P.C. inscribed on it. "Infatuation" is a better title because it includes not only Maria's continued devotion to the faithless Captain, but her almost servile fidelity to the graceless Pegrim. A consistent and well-drawn character, in fact, is Maria ; so is Mrs. Pegrim ; and so is the other female character of the story, the rich and brilliant American, Miss Fontaine, who, familiar as she is among the *dramatis personæ* of recent fiction, has an attractive freshness and individuality about her, especially in the matter of her friendship for the downtrodden Maria. The two men—Borrodale and John Harland, who makes love to Maria at the beginning and turns up again as her successful suitor for the happiness-ever-after at the end—are a little more ordinary. But there is a firm touch throughout the whole, and the narrative is always bright and sympathetic—a pleasant and wholesome book, in fact, is "Infatuation," and one of the best Mrs. Croker has given us.

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page enjoys a wide reputation in the United States, and we remember reading, some years ago, certain short stories of his concerning the nigger of the Southern States, with much enjoyment. But his novel, *Red Rock* (Heinemann, 6s.), is a disappointment. In the first place, it is of a most amazing prolixity, a prolixity which carries the author into 450 closely-printed pages ; and secondly, all sense of proportion, all sense of perspective are lacking, so that everything, as in a Japanese drawing, is seen on the same plane, and everything seen is of the same size.

It is on this account, no doubt, that despite the patient chronicling which Mr. Page gives to the sayings and doings of his characters, they hardly live, or appear as anything but the pleasant conventional puppets of fiction. Thus, all the young women are beautiful and good, all the young men are good and brave, the elders have a "courtly old-world air," and though the middle-aged folk may display a little eccentricity, their heart is always in the right place. Everybody carries his or her "head high," a point which Mr. Page never omits to emphasize, and the necessary villain or so finds the end of his rope with the end of the book. All things, indeed, work for the best in this singularly impossible world of "Red Rock." The story is laid in one of the Southern States, both before and after the War of Secession ; and that the author skips over the four actual war years is an act of mercy for which we thank him. A word of praise is due to the illustrations, but we looked in vain for the artist's name upon the title-page.

STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

The novel of adventure is undoubtedly the best vein to work just at present, and Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe has no doubt done wisely in transplanting to the moors of Yorkshire and Westmorland a variation of the story with which Mr. Blackmore scored his greatest success. Perhaps some people may be found to think that *Ricroft of Withens* (Unwin, 6s.) is built too obviously on the model of "Lorna Doone." It must be confessed that Mr. Sutcliffe makes no attempt to disguise his indebtedness to the older author. Between Christopher Ricroft and the great John Ridd there is little to choose in the matter of inches ; the Carlesses in their stronghold of the Lonely Valley offer many points of resemblance to the Doones ; and the feud between Black Carless and the hero recalls at every turn the long struggle between John Ridd and Carver Doone. In the matter of bloodshed, indeed, the pupil excels his master—a fact significant of the taste of the age. There is fighting enough in this volume to satisfy the most bloodthirsty readers—a furious encounter at the Silent Inn, the adventures of Ricroft with the army of Charles Stuart at Culloden and elsewhere, the final slaughter of the Carless clan, besides several single combats. And they are all well done, too. Mr. Sutcliffe has the art of keeping his readers' attention, and of carrying them along with him in his headlong course. It is but just to say that the story never flags ; it is spirited, well-told, and full of incident ; and several of the

characters, and those not the worst drawn, are indisputably the author's own. The book gives promise of better work in the future. As it stands, it is eminently readable, and it is certainly founded on a good model. The style is brisk, and there is not too much dialect, though sufficient to give a distinctly Northumbrian flavour. Occasionally Mr. Sutcliffe's epithets are rather incongruous ; twice, if we recollect aright, he calls attention to the "rheumy legs" of Peter Marsh. But he can certainly describe a fight.

Even the most insatiable lover of adventure will be satisfied by the story told by Mr. Russell M. Garnier in *THE COUNTERPART* (Harper Brothers, 6s.). In it he will hear the clash of arms, the voices of fair ladies in distress, and be admitted even to the presence-chambers of kings. The hero, Oliver Drake, is cousin to John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, to whom he bears as extraordinary a likeness as the hero in the "Prisoner of Zenda" to the Prince of Ruritania. Drake's personal romance is connected with the beautiful Corinne de Tour, beloved also by a certain Marquis de Monteserrat who, on getting his rival into his power, proceeds to starve him to death as a means of inducing the lady to save her lover's life by consenting to marry his tormentor. A spirited rescue of Corinne is at length effected by the hero and his illustrious kinsman. Drake then takes service with Churchill under Turenne, and after some years of military life, returns to wed his "faithful maid." Despite the improbability of certain incidents it is a well told, vigorous story.

People who want adventure in their story-books have only to turn to page thirty-four of *THE WHITE PRINCESS OF THE HIDDEN CITY*, by David Lawson Johnstone (Chambers, 3s. 6d.). It depicts a man hanging over a gulf, clinging to a tree whose roots are tearing away by his weight, while an aggressively deadly serpent is doing its best to get at him. Mr. Johnstone's imagination is engagingly lurid, and he revels in mysterious hidden cities, hoards of priceless treasure, and colossal figures of feature more varied than soothing. Mr. Boucher's illustrations "play up" to him in fine style. We sympathize with him on the one which has been reproduced on the cover and gained grotesqueness in the move.

Another story of adventure is Mr. Kirk Munroe's *THE COPPER PRINCESS* (Harper, 6s.)—a tale of mining life in the Lake Superior District. Perhaps it is a little too wildly improbable in some of its incidents ; perhaps, too, Mr. Richard Feveril is rather too much the conventional hero of boys' book. But the locality is new, the story is well constructed and full of exciting adventure, and the majority of the characters are pleasantly original. Mr. Munroe's book should be popular with boys. It is well illustrated by Mr. W. A. Rogers.

Correspondence.

MR. SPENCER AND MR. CROZIER.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I supposed that the two quotations I gave would suffice. As they do not, let me add a third, which is specially relevant to the point Mr. Crozier insists upon. It will be found in *First Principles*, §62, in the chapter on "The Persistence of Force":—

But now what is the force of which we predicate persistence? It is not the force we are immediately conscious of in our own muscular efforts ; for this does not persist . . . we are compelled to admit that force, as it exists out of our consciousness, is not force as we know it. Hence the force of which we assert persistence is that Absolute Force of which we are indefinitely conscious as the necessary correlate of the force we know. By the Persistence of Force we really mean the persistence of some Cause which transcends our knowledge and conception. . . .

Thus, quite unexpectedly, we come down once more to that ultimate truth in which, as we saw, Religion and Science coalesce.

With this illustration of what Mr. Crozier calls "pure and unadulterated materialism" I must leave the matter; merely asking him whether he thinks that the view above expressed is like the view which his condemnatory phrase will suggest to his readers.

I am, &c.,

HERBERT SPENCER.

Brighton, February 5.

JOUBERT.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I am not concerned with the critical estimate of Joubert's *Pensées* so contemptuously expressed in last week's *Literature*.* Your reviewer is on one side—Chateaubriand, Sainte Beuve, almost every modern French critic of distinction, and Matthew Arnold on the other. I may perhaps be allowed to think that Joubert will not suffer in the contest.

But there is a sentence in your review which, in justice to one of the best and most blameless of men, cannot be allowed to pass unnoticed—unwelcome as the task is. Your reviewer allows himself to say, after drawing a sarcastic picture of Joubert's peculiarities:—

Then there is the account of the philosopher's marriage and amours. He married, it seems, in 1793, and in 1794 fell in love with Pauline de Beaumont, with whom he corresponded on the subject of Mme. Joubert's qualities and defects. As Mrs. Ward puts it, "He quietly says of her, 'I knew that she had merit and some charms. The charms are gone; the merit remains.' . . ." One feels a certain malicious joy in learning that the man who "quietly says" things of that sort to his mistress was afterwards jilted by his mistress in favour of the more engaging Chateaubriand; and one is also a little surprised at Mrs. Ward, who gravely records the quiet saying as the final word on the subject of Mme. Joubert's intelligence.

I hardly know whether these words awaken more wrath or more amusement in any one acquainted with Joubert, his *milieu*, and his correspondence. As I have said in the introduction, Joubert's "romance, profound as it came to be, was as harmless as himself." His devotion to Madame de Beaumont was shared by his whole household, first and foremost by Madame Joubert. One of the chief anxieties of his correspondence is to bring the aristocratic and fastidious Pauline to understand his homely, brusque, and silent wife, so that Madame Joubert's kindness and uprightness may prove a refuge for the storm-tossed and bereaved Pauline, who had lost her all in the Terror. Let any one read the constant entreaties that Joubert addresses in the name of all the Villeneuve family to Pauline de Beaumont, that she will allow herself to be nursed and cheered among them; let him look at the letter in which Joubert expresses to Pauline the anxiety he has gone through about his wife, who would attend on their little son, during inoculation, although—

"Ce qu'il y a de plus problématique au monde, c'est qu'elle ait eu la petite vérole. . . . J'ai vécu"—he goes on—"dans de grandes trances; mais j'en suis revenu. Pour elle, elle s'est entêtée à ne rien craindre, et actuellement elle persifle ma prudence avec une insolence que je serais bien fâché qu'elle n'eût pas. Cette insolence envers moi ne l'empêche pas d'être pénétrée pour vous du respect le plus senti et le mieux fondé. Regardez-la toute sa vie, Madame, comme une des âmes où votre mérite [—here, by the way, it is Madame de Beaumont to whom the insulting word is applied!—] est le mieux connu et le plus honoré."

Are these the terms in which a man would write, under the circumstances imagined by your reviewer? Then let who will read the passage translated in my introduction which describes how a letter from Pauline at

Mont Dore delights the whole carriage-full of the Joubert family, "down to the children and the horse"; let him look at the terms in which Paul de Raynal, Joubert's nephew, speaks of his uncle's friendship with Madame de Beaumont—at the account of the abiding sorrow with which the Joubert family kept the month of October sacred to Pauline's memory; and, finally, at Joubert's whole character, and at the impression left by it, as of something ethereally stainless, on his contemporaries and his immediate posterity; and then let the inquirer ask himself, whether there is not something to regret in such a sentence as that which I have quoted at the head of this letter?

Yours faithfully,

MARY A. WARD.

* This letter arrived too late for the issue of Feb. 4.

** Concerning the merit of Joubert's aphorisms we hold our own opinion as firmly as Mrs. Ward holds that of Mr. Matthew Arnold; and our reviewer will return to the subject next week. As regards Mrs. Ward's contention that the lady to whom the philosopher wrote to complain that his wife's charms had vanished was not his mistress, we need only remark here that the effect of this plea, if admitted, is not to justify the philosopher's reference to his wife, but simply to destroy one obvious explanation of it.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER'S PHILOSOPHY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In his review of my book, "*Sursum Corda*," your able and courteous reviewer has, I think, misconceived the drift of my last chapter. It is not to Mr. Spencer the agnostic that I impute anthropocentricity (which, by the way, I do not regard as an "error") but to Mr. Spencer the great architectonic thinker. It seems to me that Mr. Spencer's attempt to base a philosophical system on the *data* of man's bodily senses only is quite as anthropocentric as Mr. Balfour's attempt to discredit that system by showing that it is repugnant to man's spiritual desires and instincts.

But be that as it may. It is not because Mr. Spencer is anthropocentric that I venture to criticize him, but because he persistently ignores the evidence of man's spiritual desires and instincts.

Your reviewer seems to agree with Mr. Spencer that Mr. Balfour's appeal to those desires and instincts is unjustifiable except on the assumption that "things have been pre-arranged by some agency for man's benefit." I cannot understand why the question-begging prefix *pre* has been introduced into this sentence. Nowadays we are all—idealists and materialists alike—ready to admit that "things" have not been *pre-arranged* by supernatural agencies, but that somehow or other they have arranged and are arranging themselves. From this point of view all our desires and instincts seem to be in the same category. If those which we call spiritual belong to our normal nature, they must have been evolved, like all other desires and instincts, by the slow but irresistible action of *natural* agencies, and if so it is quite certain that the "constitution of things" does "minister" to them and that they have natural functions to fulfil. Mr. Spencer himself has taught us that all man's desires have been generated, and are ever being modified, by the pressure of his environment—the relation between organism and environment being, of course, one of action and reaction—and from this we may surely infer that *every* normal desire has a real object in the sense of being directed towards something which man's environment really contains. Mr. Spencer, again, insists that the nature of man "has been moulded to fit the surrounding world." If this be so—if it be true that man is what he is because the "surrounding world" is what it is—it surely follows that the nature of man reflects, in its characteristic desires and instincts, the essential properties of the "surrounding world." To quote my own words:—"Just as the existence of the desire which we call *thirst* proves to demonstration that *water* enters largely into the composition

both of the human body and of its normal environment, so does the existence of spiritual desires suggest to us—to say the least—that the objects of these desires are real elements both in the nature of man and in the universe which surrounds him. . . . (for) It is only by bringing its desires into the closest possible harmony with the resources of its environment that an organism is able to hold its own in the general struggle for existence." Your reviewer has not answered this argument. "Yet I cannot help thinking that it deserves an answer."

In conclusion, Mr. Spencer strongly objects to being called a materialist; but he will, I fear, continue to be classed with materialists so long as his prejudice against man's spiritual desires and instincts forbids him to regard these as significant *natural* phenomena, which, in virtue of their naturalness deserve to be dispassionately studied, not in order that they may be explained away, but in order that their several meanings and functions may be determined. Many years have passed since "First Principles" made its appearance, and Mr. Spencer himself has written much since then. Instead of referring us to what he wrote forty years ago, will he tell us what he *now* thinks about such problems as those of *volition, causation, the external world, &c.*? Above all, will he tell us what is his present "criterion of reality"? I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

THE AUTHOR OF "SURSUM CORDA."

January 23.

SIR WALTER BESANT'S "THE PEN AND THE BOOK."

TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,—I have read Sir Walter's book with interest, and also the criticisms of it which have been appearing in your columns, and I should like to draw attention to the following points:—

On page 167 Sir Walter falls foul of the S.P.C.K. for paying only £12, £20, or £30 for books "which, in some cases (the italics are mine) have brought in large sums." But supposing that Sir Walter pays a potato salesman £12 for some seed potatoes, which he plants in a field, and at the end of the season, after paying for rent, labour, seed potatoes, and manure, he makes a substantial profit on his outlay, say 50 per cent. Has the salesman any right to complain because he only got £12 for the good seed potatoes which brought Sir Walter such a fat profit? Or should the man who buys Sir Walter's crop to resell it, expect to get it at less than market value because, if he did not, he would make only 25 per cent. on his outlay, while Sir Walter makes more?

In both cases, I think, one must answer, No. But let

Sir Walter	= a publisher
Potato salesman	= an author
Seed potatoes	= a book written to order
Field	= a publishing business
Rent	= rent
Labour	= travellers and clerical labour
Manure	= advertisements

And we find on page 168 that the publisher (or Sir Walter) is held up to scorn for paying only £12 for the book (or the potatoes), while on page 162 it is claimed that the man who buys the crop to resell it (or the bookseller) is being "charged too much." I have underlined "in some cases," at the beginning of this letter and on purpose, for similar qualifying sentences are at times remarkable from their frequent occurrence—e.g., p. 140 "when an author is in demand," "if they become popular," "if they are adopted," while at other times they are conspicuous by their absence—e.g., "the bookseller gets a profit of 8½d. per volume *if he sells all he buys*" (the italics are Sir Walter's). "But he does not sell all he buys." The publisher and the author between them get a profit of 2s. 6d." And again, on p. 162. "The bookseller continues to get his 8½d. *if he sells the book he has paid for*" (the italics are again Sir Walter's). "The publisher makes 2s. 10d. a copy, of which the author has to get his share." In both these cases Sir Walter omits to mention that the publisher only makes a profit *if he sells sufficient*

copies to cover his outlay, and only makes the full profit *if he sells all he produces*—considerations of as great importance to the publisher as the selling of the copies bought is to the bookseller.

Then on pp. 145-146, after requesting the beginner to dismiss from his mind all preconceived ideas of publishers, and saying that they (the publishers) love to indulge in "trade talk" of being "the unselfish patrons of literature," Sir Walter goes on to remark that the majority of publishers are dishonest. ("While a few will be restrained from dishonesty by scruples of honour, the majority will not.") It would be interesting to hear the grounds on which Sir Walter bases his description of "Trade Talk." I have never yet heard a publisher represent himself as an "unselfish patron," &c., but I have heard it maintained that a publisher can do much to increase the value of an author's writings by handling them judiciously. Does Sir Walter mean this? If so, he has expressed himself very badly.

What, again, are his grounds for saying that the majority of publishers are dishonest any more than the majority of merchants or authors? There are, no doubt, black sheep among publishers as among other trades and professions (authors included), but would it be right to say that the majority of authors are thieves, because a few have not fulfilled their engagements? Such a sweeping charge of dishonesty against men of education, most of whom are of good family and have had the best of training, should either be accompanied by the reasons for the charge and the publication of the names of the delinquents, or should never be made. If Sir Walter would publish the names of the dishonest majority his proofs would soon be tested in a Court of law.

These points to which I have drawn attention are only straws, but they show which way the wind blows. Sir Walter's views on publishing are fairly notorious, and can be discounted by those who know, but this book is meant for beginners, who will probably believe that the statements in it are impartial. It is, therefore, only fair to point out that this is not always the case.

I do not quarrel with Sir Walter for urging authors to look after their interests. It is in every way desirable that they should; but I would ask him to be just, and not to imagine that every one who makes a good bargain or a successful speculation is a thief.

Yours obediently,

G. S. W.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—This discussion in your columns has so far been conducted on one side by certain publishers who speak for themselves upon matters about which they have a close and intimate knowledge, and on the other by Sir Walter Besant speaking on behalf of somebody else. Why do not one or two of Sir Walter Besant's *protégés* contribute a detailed statement of his or her particular grievance? Who are these *protégés*? What are their books? Does anybody except the author say that the publisher's payment for this or that particular book has been insufficient? In some cases it might not be altogether pleasant to give names and particulars; but if publishers' victims are so numerous and so deeply aggrieved, surely there must be a few willing to come forward and specify their grievances.

I do not know whether I and all my literary acquaintances have been exceptionally lucky, but I myself, who have had business dealings with six firms of publishers, have not come across one who has tried any of these ingeniously fraudulent tricks on me, and I have never met a writer, man or woman, who has encountered them. I have tried various methods of publication—the sale of the copyright, royalties, and profit-sharing—and have detected in none of them any attempts at fraud. I sold the copyright of my first novel for the sum of £40 and of my last for the sum of £375, dealing on nearly all occasions with men of whom I had no personal knowledge and to whom I had no introduction. Looking in the daily papers I have seen the books advertised in an ordinary and sufficient manner; the money has been paid as agreed in perfectly regular fashion; and I have never been asked to advance a penny. Further, as I have said, I find that my experiences are those of all my acquaintances without exception.

That Sir Walter Besant has got many friends with many and severe grievances is obvious, but is it impertinent curiosity to ask, Who are they? Is there among them a single person who has anything to say which is worth hearing and who has also the capacity for saying it? If not, is it a matter for much surprise, or regret that a few second-class publishing houses should demand, under more or less honest pretexts, certain sums of money for printing their writings? A country upholsterer of my acquaintance, who was engaged to remove certain delicate bits of glass and carving from one house to another, sent in a bill where each bit of work was charged for separately, and which concluded with the item: "In general: A Troublesome and Risky Job, £2." If my country friend had been a London publisher, besieged by schoolboys and schoolgirls with impossible manuscripts, he would have learned the art of distributing the extra £2 among the previous items, and would have fallen under the ban of Sir Walter Besant's displeasure. But I am afraid that he would meet with a good deal of sympathy.

Yours faithfully,

EDWARD H. COOPER.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—“A Publisher” must be a bold man to attempt publicly to controvert statements of fact made by Sir Walter Besant on the relations of publishers and authors. Sir Walter's knowledge of the subject, acquired during his many years' connexion with the Society of Authors, is unique, and probably far greater than that of any publisher the source of whose information is mainly limited to his own particular business.

I can confirm much that is in “The Pen and the Book” from my personal experiences. I have had a profit-sharing agreement in which I did not get half the profits; I have sold a book outright for a substantial sum; have had a deferred royalty and royalties which were not deferred; I have published books on commission with publishers who must have made a good profit on the cost of production; and, last of all, I have published a book according to the “Method of the Future.”

As to selling outright, an adequate price for all rights is, of course, satisfactory, but it is difficult to ascertain what is an adequate price. The half-profit system is, in the words of a publisher-friend of mine, “a swindle.” It has often been exposed in the *Author*. To pay a publisher, who has money invested in other works, to publish a book on commission is usually to court disaster. The royalty system is probably the fairest, if publishers would only agree to increase the royalty in fair proportion to the largely increased profits on reprints.

With regard to novels, of which I have written six, two of them produced on the royalty system by firms of high standing, I am, after trying the experiment, convinced that the method advocated in “The Pen and the Book” is indeed the “Method of the Future.” I had none of the terrible fatigue and trouble so graphically described by “A Publisher.” There was some difficulty in finding men who did not, according to the traditions of the publishing trade, want to fleece the author. But I would allow of no undue preference. I was a publisher, and would be treated as one. Having found my men, it did not take ten minutes to instruct the printer to set up such a sample page of my MS. as would give a book of the right length; my corrections were few, and were charged for at 10d. the hour. A postcard to the paper makers produced samples, and, later on, a dummy copy to show thickness of book. A ten minutes' chat with a binder, whom I told the price I was willing to pay, and, later on, selecting one out of several sample covers concluded the business. As Sir Walter truly says, a schoolboy could learn how to do it in a week. I knew how many copies were printed, and could not be swindled; credit was given without demur, as soon as my men knew I was an author of some standing; I obtained discounts; and, finally, as a crowning triumph, my book sold better through the new and special kind of publisher on commission than either of my novels published through firms of really high standing. The cost of the first three thousand copies,

allowing a reasonable sum for advertising, was about £150, the figures given on p. 164 in Sir Walter Besant's book.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

AN AUTHOR.

P.S.—The above was written before I had an opportunity of reading Mr. Victor Spiers' letter in your issue of February 4. I beg to associate myself with his tribute of deep gratitude to Sir Walter Besant, and add that “The Pen and the Book” is the most complete handbook to the literary life that has yet appeared. For a certain kind of fraud Mr. Victor Spiers suggests that author and publisher should sign all copies. Here is a story true and in point. A special edition for collectors, advertised as being *limited to a stated number*, was signed by the author up to the number stated. A day came when the author discovered an unsigned copy on the table of a friend! Yet the house was one of the highest standing in London, so high that were I to name it many would disbelieve the story, and you would very properly decline to print it without being furnished with proof.

A. A.

NAMES IN FICTION.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—To the cases cited last week by your contributor “H. H. F.” of the use in fiction of names of personages which the owners thereof in real life have objected to have associated with the incidents of the fictitious story, perhaps you will allow me to add the very notable case furnished by Captain Marryat's “Masterman Ready.”

As readers of that delightful boys' book will remember, the old sailor Ready, in the course of the story, tells how in his boyish days he and his widowed mother had been defrauded of their due by the boy's godfather, a certain “Mr. Masterman,” a shipbuilder and shipowner of South Shields. The sequel to this choice by the author, not only of the name, but of the calling and the place of residence of the villain of the piece, is shown in the following “Note” by Captain Marryat, which was appended to the story after its first publication, and appears there still in current editions:—

The author of this little work has received a letter from one of the family of the Mastermans, stating that an unpleasant feeling has been created by his assuming that name for the godfather of Masterman Ready, inasmuch as the character of the godfather is not one that is at all enviable. What might make it appear that he had actually referred to one of the members of that family in this work of fiction is that, by the strangest coincidence, there have been Mastermans for nearly a century residing at South Shields, and as shipowners and builders, so that by a mere chance he has not only assumed the name, but the residence and the occupation of the parties. It is, therefore, his duty to state that this coincidence, strange as it is, was quite an accident, and that he never could or would have taken a step which could cause any pain or annoyance to so respectable a family.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

R. M. JOHNS.

1, Branch-hill-side, Hampstead-heath, N.W.

February 1, 1899.

“THE LYKE-WAKE DIRGE.”

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I be allowed to assure your correspondent, Mr. Mayhew, that Mr. Speight's reading of the line, “Fire and sleet and candle-light,” is certainly good sense, whether authoritative or not.

It was adopted by Scott (see his “Minstrelsy,” vol. II., p. 349, edition 1806), where he says, “the word sleet in the chorus seems to be corrupted from *selt* or *salt*; a quantity of which, in compliance with a popular superstition, is frequently placed on the breast of a corpse.”

I may add that in Northumberland, where the ballad probably originated, as did many other ballads that Scott, being a Scotchman, attributed to the Scottish border, the custom of placing a handful of salt on a dead body still prevails in poor Roman Catholic families, and that in the local *patois* salt is occasionally pronounced sleet. The association of the two purifying agencies, salt and fire, with the corpse candle, I would have thought obvious.—Yours truly,

P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.

1, Buxton-road, Chingford, Essex, Feb. 6.

Authors and Publishers.

Early in the summer Mr. Grant Richards will publish Mr. W. J. Stillman's "Life of Crispi." The preface will be a study of the character of Crispi and a frank statement of the relation between him and the Press, *The Times* included. The entire edition of 1,000 copies of "The Old Rome and the New," by the same writer, has been sold, but there will be no second edition.

A Life of Dr. Dollinger, by Professor Friedrich, is on the eve of publication. Dr. Dollinger was in correspondence with some of the most influential people of his day, both lay and clerical, in Europe and in America, took a keen interest not only in theology, but in politics, and was one of the best informed men of his day. Professor Friedrich has already made his mark in literature, and he knew Dollinger well.

It was known that Alphonse Daudet had left a certain number of unpublished MSS. The announcement is now made that his unfinished posthumous novel, "La Caravane," will be published almost immediately. Only the first hundred pages were actually completed by Daudet; but the remainder of the volume will consist of the copious notes and plans which he had drafted for use in the writing of the latter part of his story. This method of publication was adopted, it will be remembered, in the case of Flaubert's posthumous work, "Bouvard et Pécuchet," and the result was fairly satisfactory, though, of course, in that case, a good deal more than a hundred pages had attained their final form when Flaubert died. From a literary point of view the plan seems preferable to that followed in the case of Stevenson's "Prisoner of St. Ives"; though the average reader, hating an unfinished story, may wish that the master's work had been completed by M. Léon Daudet, or some other faithful disciple, just as Stevenson's was completed by Mr. Quiller Couch.

The Professor of Literature in Columbia University, Mr. Brander Matthews, has recently written a critical introduction to a new complete edition, in English, of the novels and notes of Alphonse Daudet, which is being issued in Boston by Messrs. Little, Brown, and Co. He has also recently prepared a biographical and critical introduction to a new complete library edition of the works of "Mark Twain."

Messrs. Methuen will shortly commence the publication of an edition of those novels of W. M. Thackeray which have passed out of copyright. Each book will be in two or three small volumes, and will contain an introduction by Mr. Stephen Gwynn. Each volume will have a photogravure frontispiece.

When Messrs. Constable have brought out their edition of Fielding's novels, they will begin the issue of Smollett's work in a similar form. This will run into twelve volumes. The first will appear in April, with a critical introduction by Mr. Henley.

Mr. W. H. Wilkins, M.A., literary executor to the late Lady Burton, who has revised and written a preface for the new edition of the "Life of Sir Richard F. Burton," just published by Messrs. Duckworth, is also preparing for publication the remaining posthumous MSS. of Sir Richard Burton, more especially his version of "Pilpay's Fables."

Mr. J. E. Vincent, the author of a memoir of the late Duke of Clarence and writer on the Welsh land question, is writing a "Life" of John Nixon, the Pioneer of the Welsh Steam Coal Trade. This volume will be published by Mr. Murray.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett is writing a monograph on "Verona" for Messrs. Dent's Medieval Towns Series. Other volumes in preparation are "Toledo," by Miss Hannah Lynch, "Nuremberg," by Mr. Cecil Headlam, and "Siena," by Mr. R. T. Douglas.

A marriage, on which we offer our congratulations, is announced to take place at Rome, on February 25, between Mr. William Heinemann and "Kassandra Vivaria," whose novel, "Via Lucis," achieved a considerable success a few months ago. Here is proof, of the most convincing kind, that all authors do not regard publishers as their natural enemies. The real name of "Kassandra Vivaria" is Donna Magda Stuart Sindici.

The Scottish History Society promises some more interesting publications. "Papers relating to the Scots Brigade" at the Hague, edited by Mr. James Ferguson, consist of Extracts from the Resolutions of the States General, Resolutions of the Council of State, Portfolios of Requests, of Diplomatic Correspondence, and of Military Affairs, &c. A break caused by the Revolution of 1688 when the regiments passed for about ten years into the direct service of Great Britain under William III. divides the Papers into two volumes, and the second will carry on the foreign history of the regiments from the Revolution until the merging of the Brigade in the Dutch national troops, and the departure of the British officers in 1783. The society contemplates issuing by-and-by a third volume, consisting of papers kept in the several regiments during the eighteenth century and now preserved among the municipal archives in the Town-hall of Rotterdam. The genesis and importance of the Montreuil correspondence, published by the same society, has already been discussed in this column on September 10th, when we referred to the first volume. We understand that the society will publish the second volume within the next few weeks.

We regret to notice the death, from *angina pectoris*, of Mr. Walter Hamilton. Mr. Hamilton was the author of many books, including a memoir of George Cruikshank, with whom he had been on terms of personal friendship, a "History of the Poets Laureate of England," a volume on "The Aesthetic Movement in England," and "Parodies of the Works of British and American Authors." He was also an authority on Book Plates, a Vice-President of the Ex Libris Society, and of the Société Française des Collectionneurs d'Ex Libris, and "Parodist" to the "Sette of Odd Volumes." His last book, "Odd Volumes and their Book Plates," appeared only a few weeks ago.

Dr. C. D. Ginsburg, who has been devoting his life to a minute study of the traditional "apparatus criticus" of the Old Testament, known by the name of "Massorah," is now printing a huge work in English with the object of explaining the numberless rubrics and technical terms which constitute the lore of the Massorites. Dr. Ginsburg is literally the only person in England who gives his whole mind to the Massorah, and there are probably not more than three or four persons in the whole of Europe who follow his example.

Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet and author of "Lyrics of Lowly Life," has in the press a second series of poems, which Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Co. will publish shortly. The same firm announce a new volume of poems by Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement K. Shorter), entitled "My Lady's Slipper."

"The Perfect Wagnerite," reviewed in our last number, is published by Mr. Grant Richards, and not, as stated, by Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein. The price at which it is issued is 3s. 6d., and not 6s.

Mr. W. Davenport Adams writes:—

With reference to your kindly note on my "Dictionary of the Drama," will you allow me to say that it is now being passed through the press, and that, if all goes well, only a few months will elapse before its publication? Its issue has been delayed by causes so entirely personal and private that I need not trouble you or your readers with a recital of them.

Canon MacColl, whose last volume dealt with the affairs of the "Sultan and the Powers," is engaged upon a work on the subject of the current ecclesiastical controversy.

Mr. "Benjamin Swift" has nearly finished a new novel which he has called "The Siren." The book is largely a study of Naples, with which city Mr. Paterson is well acquainted.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett have in the press a novel by Mr. Hamilton Aidé, which will be published on the 17th.

A new novel by Mr. Joseph Conrad will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Blackwood. Hitherto Mr. Conrad's novels have been published by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

"Athelstone Ford" is to be the title of Mr. Allen Upward's novel, which will shortly be published by Messrs. Pearson. It is a romance of adventure in India in the days of Clive, and contains a study of character of an almost forgotten type—the Puritan of the eighteenth century before the rise of Methodism. Mr. Upward is also writing a series of sketches, which will begin in *Pearson's Magazine* next July, under the title of "Historic Mysteries." In some cases his solution of the mysteries is a new one, and in general he has combated the extreme scepticism of the modern historical school. Another book of Mr. Upward's will before long be published under a pseudonym. He is animated by the laudable desire of testing his fortunes, and does not like to be charged with giving the public 'prentice work on the strength of a subsequently acquired reputation.

Mr. Charles Warren Stoddart, the Professor of English Literature in the Catholic University of Washington, the author of "South Sea Idylls," and of a popular life of St. Anthony of Padua, has a volume of stories in the press entitled "My Late Widow." The scenes of these sketches are laid in Tahiti, Honolulu, Hawaii, England, Italy, and the Orient. This will be followed by a second collection of somewhat similar character.

Mr. Clive Holland has almost finished the manuscript of a new novel of artist life in the Quartier Latin. It will probably appear serially first, and in volume form in the autumn.

Queen Nathalie of Servia, who is at present living at Florence, is said to be engaged in writing a novel which is likely to be published shortly.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has written another novel entitled "A Daughter of the Vine." It will be issued this spring by Service and Paton.

Mr. Abraham Cahan, of New York, is engaged upon a novel dealing with the life of the educated Russian Jews in the United States, with certain phrases of nihilism, the anti-Jewish riots of 1882, and the beginning of the overflowing Jewish immigration in America.

Mr. John Bickerdyke has just completed a romance entitled "The Passing of Prince Rozan," partly a yachting story and partly concerned with disclosures in recent bankruptcy proceedings. It will be published in New York by Messrs. Putnam's Sons, and in London by Mr. Thomas Burleigh.

Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co.'s list of forthcoming Lent publications includes a volume by the Bishop of Stepney, entitled "Banners of the Christian Faith"; "Christ in the City: some Elements of Religion in Common Life," by Rev. H. Bickersteth Ottley; Prof. Tyrrell Greene's "The Sinner's Restoration"; the Rev. the Hon. James Adderley's "Salvation by Jesus."

We hear that more than 50,000 copies have been sold of Mr. G. W. Stevens' "With Kitchener to Khartoum."

For M. Bonnet's "Bibliothèque Internationale d'Economie Politique" a translation of Professor Ashley's "Economic History" has been undertaken by M. Lepelletier, chargé de conférence à la faculté de droit de Paris. The second volume of the German translation, in the series edited by Professor Brentano for Messrs. Duncker and Hamblet, appeared last year.

Professor A. Chevalley, one of the staff of the *Temps*, has just delivered a lecture in Paris on "John Keats: English Romanticism and the Religion of Beauty." It will soon be published.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.
Sir Robert Peel. From his Private Papers. Vols. II. and III. Ed. by Charles Stuart Parker. 9x5½in., 25+602+663 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 32s.

CLASSICAL.
The Palseography of Greek Papyri. By Frederic G. Kenyon. M.A. 9x5½in., 160 pp. Oxford, 1899. Clarendon Press. 10s. 6d.

DRAMA.
A History of English Dramatic Literature. To the Death of Queen Anne. By Adolphus W. Ward. New Ed. rev. 3 vols. 9x5½in., xxxix.+1,940 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 36s. n.

The Physician. A Play in Four Acts. By Henry Arthur Jones. 6½x4½in., ix.+105 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.
The London Matriculation Directory. No. XXV., January, 1899. (The University Tutorial Series.) Cr. 8vo., 139 pp. London, 1899. Clive. 1s. n.

Virgil: Aeneid. XI. (Elementary Classics.) Ed. by T. E. Page, M.A. 6x4in., xxvi.+152 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 1s. 6d.

Chaucer for Schools. By Mrs. H. R. Haweis. New Ed. 8½x5½in., xxviii.+188 pp. London, 1899. Chatto & Windus. 2s. 6d.

FICTION.
John Bede's Wife. By Cecil Wentworth. 7½x5½in., 292 pp. London, 1899. Digby, Long. 3s. 6d.

Love and Olivia. By Margaret B. Cross. 7½x5½in., 312 pp. London, 1899. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

The Mandarin. By Carlton Dauce. 8x5½in., 338 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 6s.

The Countess Tekla. By Robert Barr. 7½x5½in., 437 pp. London, 1899. Methuen. 6s.

Brown, V. C. By "Mrs. Alexander." 8½x5½in., 360 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 6s.

The Black Prophet. A Tale of Irish Famine. By William Carleton. 7½x5½in., xvi.+408 pp. London, 1899. Lawrence & Bullen. 3s. 6d.

By Berwen Banks. By Allen Raine. 8x5½in., 336 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 6s.

Lady Lanark's Paying Guest. By Gertrude Forde. 7½x5½in., 428 pp. London, 1898. Chapman & Hall. 6s.

La Force. By Paul Adam. 4½x7½in., 641 pp. Paris, 1899. Ollendorff. Fr.3.50.

GEOGRAPHY.
The Holy Land in Geography and in History. By Townsend MacCoun. 2 vols. 7½x4½in., 136+96 pp. London, 1899. Partridge. 7s.

HISTORY.
Austria. (The Story of the Nations.) By Sidney Whitman. 8x5½in., xx.+407 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 5s.

A Short History of the Saracens. By Ameer Ali Syed, M.A. 7½x5in., xix.+638 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. n.

The Cuban and Porto-Rican Campaigns. By Richard Harding Davis, F.R.G.S. 8½x5½in., xv.+335 pp. London, 1899. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. n.

The War in Cuba. By John B. Atkins. 7½x5½in., x.+291 pp. London, 1899. Smith, Elder. 6s.

"1812."—Napoleon I. in Russia. By V. Verestchagin. 7½x5½in., 266 pp. London, 1899. Heinemann. 6s.

Pioneers of France in the New World. Part I. France and England in North America. New Ed. By Francis Parkman. xxv.+493 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 8s. 6d.

The Navy in the Civil War. "The Gulf and Inland Waters," by A. T. Mahan; "The Atlantic Coast," by D. Ammen; "The Blockade and the Cruisers," by J. R. Soley. 7½x5in., 267+273+257 pp. London, 1898. Sampson Low. 5s. each vol.

Josephine de Beauharnais. 1763-1796. By Frederic Masson. 9x5½in., 300 pp. Paris, 1899. Ollendorff. Fr.7.50.

La Législation Civile de la Révolution Française. 1789-1804. By Ph. Sagnac. 10x6½in., 445 pp. Paris, 1898. Hachette. Fr.10.

France au Milieu du XVIII. Siècle (1747-1757). D'après le Journal du Marquis d'Argenson. Extraits publiés avec notice bibliographique par Armand Brete. Avec une introduction par Edmé Champion. 7½x4½in., 411 pp. Paris, 1900. Colin. Fr.4.

LAW.
Stone's Justices' Manual for 1899. Ed. by G. B. Kennett. 8½x5½in., xlviii.+1,127 pp. London, 1899. Shaw. 25s.

LITERARY.
The Purgatory of Dante Alighieri. Part II. The Earthly Paradise. By Charles L. Shadwell, D.C.L. 8½x5½in., xxxviii.+100 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 5s. n.

Early Italian Love Stories. Taken from the Originals. By Una Taylor. Illustrated by H. J. Ford. 11x8½in., xlii.+144 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 15s. n.

The Temple Reader. (New Ed. Revised.) Ed. by E. E. Speight. 7½x5in., 272 pp. London, 1899. H. Marshall. 1s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Book Auctions in England in the 17th Century. By John Lavelle. 7x4½in., xliiv.+241 pp. London, 1899. Elliot Stock. 4s. 6d.

Child Culture in the Home. A Book for Mothers. By Martha B. Mosher. 7½x4½in., 240 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low. 3s. 6d.

The Right to Bear Arms. By "X." of the "Saturday Review." 8x5½in., xvi.+183 pp. London, 1899. Elliot Stock. 6s.

L'Art d'Ecrire Enseigné en Vingt Leçons. By Antoine Albalat. 7½x4½in., 326 pp. Paris, 1899. Collin. Fr.3.50.

L'Etudiant. Etude par Ernest Lavisse. 7½x4½in., 324 pp. Paris, 1899. Calmann Lévy. Fr.3.50.

PHILOSOPHY.
L'Avenir de la Philosophie. Esquisse d'une Synthèse des Connaissances fondée sur l'Histoire. By Henri Berr. 9x5½in., 512 pp. Paris, 1899. Hachette. Fr.7.50.

POETRY.
West Country Ballads and Verses. By Arthur L. Salmon. 7x4½in., 82 pp. London, 1899. Blackwood. 2s. 6d.

Parson Dash; or, A Rap at Ritualism. By Erasmus Holiday. 7x4½in., 127 pp. London, 1899. Redway. 2s. 6d. n.

Selections from the Poetry of William Wordsworth. (New English Series.) Ed. by E. E. Speight. 7½x5½in., 80 pp. London, 1899. H. Marshall. 6d. n.

REPRINTS.
Lord Ormont and his Aminta. By George Meredith. 7½x5½in., 409 pp. London, 1899. Constable. 6s.

The Faerie Queene. Book V. By Edmund Spenser. Ed. by Kate M. Warren. 6½x4½in., xxxviii.+228 pp. London, 1898. Constable. 1s. 6d. n.

Amelia. Vols. II. & III. The Works of Henry Fielding. Vols. VIII. & IX. With Introduction by Edmund Gosse. 9½x6in., 290+300 pp. London, 1899. Constable. 7s. 6d. n. each vol.

Aurora Leigh. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. (Temple Classics.) 6x4in., 366 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 1s. 6d.

Men and Women. By Robert Browning. (Temple Classics.) 6x4in., 291 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 1s. 6d.

Catriona. By R. L. Stevenson. (6d. Series.) 8½x6in., 128 pp. London, 1899. Cassell.

Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe. Nouvelle Edition. Avec une Introduction, des Notes, et des Appendices. Par Edmond Biré. Tome III. 7½x4½in., 578 pp. Paris, 1899. Garnier. Fr.3.50.

THEOLOGY.
Our Prayer-Book: Conformity and Conscience. By W. Page Roberts. 7½x5½in., viii.+290 pp. London, 1899. Smith, Elder. 6s.

The Christian Character. By Rev. V. Staley. 6½x4in., 134 pp. London, 1899. Mowbray. 1s. n.

The Bristol Psalter Service, and Anthem Book. Ed. by C. W. Pearce, F.R.C.O. 7½x5½in., lxii.+475 pp. Bristol, 1899. Crofton Henmons.

A Short Way out of Materialism. By Herbert Handley. 9x6in., 11 pp. London, 1899. Rivington. 1s. n.

TOPOGRAPHY.
The Queens' College. (College Histories.) By J. H. Gray, M.A. 7½x5½in., xv.+308 pp. London, 1899. Robinson. 5s. n.

Beverley Minster. An Illustrated Account of its History and Fabric. By Charles Hiatt. 7½x5in., 135 pp. London, 1898. G. Bell. 1s. 6d.

The Cathedral Church of York. (Bell's Cathedral Series.) By A. Clutton-Brock. 7½x5½in., 156 pp. London, 1899. G. Bell. 1s. 6d.

TRAVEL.
With Nansen in the North. By Hjalmar Johansen. Translated by H. L. Brækstad. 8½x5½in., viii.+351 pp. London, 1899. Ward, Lock. 6s.

New Climbs in Norway. By E. C. Oppenheim. 8½x5½in., x.+257 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 7s. 6d.

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GERMANY	2 2	TONQUIN	4 8
GIBRALTAR	3 8	TRANSVAAL	10 0
GOLD COAST	7 6	TRINIDAD	6 8
HOLLAND	2 3	TRIPOLI	2 8
HONG-KONG	5 3	TUNIS	3 1
INDIA	5 0	TURKEY	3 1
ITALY	2 6	URUGUAY	4 6
JAMAICA	7 6	VICTORIA (AUSTRALIA)	5 6
JAPAN	5 2	WESTERN AUSTRALIA	5 6
LAGOS (AFRICA)	7 6	ZANZIBAR	5 6
MADAGASCAR	3 11		

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Literature

Edited by **H. D. Traill.**

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THE WORKS OF ANON.

One of the most successful novels of the past year incidentally raised, it may be remembered, an interesting point of literary etiquette. "The Open Question" was the work of a lady who had for several years contrived to maintain an anonymity from which, at last, an indiscreet critic withdrew the veil, thereby provoking her to very natural protest. What surprises us most is that in these days the secret was kept so long, and that there was any complaint of its disclosure. Anonymous writing, except in newspapers, where it raises questions that we are not now considering, is not one of the fashions of the age. Everything is against it. The publishing trade is against it, and prefers that an author shall either possess a reputation or set about making one. And, as a rule, the authors themselves do not wish to be anonymous, but very much the reverse. The last infirmity of noble minds is endemic among them, so

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that all, or nearly all, make a bid for fame and its pecuniary results. That is natural enough; and yet, when the bid for fame is more than ordinarily loud, and the wares offered more than ordinarily common—a thing that has happened before now—one turns with a certain sympathy to any anonymous volume that asks to be treated on its mere merits. It is not that merit and anonymity always go together, but that one is wearied by prodigious puffs of Mr. Blank's new and important work, and by carefully advertised eulogies of his previous performances in the world of letters. There is something actually refreshing about a book which makes no appeal at all to the reader or the reviewer. Nor does the book itself suffer, if it is worth reading. It excites curiosity, which probably does it as much good in the long run as the log-rolling of innumerable friends.

Sooner or later, the curiosity of the public is sure to be satisfied. Books that make a sensation, always excepting the Letters of Junius, do not remain anonymous. For one thing, the unknown author is always in a position of embarrassment. Unless he is a born actor, he is the only man in the world who cannot discuss the epoch-making work. Besides, there is such a thing as internal evidence. This suggests a suspicion of the truth, and some chance hint or incautious word confirms the suspicion, and discloses the secret. But the instances of important anonymous books are not numerous after all. Scott was recognized as the author of "Waverley" long before he owned the fact, which, indeed, he did not do publicly for thirteen years. There was more real uncertainty, at first, about the origin of "Ecce Homo," a book which was ascribed, when it appeared in 1865, to a great variety of possible and impossible authors. As many of us will remember, it greatly exercised the religious world. Dean Church wrote of it with appreciation, easily perceiving the author's standpoint; Lord Shaftesbury denounced it with unmeasured abuse. But here again, the secret, though an honest attempt was made to keep it, soon became public property. It is practically impossible for a man of genius to hide his light under a bushel, even when he himself wishes it, and when his publisher, like the Jacobite bookseller in "Waverley," is "he that never peached his author." "Waverley," by the way, had a publisher of this kind, who took all manner of elaborate precautions to prevent the world from knowing that a successful poet had written a successful novel. The whole affair seems a little absurd to us in these days. Scott, in his preface of 1829, makes out rather a lame case for himself. In the first place he did not wish to endanger his position as a poet by appearing as a novelist; next, his position was so well established that no further success would improve it; next, "the cup of flattery" and "the partiality of friends" were to be avoided; and, finally, he never expected or hoped that the fact would remain

concealed from his intimate acquaintance. Of course, it is always the intimate friend who puts two and two together and frustrates the efforts of the author and the publisher. The distinguished writer whose identity is thus discovered may find consolation in the thought that in a general way the public is willing enough to leave an anonymous author unmolested. In most cases, it is the author himself who knows best "how these things get into the papers."

For some reason or other, there is more anonymous poetry in the world than prose. We are not now referring to such poems as those of which the authorship has been lost in the lapse of centuries, the "Aetna," for instance, and the "Pervigilium Veneris," or to such ballads as "Chevy Chase," but to the considerable number of verses, and good verses too, by nameless and comparatively modern writers. There is the story of the young lady who examined a volume of select poems and finally expressed her preference for the verses of Mr. Anon. Perhaps she had fallen in love with "Helen of Kirkconnell"; for Helen, with as much true lyrical music as any poem in our language, is anonymous. So also, to name only one or two of the most popular, are "Cherry Ripe," "Love will find out the way," "A lover of late was I," and "O Waly, Waly." Ballads, many of them more famous than these, one expects to be anonymous; but in the Golden Treasury there are twelve anonymous poems, not ballads, judged worthy of a place in that fastidious collection. Many others are to be found elsewhere, of varying interest, it is true; but it may always be said of them that their own merits have saved them, and that they owe nothing to the celebrity of their authors. So many of them belong to the seventeenth century that one is tempted to assign them all to some imaginary poet of the time, tracing him from Westminster—the school of many poets—to Cambridge, and thence (his sympathies being clearly Royalist) to Oxford, where he saw the King's camp and Court, and wrote epigrams and amorous verses to Myrtilia and other scornful beauties.

But fancy is not a sure guide in history or literature. These anonymous pieces that one still admires are simply foundlings, for whose future no provision was ever made. Versifying was once a common accomplishment. These respectable waifs and strays are only the surviving representatives of a deal of forgotten rubbish. Their vitality has somehow preserved them for us, but it is now impossible to ascertain their parentage. Many a good little poem has been written by men who were not poets, and did not desire a reputation for poetry. That reputation, indeed, may sometimes be inconvenient, especially if the poetry is indifferent. The first public outing on Pegasus may not be a success, in which case one does not wish to attract much attention. It is all very well for Disraeli to say that "an anonymous writer should at least display power." That is true of all writers; but the beginner who honestly doubts whether his deserts are great or small does well to be anonymous. If he fails, the man who desires to see his adversary in print—a wish very generally gratified in the present day—will be disappointed; if he succeeds, it is

always possible to throw off the mask. But, on the whole, people are exceptionally confident of their literary capacity. Failure in literature seems to discredit their native ability more seriously than any other kind of ill-success. A man will admit quite readily that he knows nothing of science, or that he is a bad man of business; but he will resent the suggestion that he cannot write a book. And that, perhaps, is one reason why so many books are written, and why, in this brave world of ours, so few of them are anonymous.

A year's campaign for the protection of literary property is described in the Report just issued by the committee of management of the Society of Authors. No fewer than 110 "cases" came up for treatment in the course of the year; but the nature of them is not such as to convict the Society of undue aggressiveness. In twenty-eight cases the literary property at issue consisted of MSS. which editors or publishers had not returned; in fifty cases it took the equally tangible shape of money claimed by authors from publishers; and there were twenty-three cases in which proper accounts were said to be not forthcoming. The Society's solicitors recovered four-sevenths of the MSS., and rather more than four-fifths of the money, and extracted twenty-one thirty-thirds of the missing accounts. This result may be said to show, at any rate, that the Society has an adequate reason for its existence.

On the other hand, in the matter of Copyright, some harm seems to arise from the rival activities of the Authors' Society and the Copyright Association. The Association wants a full Consolidating and Amending Act. The Society, thinking this impossible in the present state of public business, drafted a short Amending Bill which, without raising too many thorny questions, covered the ground in all essential particulars. Both Bills have been referred to a committee of the House of Lords; and this is how matters stand at present, the Association's Bill is hung up because its consideration would take up more time than the Government can afford; and the Society's Bill is hung up because with a full Consolidating and Amending Bill awaiting its turn, a lesser measure, which professes to go no further than tinkering, has no claim upon the valuable time of honourable members. It is a very unsatisfactory situation, and we do not pretend to know what way out of it is likely to be adopted.

"The Literary Year Book," edited by Mr. Joseph Jacobs, of which a new volume has just appeared, showing a vast improvement in completeness and accuracy to some of its previous issues, contains many particulars not obtainable elsewhere from which curious facts may be extracted. Its list of living authors, for instance, reveals, on close inspection, the fact that only twelve per cent. of our writers are women. This is, however, partly due to the inclusion of a good many men who have a very doubtful claim to be catalogued. Oddly enough the women illustrators of books are in exactly the same proportion. A general consideration of all Mr. Jacobs' lists shows the woman of letters in an entirely new light. Her most conspicuous qualities appear to be industry and what may be termed a general good will to literature. Women figure largely among the "literary searchers" and the "record searchers"; they entirely monopolize the "indexers," and, we may add, they form four-fifths of the typewriters. On the other hand, they have no place among the "literary agents" (of whom the list gives eight)

nor among the publishers. But statistics are notoriously misleading.

So much new material for the historian is being continually unearthed from public and private libraries that the older histories will soon become out of date. One almost wonders whether, if their writers had realized what a store of necessary data lay still almost untouched, they would have had the hardihood to write at all. Following on the work of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, of the Master of the Rolls, and of the Selden and other societies, local authorities have now begun to print their records; and Cardiff—a very enterprising borough in all intellectual matters—is following the example so well set by Northampton, and publishing its archives under the editorship of Mr. John Hobson Matthews. They include records dating from Plantagenet times to the present day, and the first volume gives us municipal charters; accounts, lay and ecclesiastical, of the thirteenth and later centuries; Star Chamber proceedings; and a great deal of other interesting matter.

Municipal archives are often more valuable evidence than any other, because they not only throw light on the main current of history, but on its local backwaters; and they are highly useful to specialists in ecclesiastical or social history. To consult them with any effect has so far been a difficult and laborious matter. Their publication, like the publication of Parish Registers, will probably go on but slowly, but in both cases a good beginning has been made, and the same may be said with regard to private libraries, though, as we said last week, not much will be done until they are more systematically catalogued. Such books as the Duke of Grafton's autobiography and two or three volumes of correspondence of well-known literary men recently published give some idea of the treasures still hidden from the public eye, which are gradually finding their way to the light. The National Dictionary of Biography has been the means of unlocking the door of knowledge in a good many cases. The reprint and the facsimile are of course a concession to the modern demand that all knowledge should be brought in portable form to the student, instead of his having the trouble of fetching it. But it counteracts a more pernicious tendency by inviting him to go to original authorities, and from them to gather knowledge and form opinions for himself.

The old cry of envious Grub-street that all successful writers are thieves has been raised again in a somewhat more intelligent form. A learned French critic has come to the conclusion that plagiarism is the foundation of all literary success. This is rather too sweeping a theory: like the current hypotheses of the evolutionists, it is unable to carry us back to the very beginning. But the new examples by which it is supported lend weight to it. These include the demonstration of Chateaubriand's unsuspected debt to Aphra Behn, as well as of Victor Hugo's debt to Maturin—whom Balzac admired so much—and the assertion that the plot of "Salammbô" was stolen wholesale by Flaubert from an old romance. There is much to be said for it *à priori* for the Frenchman's view. Manner, in pure literature, is far more important than matter. As Buffon observed, it is the style which is the man—on what stuff he uses it is comparatively unimportant. The less trouble a writer spends on discovering or creating his material, the more energy he has to spare upon its adornment and presentation to the world. The man who steals his brooms ready made can prepare a

taking shop window at much less cost than he who merely steals the raw materials. Thus, the greatest story-tellers and dramatists—Æschylus, Homer, Shakespeare, Molière—are those who never troubled about originality of matter, but took their plots where they found them. But the process is not to be indiscriminately commended to the young writer.

We have recently remarked, more than once, on the slow progress made by German readers in a knowledge of modern English Literature. Ruskin's writings, one would have thought—most of them so completely devoid of any insularity either in style or subject—would have, by this time, been as well known among German critics as, for instance, Lessing is among us. Yet a writer in *Das literarische Echo* points out that the author of "Modern Painters" is scarcely known at all in Germany, and very few of his works—and those not the most important—are to be found on the shelves of the Royal Library at Berlin. Jakob Feis, however, the translator of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," has just issued two small volumes of translations from Ruskin.

Reviews.

The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, 1845-46. With Portraits and Facsimiles. In two vols. 7½ x 5¼ in., 579 + 579 pp. London, 1899. Smith, Elder. 21/-

It was undoubtedly a difficult question which Mr. R. B. Browning has had to decide with regard to the publication of these very intimate letters. He thinks, and we agree with him, that his only alternatives were to allow them to be published or to destroy them. To have left the matter to the decision of others would, as he justly says, have been evading a responsibility which he felt it his duty to accept. His father's wishes in the matter had never been decisively indicated. He had destroyed all the rest of his correspondence, and not long before he said, referring to these letters, "There they are. Do with them as you please when I am dead and gone." Never perhaps was a literary executor left to decide a more delicate question with so complete a lack of clear guidance from without. He must have felt that there was much in the early correspondence between his father and his mother which was almost too sacred to be submitted to the public eye. Yet to destroy the whole, as was the only alternative, would not only have been to sacrifice the record of what is perhaps the tenderest and most spiritual love-story in all literary history, but would have involved the loss of an abundance of interesting comment and criticism exchanged between Robert Browning and his future wife on the current literature of the time. Nor would it have been possible to extract this latter element from the correspondence and present it separately; for, after the first few months' exchange of ideas and comparison of sympathies, courtship and criticism become so closely interwoven that they could not be separated without reducing the letters to a fragmentary condition. Mr. Browning has in these circumstances decided to give the correspondence to the world in its entirety, and his decision, though we think it a right one, can hardly fail to divide opinion. Even for those who read the letters which passed between Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett with the deepest interest in, and admiration for, the writers, it must, we think, be impossible not to feel that there is something bordering on impiety in this lifting of

the veil. On the other hand, there are many moments when those in whom this sentiment of protest is strongest will be apt to feel that the shock to their susceptibilities was worth inflicting and suffering for the gain to literature and to the world of this unique record of the communings of two natures so lofty and so rare.

It is, indeed, in this spirit that criticism must approach it if anything like justice is to be done to its immense psychological interest. The critic should discreetly endeavour not to hear that continuous murmur of passionate endearments which begins on Browning's side at about the middle of the first volume, to be gradually, not immediately, responded to by Miss Barrett, and thereafter to be persistently echoed and re-echoed in amœbean utterances of "linked sweetness long"—perhaps too long—"drawn out," until the correspondence closes with the final departure of the wedded couple for the Continent a week after the romantic marriage which did not at first unite them in matrimonial companionship. The critic should endeavour not to hear what certainly was never intended for his or any other human ears than those of the two lovers themselves; and should confine his attention, as far as possible, to the gradual ripening of the reciprocal admiration of the two poets for each other's spiritual and intellectual personalities into an ardent mutual love. It is, in fact, in the progress of the affair from the first sentences of the first letter and the first reply, on January 10 and 11—from the "I love your verses with all my heart, dear Miss Barrett," and the "I thank you, dear Mr. Browning, from the bottom of my heart. You meant to give me pleasure by your letter," down to the fervent out-pourings of both correspondents in November and December of the same year, and onward to the date of their marriage in September, 1846—it is in tracing the course of the poetic wooing through these all-important months that the principal charm of the love idyll consists. The letters of this period do not, for various and obvious reasons, one of which has been already indicated, lend themselves to quotation; but as a whole the picture of the closer and closer approach of two impassioned and enthusiastic natures, as spiritual and intellectual sympathy gradually transforms itself into love, is one of undeniable and, especially on the woman's side, of remarkable beauty. The letter in particular, of September 16, in which she makes her first reply to Browning's proposal, and firmly points out the sad objections to their union, founded on the (as it was then considered) almost desperate state of her health, is written with a combination of dignity and tenderness which is very touching to contemplate:—

Shall I shrink from telling you besides [she writes], you who have been generous to me and have a right to hear it . . . and have spoken to me in the name of an affection and memory most precious and holy to me, in this same letter . . . that neither now nor formerly has any man been to my feelings what you are . . . and that if I were different in some respects and free in others by the providence of God, I would accept the great trust of your happiness gladly, proudly, and gratefully, and give away my own life and soul to that end. . . . But something worse than even a sense of unworthiness God has put between us, and judge yourself if to beat your thoughts against the immovable marble of it can be anything but pain and vexation of spirit, waste and wear of spirit to you—judge! The present is here to be seen, speaking for itself; and the best future you can imagine for me, what a precarious thing it must be—a thing for making burdens out of, only not for your carrying, as I have vowed to my own soul.

Even the protracted and portentous negotiations for the marriage, which was practically an elopement, only preceded, instead of followed, by the wedding ceremony, is largely redeemed from its ever threatening tediousness

by Miss Barrett's share in the correspondence. Or at least it is that, combined with the quaint old-fashionedness of the whole affair—an air of antiquity that seems to put much more than half-a-century between its day and our own—which holds our attention. The singular figure of Mr. Barrett, with his incomprehensible hostility to a perfectly suitable match, his imperious claim to control the action of a daughter thirty odd years of age and possessed of independent means, and the unfeigned awe with which the daughter, by that time a poet of established fame and a "personage" in the eyes of the world, regarded him—all this seems to take us back from the Victorian era to that of George II., and to recall the relations of Clarissa Harlowe to her parents. We have to turn to the earlier letters, with their exchange of ideas on contemporary topics, still remembered, in order to recover the nineteenth-century feeling. And in this part of the correspondence it is curious to note the immeasurable superiority of Miss Barrett to Mr. Browning as a letter-writer. The matter of his observations on men and things is, of course, in most cases, valuable enough; but there is a sense of perpetual strain and self-consciousness in his efforts to present them, and the final form in which they reach his correspondent is too often as rugged and amorphous as his verse. Miss Barrett's talk, on the other hand, is delightful in its spontaneity and natural ease. It ripples on like a brook, with much of the brook's music, and with all its shifting play of surface and its glancing lights. Her sketch of a book, of a person, or a scene is almost always more vivid, more genuinely "felt," than his; and, even where her criticism becomes rhetorical, the rhetoric has not the faintest smell of the lamp. It has all the charm of impromptu eloquence, the instantaneous response to the moment's mood. Speaking of a recent article of Professor Wilson on critics, she writes:—

And then he should have begun earlier than Dryden—earlier even than Sir Philip Sidney, who, in his noble "Discourse on Poetry," gives such singular evidence of being stone-critic-blind to the gods who moved around him. As far as I can remember, he saw even Shakespeare but indifferently. Oh, it was in his eyes quite an unilluminated age, that period of Elizabeth which we see so full of suns! and few can see what is close to the eyes, though they run their heads against it; the denial of contemporary genius is the rule rather than the exception. No one counts the eagles in the nest, till there is a rush of wings, and lo! they are flown.

This is quite worthy of the author of the brilliant "Vision of Poets." And again, in almost the same breath, but in a lighter mood:

Do you know Tennyson—that is, with a face-to-face knowledge? I have great admiration for him. In execution he is exquisite, and in music a most subtle weigher-out of fine airs. That such a poet should submit blindly to the suggestions of his critics (I do not say that suggestions from without may not be accepted with discrimination sometimes, to the benefit of the acceptor)—blindly and implicitly to the suggestions of his critics is much as if Babbage were to take my opinion and undo his calculating machine by it. Napoleon called poetry *science creuse*, which, although he was scientific in poetry himself, is true enough; but anybody is qualified, according to everybody, for giving opinions upon poetry. It is not so in chemistry nor in mathematics. Nor is it so, I believe, in whist and the polka. But then these are more serious things.

Such quick transitions from grave to gay, and the intermingled strain of tender and of playful affection in which, in the later stages of their courtship, she addresses her lover, give her letters an unfailing charm. Here, again, is a half serious, half ironical utterance on the sex question, which gradually deepens into a wholly serious criticism of another great woman writer.

If you promised never to tell Mrs. Jameson, nor Miss Martineau, I would confide to you perhaps my secret profession

of faith, which is . . . which is . . . that—let us say and do what we please and can, there is a natural inferiority of mind in women—of the intellect, not by any means of the moral nature—and that the history of Art and of Genius testifies to this fact openly. Oh, I would not say so to Mrs. Jameson for the world. I believe I was a coward to her altogether, for when she denounced carpet work as injurious to the mind, because it led the workers into “fatal habits of reverie” I defended the carpet work as if I were striving *pro aris et focis* (I who am so innocent of all that knowledge!), and said not a word for the poor reveries which have frayed among so much silken time for me.

Only, she adds,

I should not dare even, I think, to tell her that I believe all women, all of us in a mass, to have minds of quicker movement but less power and depth, and that we are under your feet because we can't stand upon our own. Not that we should be, either, quite under your feet! so you are not to be too proud, if you please—and there is certainly some amount of wrong—but it never will be right in the manner and to the extent contemplated by certain of our own prophetesses . . . nor ought to be, I hold, in intimate persuasion. One woman, indeed, now alive and only that one down all the ages of the world, seems to me to justify for a moment an opposite opinion—that wonderful woman George Sand; who has something monstrous in combination with her genius there is no denying at moments (for she has written one book, “*Leila [Lélia]*,” which I could not read, though I am not easily turned back), but whom, in her good and evil together, I regard with infinitely more admiration than all other women of genius who are or have been. Such a colossal nature in every way—with all that breadth and scope of faculty which women want—magnanimous and loving the truth and loving the people, and with that “hate of hate” too, which you extol, so eloquent, and yet earnest as if she were dumb—so full of a living sense of beauty and of noble, blind instincts towards an ideal purity, and so proving a right, even in her own wrong.

Space fails us to quote further from a correspondence which will surely satisfy most readers that one at least of the alternatives which confronted its editor—that of destroying it—was not for a moment to be entertained. The impression which it leaves of the personalities of his two distinguished parents, and especially of his mother, is so illuminating and so attractive that he could not in justice to their memories have withheld it from the world.

THE BEGINNINGS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

English Literature from the Beginning to the Norman Conquest. By Stopford A. Brooke. 7½ × 5 in., 340 pp. London, 1898. Macmillan. 7/6

The presentation of old English literature has lost nothing by being compressed from the two large volumes in which Mr. Stopford Brooke first dealt with the subject some years since. The local colouring with which he then surrounded his theme was interesting, and, no doubt, helped to give life and reality to a time which is of little general interest to the average reader. But it cannot at best be much more than a personal interpretation of the facts, more valuable in a book of a popular character than in one intended for students, who will always create their own picture of the *milieu* if their study is fruitful. Hence it comes about, in spite of the author's suggestion that the present work is better suited for use in schools because of its more moderate length, that the earlier book is distinctly more popular because more discursive than the later one. The treatment needed to be much shorter still if the moderate interest of the schoolboy in these far-off days was to be catered for, and it is probable that Mr. Stopford's Brooke public will be found for the most part among older readers. Indeed, anything but the most cursory treatment of old English literature is unsuitable for boys and girls who require to be given of the very best if a love for literature is to be fostered—a truth which applies to beginners of a larger growth no less. To be frank, the literature of the Angles and Saxons, whether verse or prose, was neither

first-rate nor easily appreciated by any but a trained literary palate.

For those, however, who, having learnt to love the ripper growth, turn to ask whence these fruits have sprung, no less than for those whose literary training calls for a study of the beginnings, this book will be welcome, for it is the first detailed presentment from the hand of an English scholar. Till now they have been practically restricted to “*Ten Brink's Early English Literature*” (a work which, with all its brilliant insight and originality, was naturally less fitted as an introduction for Englishmen), for Mr. Brooke's earlier and longer book was confined to a treatment of old English poetry, and left out of view the work of Alfred and the prose writers who succeeded him. This early development of an art of prose writing in England, though arrested by subsequent political events, is a most important and interesting aspect of national life before the Norman invasion and it has received its full share of attention in the present volume. The last two chapters, together with that on Aelfred (c. XIV.), picture for us the most permanent contribution of ancient Wessex to the national wealth. The great English chronicle with its continuations at Winchester, Worcester, and Peterborough, the translations of Aelfred, and the homilies of Aelfric reveal the courage, the stark practical sense, the intellectual curiosity, the scholarship, which made Wessex a great power. Particularly good is the treatment of Aelfric, that of Wulfstan, Archbishop of York, his contemporary, being less sympathetic. His very faults, his passion, his excess, his rugged rhetoric, are more typical of England in her weary struggle against the Danish pirates than the smooth, cultivated, and more modern style of the eleventh-century Bede.

The age which produced the poets of the “*Judith*” and the “*Battle of Maldon*” had Wulfstan and many others who were his imitators for its favourite preachers. The poem of “*Judith*” undoubtedly belongs to the second half of the tenth century, as Professor Gregory Foster has shown, rather than to the time before Cynewulf, as Mr. Brooke would have us believe. And this particular error, unimportant in itself, would not call for mention were it not due to an apparently consistent neglect on the author's part of the more formal aspects of the old English verse style. The spirit of the early poet is portrayed with some sense of all that went to make up English character and sentiment in those days, and there is no denying that this is the more important matter for the historian of literature. The flavour, also, of old English verse and the peculiar characteristics of individual writers are truthfully set forth, but this is not all that is necessary, more particularly for students. That “*questions of race are often questions of literature*” is well brought out in the suggestive and careful chapter which serves as a general introduction to the subject. No writer who failed to grasp this could have hit upon the satirical poems of the Irish bards as the direct spiritual forbears of the “*flytings*” of Dunbar. But it is equally true that questions of race are often questions of language, a theme ably handled recently by Emile Boutmy in his “*Langue anglaise et le génie national*”; and an historian can hardly avoid dealing with literary style from the point of view of vocabulary, syntax and prosody. Mr. Brooke may possibly have thought Old English prosody too contentious a theme to touch on. Yet, without entering on any as yet unstricken field, he might well have given some account of the main characteristics of Old English verse, the principles of its construction, the limitations and peculiarities of its vocabulary, its peculiar parallelism of expression, its use of “*Kenningar*” or token-words, its absence of simile, the unsuitability of its method for the continuous evolution of its theme. All these things throw light upon the national genius and on the relative age of many anonymous poems, but to deal with them fully requires more detailed scholarship than is here shown.

In handling another highly-contentious matter which could not be avoided—the *Beowulf* question—Mr. Brooke has added nothing to our knowledge. He has avoided the detailed consideration of disputed theories as to its mythology

and as to its unity as a poem, though he presents the ascertained facts clearly.

The book is throughout the work of a man who has a love for his subject, a sane judgment, and an attractive style which at times rises to eloquence—but the author's name leads to an expectation of these things. The translated specimens scattered through the book and in the appendix (for some of which Miss Kate Warren is responsible, as she is for the useful bibliography) are quite excellent. The following lines may serve as a specimen of the translations, and as an illustration of British youth then and now:—

“For behold, my thought hovers now above my heart;
O'er the surging flood of sea now my spirit flies,
O'er the homeland of the whale—hovers then afar
O'er the foldings of the earth! Now again it flies to me
Full of yearning, greedy! yells that lonely flier;
Whets upon the Whale-way irresistibly my heart,
O'er the storming of the seas!”

“Seafarer.”

This use, among others, has the too-despised study of the origins, that it proves to us our true descent and helps us to discern that which is permanent in the national character.

CRITICISM OF CRITICISM.

Nouvelles Etudes sur le XIX^{me} Siècle. By Edouard Rod. 5×3in., 333 pp. Paris, 1898. Perrin. Fr.3.50

In England good literary criticism is rare. In France it abounds. Run your eye down the list of critics, and you will find it a notable one. Anatole France, Jules Lemaitre, Gustave Larroumet, G. Faguet, René Doumic, Brunetière, P. Bourget, G. Pellissier, Arède Barine, and Edouard Rod. As criticism the work of these writers is by no means of equal value: but it is seldom that all are not in their several ways individual, interesting, competent. MM. France and Lemaitre have retired from the ranks leaving their brilliant and accomplished work to serve us as models of effective and original criticism. MM. Larroumet and Faguet, considerably lesser lights, profess to fill up the blank. The former tends to superficiality; the latter to dulness, and both force us to remember our France and Lemaitre with unstilled regret. Those who enjoy philosophic criticism not untinged with pedantry may find their pleasure in the pontifical deliverances and academic solemnities of M. Brunetière. Arède Barine is one of the few existing contributors to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* who may be classed as remarkable. In M. Bourget, the complaisant student of so-called Parisian life and snobbish cosmopolitanism, the world has lost too soon a subtle and distinguished critic without the gain of a good novelist, and G. Pellissier is a bright and sparkling and slightly impertinent critic known as “Nouveau Jeu.”

M. René Doumic is of latter-day critics the most important, and, in a cold and colourless way, the most trustworthy. He lacks the charm and conviction that a temperament gives to style and impressions as well as to personality. He belongs to the impersonal school of criticism, but, unlike its chief exponent, M. Brunetière, he writes a clear, hard, precise French, and can interpret talent or genius without pedantry or dulness. The somewhat Puritanic tone of mind is more in keeping with our own than the “*ainé canaille*” of Lemaitre; for M. Doumic exacts, even above style, the incontestable merit of mental and moral elevation in the writers he welcomes as makers of literature. But the Puritan in us must ever hamper the critic; and M. Doumic brings to the desk the traditional load of prejudice and narrowness. He would hardly sit so well at ease in the vacated chair of his master if this were not so. It is well that these qualities, admitting as they do the incessant revelation of an inflexible honesty, so admirable amid the many undulations of the French literary conscience, which seems to recognize morality of any kind as the last obligation of a writer, should not lead to any deliberate unfairness, and should permit of a consistent regard for opponents.

M. Edouard Rod, who has lately given us his last volume of critical articles, is tolerably well equipped for the difficult task. He brings to it a professor's gravity and conscientiousness. True, a little more sparkle, a trifle of humour, just a suspicion of wit, would not come amiss. But these are not characteristics to-day of the great House over which M. Brunetière presides, and to which M. Rod has the honour to belong. Then, again, M. Rod is Swiss, and the lighter arts and graces seem to be held in disesteem in Switzerland. But to make up for this deficiency, he will not hesitate to startle the reader now and then by some rash statement in utter defiance of fact. Here is one culled at random:—

The French are, I believe, the only people of Europe who possess an acute sense of ridicule, and are thus preserved from every exaggeration of sentiment, from anything like swollen expression.

It would, indeed, be difficult to name a race that has so often and so joyously offered itself as an object to the world's hilarity. We need not go further than the daily Press and the Chamber of Deputies for samples of exaggeration of sentiment, swollen expression, and the very latest achievement in the matter of ridicule, beside which broad farce is restrained and sober.

Nothing could be more unequal than this volume of critical essays. It opens with a study of Alphonse Daudet's novels. Daudet is not a fitting subject for a heavy article. He should be touched lightly, tenderly, as we would touch a wounded child. But this implies qualities that M. Rod possesses neither as an essayist nor as a novelist. We must content ourselves with his honesty, his sincerity, his sympathetic and kindly seriousness of sentiment and expression. We can conceive a more charming style than his, but none which reveals a finer feeling, a more absolutely “respectable” nature. Respectable is precisely the word that best sums up the writer's character: not in the sense in which Mrs. Grundy and the British public apply the word, but as a man of letters would use it. M. Rod approaches his subject with a dignified conception and recognition of the author's individual value as a man and a writer. He is nothing of a scoffer, still less of a slayer. He is simply a dull and most amiable gentleman who studies men and books with conspicuous indulgence and pronounced rectitude.

The essay on Anatole France is of quite another character, and this one at least is of distinct value. It would be allowing too much to pretend that M. Rod has caught, much less successfully interpreted, the charm, the mysterious, perfidious charm of Anatole France. To do that would need a distinct charm himself, and to charm M. Rod has no claim whatever. But in his heavy, circumspect way he understands his subject, and has something serious to say about it. He notes with accuracy the priceless individuality of M. France, his erudite gaiety, his graceful irony, the magic form, studied not spontaneous. He laboriously analyses the writer's paganism, his sensuality impregnated with the spirit of poetry, his humour, and his measured audacity.

Side by side with this judicious study, careful and sincere if not precisely luminous and adequate, M. Rod offers us an essay on the Italian novelist Fogazzaro, in which he wastes a number of pages on a copious analysis of “*Malombra*,” a mere sensational story of the cheapest kind, the sort of thing to run as a serial in a tenth-rate magazine, one of the sins, we believe, of Fogazzaro's youth which neither merits reading nor mention. And this same essay contains not a word on that delicate, sweet little masterpiece “*Little People of Olden Times*.” If Fogazzaro merits an enduring place in European literature, it will be due rather to this pretty and dainty evocation of a dead Italian world—provincial life in a sort of *pot-pourri* recalled in the thin and faded melodies of an old spinet—than by his striking if incomplete novel “*Daniele Cortis*.” “*Little People of Olden Times*” is one of the most charming books modern Italy has produced, and instead of talking of it M. Rod misleads us by treating trash like “*Malombra*” seriously.

The essay on Schopenhauer is extremely thin, but the studies of Emile Hennequin, the critic, and of Victor Hugo and his contemporaries are really excellent—especially that of Hugo.

T O T E M I S M .

The Native Tribes of Central Australia. By Baldwin Spencer, M.A., and F. J. Gillen. 9 x 5½ in., xx. + 671 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 21/- n.

Within our space it is hardly possible even to indicate the value and importance of Messrs. Spencer and Gillen's work on the natives of Central Australia. Of all undeveloped races now existing in their "natural" social conditions, the Australians are the most archaic. Of the Australians it may well be that the Arunta, and other tribes of the centre (were it not for their male kinship), are "nearest the beginning." To Mr. Gillen, a friend of twenty years, and to Mr. Spencer, they have yielded the secrets of their tribal mysteries and magic, without, we rejoice to say, submitting these authors to the usual painful, dangerous, and disgusting rites. Now most of the Australian tribes have mysteries, but those of the centre possess them in a peculiar form. Again, their social organization, though nominally "totemistic," differs in the highest degree from totemism as hitherto observed in most quarters of the world. The question therefore arises, Is theirs an earlier form of the institution, or only an eccentric development? We are unprepared with an answer, being wholly unwilling to guess why or how, if the Arunta form is earlier, the other Australian tribes on the same level of culture and in similar conditions have wandered off from it into the form of totemism usually found among savages all over the world. But, if the normal form is the earlier, why did the Arunta develop a shape almost its exact contradictory?

As is beginning to be understood, in ordinary totemism groups of kindred, scattered through local tribes, claim kin, or other close connexion, each with a plant, animal, or other natural object; and, as groups, each set of kin is known by its totem's name—it may be trout, rabbit, potato, bear, or what not. Each group is, to say the least, disinclined to kill, eat, or use in any way its patron in nature—trout, bear, and so on. Men and women of the same name may not intermarry (exogamy). As a common rule (with exceptions) the totem and totem name are inherited from the mother. To all this the Australians commonly add a dual division. Such and such totem kindreds are A, such and such others are B, and A may not marry an A woman, nor B a B woman. The A and the B divisions are called "classes." An A man styles all A men of a certain standing his fathers; all their wives his mothers; their sons, elder or younger brothers. All women of the right group he calls his wives; and even a girl-child in his mother's group is his mother. These titles (as against Mr. McLennan) our authors look on as indicating real relationship—to the Australian's mind; and they believe that the terms are not mere modes of address but survivals of a period of actual group marriage. At present a dingo (dog) man has a certain set of water-hen women whom he may marry: they are his *Nupa*. His wife or wives are *Nupa*, and other *Nupa* women are, or may on certain occasions be, "accessory wives" of himself and of other men on his footing. An influential man has plenty of these accessory wives, and if their husbands dislike this arrangement, there may be a fight. The results in the way of relationship are only comprehensible by a white senior wrangler, but do not puzzle the natives.

Among the Arunta, things are worse. Of eight divisions to which a woman may belong, an Arunta may only select his wife from one division. But, among the Arunta totems do not count as a bar to marriage. Almost everywhere, all the world over, persons of the same totem may not marry: it is incest. Among the Arunta they may marry. Now, how did the Arunta throw off the law against incest? Or how, if it did not originally exist, came all the rest of totemistic mankind to put on the law? The Arunta count descent in the male line, and this looks like advance on the primitive reckoning through the spindle side. Moreover the Arunta have no rule forbidding them to eat their totems, though they must not eat much of them, and, at certain rites, when their totem—say emu—comes into season, they must be the first to eat it, sparingly.

Again, among the Arunta a child takes its totem not necessarily from its father or its mother, but from the totem of the ghosts who haunt the place where it was conceived. In the "Alcheringa" (the legendary past) men-kangaroos or kangaroo-men, emu-men or men-emus, moved about in groups of each name. They spent their time in eating their totems. When they died, stones or other objects arose to mark the spot. Each person had carried a stone disc or slab marked, usually, with a conventional pattern which indicated his totem. This got into the ground, and the owner's spirit haunted it. Now, when a woman passes, one of these spirits, say that of a wild-cat-man, desires to be incarnated in and reborn from her. She has a child—say a wild-cat. Its relations hunt in the spot where she conceived it and find the spirit's stone slab, with the wild-cat pattern. This becomes the child's *Churinga*, or sacred thing, and the child belongs to the totem of the ghosts which haunt the place of its conception. If no stone *churinga* is found, a wooden one of the same pattern is made. All are kept in sacred stores; women may not see them, and men only after the cruel rites of initiation. With the *churinga* magic is wrought, by each totem group, at sacred rocks painted with the same pattern as is incised on the *churinga*. The magic is done to procure a large supply of the totem in each case, say emu or grub, and the grub or emu-men eat of their totem sparingly, before the men of the same totem may gorge themselves on it.

Here is a pretty odd theory of life! But the astounding thing (not observed by our authors) is this: the conventional pattern painted on the rocks, and incised on the *churinga* are those of our ancient "cup and ring"—marked rocks and kists and standing stones. A glance at the many examples in the proceedings of the Scotch Society of Antiquaries, and another at the figures in the book of Messrs. Spencer and Gillen (pp. 129-150, 630-633), will prove this to the most sceptical. Moreover, in the last three years, small stones, usually perforated like *churinga*, and incised with some of the same patterns, have been found in a fort near Dumbarton, and in a kind of pile-dwelling under high-water mark in the Clyde, at Dumbuck. Some Scotch antiquaries have cried out "forgery" or "hoax"; but there the things are—Scotch *churinga* or hoaxes, as the case may be. Similar objects are recently reported from another Scotch site and from Wales.

Having noted the Arunta theory of life, and the corresponding rites, we have but little room for the stages of tribal initiation—tossing in the air; circumcision; and *Aritlha*, a peculiarly cruel and, one would say, dangerous rite. Finally comes *Engwurra*, a fire rite, not on a level with the Fijian and other "fire-walks." All these are most minutely described. They are accounted for by myths of the legendary Alcheringa time; the mythic ancestors did so and so, the mutilations being originally performed by means of fire, later by flint knives. We are at present disposed to regard these tales as aetiological myths, originally invented to account for the rites. This is not the view of our authors. The traditions do not refer to a time when the normal totem taboo on marriage existed. The traditions regard men as originally living with women of their own totem, and freely eating their own totems, all of which, to a normal totemist, is anathema. This is part of the puzzle: How did the otherwise universally diffused totem taboos arise? The myths, as given, introduce no Creator, like the Kamilaroi Baiaime. Only two "self-existing beings," "out of nothing," assist the process of evolution of mankind. There is a spirit, Twanyirika, who is supposed by the women to utter his voice when the bull roarer (*ρῶμρος*) is heard. No myth of him is recorded, and he seems to answer to Daramulun as conceived of among the Baiaime-worshipping Wiradthuri to the south. We hear nothing of moral precepts, under Divine sanction, as among the Kurnai and Kamilaroi, and the Bunjil-worshipping tribes. The Arunta, so far, seem a godless set of men.

For the rest, the minute information and the excellent photographs, results of labour in the most severe conditions of discomfort, leave nothing to be desired. The book is one of the classics of the study of the backward races.

THE BISHOP OF CALCUTTA ON IMMORTALITY.

The Hope of Immortality. An Essay by the Rev. J. E. C. Welldon. 7½ × 5¼ in., viii. + 350 pp. London, 1898. Seeley. 6/-

We are inclined to regret that Dr. (now Bishop) Welldon should have chosen the subject of "Immortality" for a course of Hulsean Lectures. In spite of its many stirring and noble passages, the book betrays a lack of thoroughness which detracts from its value as a specimen of Christian apologetic. For the readers whom Dr. Welldon has in view are, he tells us, "not so much Christians as those who stand, as it were, on the borderland of Christianity"; and we doubt whether the writer's somewhat uncritical use of the "Analogy," to say nothing of the rather superficial "History of the Belief," is likely to prove serviceable to such readers as he contemplates. Further, there is a lack of orderly arrangement in the argument which is perplexing. For example, it seems to us premature to draw "certain inferences from the true conception of the soul's nature" before the discussion of "evidences" in chap. iv. and v. With regard to his use of the argument from analogy, in which he is content to follow Bishop Butler implicitly, it is surprising that practically no account should be taken of the searching criticism to which it has been subjected, both from the philosophical and scientific standpoint. There are also very weak points in Dr. Welldon's account of the Old Testament doctrine of Immortality. There can be little question, for instance, that Hosea xiii. 4, refers to a resurrection and survival, not of individuals, but of the nation whose downfall he predicts; again, Dan. xii. 2, to which Dr. Welldon apparently refers, implies not a general resurrection of the dead, but a resuscitation of Israelites alone. Moreover, it is, to say the least of it, loose language to speak of the canon of the Old Testament as having "closed in Malachi or soon afterwards." Finally, we notice that the longer Greek quotations are very carelessly printed.

We have no wish, however, to indulge in ungracious criticism of a book to which the striking personality of its author, and the high dignity to which he has recently been elevated, lend a special interest. Dr. Welldon frankly accepts, though he imperfectly applies, the historic method in his treatment of the belief in immortality:—

The early beliefs which human history exhibits are not complete or absolute; they are promises of better things: they are the germs out of which new and great beliefs will some day grow.

And if, on the one hand, he does not seem to make the most of the witness of conscience—that "prophetic part of human nature"—he does, on the other hand, state with great fairness the strength of the expectation which is based on the continuous growth of human character. The most valuable contribution made by Dr. Welldon to the discussion of the subject dealt with in his book is his analysis of the phrase "eternal life." The exhibition of this "Life" in its perfection was the work of Christ. He taught mankind that "when the soul is enlightened by grace, elevated through prayer, and disciplined in sanctity, it attains to its own true and perfect life. That life is the 'Life Eternal.'" As manifested in Him it consisted "in His purity, His spirituality, His communion with God, His perfect obedience to the Divine Will." The effect of His life was not only to produce in men "an absolute conviction of immortality"; it opened to them the hope of being partakers in a "Life" which was essentially His gift. Incidentally Dr. Welldon defends in a powerful and beautiful passage the practice of prayer for the dead, which he thinks "needs revival in Protestant Theology." He also lays stress on a circumstance in Christ's teaching which deserves much more attention at the hands of theologians than it usually receives—viz., the fact of His reserve and reticence in His delineations of the life after death. There is much fine thought in this book, and it is pervaded by a moral earnestness which is more impressive than the general treatment of the argument.

THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

The High History of the Holy Grail. Translated from the French by Sebastian Evans, LL.D. Two Vols. (Temple Classics.) 6 × 4 in., 305 + 298 pp. London, 1898. Dent. 3/- n.

In Quest of the Holy Grail. An Introduction to the Study of the Legend, by Sebastian Evans. 7½ × 4½ in., viii. + 200 pp. London, 1898. Dent. 3/6 n.

Not since Malory, we will make bold to say, have we had a better infusion of medieval French romance than the translation of *The High History of the Holy Grail* which Dr. Sebastian Evans has lately given us. His subsequent volume of theory on the subject, we confess, attracts us less, since good romance is better than doubtful criticism; but for the first we have only praise. His choice of a medium in which to convey this English version was probably instinctive, and it was certainly a happy one. Romance is associated with Malory's style, its limpid movement and simple idiom, and short of a perfect modern equivalent, which is hard to find, one could hardly do better than follow openly in his steps. There is an originality even in imitation; and in simulating our master-simulator of old French, Malory, as well as in copying fair the art of Master Blihis himself (if it was he that wrote this Grail romance?), Dr. Evans displays a more original faculty than nine out ten of our current romancers. He has the perception, and the touch, which count in such writing, and knows how to make his archaic graces look natural. The result is that his little volumes of romance may be read for pure pleasure; and the problems they start only come into the reader's mind as a critical after-thought. Unfortunately, as we cannot but think, he has not let us rest there. What originally seemed his cleverness in tucking away his account of the book into an epilogue proves to have been only the economy of the man who is sparing to-day that he may be extravagant to-morrow. Dr. Evans' third volume is a very feast of entertaining romantic matter, but it is a pure extravagance. The epilogue to the preceding volumes is in another category, however, and will be found of great value by the good Arthurian.

Dr. Evans believes that this history of the Grail, rescued by him from long neglect in the shadow of more fortunate fellow-romances, is in effect the original "Book of the Holy Vessel," concerning which he cites a passage from the end of the curious thirteenth century "*Histoire de Foulkes Fitz-Warin*" (Rolls Pub. Chron.—Coggeshall, London, 1875). The passage, after a reference to Merlin and King Arthur, speaks of a White Land now named the White Town (names which readers of old Welsh poetry will find suggestive), and describes how in that region lay the chapel of St. Austin, where Kahuz, son of Ywein, dreamt that he carried off the candlestick and was wounded in the adventure. This account of the mysterious death-dream of Kahuz, it further tells us, comes from "the Graal, the Book of the Holy Vessel." Now, the story of Kahuz appears in only one of the Grail romances, and that the present one. In Dr. Evans' text, Kahuz appears as Chaus, son of Ywain li Aoutres; and we find that the dream-blow he received actually proved fatal. King Arthur, and the Queen, hear him crying out for a priest to give him absolution, "for I die!" and they hasten to him carrying great torches and candles, and ask what ails him. Thereupon he tells them his dream. "Ha," saith the King, "Is it then a dream?" "Yea, Sir, but a right foul dream it is for me, for right foully hath it come true." And he shows them the candlestick, and eventually the fatal knife, sticking in his side. When he has been shriven, Arthur himself withdraws the weapon, and Chaus, who is probably only our old friend Kay in another disguise, dies. It is an extraordinary bit of medieval fantasy, as none of the other Grail romances contain it; and the episode affords, therefore, an important link in the chain of evidence as to the date of the MS. in which it occurs.

Turning to the wider question of the origins of the legend, late or early, there is one very interesting corroboration to be obtained from the present version, which strengthens the

argument for its extreme age, but of which Dr. Evans takes no note. That is the distinctive element in it which led Sarrazin, the Trouveur, and Helinaud, the Chronicler and Rhymer, to refer to it with the emphasis of a special reverence, due to the insistence of the romancer upon the archaic religious furniture of his story. But this stress upon the mystic side of the story is, we venture to say, a much earlier feature than some popular Arthurians allow, and suggests strongly the early Celtic precursors of medieval romance. And, indeed, one easily finds names and episodes in this book to carry one back into that primitive region which the Breton imagination peopled with the wild immigrants of Caerleon and Tintagil, and adorned with the ecstatic dreams, half Pagan, half Christian, brought over from Enlli and Iona. Half the ingenuity with which Dr. Evans has worked his Albigenian and other historical colours into the woof of the legend, in his reactionary study on the subject, would carry him far in the quest on the Celtic side. But something of the errant spirit of those old questors after the Grail is his. Once he has started on his journey no critical second thought begotten of human probabilities, and no prior experience of the high country of romance, and the way in which its air-castles were built and its mystic hills of vision were imagined, is able to pull him up. There is nothing more ingenious, we admit, than the fitting of historical parallels to mythical tales, after Dr. Evans' method, and nothing less convincing. If we say he has produced a contribution which folk-lorists committed to the Celtic theory of the Grail ought not to neglect, it is only because (*pace* Mr. Nutt) it may serve to show them how much they have yet to do ere they have driven their argument into the mind of Christian heretics like Dr. Evans.

But, Celtic claims apart, the internal evidence of this romance of the Grail, based upon the legendary colouring and religious particularity it displays, appears to us to corroborate in a marked degree the external. Few readers probably will care to question the inscription within the cover—"Master Blihis : Floruit circa 1200-1250" and few will trouble themselves to conjecture how far the real beginnings of the legend carry one back before Master Blihis,—and Chrestien. A much safer inquiry, and one which we can commend as affording many "finds," is that into the frequent curious resemblances between Malory and Master Blihis. Take, for instance, the episode of the hermit's reproof of Sir Launcelot at the end of the thirteenth book of the "Morte d'Arthur," and compare it with that of the tenth Branch and ninth Title of the "High History of the Holy Grail." The similarity would be startling, if one did not know how closely Malory was apt to follow his originals. However, these little reminders in one book of another, long famous, are not unpleasant. It is as a pendent to the "Morte d'Arthur," no doubt, that these pretty volumes are most likely to make their way popularly as English romance ; but their real interest, as we have shown, goes much further than that.

LANDOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

Letters of Walter Savage Landor. Private and Public. Ed. by Stephen Wheeler. With Portraits. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ + 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., xiv. + 369 pp. London, 1899. Duckworth. 10/6

Mr. Wheeler's new volume increases the claim on the gratitude of lovers of Landor which his "Letters and Unpublished Writings of Landor" had already given him. The book contains a number of letters to Rose Aylmer's niece, now Lady Graves-Sawle, which show once more the rare warmth of Landor's affections, and the still rarer grace with which he gave them utterance ; and a series of letters to newspapers on public affairs, which once more show that, in these matters, vigour of style, and even vigour of thought, by no means make up for the lack of so humble a quality as mere reasonableness of temper. The latter, we think, were best left in their undisturbed grave. Newspaper politics, even when genius writes them, are of all things the most ephemeral. But it is the penalty as well as the privilege of genius that it cannot die. When a man has written Hyperion,

an unwise world insists on knowing that he also wrote letters to Fanny Brawne ; and the poet of "Agamemnon and Iphigeneia" was sure to have a well-intentioned editor who would print his amateur utterances about Irish politics, the Tsar Nicholas, and Napoleon III.

The really interesting part of Mr. Wheeler's book is in the private letters. The circumstances under which they were written may be given in the words of their editor :—

When living at Fiesole, in the thirties, Landor met Mrs. Paynter, whom he knew when she was a little girl. With her he could talk of his boyish devotion to her sister, the beautiful Rose Aylmer, who had died in India in 1800. The name and features of one of Mrs. Paynter's daughters also reminded him of the romance of his youth. The letters in this volume include a few addressed to Mrs. Paynter, but the majority were written to her daughter, Miss Rose Paynter, now Lady Graves-Sawle.

They range from 1838 to 1863. Mr. Wheeler has reprinted the verses which Landor constantly sent with them, but of these nearly all have already appeared in the "Works," and the remainder are mere trifles.

The letters are remarkable for their stately flow of beautiful compliment, as unceasing as those that Madame de Sévigné addressed to her daughter, and as little wearisome :—

"Between the hay-harvest and the corn-harvest [he writes] there is a lull of nature, a calm and dull quiescence. Autumn then comes to tell us of the world's varieties and changes. At last the white pall of Nature closes round us. In the last seven or eight years I seem to myself to have passed through all the seasons of life excepting the very earliest and the very latest. I doubt whether I have ever been so happy in any other equal and continued space of time. Italy would sometimes flash back upon me, but the lightnings only keep the memory awake, without disturbing it. How much, how nearly all, do I owe to your friendship, to your music, and your conversation."

Naturally enough, to one whom he loved in this way, the old man confessed himself very freely. We get a good many characteristic personal touches :—

"A vainer man might have exulted in the celebrity to be expected from Lady Bulwer's Dedication. To me it could afford neither pride nor pleasure. With the exception of Louis the Fourteenth, no man ever was so frequently mentioned by contemporary writers. The best poem, and almost the best novel, of our days, were dedicated to me—"Kehama," by Southey, and "Attila," by James ; and I hear that my name is to be found in twenty places of the first authors."

There we have the Landor of magnificent, self-assured, unapproachable serenity ; but the other Landor, equally real, whose explosions and eccentricities made the streets of Bath ring with laughter, is not absent from the letters. Some of his friends, indeed, tried him very much, and he complains, with some reason, that—

"It is a horrible thing to have many literary friends. They are apt to fancy that, however your time may be occupied, you must at all events have enough to read what they send you. Alas ! alas ! There are few who have time enough to read even all the very good books that have been written, old and new ; and who can neglect the good for the bad without compunction and remorse ?"

Yet his eyes are very open to contemporary merit, even the newest and youngest. He praises Leighton's Cimabue ; of Rubinstein he says, "never did I hear anything so wonderful" ; of G. P. R. James, "There is not on God's earth (I like this expression, vulgar or not), any better creature of His hand, any more devoted to His highest service." "The genius of Dickens was sent from Heaven," and "no mortal man ever exerted so beneficial and extensive an influence over the human heart." He delights in Washington Irving, and declares "none of our present writers write such pure English. He reminds me of Addison." And of men of action, he joins Kossuth with Sir William Napier as "the greatest men of our age."

Landor united two qualities not commonly found together. No one in our time has caught the classical note so completely as he did ; and yet no one has more fiercely asserted his right to indulge those private whims and fancies which are usually considered incompatible with it. More, perhaps, than any of his

countrymen, he possesses that rare aristocratic utterance of the ancients, so assured of its own dignity, so serenely certain of attention, that it never cares to raise its voice ; but no strength of classical taste or habit could conceal the "unsubduable" personality, which is for ever breaking out at unexpected times and places, now with the waywardness of a child, now with the half-laughable, half-exasperating acerbities and angularities of an octogenarian man of genius. He let Rose Aylmer's niece see both sides of him in these letters.

THE HIMALAYAS.

Among the Himalayas. By Major L. A. Waddell. 9½ x 6½ in., xvi. + 452 pp. London, 1899. Constable. 18/-

Our knowledge—such as it is—of the Himalayas is of very modern origin. The early surveyors, such as Webb and Colebrooke, whose reports may be read in that old Calcutta publication, *Asiatick Researches*, discovered very little and did not even try to discover very much except the sources of the Ganges. In the map which accompanies J. B. Fraser's account of his Himalayan travels in the twenties, there are large open spaces with memoranda printed across them to the effect that they are unexplored. As late as the thirties we find a learned *Quarterly* reviewer solemnly discussing the question whether there are any summits of the Himalayas as high as the highest peaks of the Cordilleras, and concluding that there probably are none ; and most of the altitudes now assigned to the different mountains in the *Gazetteers* were only ascertained by triangulation from remote bases in 1850. Since then, a certain amount of work has been done in the Karakoram range by Sir William Martin Conway and other travellers, but the more interesting neighbourhoods of Mounts Everest and Kanchenjunga have been very little investigated. The most authoritative work on the subject is Hooker's "Himalayan Journals," published in 1854, and Major Waddell says that he approached nearer to Mount Everest than any European since Hooker. He has familiarized himself with these wild regions during the holiday seasons of fourteen years ; and though he is rather to be accounted a traveller than a climber, his book is a valuable addition to a branch of mountaineering literature in which exceedingly few books exist.

Will the really great giants of the Himalayas ever be ascended ? That is one of the questions to which the author addresses himself ; and it is a question which probably arouses wider interest than any other Himalayan problem—not excluding the question whether there is a second Klondike awaiting discovery above the snow line. Mount Everest itself may, for the moment, be excluded from the debate. The Nepaulese, through whose territory that mountain has to be approached, are a jealous and exclusive people, and refuse to give any guarantee that mountaineers who throw themselves upon their hospitality will not get their throats cut. The case of Kanchenjunga remains. It is only 27,820ft. high, but that is enough to go on with. The verdict of Mr. Graham—the only real climber, attended by Swiss guides, who has got near enough to express an opinion—was :—"I do not call it impossible, but improbable in the highest degree. The peak runs east and west like a wall, the two *arêtes* being the most frightful imaginable." Major Waddell inclines to the view that this verdict should be modified, and in support of his view he cites two photographs, specially taken for the purpose. He writes :—

These photographs show that the great precipice below this southern pinnacle of Kanchen is likely to prove an insuperable obstacle to any attempted ascent from the south ; but the north-eastern slopes, by way of the Zemu glacier or across the "Gap," 19,300ft., look more hopeful ; and in the opinion of Mr. Freshfield these photographs show that there is here possibly a route not steeper than that up Mont Blanc from Chamonix.

Major Waddell further points out that the new roads bring the glaciers of the mountain "within five or six days of Darjeeling, which is under one day's journey from Calcutta, which is less than three weeks from England." In view of the new passion

for record-breaking in the matter of high altitudes, it will be strange if some expedition to attempt the ascent of Kanchenjunga does not soon result from this demonstration of its accessibility. The book is profusely illustrated by drawings from the brush of Mr. A. D. McCormick, the artist who accompanied Sir Martin Conway to the Karakorams, and Mr. Clinton Dent to the Caucasus. There is also an excellent map.

A FRENCH IMPRESSIONIST.

Impressions. By Pierre Loti. With an Introduction by Henry James. 9 x 7 in., 189 pp. London, 1898. Constable. 10/6

English translations of French *belles lettres* cannot but lose somewhat of the flavour of the original—and the idea of an English Loti, in particular, is almost calculated to raise a smile. Yet the anonymous translator of the series of Impressions published in this pretty volume proves that even Loti may, by dint of judicious selection, be made to wear an English dress without too ill a grace. But for that judiciousness of selection the experiment might easily have been disastrous. The pathos of Loti, for instance, has manifestations which, barely tolerable in French, in English could but produce a nausea as of over-ripe and mawkish sentimentality.

The selections here printed are fairly representative of that residuary part of Loti's work to which Mr. James seems to give his preference, the part, namely, which is *not* occupied with his love-making. Even so warm an admirer of Loti as Mr. James is apt to find the latter a little trying. Yet even on Loti's erotics, Mr. James loyally puts the best colour he can, and finds his individual *virtu* in his singular power of "telling."

"Whenever Loti landed," he writes, "he made love, and whenever he made love he appears to have told of it." Is it too sceptical to suggest that he "told of it" somewhat oftener ? But this is not to deny what is undeniable—Loti's singular and intensely personal genius, with all its curious exotic bloom, its exquisite simplicity, its fine pity, its never failing, its sometimes too insistent, sense of sorrow, that sensitiveness to the inner significance of so many phases of life which, coupled with his unique gift of expression, enable us to breathe any atmosphere he may choose—so it be not one of untainted joy. But that exception is constant. The Spirit of Delight is not of those that obey this master's wand.

Here is a passage in illustration of the style of the English version. Loti has been describing a midnight mass on Christmas Eve in a Capuchin monastery near the Spanish frontier :—

Then, when all is over, there is a hurried movement among the peasants and the poor towards the choir, where a doll has just arrived in the arms of a monk, who offers it to the faithful to kiss, a poor, lifeless doll that has been carefully wrapped in a child's swaddling clothes, and that represents the new-born Saviour.

And now they all disperse into the night that has grown colder and of a deeper blue.

I return alone to the boat that is to take me to the French shore, as one just awakened from a dream of the olden times. I come away rather saddened ; another Christmas has passed over my head, another year has stretched into the abyss without having brought me the solution of anything, nor the hope of anything.

And, as I go back alone, I feel that I am a thousand times more disinherited than the least of those humble people, those old men or those poor folk, who, praying as their ancestors prayed, have just kissed the simple, ridiculous, and adorably ineffable doll in its linen.

One other passage, recording this time an impression of an Eastern scene :—

Towards two in the afternoon a halt in some place or other from which this image remains with me ; the perpetual boundless plain, flowered over as never a garden, and alone there, a little way off, our old exhausted Caid down on his knees at prayer. We are in a zone of white daisies mixed with pink poppies. The old man, close to his end, has an earthen face, a beard as blanched as lichen, a dress of the same fresh-

ness of colour as the poppies and daisies around, the Kaftan of pink cloth showing through the long, white mufflers. His white horse, with its high, red saddle, browses beside him and plunges its head into the grass. He himself, half sunk among the flowers, the white and pink flowers that are circled, beneath the deep blue of the summer sky, by the infinite desert of the immense flowery level—he himself, prostrate on the earth in which he will soon be laid, begs for the mercy of Allah with the fervour of prayer given by the feeling of annihilation at hand.

“That,” as Mr. Henry James remarks, “is pure, essential Loti—poetry in observation, felicity in sadness.”

THE MAKER OF ITALY.

Cavour. By the Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco. (Foreign Statesmen.) 7½ x 5 in., viii. + 222 pp. London, 1898. Macmillan. 2/6

In his Essay on Ambition Bacon remarks that the ambition to prevail in great things is less harmful than the ambition to appear in everything, because “that breeds confusion and mars business.” The great man, whose name stands at the head of this notice, might almost have taken this sentence as his motto. The unification of Italy, which (except for the additions of Rome and Venetia, made inevitable by his policy) he carried to completion in his short public career, was really the one grand purpose of his life. When this object was fully assured, the “silver cord” snapped under the strain of years of anxiety and sleepless effort, and he passed away. And yet had any one ventured to prophesy in 1845 that within sixteen years this great enterprise would be almost accomplished, and this largely by Cavour’s instrumentality, he must have been regarded as a madman. “In 1846,” says the Countess, “Cavour was only known at home as the most unpopular man in Piedmont.” Like all great men of action, he was penetrated from the first by a consciousness of strength, which he determined to dedicate wholly to his country. When Madame de Circourt, at Paris, divining his ability, advised him to strive after fame in literature or science, he might almost have answered with Themistocles, “I cannot fiddle, but I can make a small town a great city.” What he did reply was to confess his literary incapacity, and to add:—“Happy or unhappy, my country shall have all my life; I will never be unfaithful to her even were I sure of finding elsewhere a brilliant destiny.”

The combination of audacity with shrewd practical gifts, which made Cavour the first diplomatist in Europe, never prevented him from standing aside when the public interests demanded it. In 1852, and again in 1859 (when, as was wittily said, “all the ministers were called Cavour”), he resigned office to prevent an *impasse*; he had none of that vulgar love of popularity, which “mars business” or sulks in the hour of defeat. He said of himself, as he once justly wrote of Pitt, that he cared for power only as a means to compass the good of his country. Cavour was a fervent admirer of our English constitution. In his early days he wrote a paper on “the condition and future of Ireland,” in which he suggests many of the remedies, which have since been (dare we say successfully?) applied; but he thought that disunion could only be logically supported “by those who desired a revolution.” His gifts as an administrator were hardly less conspicuous than his skill as a diplomatist. When in office, he usually held more than one portfolio; and in the campaign of 1859, being compelled on an emergency to take the War Department, he displayed an energy such as would have saved our soldiers much suffering in the Crimea:—

On one occasion the French Commissariat asked for a hundred thousand rations to make sure of receiving fifty thousand; the officer in charge was surprised to see one hundred and twenty thousand punctually arrive on the day named.

The name of the author of this book is in itself a guarantee that it will be found to be ably and pleasantly written. She writes, however, under a disadvantage, from which the other biographies in this series are free—namely, that of describing a life-work, the full effects of which can as yet scarcely be seen.

The difficulty must have been increased by the fact that no life of Cavour has appeared since the publication of his correspondence. We freely acknowledge the inexorable limits of space in a work of this kind; yet we must express the opinion that the Countess, in her adopted country, presumes too much upon the average Englishman’s knowledge of political geography. The events which she describes are too early for the rising generation to remember, and too recent to have yet taken their place in history; and therefore some map or description of the political divisions of Italy in the first half of the century is unquestionably needed. The book suffers also to some extent from a paucity of dates, which can often be only discovered by allusions to contemporary English politics.

TENNYSON IN GERMANY.

In Memoriam. Von Alfred Lord Tennyson. Aus dem Englischen uebersetzt von Jakob Feis. Strassburg, 1899. Heitz.

Leben und Werke Alfred Lord Tennysons. Von Th. A. Fischer. Mit Portraet. Gotha, 1899. Perthes.

With the exception of “*Enoch Arden*,” which has formed the subject of more than one opera, and of which some nine translations have been made since 1863, Tennyson’s poems are little read in Germany. It must be admitted that to render Tennyson satisfactorily in German is an exceedingly difficult, if not an impossible, task, and the translations of his poems are mostly of so poor a quality that no one acquainted with the poet solely through their means can gain an adequate idea of the greatness of his work. This fact may account in some degree for the scant attention paid in Germany to Tennyson. The only German translator of Tennyson whose work is throughout worthy of its subject is Freiligrath; as early as 1842 he recognized the beauty of Tennyson’s poetry and wrote to Mary Howitt a letter in its praise. Unfortunately Freiligrath only translated fourteen poems, among them “*Locksley Hall*,” all before 1846. Some good work may also be found in S. von Harbou’s “*Balladen und Lyrische Gedichte*,” published in 1894. German critics of our literature have unaccountably neglected Tennyson. The only essay of any importance that deals with his poetry is Geibel’s preface to Feldmann’s “*Ausgewählte Dichtungen*,” a volume of Tennyson translations published in 1870.

Herr Fischer’s straightforward and unpretentious study of Tennyson’s life and works will, it is to be hoped, serve as an introduction to German readers who do not know Tennyson. It is conveniently divided into three parts, dealing respectively with the poet’s biography and with his two greatest achievements, “*The Idylls of the King*” and “*In Memoriam*.” The descriptive account of Tennyson’s life is sufficient, and is chiefly based on the present Lord Tennyson’s memoir. The analysis of the Idylls is excellent, and is all the more valuable since no German translation of the poems of any worth is available. If Herr Fischer somewhat overrates Tennyson’s dramatic gift and his skill in character development, he demonstrates very clearly the qualities that constitute Tennyson’s greatness.

Herr Feis’ translation of “*In Memoriam*,” on the other hand, is not likely to be helpful in spreading the love and knowledge of Tennyson in Germany. The poem has been several times translated with varying success. The earliest version was that of Hertzberg in 1853. In 1870 Waldmueller published, under the title of “*Freundesklage*,” a selection from the poem in the original metre, but very freely rendered and often much abbreviated. The only complete translation prior to that of Herr Feis (but both lack the last portion) was made by Agnes von Bohlen in 1874. This is perhaps the best German rendering that has yet appeared.

Mr. Pater used to declare that the true test of any veritable presentment of a work of imagination in the way of translation was “that it should enfold one, so to speak, in its own atmosphere, that one should feel able to breathe in it.” And it has been equally well said that it is not possible to have the spirit

of a poet's work without the letter. Herr Feis boldly disregards such *dicta* and, without hesitation or apology, explains, amplifies, and even adds to the poet's thoughts and images. When Tennyson wrote—

And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land,

he scarcely anticipated the rendering—

Als Veilchen zart mag sie erblühen,
Als Rose roth wie Liebesgluth.

Agnes von Bohlen renders it much more happily—

Aus seiner Asche wird erstehen
Das Veilchen seiner Heimatflur.

Sometimes the meaning of a passage is wholly missed. The lines—

The very source and fount of Day
Is dash'd with wandering isles of night.

become—

Zog nicht um früh'ste Morgensonne
Heimtückische Gespensterschaar.

But when the translator is content (as in *cxv.*) to follow his original, his efforts, if not of high literary merit, will serve to give Germans who do not understand English an idea, not altogether inadequate, of the contents of the poem. In a few cases Herr Feis preserves the Tennysonian stanza, but his general practice is to employ for each single poem the metre he considers best suited to the thought expressed in it.

A MEDIEVAL PUZZLE.

The Bayeux Tapestry. A History and Description by **Frank Rede Fowke.** (The Ex Libris Series.) 7½×5½ in., 139 pp., lxxix. plates. London, 1898. Bell. 5/- n.

It was undoubtedly a happy thought, thus to provide the student of English history with a handy book on the Bayeux Tapestry, all the more as Mr. Fowke's former work, which contained a series of illustrative appendices, was costly and is out of print. The letterpress of the present volume is confined to a short history of the tapestry and an explanation of the incidents depicted in it, but it contains a reproduction of the whole of the famous *tente*, by a new photographic method, which does away with the objectionable mesh of the ordinary process. This reproduction is exceedingly good, while additional weight has been given to Mr. Fowke's commentary, since M. Comte, Conservateur du Dépôt Légal au Ministère de l'Instruction Publique, has adopted it as the basis of his official treatise, "*La Tapisserie de Bayeux.*"

A vast quantity of erudition and a not inconsiderable amount of temper have been lavished on the long strip of rough embroidery (for it is not really tapestry) which served, once a year, to adorn the nave of Bayeux Cathedral. At the time of its discovery in 1729 by the learned Benedictine, Montfaucon, it was locally known as *la toilette du duc Guillaume* and supposed to be the work of his Duchess, Matilda. This hypothesis has been long since exploded, but the tapestry propounds many other conundrums not so easily answered. The most curious feature of all is, that, while the internal evidence, the representation of armour and dress and so forth, is practically conclusive of its eleventh-century origin, the external evidence points rather the other way. To begin with, it exactly fitted the nave of Bayeux Cathedral, which was not completed till the middle of the twelfth century, the old cathedral having been burned down in 1106. It was not known to Wace, who was a canon of Bayeux, nor to any of the other later chroniclers, many of whom commit, in their narratives, anacronisms of which the tapestry is never guilty. Professor Freeman, who regarded it "as the highest authority on the Norman side," held it to be a contemporary work unconnected with Matilda, but a gift from Odo to his newly-built church, and probably made in England. Mr. Fowke also attributes it to Odo, but the attribution to Odo is the one point in Professor Freeman's masterly analysis which is open to serious doubt. Dr. Lingard thought it originated in

the personal vanity of the three entirely obscure men of Bayeux who figure in the tapestry, or their heirs. The extremely humble material of which the tapestry is made is certainly not favourable to the theory of its being a gift by the Bishop, a man of vast possessions. Very remarkable too is the silence of the canons, who in 1476 made an inventory of the valuables of the church, and who were at pains to set out the *circumstances*, including the traditions, attaching to each article. They mention, for instance, cloaks said to have been worn by William and his duchess, tapestries the gift of the patriarch of Jerusalem, and a chasuble that belonged to Odo. And the absence of any reference to Odo in regard to the tapestry is accentuated by the express reference to him in regard to other things. Finally, there is the singular presence in the tapestry of three obscure men of Bayeux, Turol, Wadard, and Vital. They were not people of any account, and yet they are made most important figures. One of these, Vital, is represented as being in fact the leader of the Norman reconnaissance before Hastings, in the picture of which the legend is, "*Hic Willelm dux interrogat Vital si vidisset Haroldi exercitum,*" a fact that none of the chroniclers record. Now, why should Odo have wished to honour him, and who could have desired to commemorate this trifling circumstance except Vital or a relative? That the maker of the tapestry desired to glorify Bayeux is plain, for events which other chroniclers place elsewhere are in the tapestry transferred to that town. In such a work Odo, who was a great man, was a natural figure, but not so these three men, of whom all that is known certainly is that two appear as homagers of the Bishop in Domesday. The disproportionate prominence given to these obscurities, to the prejudice of great prelates and nobles, points most strongly to the conclusion that the obscurities or their relations had, as Dr. Lingard thought, a controlling influence in the work.

Professor Freeman has dealt fully with the puzzle of the lady with the English name whom a tonsured person is chucking under the chin, within what is supposed to be the gate of the ducal palace. He did not solve the riddle, however, nor does Mr. Fowke, though he has founded on it a quite engaging romance. The legend runs here, "*Ubi unus clericus et Ælfiva,*" and stops. Who was she, and what had she to do with Harold's enforced stay in Normandy? Was it a scandal connected, as Mr. Fowke suggests, with the war with Conan? And what was it that stayed the hand of the embroiderer, just when we should like to have seen more of the pair? We have mentioned this because it is a fair sample of the minor riddles which Mr. Fowke's interesting work offers to the ingeniously minded.

THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

The Architecture of the Renaissance in Italy. By **William J. Anderson.** Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged, with Copious Illustrations. 9×5½ in., xx.+185 pp. London, 1898. Batsford. 12/6 n.

That a book which originated in lectures before the Glasgow School of Art and was published for the use of students should have so soon needed a second edition is in itself a healthy sign that the circles of architectural interest are widening beyond those professional centres in which it is a necessary study.

Even in the days of that great thirteenth century of its perfection, the "Gothic" school was limited by the same eternal bars of climate and of sky, of national needs and material possibilities, which bound all forms of artistic expression. And thus when the pointed work had outlived the days that produced it, when it forgot the necessity of construction, and elaborated useless decoration, other schools of architecture had to be discovered; and it was to workmen from Italy that Henry VIII. and Wolsey had to go to find them when Hampton Court was built. Those workmen of 1520 came from an Italy which had known the perfect work of Brunelleschi for a century. For directly we leave the building of the people, which was Gothic, we reach an age when great personalities dominate

architecture. "Time was their architect, and the people were their master masons," said Hugo of the great French cathedrals, designed by men whose names are hardly ever known and built by a thousand members of the medieval craft-guilds, even by the whole population of a town.

But in Italy the true pointed style never succeeded. The limitations we have spoken of forbade it. A more natural expression of the nation's life in living stone had to be found. This need became prominent and even imperious just about the time when Columbus was discovering a new world, when the ancient classical manuscripts were revealing the beauty of the old, and of monuments still preserved of classical buildings on the soil of Italy. These had been the true southern expression of the great Empire of the South, and in them the genius of the new Italy recognized the foundations from which all really Italian architecture must spring. In the language of biology you find at this point in architectural history a real reversion to type, a recurrence to older forms. Whatever we may think of the finished product of that reversion, as compared with the best school of pointed architecture, it is needless in these days of tolerant omniscience to claim sole pre-eminence for either. And it is one of the chief merits of Mr. Anderson's book that he can see what is beautiful in many forms of art, while he is swift to indicate the points at which inevitable decay begins.

A very large number of buildings are discussed in this work, and Mr. Anderson helps our understanding with frequent and intelligible illustrations, and guides us through the labyrinth with a sure hand. For he arranges his mass of material on a plan that is neither merely chronological nor merely geographical, but organic. He takes the first great awakening of Brunelleschi and chooses examples from Milan and Florence; then the central period in Rome, of which the Palazzo Massimi, by Peruzzi, is described in detail; and finally gives us a short essay on the later school, in which the coldness and formality of Palladio on the one hand, and the freedom, verging upon licence, of Michelangelo on the other, were the disastrous influences that led to decadence and final ruin. Thus history and architecture go hand in hand from the first page to the last, with their old inevitable lesson that man's ambition reaches perfection only to overleap itself and fall on the other side. Once and again where life is most intense, his work reaches the sublime, but only at wide intervals and in favouring circumstances are those heights attained from which the luminous paths spread out that lead each century to its own horizon. One of those heights was reached in the best days of Italy's Renaissance, and on its path the nations are still working out their destiny.

Mr. Anderson has taken advantage of his new edition to add many new colotype plates and other illustrations to a very full and valuable collection. The improvements in the text of his second chapter on Brunelleschi's work are especially notable, and the table of the principal Italian buildings will be of great service. A good index and list of authorities complete the value of a carefully-planned book, in which we only regret the omission of some reference to Professor W. H. Goodyear's work on the use of horizontal curves, already known in the Parthenon, and first discovered by this American student in the Maison Carrée at Nîmes, with results that were emphasized later on by extended study of many of those Italian buildings on which Mr. Anderson has himself done such good work. But there was so much ground to be covered, and Mr. Anderson has done his task of selection and compression so well, that we have little but praise, on the whole, for a revised edition that bears every trace of careful and considered criticism.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Mr. G. A. Storey's *SKETCHES FROM MEMORY* (Chatto and Windus, 12s. 6d.) is a book whose existence on the overcrowded shelf of books of "reminiscences" is justified by the engaging way in which it is written and the genial personality which shines

through its pages. Its chief interest lies in some jottings from boyish memories of the Revolution of 1848, in a good many pleasant chapters on the author's life in Spain, in some side glances at the art and artists of the fifties, and in its gossip about the Landseers, the Leslies, and others. There is a good deal in it which many people would not think worth recording, but even this is redeemed from commonplace by Mr. Storey's narrative gift, and by a power he has of making the most of events and conversations, which almost causes us to wonder that he never tried his hand at novel writing.

Biographies of Robert Clive are numerous enough, and a new one, with no new facts to justify it, was not particularly needed. Yet it must have seemed as difficult to keep Clive out of the Builders of Greater Britain Series as the sailor declared that it would be to keep Nelson out of Paradise if the Admiral made up his mind to go there. So we have *LORD CLIVE*, by Sir Alexander John Arbuthnot (Unwin, 5s.), with a frank admission in the preface that new facts are conspicuous by their absence. The book states the old facts, and covers the ground; more than this cannot be said for it without gross flattery. It is dull—a feature that is scarcely excusable seeing that the subject was picturesque. How such books ought to be written was shown, some time since, by Sir Walter Besant, in a monograph which he contributed to a similar series on the life of Captain Cook—a model which may be recommended to future labourers in the field. By way of illustration there is a portrait of Clive, reproduced from a picture at Powis Castle.

Mr. Thiselton Dyer has utilized much well-spent industry in his *OLD ENGLISH SOCIAL LIFE AS TOLD BY THE PARISH REGISTER* (Elliot Stock, 6s.). Under our present regulations registers can no longer be treated in the careless and haphazard way in which their guardian used too often to treat them in days gone by; but this practice of careful preservation has only come into operation when, for the student of social life, the registers have ceased to be worth preserving. The old registers are full of life and individuality. The parson often does not content himself with a bare record of births, marriages, and deaths, but jots down memoranda of local events, and remarks upon them as the fancy takes him. Sometimes he is a wit and enlivens his register with pungent comment; sometimes he is a scholar and quotes Latin. Sometimes he is himself the subject of satire, as in the case of a Mr. Nalton who, in the days of Cromwell, was chosen Minister of St. Martin's, Ludgate Hill. The register states that he did not accept the appointment and adds:—

Twas Jeroboam's practice and his sport
Priests to elect out of the baser sort.

But the more important entries form a store of curious lore as to old customs and village history, to which Mr. Thiselton Dyer's book forms a very interesting introduction. We trust it may do something to assist the work of the Parish Register Society by showing the real importance of these records.

GREEK SCULPTURE WITH STORY AND SONG, by Miss Albinia Wherry (Dent, 6s. n.), is another of the very numerous well-meant attempts to awaken interest in a subject which we have in England excellent means of studying, and which, despite the work of Mr. Gardner, Miss Jane Harrison, Mr. Upcott, and others, does not appeal as much as it ought to do to the general public. This book differs from others in paying much attention to the literature of the subject, explaining the mythology of the statues, and quoting largely from critics among the ancients like Pausanias, Pliny, and Strabo, and from modern poets and others. The style is not exactly such as to attract boys and girls, for whom the book is, so the author says, largely intended, and we should have liked—in the cases, for instance, of the Apollo Belvedere, the Faun of Praxiteles, and the Laocoon—more attempt to give a popular account of the *motif* of the artist, and an explanation of the beauties of the works. In the two latter instances, too, we should surely have had some mention of Hawthorne's novel and of Lessing's criticism. But

Miss Wherry's work is, on the whole, careful, complete, and full of information. It is also well illustrated.

CAN WE DISARM? by Joseph MacCabe (Heinemann, 2s. 6d.), is a brightly written, if not particularly cogent pamphlet on the questions raised by the Tsar's rescript. The first part of the pamphlet proves that disarmament is outside the domain of practical politics, and the second part shows how it might be brought within that sphere. Something in the way of a Holy Alliance under the patronage of the Pope is the nostrum to which Mr. MacCabe pins his faith. It might be replied, of course, that there is no startling novelty in the idea of a Holy Alliance and that the Bishop of Rome was never very successful in keeping the world in order, even in the days when there were no Protestants to snort defiance at him, and has even encouraged war, from time to time, for the purpose of proving the orthodoxy of his doctrines. But this is politics. Another force which Mr. MacCabe believes will make for peace is the increasing political influence of women. Yet, when women have exercised political influence in the past, they have not invariably used it for the purpose of preventing war. "The face that launched a thousand ships" may belong to legend; but history records that Mme. de Maintenon was responsible for the dragooning of the Camisards, that Queen Elizabeth was in full sympathy with the buccaneering industry, and that the Empress Eugénie displayed no particular anxiety to prevent the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war.

In so far as Vasili Verestchagin's "1812." NAPOLEON I. IN RUSSIA (Heinemann, 6s.) is intended as a contribution to history, it has very little value, and might be curtly dismissed as a *rechauffée* of Ségur and Marbot—a sort of Russian "Fights for the Flag." The interest of the book centres, however, in the introductory chapter entitled "Realism." Here we have criticisms of life, and an essay in political philosophy. Society is in peril! Where shall Society find defenders? That is the problem. Hitherto it has been defended by the Army and the Church; but the Church is losing its influence, and the day is coming when the Army will hesitate to shoot. "Clearly," says Verestchagin, "things assume a serious aspect." But he does not despair. It will be necessary to bring up the reserve; but the reserve will turn the scale and win the victory. This reserve force—need it be said?—is Art. "Its influence over the minds, the hearts, and the actions of people is enormous, unsurpassed, unrivalled. Art must and will defend Society." So runs the argument; and it will be agreed that it is an argument more likely to convince an artist than an historian. For while the artist is humming over his *Didicisse fideliter artes* the historian will be taking a rapid survey of events from the time of the Borgias to the time when Courbet attempted to save Society by helping to pull down the Colonne Vendôme, and concluding that the evidence before him scarcely justifies the *nec sinit esse feros*. The gospel which Verestchagin desires artists to preach is, indeed, a good enough gospel in its way. "Give up," they are to urge, "give up enjoying yourselves amidst the illusions of the idealism which lulls your senses"—an injunction which certainly has all the merit of high moral tone. Unfortunately, austerities, though beloved by Count Tolstoi, do not agree with the artistic temperament in general. Perhaps, however, Society is not in such imminent danger of falling to pieces as M. Verestchagin fears. One would fain hope that, even in Russia, it may not be necessary to have recourse to the desperate measure of mobilising the "artists" in order to keep anarchy at bay.

TRAVEL.

It might have been supposed that, when Nansen had told the story of his voyage in the Fram, the possibilities of the subject were exhausted; and so, no doubt, they were, from the point of view of the reader who only reads for information. None the less Lieutenant Johansen's WITH NANSEN IN THE NORTH (Ward, Lock, 6s.) merits a warm, and even an enthusiastic, welcome. It would be hard to say exactly what it is that constitutes the charm of his narrative, which neither is

extravagantly well written nor tells us anything of importance that we did not know before. Yet the charm is there. Open the book at random, and it will assert itself at once. Read on, and it will not lose hold of you until the last page is reached. There is little word painting, yet every picture stands out definitely. There are no tricks of style and construction, no carefully prepared surprises, yet at every dramatic moment of the story the true dramatic impression is produced as clearly and unmistakably as in any elaborately built work of fiction. To read the book through is like reading an epic poem rather than the chronicles of the adventures of an explorer. It is, so to say, the Odyssey of the Polar regions. It reproduces the glamour of the Arctic as does no other book that we have ever read.

Quotation can give no idea of the great fascination of the book. As well might one apply the principle of elegant extracts to such a work as "Robinson Crusoe." The art—a perfectly unconscious art, we take it—lies in the slow elaboration of a romantic picture out of a multitude of trivial details, and in the natural manner in which the writer lets his emotions find expression. He writes as frankly as a child would talk—never hysterically, yet never cynically, or with that false stoicism which arises from the feeling that one's emotions, however interesting to oneself, are of no concern to the community at large. His temperament was suited to his task, and his book, from the general reader's point of view, deserves the highest praise.

There is one passage that may stand apart from its context without injustice. It is from the account of the dramatic meeting with Mr. Jackson's party. Nansen, it will be remembered, met the Englishmen first. Lieutenant Johansen was half afraid that he had lost him; but a deputation came to greet him.

Mr. Armitage [writes Lieutenant Johansen] took out his pocket flask and filled a cup with port wine, which he offered me. All took off their caps, and, with uncovered heads, they gave a cheer for Norway while they looked up at our little flag. My feelings at this moment may be more easily imagined than described. There I stood, in the midst of these brave men, a horrible, blackened savage in rags and with long hair, suddenly restored to civilization, among a crowd of strange people, who brought with them the fragrance of soap and clean clothes, surrounded by the ice with which we had been struggling for the last three years, while above my head waved the flag which I felt that I represented. Never have I felt as I did then, that I had a "fatherland," and, with uplifted head, I drank the cup of welcome, while the Englishmen's cheers rang out across the icefields.

In conclusion, we will recommend every one to read Lieutenant Johansen's book, and congratulate Mr. Braekstad upon the admirable manner in which he has rendered it into English.

THE VALLEY OF LIGHT, by Basil W. Worsfold (Macmillan, 10s. n.), is rather a difficult book to classify. Ostensibly it is a book of travel. Practically it is a history—interesting, though scrappy and unmethodical—of the persecutions of the Vaudois. But in form it is a collection of letters to a lady; and that form is not the most appropriate that could have been selected. The choice lay between making the letters pedantic, or treating the history with casual nonchalance. Both courses had their drawbacks, and Mr. Worsfold has chosen to illustrate the drawbacks of the former plan. One reads, for example, in the second letter, "To-day I wish to tell you something more than I have already told you of the historical associations of the country"; and one is irresistibly reminded of little Mr. Bouncer's letter home, which began, "I will now tell you something about Merton College," and continued with a substantial extract from a guide-book. It is an unfortunate association of ideas, and does injustice to Mr. Worsfold, who has not got his knowledge from a guide-book but from the fountain-head; but, at the same time, it is an association hardly to be avoided when the epistolary method is employed in a book the interest of which is purely objective.

The fact remains, however, that Mr. Worsfold has written a good book on an interesting subject, and that, though he may not have made the most of his opportunity, he has made a good deal of it. He is too self-conscious to be a really great writer; he constantly suggests the professor talking down to the level of

inferior understandings. But he has, at bottom, a true sense of drama, and his theme is as dramatic as could be desired, and not, as themes go, a hackneyed one. The literature of Vaudois Protestantism—as distinguished from mere books about it—is neither extensive nor of recent date; and the material is picturesque and worthy of a great writer's pen. The *glorieuse rentrée*, for example, is one of the most striking incidents in religious history that historical novelists have ever overlooked. One may prefer Arnaud's account of it to Mr. Worsfold's; but Mr. Worsfold is more graphic than any modern competitor. On the subject of the massacres, too, he is very eloquent and vivid. He takes his story, of course, from the "most naked and punctual Relation" of Samuel Morland; and he quotes freely from Morland's vigorous and indignant prose. But his own prose is not overshadowed by it; and his description of the audience given to Cromwell's Commissioner by the Duke of Savoy is really a fine bit of writing. If all the writing had been on the same level, the book would have been a great one.

There is one point in Vaudois history which concerns the honour of England. It relates to the moneys collected for the victims of the massacres in 1655, and funded by Cromwell to form a perpetual annuity to the Vaudois Church. After the Restoration, the payment was stopped. Mr. Bewes, in his "Church Briefs," adduced evidence to acquit Charles II. of appropriating the money to his own use. Mr. Worsfold, however, comments as follows:—

The scandalous dishonesty of this proceeding is too obvious to require any comment. Here is a sum of money given by the nation for a specific purpose, and the Government for the time being appointed trustee. This trustee subsequently appropriates the trust fund to its own use. It is quite true that the Acts of Cromwell were subsequently annulled by Parliament. But all that this annulling could effect (in the case in point) would be to render the *disposition* of the fund void. The fund itself was left precisely as it was before Cromwell disposed of it. If the Government of to-day do not recognize their liability for every penny of this fund (and of the interest on it) there is only one word for the transaction—repudiation.

The hardships of travel to Dawson City and the picturesque features of gold-hunting in its neighbourhood are well described in Mr. Julius M. Price's little book, *FROM EURON TO KLONDIKE* (Sampson Low, 6s.). Mr. Price went out by the notorious Chilcoot Pass, and returned down the Yukon River, so that his book gives an account of the two main ways of reaching the district of Klondike. Neither of them can be called attractive, though neither presents the same difficulties and dangers as appalled and often slew the earliest pioneers. An "aerial tramway," consisting of cars slung on a wire rope, carries goods over the Chilcoot, though the liability of the cars to stick for hours together at some inaccessible and stormy altitude prevents its being used for passengers. The actual ascent of the pass, Mr. Price says, "owing to its terrific angle, is about as fatiguing a climb as could well be imagined"; but the practised Alpinist, who reads in the next sentence that the distance is a thousand yards and the angle 46deg., will be inclined to think that Mr. Price's standard of comparison was not very lofty. In coming home down the Yukon Mr. Price had more adventures; his steamer broke down, and its proprietor, who was on board its consort, proposed to leave it for the passengers to get into order—or die of starvation! It is a good thing he was overruled; we should be sorry to have lost Mr. Price's lively and interesting book.

There is much good matter in the pages of Miss Edith M. Nicholl's *OBSERVATIONS OF A RANCHWOMAN IN NEW MEXICO* (Macmillan, 6s.). Miss Nicholl went to New Mexico—the Mesilla Valley—in pursuit of health, and found not only that but occupation. Her enthusiastic account of the New Mexican climate seems to point out the district as an almost ideal resort for those who suffer from lung diseases:—

In this dry, aseptic, bracing atmosphere, and at such an altitude, there is no relaxation of the system, and in consequence comparatively little susceptibility to atmospheric variations. The astonishing leaps the thermometer is capable of making between a winter sunrise and its noon are looked on by progressive physicians as being not only beneficial to consumptives, but almost essential to their improvement, implying as it does a strong tonic and bracing influence, combined with the important factor of excessive dryness."

Miss Nicholl's description of her housekeeping experiences in New Mexico is uniformly bright and amusing. In her later chapters she throws light on some interesting social problems of the Southern States, and illustrates her remarks on "law-abidingness" by the history of an outlaw, named, from his youthful appearance and early ferocity, "Billy the Kid," who is rather fascinating to read about, but must have been a decidedly unpleasant neighbour in real life. During his career of five years some 300 persons met their death by violence in his district; his prison-breaking feats rival those of Jack Sheppard, whom he must have somewhat resembled. Miss Nicholl's book is both entertaining and instructive.

The new edition—the third—of Baedeker's *PALESTINE AND SYRIA* (Leipzig: Karl Baedeker, 12 marks) is also remarkable for both these qualities. In one respect it illustrates the unchangeableness of the East. Those who go down from Jerusalem to Jericho are expressly warned against the danger of falling among thieves. On the other hand, the progress of the East is attested by the recommendation of a confectioner at Jerusalem, a tailor at Damascus, a German beer-house at Beirut, and something almost amounting to a hydro-pathic establishment on the Sea of Galilee. A pleasant feature of the handbook is the candour with which the author warns his readers against this, that, and the other "arrant knave," who hangs about Hebron or Jericho, or wherever his haunt may be.

NAVAL.

THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT, by Frank T. Bullen (Smith, Elder, 8s. 6d.), comes with a commendation from Mr. Rudyard Kipling as "immense—there is no other word." It is an exceedingly graphic account of a cruise in a whaler, written from a seaman's point of view. The thing has been done before—by the American writer, Herman Melville, in his "Moby Dick," but Mr. Bullen, in going over the ground a second time, has done quite well enough to escape reproaches upon that score. Out of the way information abounds in his pages; and the fight between the whale and the octopus is as fine a fight as any reader need desire. The book is illustrated.

A GUNNER ABOARD THE YANKEE (Doubleday and McClure, New York, 6s.) is composed from the diary of a man of the naval reserve who acted as number five of the after port gun on board that ship during the Spanish-American war. These plain, direct notes of an eye-witness of the war have been edited by Mr. H. H. Lewis, and are preceded by an introduction by Rear-Admiral W. T. Sampson, who says, in effect, that the young men forming the ship's company were called into service several weeks before any other naval reserve battalion, that they came from all walks of civil life, and that they have made the name of their ship a household word throughout the country, proving that the average American, whatever his employment, is a capable fighter. To "No. 5" all was new and fresh and of vital interest; he received his impressions rapidly, and as they quickly followed one another they were captured and hastily set down. Thus the book is very pleasant reading, even if one does not chance to be an American, for it tells, in a breezy and high-spirited way, of youth in action, of bravery, of duty courageously carried to its final issue, of victory, and of lavish praises modestly borne. The illustrations, mainly from photographs taken on board the ship, greatly assist the narrator in making vivid the more technical part of his interesting history.

A new instalment of the "TEMPLE" DICKENS (Dent, 3s. n.) is two volumes containing "Sketches by Boz." They first appeared a year before the Queen's Accession, and were the work of a youth of four-and-twenty. Far away from us as is much of the "Everyday Life" described in them, they are full of humour and observation, and, as Mr. Gissing has said of them, they "contain in germ all the future Dickens."

In a volume two inches square and half-an-inch thick the Clarendon Press and Mr. Horace Hart, printer to Oxford University, have produced a *VICAR OF WAKEFIELD*. It is a wonderful booklet, which only those who know the technical processes of printing can properly appreciate. Moreover, it is readable. It is not, of course, for the library, but for the pocket. Many handy books are now published which are intended for the same destination; but, when all the other pockets are filled with portable reprints, the waistcoat pocket will still remain for the "Vicar of Wakefield," and indeed a shy student could conceal it, like a conjurer's half-crown, within the hollow of the hand.

"ONLY A DOG!"

Bright eyed companion ! when you seek to prove,
 While round my path the storm-clouds gather black,
 The depth of your unutterable love,
 What is the "soul" some tell me that you lack ?
 Is it not that same spark which (as God's air
 May blow at will thro' princely palace panes
 Or some poor peasant's hovel, and may share
 The glory of the swelling organ-strains
 Or lend the pan-pipe of the shepherd-boy
 Its cruder music) animates with flame
 The greatest and the lowest that enjoy
 This breath of life, which might have seem'd the same
 In man and beast, but for the outer shell,
 The special mechanism that controls
 And thro' each subtle valve of nerve and cell
 Elaborates what mortals call their "souls" ?

In you, it may be that the vital ray
 Shines not from out a many-sconced link,
 E'en as a little rush-light burns away,
 Or little reed-pipe from the river's brink
 Set to a shepherd's lip, upon the breeze
 Flings forth a fluting treble, even so
 The instrument, or, call it what you please,
 The channel thro' the which your feelings flow,
 Limits your soul's expansion, circumscribes
 The freedom and the fleetness of her wing,
 Her voice's compass, yet, despite the gibes
 Of those who deem you but a soulless thing,
 I feel some ray of the Eternal Light,
 Some note divine, is surely here indeed,
 In rough-hewn torch I watch it beaming bright,
 And recognize its music in the reed.

"VIOLET FANE."

Among my Books.

PHONETICS AND PROSODY.

Is it not clear that in the science of phonetics lies the key to those intricate questions as to the nature of quantity and accent in verse that have baffled and irritated so many generations of scholars? I cannot flatter myself that this is a new observation; yet it does not seem to have come within the ken of Mr. John M. Robertson, whose acutely-reasoned disquisition "Concerning Accent, Quantity, and Feet,"* now lies before me. If it has not occurred to Mr. Robertson, who is always careful to thresh out the literature of a subject before writing about it, there are probably a good many other people to whom it will be equally unfamiliar. I make no apology, then, for knocking at a door which, though doubtless ajar, is not plainly and notoriously open.

The main fault of Mr. Robertson's essay, I think, is that its positive upshot is a little difficult to grasp. He is so busy demolishing the theories of other people that he forgets to construct his own, or at any rate to throw it into definite relief. For the present, however, we need not concern ourselves with the results at which he arrives or does not arrive. My point is to show that in some details of his argument he, like most other enquirers, is

*An appendix to his "New Essays towards a Critical Method" (London: John Lane).

misled by the conventional symbols we call letters of the alphabet. I suggest that if we want really to understand the nature and function of quantity, whether in ancient or modern verse, we must clear our minds of the alphabet, and bring phonetics to bear upon the problem.

Mr. Robertson quotes from Melancthon certain remarks upon stress and quantity in the word *Virgilius*, and interprets them thus:—"What is asserted is that, though the stress is laid on the second syllable, it remains short—the short sound of *i*, as distinguished from the sound (in English, *ee*) which *can be prolonged*—while the *Vir*, having the sound of the long Latin *i*, counts as long, though it be not emphasized." Assuming that *Virgilius* should be pronounced *Veergilius* (*ee* as in *been* and *i* as in *bin*), is it not a mere darkening of counsel to think and speak of these vowels as the long and short forms of the same letter? They are two totally different sonorities, represented by one symbol; and it is the failure to recognize, or rather to remember, this fact that leads Mr. Robertson into the error of supposing that, while the *ee* "can be prolonged," the *i* (by implication) cannot. Let him make the experiment: he will find it every bit as easy to prolong, to sustain, the *i* in *bin* as the *ee* in *been*. Whether the reverse is true, whether it is possible to pronounce *been* as short as *bin*, I am not skilled enough in phonetics to determine. Following the guidance of my untrained ear, I should say it was possible, but difficult. It takes a distinct effort, and a certain explosiveness of enunciation, to prevent the *ee* in *been* from turning into a diphthong, *bee-en*. Unless we put special constraint upon it, the tongue takes rather longer to produce *been* than *bin*; it has a somewhat more complex operation to perform. Or is it simply that (the throat being the starting-point of all vowel sounds) the *i* is formed further back in the mouth than the *ee*, and the breath has therefore a shorter distance to travel? That is perhaps the reason why, if we would make *been* as short as *bin*, we must give the breath an unusual impetus, and shoot it forth like a projectile.

A little further on, Mr. Robertson chides Walker (presumably him of the Dictionary) for failing to perceive that "*fat* is in a very practical sense as long as *far*"; since in *fatness* the first syllable normally *bulks* more to the ear than the second, whether or not it actually takes longer to sound." This is surely to confuse accent with quantity. It is to the mind, not the ear, that the first syllable in *fatness* bulks large. It is the essential portion of the word; the second syllable is a mere affix; and the stress, of course, falls on the essential portion. If an accented syllable necessarily takes longer to pronounce than an unaccented syllable (as I am inclined to think it does), then, in so far, the *fat* is longer than the *ness*; but quantity which is conferred wholly by stress is not true quantity, and must not be confounded with it. *Fat* may be long as compared with *ness*; but, when pronounced by educated persons, it is certainly short as compared with the first syllable of *hardness* or *fardel*. There are, however, certain dialects, or provincial methods of pronunciation, in which the *a* of *fatness*,

without altering its sonority, is indefinitely prolonged. The difference between *fat* and *far* (as I think Mr. Robertson will find if he looks into it) is much like the difference between *bin* and *been*: *fat* can be prolonged at will, but *far* cannot be shortened. Here the case is clearer than in the former example. The *ee* of *been* may, by an effort, be almost deprived of its diphthongal quality; but no effort of which I, at any rate, am capable can make the *a* of *far* other than a diphthong. In order to produce the open sound *fa*, the mouth must assume a position from which it cannot pass direct to the *r*, but must insert an *e*—*fa-er*. So, too, in the words *fir* and *fire*: *fir* may be indefinitely elongated, *fire* is practically incompressible. The *i* is so manifestly a diphthong that the Elizabethans, as we know, often treated *fire* (*fi-er*) as a dissyllable.

Three instances afford a scanty basis for a generalization, yet I cannot but throw out the theory—which others may verify or refute—that there are no such things as “long” single vowels, but that the true distinction is between pure vowels and diphthongs. Pure vowels, in the English of educated men, are usually pronounced short or staccato, but are capable of sostenuto treatment. When the sound is sustained, however, it seems to me that the succeeding consonant can seldom, if ever, be reached without the intercalation of another vowel; so that an elongated “short” vowel, like the ordinary “long” vowel, is in effect a diphthong. I am speaking, at present, of English alone. The vocal organs of other nations may be differently constituted both for the emission of single sounds and for the transition from one sound to another. I cannot but think that a careful study of the range of variation among the articulate-speaking peoples of to-day should put us on the track of a reasonable theory as to what the ancients really meant by a long vowel and a short vowel, a long syllable and a short syllable.

Here is another point at which Mr. Robertson falls into one of the snares set by our conventional spelling. “The *a* in *metal*,” he says, “is in every sense short; but it clearly becomes longer in *metallic* before the doubled consonant.” This is a variation on a familiar fallacy; it is a case of *ante hoc, ergo propter hoc*. What can the double *l*, which is the veriest convention of school orthography, have to do with the matter? Mr. Robertson himself calls it in the next breath “a rule of spelling not always observed, but fairly general.” The plain fact is that in *metal* the stress falls on the *met*, in *metallic* on the *al*. In the latter case the *a* undergoes the slight elongation which is, I believe, inseparable from stress. Pronounce *metallic* with the accent on the first syllable, and the double *l* does not lengthen the *a* any more than the *ph* (another convention of the schools) lengthens the *a* in *metaphor*. But here arises a point worthy of observation: in rapid everyday speaking we do not say *metal* but *metul* or *met'l*—a tendency so fundamental that in one signification the word has come to be spelt *mettle*. How, then, does the tendency arise? Clearly from the fact that it takes a little more time and trouble to say *metal* than *metul*. Thus we have a triple gradation: very short, *u* as in *metul*; short, *a* as in *metal*; long, *a* as (for instance)

in *Bâle*, where it becomes a diphthong, something like *Ba-ul*. Still more delicate gradations could doubtless be noted, all depending on the more or less complex movements of the tongue and jaw necessary for the production of the different sounds.

If any such gradations held good in the pronunciation of Greek and Latin, the equation of “two shorts to one long” is at once seen to be purely conventional. As regards English, again, it appears that Mr. Robertson was over hasty in saying: “Quantity in spoken verse consists of stress and of the consonantal total of syllables. The pre-supposition that certain vowel sounds are in themselves ‘long’ is the ruin of discussion.” The physical mechanism of speech renders some vowel sounds necessarily longer than others, quite apart from their consonantal context. At the same time, the “consonantal total” of the syllable (as Mr. Robertson calls it) is of great importance from the metrical point of view, and depends, not on the mere number of consonants, but on the ease or difficulty of transition from consonant to vowel, from vowel to consonant. Furthermore, I need scarcely insist that, apart from quantity, there is a *colour*-quality in different vowel sounds which is of supreme importance to the poet.

“Quantity in speaking,” says Mr. Robertson, “must amount substantially to the same thing as stress, the remaining elements of quantity counting for something as regards euphony, but not enough to affect scansion.” This is excellently put, though in place of “something” I should say “a great deal.” Accent, it is true, gives English verse its *laws*, but its *beauty* largely depends upon quantity. You can write correct, and spirited, and ingenious verse by attending to accent alone; without an ear for quantity you will never be a poet.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

A SMOKING PHILOSOPHER.

Some years ago in Paris I picked up from one of the book-stalls on the banks of the Seine a witty and pleasing treatise entitled “*Traité théorique et pratique du Culottage des Pipes*.” The author’s name is modestly withheld, but the book is dedicated to the “friends of the pipe,” and it takes for its motto “*la pipe, c’est l’homme*.” But, whatever his name, clearly the author was a gay dog and a learned. For there is great scope—is there not?—for a display both of learning and of art in this weighty matter of choosing, colouring, and caking pipes. The writer professes, indeed, that, in spite of prolonged meditations and conscientious research, he has only succeeded in lifting a corner of the veil of smoke which hides from our straining eyes the mystery of the matter.

But how thorough those researches had been we may gather from the introductory chapter, wherein, after an eloquent defence of the pipe (“Why does one smoke so many cigars when beyond all question all serious smokers proclaim the superiority of the pipe? I do not speak of the cigarette, *ce jorjou d’enfant, cette eau sucrée du tabac*”), he proceeds to pass in review the various kinds of pipes—*pipes en terre: marseillaises, belges, hollandaises, parisiennes; pipes en écume, en fausse écume, en porcelaine, en bois, en métal*. Whilst dealing with this division of his subject, however, it is disappointing to find that our author is content with the bare mention of M. Gustave A—’s elementary treatise on Hypnocalpy, or the Art of Smoking in one’s Sleep, 3 vols. folio—a work very suitable for family use and singularly moral. Thus, sometimes with an air even of flippancy,

the author discourses on the subject which is clearly next his heart. He is capable, one can judge from his enthusiasm, of having felt, if not of having written, those lines of passionate lament—

Mon cher Philippe,
J'ai perdu ma femme et j'ai cassé ma pipe.
Ah ! combien je regrette ma pipe !

Or of having said, with that artist who lay dying in the Quartier Latin, "My friend, I leave you my pipe and my wife. Take care of my pipe !" He does, in fact, remark that in his youthful days he was ignorant "qu'on ne remplace pas une pipe comme on remplace une maîtresse."

At other times he deals in scientific theories as to the burning of pipes, or in practical advice as to the choice of meerschaums, with all the seriousness the subject demands. He traces with care and loving minuteness the complete process of colouring a pipe (*marche générale du culottage*). Especially to be commended is that dictum of his that the device of leaving a dottle in a pipe should only be used in the extreme cases of pipes "rebelles à tout culottage"; although, perhaps, an even wiser recommendation would be to put such pipes aside altogether. Without instancing other examples we must be content to say in general that he treats this branch of his subject with all the needful sympathy and, in spite of his modest protest that he is better skilled to wield the pipe than the pen, with all the needful learning. He tells us, too, with simple sincerity of the dangers and difficulties, of the joys and sorrows, that await the enthusiastic colourist. With how grand and how melancholy an eloquence does he describe the pathos and the passion of the smoker's life ! "Nothing in this world is stable," he cries like a later Heraclitus, "and the pipe which was once your joy and pride ends by succumbing to the force and flow of years ; its qualities disappear or are transformed into defects ; it grows old like a woman, like a mere mortal." Again, how penetrating is the vision of this smoking philosopher, who could see that "the greatest misfortune that can befall an honest man is—to break his pipe.

On ne casse jamais une pipe brûlée,
Mais la pipe qu'on aimait tant !"

That is much more affecting than the death of our English poet's beloved gazelle.

Ardent admirer as he is of a well-coloured clay, he would not have you misled by too exaggerated an appreciation of mere beauty. Attach yourself, he exclaims, to the qualities of a pipe, not to its mere outward appearance. Of the beauty of pipes one may say, as of the beauty of women, *le fond avant tout*. But he recognizes that, even as with women, so with pipes, the most experienced judge may be deceived. In that case, if in spite of all your cares your pipe burns, his advice is tinged with the true dignity of philosophic calm. Trouble not deaf heaven, he says in effect, with your bootless cries, but comfort yourself with the consciousness of duty done. There are some pipes which seem predestined to be burned.

It is impossible to part with our smoking philosopher without quoting some of the golden maxims which adorn his penultimate chapter :—

- (1) Do not smoke whilst you write ; the second labour distracts from the first ; you smoke your pipe irregularly, sometimes even you let it go out.
- (2) Do not give pet names to your pipe. They in no way help you to colour it.
- (3) Light the whole surface of the tobacco, if possible with a coal. Believe me, a pipe will never be good if it is lit at a candle.
- (4) Smoke slowly and regularly. A pipe well smoked is as good as a chronometer.
- (5) Do not sacrifice convenience to appearances ; appearances are always deceptive. *Nimium ne crede colori*.
- (6) Un bon fumeur a pour principe
De fumer jusqu'au bout sa pipe.

And with that excellent maxim we might well take leave of him. The only cause for regret or complaint that we have is that this gifted author, this *fumeur émérité*, was so completely enamoured of clay pipes that we are deprived of the instructive and profit-

able lessons which he would otherwise have been able to give us on the subject of the briar, the meerschaum, or the cigar. Concerning cigars, indeed, he was content to quote Mabilles's couplet

Le cigare ne fumeras
Mais bien la pipe seulement.

There are limits, then, even to the genius of this philosopher.

CECIL HEADLAM.

Notes.

In next week's *Literature Among my Books* will be written by Mr. Stephen Wheeler, on "Charles James Fox as a Reading Man." The article will contain some hitherto unpublished criticisms on Fox's literary tastes, by Walter Savage Landor.

The University of St. Andrews has shown much discrimination in deciding to confer its degree of LL.D. upon Mr. Edmund Gosse. The distinction is well merited not only by Mr. Gosse's services to English Letters in the department of criticism and by what he has done in introducing continental writers to the English public, but also by the sanity of his judgment, and the fine taste displayed in his writings both in prose and verse.

After a period of service in the British Museum of some 47 years, Dr. Garnett is now resigning his position as Keeper of the Printed Books, the resignation to date from March 20. Dr. Garnett, as our readers well know, is a man of very wide culture, which has shown itself equally in the field of research and in original work. But what is not so well known to the outside world is the good work he has rendered to the reading public by his share in the improvements introduced into the British Museum Library, and in the catalogue of printed books which he has superintended from the first. The great value of his services to literature was recognized three years ago, when he was made a C.B.

The sixpenny reprints have already, so we hear, begun to exercise a melancholy effect upon the sale of six-shilling novels on the railway bookstalls. This is only what one would have expected ; and the case of the six-shilling novels is likely to be harder still when new novels begin, as we are told they will shortly, to appear at sixpence. To a certain extent the depression may be only temporary. Sixpenny novels, with all their merits, are not the things we care to keep in our libraries, and from the trade point of view, the margin of profit on them must be so small as to endanger their permanent success. But, for the moment, they are the "new toys" of the book-buying public ; and, in the immediate future, books of higher price can hardly fail to suffer from their sudden advent.

Sir John Lubbock's list of best books, which, by the way, was drawn up, to use Sir John's words, "not as that of the hundred best books, but which is very different, of those which have been most frequently recommended as best worth reading," suggested to *Reynolds' Newspaper* the notion of asking for lists of the best fifty books for working men. Many of the lists were excellent, and, what is more, would make but a small demand on a working man's purse, but many tended to be curiously one-sided, and seemed to be drawn up on the curious theory that if, for instance, you are a Socialist, you should only read books supporting Socialism.

Still more curious was one correspondent's list, under the heading "Religion"—a purely destructive one :—

Viscount Amberley's "Analysis of Religious Belief," Forlong's "Faiths of Men in All Lands," "Supernatural Religion," Payne Knight's "Worship of Priapus," Rourke's "Scatologic (sic) Rites," Inman's "Ancient Faiths," Cobbett's "History of the Reformation," Taylor's "Diegesis," Higgins' "Anacalypsis," and Foote and Wheeler's "Crimes of Christianity."

For the "Worship of Priapus" and the "Scatologic Rites" this

gentleman would surely have done well to substitute—for literary if no other reasons—the “Pilgrim’s Progress” and the “Christian Year.” Has he read a judicious selection of all the books on the side of religion, we wonder, before compiling this very one-sided list? It reminds one of the inquiring youth who, hesitating between Romanism and Anglicanism, determined to guide himself by a course of reading on both sides. Just when he had come to an end of the last of his authorities on the Roman side he met a Roman priest, to whom he explained his procedure and the exact point he had reached in his reading. “Throw your books away,” was the advice of the acute ecclesiastic, “throw your books away, and trust simply to the instincts of your own heart.” After all, the practice of *Reynolds’* correspondent does not differ much from that of the Liberal who takes in nothing but the *Daily News*, or the Conservative who takes in nothing but the *Standard*. How much better we should get on in controversies, both political and religious, if the combatants read nothing but the literature of the other side!

A NON-COMBATANT.

(The village of Dalebury contributes an enquiry to the controversy in the Church.)

Between the budding hedgerows, along the winding lanes,
Across the meadows flooded by the February rains,
Above the dripping spinneys of oak and elm and birch
A rumour comes to Dalebury of dissension in the Church.

We hear that there’s a crisis and a quarrel in the air,
That there’s a want of concord and order everywhere;
It seems a grievous schism the Mother-church divides
With laymen raising protests and the clergy taking sides.

We pride ourselves at Dalebury the village looks its best
On a summer Sunday evening, that hour of rural rest,
When the cattle wander homeward beneath the shady trees,
And the clover in the churchyard is alive with droning bees.

The small church stands half-hidden by a belt of sombre yews;
It boasts a three-decked pulpit and rows of oaken pews,
With narrow stained-glass windows through which the
sunbeams fall
On brasses in the chancel and hatchments on the wall.

Our old white-headed vicar is something quaint of phrase,
Yet all the parish loves him, his kindly words and ways;
Our ritual is the simplest, old-fashioned, yet sublime;
Our music gains in fervour what it lacks in tune and time.

The clerk leads the responses, we sing “Incline our hearts,”
And wait in doubtful places until the harmonium starts,
Although upon occasion we drown that useful guide
In some familiar hymn-tune, Hursley or Hollingside.

So, while the shadows lengthen, our act of worship goes
Beyond the homely sermon towards its peaceful close,
Till you hear the vicar praying the altar-stone before
That the Peace of God our Father may be with us evermore.

Such is the Dalebury service, and such the Dalebury rites,
And now when people tell us of controversial fights,
It seems to us at Dalebury that if the tale be true
And all the Church at warfare, we here are fighting too.

The fact itself amazes, and we regard it thus;
We neither ask for details, which would be Greek to us,
Nor seek for information of how the fight has gone,
But what we wonder dimly is which side we are on.

ALFRED COCHRANE.

The University of Munich has recently conferred on Lady Blennerhasset the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy in recognition of her services to literature. Lady Blennerhasset (*née* Countess Leyden) is a brilliant example of the cosmopolitan woman of letters. Born in Munich, and educated in a convent at Aix-la-Chapelle, she has since lived in almost every capital in Europe. Her friendship with Dr. Döllinger stimulated her in her literary efforts, and in 1888 a biography of Madame de Staël in three volumes appeared, which at once established her reputation. It has been followed by an admirable study of Talleyrand, published in 1894, and by countless contributions to

foreign periodicals, notably an article on the late Prof. Jowett, in the German section of *Cosmopolis*, and a critical estimate of the poems and novels of d’Annunzio in the *Deutsche Rundschau*.

H. C. H. co. Donegal, sends the following note with reference to “The Man in the Moone, or a Discourse of a Voyage Thither,” by Domingo Gonzalez (Bishop Godwin), 1638.

In *Literature*, p. 93 (Jan. 28, 1899), there is mention made of this work and Swift’s indebtedness to it in his “Voyage to Laputa.” Although I have not seen the original publication, yet this note was of interest to me, as I had just read “A View of St. Helena” (Harl. Miscell. XI., 511, 1811), wherein the above work is reproduced (Circa, 1680). This subject seems worthy of research. The idea is, no doubt, much older than Bishop Godwin’s “Man in the Moon.” When Ben Jonson produced his masque at Court “News from the New World Discovered in the Moon,” in 1620, he refers apparently to some unknown (?) prior work wherein the planet is peopled with “volatees” and “epicœnes,” and much descriptive matter is entertainingly entered into. He says this world in the moon has been discovered by the “neat and clean power of poetry, the mistress of all discovery.” But Ben himself gives us an earlier and less known reference. In an earlier masque (1610) “Love freed from Folly,” he speaks of the “New World in the Moone.” However, the masque of the moon was probably, from internal evidence, written, or, at least, planned as early or nearly as early as 1610. In Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Fair Maid of the Inn* (IV. 2) there is a reference to the new world in the moon, “most fantastically peopled.” This comedy was acted in 1626. Possibly this alludes to Ben Jonson’s masque, but it is more likely both refer to some popular production of the early years of the seventeenth century.

Collectors are always on the look-out for new worlds to conquer, and the sale of Scott relics announced for next month might supply them with a hint. Amongst these is the famous silver taper-stand which Scott bought for his mother with his first considerable earnings. It was not absolutely his first fee: that, as Lockhart tells us on William Clerk’s authority, went to the purchase of a new nightcap for the young advocate’s own use. But the taper-stand might serve as the nucleus of a collection, to consist of the various objects which great writers have purchased with their first earnings. The pleasure of the collector is always more in the chase than in its results, and the peculiar advantage of such a hobby is that it would afford occupation for all the leisure of the longest life. The only drawback is that no purse, however long, no industry, however persevering, could ever make such a collection complete. As an author who could never appear in it one may instance the late Mr. James Payn. That eminent novelist told the world what he did with his first cheque, for three guineas, from “Household Words.” “It was a sum too small to invest and too sacred to be frittered away; in the end I bought a pig with it.” The pig, which was intended as a present to Mr. Payn’s tutor, escaped on the journey, and is probably now beyond the reach of even the Chicago millionaire.

There is a singular omission in Dr. George Adam Smith’s memoir of his friend Drummond. Dealing with the criticisms on “Natural Law in the Spiritual World” he ignores the article which appeared in the *Contemporary* for March, 1885. This critique was written by Dr. Watson, of Dundee, a distinguished contributor to the Expositor’s Bible Series. Moreover, the *Contemporary* article was republished in a volume called “Gospels of Yesterday,” which secured no small attention, and is in a third edition. It is no secret that Professor Drummond’s argument suffered from this attack more than from any other.

The American *Bookman* prints some interesting particulars of the life of Mrs. E. L. Voynich, whose novel, “The Gadfly,” will be remembered as one of the great successes of last year. Ethel Lilian Voynich (*née* Boole) was born some thirty-three years ago in Ireland. Her parents were English, and she was educated in London. Her husband is a native of Lithuania, in Russian Poland, who, not approving of the methods of the Russian Government, migrated to England and he has since his marriage lived in London. “The Gadfly” was Mrs. Voynich’s

first novel, but for some years she had worked at translations from the Russian.

The intricacies of the New York Custom House regulations are again causing trouble to American publishers. In future no English books will be allowed into the States which do not bear the imprint of the English printer. When American editions are printed in England American publishers often request that the names of the English printer should be omitted from the title-page. This omission will now prevent the books from being passed by the Custom House; and English publishers should be careful to see that the printer's name does in every case appear. It seems uncertain whether the regulations allow of the imprint being at the end of the book. In any case, it will save delay if it appears on the back of the title-page.

All collectors of Dickens' works know *The Village Coquettes*, that unfortunate comic opera in two acts which was published in 1836—unfortunate, because after occupying a position of great rarity for many years it suddenly tumbled from its high estate by reason of the accidental discovery, in 1894, of nearly 100 copies in quires among some waste paper about to be carted off to the mills. Since then *The Village Coquettes* has been comparatively common. Not so, however, the songs, choruses, and concerted pieces from the opera which were separately published in pamphlet form in 1837. During the last twelve years only one copy of these has been seen in the London auction rooms, and it has generally been regarded as unique. A second copy is, however, now reported by Mr. Spencer, of New Oxford-street. It contains an autograph dedication to J. P. Harley "with the author's and composer's compliments." *The Village Coquettes* was produced at the St. James's Theatre in December, 1836, the words by Charles Dickens, then in his twenty-fourth year, and the music by John Hullah.

A catalogue of miscellaneous books, just issued by Messrs. Maggs Brothers, of Paddington-green, contains a long series of works relating to Napoleon and the French Revolution, and almost as long a list of Court memoirs. Among the "Miscellanea" is a large, paper copy of the "Œuvres Complètes de Voltaire," 70 vols. 8vo., 1784-80. Beaumarchais established a printing-office at Kehl for the purpose of publishing this edition. He employed the Baskerville type, which, according to Lewine, was then new in France, had special paper manufactured, and from first to last expended upwards of three million francs on the production, even going so far as to print twenty-five copies on blue paper for the benefit of the King of Prussia, whose sight was affected. Of late years the value of this edition of Voltaire has declined, owing, no doubt, to its unwieldy proportions.

The most popular book in the States is Kipling's "The Day's Work." Mr. Nelson Page's novel, "Red Rock," is selling very well, and there is a demand for a new humorous book, "Mr. Dooley in Peace and War." Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" comes second in the *Bookman's* list of best selling books, but there is no mention of a translation.

It is gratifying to find that the best, as distinguished from the most popular, English novels are finding an appreciative public in France. A translation, by M. Félix Fénéon, of Jane Austen's "Catherine Morland," just issued from the office of the *Revue Blanche*, is the latest instance of the critical discrimination of our neighbours, and it is no less pleasing to note that they have lately discovered Mr. George Gissing. In England Mr. Gissing's novels have often been considered "too good" to be acceptable as serials; but several of them have lately appeared serially in some of the best French magazines and journals.

M. Pierre Loti, whose last work we review in another column, has just returned to Rochefort. The house where he lives, in the Rue Saint-Pierre, has been the home of his family for generations. The celebrated novelist intends shortly to start on a journey to the East but, according to an extract from one

of his letters published in a French paper, he has made no definite plans:—

"I assure you" he writes "I do not know myself where I am going. I am setting out for the East and shall go straight ahead without any fixed plan just as far as I feel inclined. . . . to Persia, perhaps, unless it should just happen to be somewhere else instead. All I can tell you is that I am not taking any one with me; that is one of the essential conditions of my journey."

M. Paul Margueritte is now travelling in Italy with his children and his brother Victor, who collaborates with him in his novels. The two authors have almost finished the work on which they are engaged, "Femmes Nouvelles," and are also collecting material for the novel which is to be published as a continuation of "Le Désastre." This next work is to be entitled "Les Tronçons du Glaive," and the third volume of the series is to be "La Commune."

The latest addition to the festive list of "authors at Play" comes from Paris. M. Catulle Mendès, the poet, and M. Richard O'Monroy, the story-writer, have undertaken to act as judges in a beauty competition that is being organized by the proprietors of the *Gil Blas*.

The remarkable thing about the particulars given in a new French periodical—*L'Ami des Bêtes*—as to the favourite animals of French literary men is their dead level of uniformity. They all love cats—as Mr. Frankfort Moore loves them in England—and no single man of genius acknowledges eccentricity in the choice of his dumb friends. Perhaps, as only Academicians seem to have been consulted, we have here a fresh instance of the effect of Academies in checking the free play of the individual temperament. At any rate, Frenchmen outside the Academy have shown more originality. Gérard de Nerval made friends with a lobster, and led it by a blue ribbon through the Palais Royal; and to his friends who demanded an explanation of his conduct he replied:—"Lobsters neither bark nor bite, and, besides, they know the secrets of the sea." This story must have been in Mr. Ashby Sterry's mind when, in his poem on kindness to animals, he wrote the striking lines:—

Be lenient with lobsters,
Be courteous to crabs.

A number has been sent to us of a new periodical, the *Paris Magazine*, published in England by Messrs. Sands, and in France by Messrs. Clarke. The place which it is intended to fill is apparently that left vacant by the demise of the *Tauchnitz Magazine*. It caters, that is to say, for the average British resident in foreign parts; and, so far as we are acquainted with the literary tastes of the average Englishman (and Englishwoman) abroad, we should imagine that the serial story by Miss Florence Warden, which is running in the magazine, is just the sort of thing to meet their views. The most notable of the foreign contributors is M. Edouard Rod, who, as is well known, is more than British (being, in fact, Swiss) in the seriousness of his outlook upon life. We wish the magazine success.

There is an interesting bit of criticism in the *Mercur de France*, where M. Edmond Barthélemy compares Carlyle's historical methods with those of Macaulay. He imagines Macaulay narrating the proceedings of the Convention that sat to make the Constitution:—

Dans cette Convention, il verrait tout d'abord ceci; la Constitution à faire. Sur quoi, il passerait en revue les partis, évaluerait leurs ressources, montrerait, dans une série de ces sentences morales dont il a la spécialité, en quoi ils ont tort, en quoi ils ont raison; ensuite il les ferait manœuvrer en bon ordre, comme des régiments à la parade, opposant systématiquement le fort de l'un au faible de l'autre; au bout de ce symétrique tournoi parlementaire, prononçant sa sentence de juge du camp, il déclarerait qu'en somme la Constitution éternelle faite, déduirait les raisons pourquoi, et peut-être, en guise de péroration, finirait par quelque brillante, généreuse et humani-

taire complainte sur la chute des Girondins : le tout, d'une calme et large poussée de style discursif, amenant les objets par files régulières tous de la même catégorie.

It is a just estimate of the great Whig historian's manner. Carlyle's mode of giving the events a vivid human interest is thus contrasted with it :—

Un Carlyle commence par écarter comme un jeu pédantesque du moment, comme une chimère et comme une abstraction qu'elle est, cette fameuse Constitution. Du même coup, il voit plus directement l'effort de tous ces hommes ; la vie même se découvre à lui, vertigineuse, splendidement troublée, toute en enchevêtrements féconds qui ne s'interrompent sur nul point du temps et de l'espace, et dont toute volonté est le centre, et tire après soi, surtout aux heures de crise, l'indéfini réseau. Ces hommes qui se querellent là font bien autre chose que de rivaliser d'influences et d'appétits à propos d'une géométrale Constitution à la Sieyès ; c'est la vie de vingt siècles, avec ses droits et ses torts accumulés, qui est derrière eux, en eux, et qui les soulève ; elle crie par leurs gorges, cette vie ; toute l'histoire de France vient d'aboutir à eux, et en même temps vingt fois multipliées l'idée de ceux-là qui fondèrent cette histoire. Sans le tapage toujours assez vain d'un "Acte Constitutionnel," il aperçoit le caractère héréditaire de la nation, il entrevoit tout l'ordre de nécessités séculaires qui produit la frénésie et les créations de ce moment.

Sudermann's "Die drei Reiherfedern" has already run through four editions and its popularity in book-form should atone in some measure for the cold reception accorded it behind the footlights. German critics have been much exercised concerning the hidden symbolism that lies behind the story. One ingenious interpretation of a somewhat personal character appeared in rhyme as a feuilleton to the *Berliner Tageblatt* a day or two after the première of the play. The three feathers are, according to the rhymester of the *Tageblatt*, the three plumes or rather pens (a play on the word "Feder," which means both pen and feather), borrowed by Sudermann for the occasion from his successful brother dramatists, Hauptmann, Fulda, and Wildenbruch, with the result that in endeavouring to produce a blend of the imagery of the "Versunkene Glocke," the elegant smoothly-flowing verse of "The Talisman," and the historical romanticism of "Heinrich IV.," the author of "Die Ehre" has murdered his own original dramatic muse of whose vigorous beauty and abounding life, it is said, there is no trace in "Die drei Reiherfedern."

THE LITERATURE OF OCCULTISM

There is a sense, of course, in which all fine literature, both in prose and in verse, belongs to the region of things mysterious and occult. Formerly it might have been maintained that music was the purest of all the arts, that the shuddering and reverberant summons of the organ, the far, faint echo of a distant choir singing, spoke clearly to the soul without the material impediment of a story, without that "body" which must clothe the spirit of pictures and sculptured forms, being as they are representations of the visible things around us. But since Wagner came and conquered, music has become more and more an intellectual exercise, and to the modern musical critic every bar must be capable of interpretation, of an intelligible translation, if it is to be absolved in the judgment.

Since then music has frankly become a "mixed" art, a "criticism of life" in the medium of sound, we who try to understand literature may well insist that our fine prose and our fine poetry have a part in them, and that part the most precious, which is wholly super-intellectual, non-intelligible, occult. The lines of Keats, the "magic casements, opening on the foam of perilous seas, in faëry lands forlorn," will occur to every one as an instance of this mysterious element in poetry, Poe's ode to Helen is another example, and there are passages in the old prose writers, sentences in Browne and Jeremy Taylor, and sometimes a sudden triumphant word in Ken, which thrill the heart with an inexplicable, ineffable charm. This, perhaps, is the true litera-

ture of occultism. These are the runes which call up the unknown spirits from the mind.

But there is a literature which is occult in a more special sense, which either undertakes to explain and comment on the secrets of man's life, or is explicitly founded on mysterious beliefs of one kind or another. Books of this sort have, it is well known, existed from the earliest times ; perhaps, indeed, when the last explorer leaves Babylon, bringing with him positively the most antique inscription in the world, he will find an incantation written on the brick or on the rock. It will be said, no doubt, that there would be nothing strange in such a discovery, that early man living in a world which he understood either dimly or not at all, would naturally devise occult causes for occult effects, would imagine that he too by esoteric means could pass behind the veil, and attain to the knowledge of the secret workings of the universe. But we know that such beliefs were by no means peculiar to the Egyptian and the Accadian of prehistoric times, we are able to trace all through the ages the one conviction of an occult world lying a little beyond the world of sense, and probably at the present day, in our sober London streets, there are as many students of and believers in magic, white and black, as there were in the awful hanging gardens of Babylon. But though belief is as fervent as ever, the expression of it has lamentably deteriorated, as may be seen in Mr. W. T. Stead's "Letters from Julia," written by the hand of Mr. W. T. Stead, which we reviewed some time ago. The modern disciples of Isis speak in a tongue that differs from that of the ancient initiates. They who wish to learn the message of the new hierophant may read the review, or even the book in question, but here, where we discourse of literature and of literature only, we cannot enter into the squalid chapter of back-parlour magic, into the follies of modern theosophy and modern spiritualism. And here we must not even speak of "imposture," for we know nothing of most of these persons, save that they cannot write books.

But this literature of occultism was not always vulgar. Futile, perhaps, it was always, or perhaps, like the ritual of Freemasonry, it did once point the way to veritable enigmas ; if it could never tell the secret, it may have whispered that there was a secret, that we are the sons of God and it doth not yet appear what we shall be. But no one could look into the alchemical writings of the middle ages and deny them the name of literature. Alchemy, in spite of all confident pronouncements on the subject, remains still a mystery, the very nature and object of the quest are unknown. The baser alchemists—there were quacks and impostors and dupes then as now—no doubt sought or pretended to seek some method of making gold artificially, but the sages, those who practised the true spagyric art, were engaged in some infinitely more mysterious adventure. The Life of Nicholas Flamel is decisive on this point, and Thomas Vaughan, the brother of the Silurist, was certainly not hinting at any chemical or material transmutation when he wrote his "Lumen de Lumine" and the "Magia Adamica." The theory has been advanced that the true alchemists were, in fact, the successors of the hierophants of Eleusis, that their transmutation was a transmutation of man, not of metal, that their "first matter" was "that hermaphrodite, the son of Adam, who, though in the form of a man, ever bears about him in his body the body of Eve, his wife," that their fine gold, glistening and glorious as the sun, symbolized the soul, freed from the bonds of matter, in communion with the source of all things, initiated in the perfect mysteries. However that may be, there can be no question as to the beauty of the best alchemical treatises, of that strange symbolism which spoke of the Bird of Hermes, of the Red Dragon, of the Son Blessed of the Fire. The curious in such matters may consult Ashmole's "Fasciculus Chemicus," and the extraordinary "Opusculum" of Denys Zachaire, at once an autobiography and an alchemical treatise.

In the space of an article it is, of course, impossible to sketch out even a brief scheme of old occult literature. We must pass over the Greeks, in spite of the songs of the Initiated that Aristophanes has given us, in spite of that Thessalian magic which

Apuleius moulded to such exquisite literary ends. We must decline the question of the origin of alchemy, which a distinguished French chemist has characteristically referred to some misunderstood trade receipts, relating to methods of gilding and bronzing the baser metals. Then there is the great question of the Sabbath. History tells us that in the Dark Ages people were mad about witchcraft, and that they tortured old women till they confessed to anything rather than suffer another turn of the rack. It was a familiar superstition, that of the poor old woman with her black cat, but it may be noted that Payne Knight's monograph on the "Worship of Priapus" throws a very different light on it, and that Hawthorne understood something of the real Sabbath. The terror and the flame of it glow behind all the chapters of the "Scarlet Letter," and those who can read between the lines see the same red glare in "Young Goodman Brown." We must leave, too, the problem of Rosicrucianism, concerning which Mr. A. E. Waite has said the last words in his "Real History of the Rosicrucians," a kind of historical counterblast to the fantastic and entertaining, but wholly unreliable work by the late Hargrave Jennings. The "Black Mass," which M. Huysmans exploited to such purpose in "Là Bas" is a degenerate, *décadent* descendant of the medieval Sabbath, and is really only a revival of the blasphemous fooleries that went on in France about the time of the Revolution, when great persons assembled to adore a toad, which had received "all the Sacraments of the Church." Indeed, there seems to be a constant Satanic tradition in France; in the middle ages one finds Gilles de Raiz, and about ten years ago a clever writer described an appearance of Satan in Paris with extraordinary effectiveness, and this, be it remarked, was long before Léo Taxil had invented Diana Vaughan, and the diabolic rites of an inner Masonry. Those who know anything of occultism will be aware that we have scarcely touched the fringes of the subject; we have said nothing of the Kabbala, nothing of the Evil Eye, perhaps the most widespread, ancient, and persistent of all beliefs, nothing of the malefic images, such as "Sister Helen" made in Rossetti's ballad, which are being made in our Somersetshire at the present time by village women who love and hate. And all these beliefs and many others have left deep marks on our literature, and perhaps on our hearts also.

So far our subject has been chiefly the "expository" literature of the secret sciences, we have noted some few of the forms which occultism has assumed, and have mentioned one or two of the leading books and leading cases. The imaginative literature inspired by or dealing with the mysteries is a far smaller field for criticism. Passing by the "Golden Ass" and all the mass of legends and songs that the middle ages have given us, doing reverence to King Arthur as we read that "here in this world he changed his life," leaving the strange Hermetic Poems of Sir George Ripley, and that mystical romance the "Chymical Marriage of Christian Rosycross," we may glance at the fiction of the present century and see how it has been influenced by the occult idea. Sir Walter Scott dabbled slightly in the subject, as he dabbled in most antique and curious things, but occultism to him was merely a "property" with which he decked some of his pages, as he chose to deck his hall at Abbotsford with helmets, and broadswords. "Mervyn Clitheroe," by Harrison Ainsworth, and the "Lancashire Witches," by the same writer, are books to make boys quake of dark nights when they pass the black end of the lane, but Bulwer Lytton's "Strange Story" strikes a genuine and original note of terror, and few will forget the appearance of the *Scin Laca*, the Luminous Shadow of Icelandic belief. And perhaps the "Haunters and the Haunted" comes still nearer to perfection, with its theory of the malignant dead, of the instruments by which they work. Hawthorne and Poe, so utterly unlike in most things, were at one in their love of haunting, but while Hawthorne suggested the presence of the infernal army camped all about us and around us, Poe found his terror and awe in the mortal human body, in his theory of a living death. He wrote the story of the corporal frame that rots in death, and thinks while it decays. Those who have read Mrs. Oliphant's "Wizard's Son" have seen a splendid theme spoilt

by weak and diffuse execution, but her "Beleaguered City" may stand with Mr. Kipling's very different "Mark of the Beast," that is amongst the little masterpieces of occult fiction. In the one case spiritual awe, in the other panic terror, and the hint of awful possibilities are developed with the extremest skill, and after such successes as these it would be painful to contemplate the sorry imitation, the lath and plaster mysteries of "Mr. Isaacs," a book which recalls Madame Blavatsky and her sliding panels. At the outset of our article we barred all discussion of "Theosophy," so it will only be necessary to say that Mr. A. P. Sinnett once wrote two novels, which may be Theosophic but are certainly not literature. "Jekyll and Hyde" remains to some of us Stevenson's most perfect work, and it may be that a too obvious undercurrent of allegory is its only flaw. But those who revel in the creations of a bizarre and powerful imagination may perhaps find something to satisfy them in Mr. M. P. Shiel's "Prince Zaleski," and "Shapes in the Fire," stories which tell of a wilder wonderland than Poe dreamed of in his most fantastic moments. And "Pierrot," by Mr. De Vere Stacpoole, stands alone, perfect in its pure and singular invention. We must say at the end as at the beginning that perhaps the true occultism is to be found in the books of those that never consciously designed to write of hidden things, that the "melodies unheard" are the mightiest incantations, that the "magic casements" open on the very vision of the world unseen.

Foreign Letter.

SPANISH JOURNALISM.

The feuilleton was in Spain, as in other countries, the germ of journalism. Dryden, Addison, Swift were simply feuilletonists. So far back as the reign of Charles V. we know that "printed papers" circulated not only throughout the Peninsula, but also in the colonies of Spain. The cities of Valencia, 1528, Barcelona, 1618, Valladolid, 1620, possessed in these respective dates each its newspapers. King Philip, the first Bourbon on the Spanish Throne, supported from his private purse two journals, published in the vernacular of this Monarch—French. Statistics inform us that the Spanish Press had reached a considerable altitude, when the *début* of the "Little Corporal" upset the inkbottle, blood being the liquid in which were then registered the events of that tragic epoch.

An avalanche in journal form swept over the South of Spain during the stormy days when Cadiz was constituted the seat of the provisional Government while Joseph Buonaparte sat on his unstable Throne at Madrid. *La Gaceta*, the oldest publication extant in Spain, was founded anterior to this period, 1659, went over to King Joseph, and is now the official organ of the Spanish Government. Between the Press of to-day and that of yesterday there yawns an abyss; and the telegraph, with its uses and abuses, has inaugurated methods little in harmony with the stately tongue of Cervantes.

The dominant note, and that which lends most lustre to Spanish journalism, is to-day the prestige which attaches to the names connected with the Press of Spain as *collaborateurs* and editors within the last quarter of this century. Their successes as political and literary leaders have invariably been prefaced by those of the journalist. The genius of a Canovas de Castillo, illuminating each paragraph as it roamed at will through realms of unexplored literature, science, art, was revealed in a criticism which has been compared to the copies from Dominichino, more beautiful than the original. The gifts of Castelar as a writer are scarcely inferior to his oratory, and his words have been translated into most European languages, albeit Cervantes says that "translations are like tapestries seen on the seamy side." The cultured pen of Pi Margal has given to journalistic literature much that is excellent. Señor Pi Margal is, as also is his compatriot, Señor Castelar, an ex-Minister of the Republican Government. *El Nuevo Régimen* is

edited by Pi Margal, who is also its proprietor. The genius of Señor Balart has been known to the literary world at Madrid for many years, in which he has, on *El Imparcial*, laboured as *collaborateur* in the interests of criticism, art, and literature. The present Prime Minister, Sagasta, was for many years editor-in-chief of the *Iberia*, a Madrid paper.

Classic, severe, profound are the writings of Sagasta's present rival, Silvela, leader to-day of the Conservative party, and likely, unless sent to the right-about by a possible new régime in Spain, to become Prime Minister in the near future. The organ of Señor Silvela is *El Tiempo*. Diplomacy has been recruited occasionally from the ranks of journalism. Señor Valera, the versatility of whose talent has charmed many of the Courts of Europe, is renowned as a delightful novelist, critic, poet. The contributions from the pen of Valera to journalism form another precious mosaic to Press literature in Spain. In a discourse delivered at the Royal Academy of Letters lately at Madrid Valera said :—

The author of a book, no matter how successful the book may be, can never influence the popular mind so efficaciously, nor to the extent, nor so immediately as he who writes in a newspaper. In England, France, and the States, the countries where the greatest number of books are read and sold, the work of an eminent author may reach hundreds of thousands of copies ; in Spain the copies sold—save in rare and extraordinary cases—never pass six or eight thousand, and then only when the volume has been glorified by journalistic criticism. On the other hand a periodical or newspaper article is read, commented, applauded, and possesses in political and social affairs an immediate and powerful authority.

Señor Navarro Rodrigo, an ex-minister of the Crown, edited for several years before entering the political arena the Conservative journal the *Epoca*, the organ of the late regretted Premier, Canovas.

For the first time in the annals of the Immortals the portals of the Royal Academy of Letters were thrown open to journalism quite recently. Señor Fernandez Florez, who had the honour of being received, entered as a journalist, although the literary merits of this leader of the Press at Madrid would have secured the "open sesame." Señor Fernandez is director of *El Liberal*.

One of the most successful journalists of his age has been the late Señor Santa Anna, founder of the important evening paper *La Correspondencia de España*, perhaps more widely read than any other Madrid publication. The present editor-in-chief, Señor Mellado, is favourably known to literature, and is a prominent member of the Cortes. *El Diario de Barcelona*, founded 1792, is at the head of the Spanish literary and political Press. Directed by the erudite and accomplished scholar, Señor Mañe Flacquer, whose connexion extends back to the year 1847, the *Diario de Barcelona* may be said to be not only one of the first publications in Spain, but in Europe. Illustrated journals at Madrid and Barcelona are, many of them, quite up to the mark and might compete with any in Europe. The national sport has its Press representatives ; the merits of toro and torero form no mean item in to-day's Madrid print. On Spanish journalism generally the opinions of a distinguished Madrid journalist may be found interesting :—

It is scarcely to be expected that the Press of a country two-thirds of whose population regard printed characters as mysterious inscriptions can exercise a decisive influence on the masses. Even if this were sufficient to explain the limited authority of the newspaper, which scarcely penetrates beyond the sphere of our semi-cultured "bourgeoisie," it gives no adequate reason for the profound discredit which has come over the institution pompously denominated the fourth power of the State, a state of things the more to be regretted since those who can read do not, the book and even the review being beyond the reach of the general indolence. Only to the daily political Press falls the lot of the teacher. Culture is administered to its subscribers in homoeopathic doses or under the form of gilded pills, the more tempting "tit-bits" of the moment. This deplorable phenomenon, effect of many causes, is due chiefly to the excessive number of publications, the enormous competition engendering a price so reduced as to be unremunerative—and thus bringing the position of the writer into a state of economic and social decadence—the

means of sustenance resorted to by some daily papers, the frequent want of the necessary technical competence in the treatment of problems which call forth public attention, and the marked and growing indifference to questions exclusively political of a public who seek in the columns of a newspaper or magazine not a guide, but opinion, doctrine, sensational news. Above and beyond all those co-operating causes which have damaged the political Press is the partiality of judgment to-day evinced in this class of newspaper, elevating to the skies all who belong to their own party, burning incense at the shrines of personages "chez-eux," and flinging into the mud those who differ from themselves, unless by some rare coincidence, interest and political prejudices coincide with right or justice. Once set in discord, the truth is unhesitatingly sacrificed.

FICTION.

The Two Standards. By William Barry. 8½×5½in., viii. + 530 pp. London, 1898. Unwin. 6/-

The one attribute of this new novel by Dr. Barry which is bound to arrest the attention of the reader is its eloquence. The author has an enviable flow of words, a sense of rhythm in prose, a quick eye for a felicitous epithet. If the value of a work of fiction depended only upon these qualities, his book would have to be greeted as a masterpiece. It has, in fact, been so greeted by a certain number of young critics in a hurry ; but this verdict cannot stand. The book exhibits all the faults one sometimes finds in the sermons of a divine, or the charges of a Bishop. That is to say, the writer seems to be absolutely incapable of getting at close quarters with his subject, and making it clear what he means and what he does not mean. The dominant theme—so far as any theme is dominant—is finance. A company promoter is brought to ruin through the intrigues of a rival financier, who is in love with the company promoter's wife. When the crash comes the company promoter stands in the dock and is sentenced to five years' penal servitude. Why? Dr. Barry gives no reason ; and we feel absolutely certain that no clear reason was present to his mind when he was writing. At any rate we found it impossible to make head or tail of his finance. The company about which the trouble arose is described as a Missionary Syndicate. Its avowed purpose was to put the conversion of the heathen on a sound dividend-paying basis ; and we read that the shares on one occasion fell several points because a divorced lady had been re-married in a church. If Dr. Barry were merely "guying" the Stock Exchange this, of course, might pass. But, as he sets out to draw moral lessons from the collapse of the company, we feel justified in challenging him to produce the prospectus, and show us from what sources of revenue the vendor told the subscribers that they might look for dividends. If he cannot do this, we shall maintain that his treatment of financial affairs is childish, and that it is fortunate that his morals are independent of his arguments.

It should be added, however, that, though the action of the story turns on the financial crash, the bulk of the book consists of extraneous matter. Dr. Barry flings to us great slabs of eloquence on every subject under the sun—hypnotism, spiritualism, Protestantism, art, music, and the state of Piccadilly at midnight. It is very fine eloquence. But it hardly ever helps in the development of the story, and, consequently, it is out of place in a novel. Moreover, as the novel comprises 530 pages of small print, a liberal use of the merciful blue pencil would still have left quite as much reading matter as the average client of the circulating libraries demands.

THE VISION SPLENDID, by Florence Bright and Robert Machray (Hutchinson, 6s.), is the latest of the novels about the theatre, and is evidently the work of writers who have a considerable knowledge of the subject. They have discovered that theatres are very wicked places—that the virtue of actresses is not always more precious to them than the rubies and other precious stones that are sometimes offered in exchange for it—and they do not hesitate to say so. The heroine is innocent, though illegitimate, and expresses surprise as well as indignation

at the proposals made to her by a wicked baronet. The moral intended is, apparently, that a young lady of birth and breeding who goes upon the stage does so at the peril of her brightest jewel; but the moral is given away for the sake of a happy ending. The intentions of the wicked baronet become honourable by degrees. He decides that life will not be worth living for him unless he marries the actress. The prospect, one fears, is scarcely such as to deter the stage-struck. The book is indifferently written, and the characters are flabby and ill-defined; though the writers have a certain artless gift of story telling.

The story of Semiramis has been found useful by novelists before now, and it is handled again by Mr. Louis Vintras in his rather oddly-named *PASSION ROYAL* (Chapman and Hall, 6s.). It is always difficult to adopt a satisfactory style in writing a romance of ancient times. The novelist is easily led into one of two errors; he is apt either to adopt a stilted phraseology, or to run into the other extreme of obtrusive modernity. Mr. Vintras has the bad fortune to combine both faults in an aggravated form; he makes his characters talk in a dialect compounded of reminiscences of Scriptural language and the banal *persiflage* of a modern love-story. The effect is sometimes extremely comical. The book is not well written, but it contrives to maintain a certain level of interest, and Mr. Vintras occasionally secures a dramatic situation.

The name of Mr. Clement Scott has been so closely connected with dramatic criticism that it is interesting to find him turning aside from journalism to an acknowledged form of literature. In his collection of short stories entitled *MADONNA MIA* (Greening, 3s. 6d.), Mr. Scott has not, however, attempted to be brilliant or original. He has been content to reproduce scenes and characters with which we have long been familiar. He has not attempted an unusual style or laboured after distinction. The stories have doubtless seen the light previously in the Christmas or summer numbers of magazines, and so have achieved the purpose for which they were written. A few of them are reminiscent of Dickens; the rest are reminiscent of Mr. Clement Scott.

The pleasure we have all derived from Mr. Frank Stockton's stories in the past makes us reluctant to admit that his latest book, *THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS* (Harper, 6s.), is distinctly dull, although the idea is a peculiarly Stocktonian idea, and promises well. A number of people go to play at camping-out in the woods, under the ægis of a crippled and autocratic hotel-keeper, who sits, spider-like, in the centre of a web of camps, and allots his guests Camp No. 1, 2, or 3, according to his estimation of their toughness. You feel that this might be funny, but Mr. Stockton has evidently felt that it must be funny *coûte que coûte*. Once the inevitable "engagement" is brought off we are glad to accompany our hermits back to civilization and there bid them good-bye.

THE RAINBOW FEATHER, by Fergus Hume (Digby, Long, 6s.), is a detective story of a familiar type, the interest of which depends entirely upon the handling of a particularly intricate plot. A murder is committed, a vast number of characters are introduced to the reader, and the rest is simple. The author has only to place each and all of them, in turn, in very suspicious relation to the murdered man, and his object is gained. The reader's vanity will be agreeably titillated at first. "Ha! I have it—plain as a pikestaff," will be his thought. The next chapter, by bringing in a fresh unmistakable criminal, starts him with equal confidence on a new tack, and he draws towards the end in a not unpleasantly bewildered condition, in which it would take but little to persuade him that he did the deed himself. It is fair to say that Mr. Fergus Hume has shown much ingenuity at the game, and that "*The Rainbow Feather*" will fill an idle hour, in a train or an armchair, as well as another book of its class.

Mr. Joseph F. Charles, the author of *THE DUKE OF LINCOLN* (Lane, 6s.), has undoubtedly the gift of "romantic" writing; but he has hardly yet proved that he can produce a good romance. There are one or two excellent battle-pieces in his present venture; and the strife between the Storckens and the Lichtens, with which is bound up a course that recalls only too readily "the Jackdaw of Rheims," is described with a pretty touch of sarcasm. Mr. Charles does not seem, however, to be sufficiently in earnest. Every third page or so he appears to be laughing at his own more serious work. At the same time he has acquired a firm and flexible style, and in time will learn how to use it.

Correspondence.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF TRUTH.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Although not generally a reader of philosophical writings, I wish to pay a tribute of thankfulness to the author of "*Sursum Corda*" for the valuable letter which appears in your columns to-day; and, in doing so, perhaps you will allow me to unburden myself of a thought which has long been with me, which seems to me very much the same as the argument of that letter, though put in a somewhat different way. One of the most effective arguments used by what we may call the non-spiritual school among us was stated long ago by the late Professor Clifford in words which I cannot now recall; but their effect was that we had no right to believe in a high doctrine, such as the existence of God, merely because it was extremely consolatory to man. A delusion might be consolatory, and truth a very painful thing. Yet the pursuit of truth was right for its own sake, whether it made us happier or more melancholy.

The conclusion certainly is right; yet the idea that truth brings with it no reward of any kind is not only paralysing to all our efforts, but, as it seems to me, absolutely untenable in itself. How shall we pursue truth at all if this be so? Disagreeable truths, of course, there are, and such truths should be faced; for the mind is always strengthened by facing them boldly. But how do we know truth from falsehood at all? I should say only by a sense in ourselves that there is always in truth a certain harmony which, when once we see it, gives the mind *satisfaction*. And this satisfaction is in itself a happiness which mitigates pain, even when the truth is disagreeable. How often do we say in trying circumstances, "Thank God, now we know the worst!" The very fact that a ray of truth is shed upon evil, rendering it all clear, defined and visible, takes half the sting out of it. And in other cases, when we say "I am *satisfied* this is the case," we mean that our knowledge gives us satisfaction, that is to say, happiness; for we have attained that position of mental rest and comfort which truth alone can give.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Pinner, Feb. 11, 1899. JAMES GAIRDNER.

JOUBERT.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I am sorry if I have pained Mrs. Ward by reflecting upon the morals of M. Joubert—the more so as the reflection was immaterial to my argument, which was directed against the philosopher's manners. From this point of view it is obvious of very little importance whether the lady whom the philosopher notified of the disappearance of his wife's charms happened to be his mistress or not. On the theory that she was his mistress

one can understand his wishing to make it clear to her that she had no cause for jealousy of his wife. On the theory that she was not his mistress I must really leave the explanation to Mrs. Ward, merely remarking that it seems to me that the philosopher's offence was rank in either case. I note, of course, Mrs. Ward's suggestion that "one of the chief anxieties of his correspondence is to bring the aristocratic and fastidious Pauline to understand his homely, brusque, and silent wife." But I submit that, in directing the attention of the fastidious Pauline to the fact that the homely wife's charms had vanished, the philosopher was pursuing a somewhat devious course towards his goal.

And, in any case, I cannot but think that very few people will share Mrs. Ward's opinion that the behaviour of a philosopher who, writing to a lady of his acquaintance (whether she is his mistress or not), remarks, to amuse her, that his wife's charms have vanished, is "Something ethereally stainless."

Turning from Joubert's aphorism about his wife to his aphorisms about things in general, I really scarcely know what to say in reply to Mrs. Ward's remonstrances beyond what I have already said. Perhaps, however, the best plan will be to take a few aphorisms at random, have them printed in italics, so that they may look as imposing as possible, and leave the world to judge whether they are conspicuous either for originality or for profundity. For example :—

It is my province to sow, but not to build or found.

What admirable affections result from chastity !

Be saving ; but not at the cost of all liberality.

Chance generally favours the prudent.

Space is to place what eternity is to time.

Agriculture engenders good sense.

The style of St. Jerome shines like ebony.

There is a certain roughness about the Latin writers.

The table is a kind of altar which should be decked on high days and holidays.

Before employing a fine word find a place for it.

The true mark of the Epistolary style is cheerfulness and urbanity.

Such are our aphorisms. They may not be the very best that Joubert ever wrote ; but, on the other hand, as they are taken from the "selection" of an admirer, it is to be presumed that they are not the very worst. We may take it, in fact, that they are a good average lot. They reminded me of the aphorism that there are milestones on the Dover-road. I thought them fatuous ; I think so still ; and that they should apparently have made so deep an impression upon a writer who is herself the last person in the world to be charged with mistaking platitude for profundity is to me, I own, inexplicable. Given sufficient time and a sufficient motive, I would undertake to compile from Mrs. Ward's own novels a set of elegant extracts which would compare favourably with these of Joubert from every point of view.

Obediently yours,

YOUR REVIEWER.

"THE PEN AND THE BOOK."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In his attack on Sir Walter Besant "A Publisher" makes a number of sweeping statements. Perhaps the experiences of a mere author may interest him and others. Either he must disbelieve them, or he must modify some of his opinions.

In an agreement for publishing one of my books I insisted on the insertion of a clause providing for the expenditure of £30 on advertisements. I had a great deal of trouble about it, but at last the firm gave way. The agreement was signed and duly stamped. Some months after publication I asked for a statement of account. I was assured that the money had been spent, and with that assurance the firm seemed to think I ought to rest content. I demanded details, however, and, after many letters had passed backwards and forwards, got them. In the account advertisements were put down, not at £30 as agreed upon, but at £7 10s., and of this sum all except 15s. was a charge for advertising in the firm's own magazine. The 15s. was for an advertisement in a technical journal, though the book was a novel ! An exchange advertisement, of course. In plain words, not a single penny had actually been spent on advertising.

Nevertheless, "A Publisher" asserts that "secret profits exist only in the brains of literary guide-book writers," and this, too, although he is apparently in the habit of making them himself—"whatever 'extra terms' I make," to quote his own words, "are legally and morally mine." I have heard another publisher defend secret profits. As an instance, he stated that he often bought cheaply a job lot of paper and used it as required. Was he to have no interest for his money, he asked, no remuneration for his knowledge of how to choose, and so forth ? For these reasons he contended that he was justified in charging in his accounts the full market price of the paper. If this were done openly and above board, it might perhaps be defensible, provided that the author got fair value for his money ; though, on the other hand, it may be asked what is a publisher paid for if not for his business knowledge ? The fundamental objection, however, is that the author is never a party to these arrangements, and secret profits, even when not fraudulent in themselves, always open the door to fraud.

"Publishers' fees," says "A Publisher," "are unknown." Are they ? My first book was submitted to a firm that did an exceedingly big business. They wrote that it had been reported on very favourably and that they would be willing to produce it "at their own expense" if I would pay £150 for advertising and £30 as their reader's fee. Even in those days I was not quite a greenhorn ; I knew that £150 would more than cover the whole cost of production, so I requested the return of my MS. The firm replied that they had reconsidered the matter and that they would publish the book if I would pay £75 for advertising and £3 as a reader's fee. My only answer was to ask again for my MS. They wrote that they would send it to me if I forwarded £1 to recompense them for the trouble they had been put to. I did not get it until I threatened legal proceedings. What was this firm trying to make ? "Publishers' fees," "incidental expenses," or "secret profits" ? One of them certainly, yet "A Publisher" denies the existence of all three. Does he give £30 to his reader for reading a MS. ?

Another of his rash statements is that "publishers are not very anxious to buy outright." If he had said "some publishers" he would have been nearer the mark. Over and over again I have had offers to purchase, and could not get a royalty instead. Indeed, there are several firms that never publish a book unless the copyright belongs to them.

A serious feature of the case is that many authors cannot sell their books in the open market to the highest bidder. I doubt whether they are aware—whether even the Society of Authors is aware—that there exists a very powerful publishing ring for the purpose of preventing competition and keeping down prices. A few years ago a number of leading publishers entered into an agreement that if an author whose works had been produced by one firm should take a MS. to another, it should be declined. This pretty little arrangement, which still exists, must have put thousands of pounds into the pockets of the firms in question, of course at the expense of authors. Unless "A Publisher" belongs to this ring—and if I identify him correctly he does not—he may refuse to believe my statement, but it is true nevertheless, and, if necessary, I can substantiate it with names.

"Publishers," he says again, "care not a rap for undertaking work on commission." Why, there are some firms that never publish on any other terms. Really, he should be a little more careful in his statements. It is true that royalties are "often paid in advance," but it is also true that they are often paid, either in whole or in part, in three months' bills, even by large firms. Not so very long ago I held one of these bills. My bankers cashed it, as they had cashed others, and just before it fell due the firm who had given it to me wrote to ask if, as a favour, I would hold it over. I replied that it had passed out of my possession, but I agreed, as they seemed rather anxious, to give them a cheque and to take another bill instead. Within a week they were bankrupt.

What do I infer from all this ? That all publishers are rogues ? Certainly not ; neither does Sir Walter Besant. It

would be just as ridiculous to assert that all authors are rogues because some may have treated publishers unfairly. Among the latter, as among the former, there are many whose characters need no defence, but that is no argument against Sir Walter Besant's contention—that both should thoroughly understand their business and conduct it in a business-like manner.

A MERE AUTHOR.

"QUEEN ELIZABETH."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Excuse me for recurring to this subject (respecting which there was correspondence in your columns last June and July), but I see it announced that Bishop Creighton's "Queen Elizabeth" is about to be re-issued in a cheaper form, though without the illustrations. Being, however, confessedly a reprint of the letterpress of the original edition, it is to all intents and purposes an infraction of the conditions on which the latter was published and subscribed—namely, those of a numbered *édition de luxe*, and another, "strictly limited to 1,000 copies," and seems to involve a breach of faith.

The literary matter of the original issue constituted as valuable a part as the pictorial, and the divorce of the two affords not the slightest pretext for the intended evasion of the original conditions of publication. The limitation of the number of copies applied to the whole contents of the book, that is, letterpress and illustrations, and, therefore, excluded the republication of either or both of them in whatever form. When a book is offered to the public for subscription in two expensive editions, and each is limited, as was the case with this book, it implies a distinct undertaking that no further editions of any kind will be published, and that the book will not only go out of print, but remain so, as long as the copyright lasts. If this were not the case, limited editions at fancy prices, such as the subject of this letter, would have no *raison d'être*, and consequently not be patronized. Although the cheaper issue of this book cannot enter into competition with its sumptuous predecessor, it will nevertheless exercise a somewhat depreciatory effect on the market value of the latter, as well as affect its estimate in the eyes of its possessor.

It may be a selfish passion, but the collector's pleasure in a book is enhanced by the knowledge that few can possess it, for which, however, he is willing to pay liberally; and seeing that the publisher takes full advantage of this in fixing the price, there is no excuse whatever for betraying the collector.

Begging your insertion of this in the interest of commercial ethics,
I am, Sir, yours truly,

WM. STEAD MILLS.

Atlas Chambers, Leicester, Feb. 4, 1899.

"A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. Graham agrees with me that it is impossible to make any good sense of such a sequence as "Fire and *sleet* (in its obvious sense) and candle-light." He also allows that "Fire and *Fleet* and Candle-light" may be the "authoritative" reading. On this latter point there can be no question at all. The New English Dictionary (s.v. *Fleet*) has the following:—"Bp. Kennett (*ante* 1728) quotes in MS. Lansd. 1033, fol. 132, an 'old northern song over a dead corps,' containing the lines 'Fire and fleet and candle-light.'" There is not the slightest doubt about the reading; and there can be no doubt about the sense of the phrase "fire and fleet." It is an expression frequently occurring in northern wills. In these documents it is a common thing for the testator to provide that his wife shall have after his death "fire and fleet"—i.e., fire and house-room. The New English Dictionary gives quotations to this effect from wills in Somerset-house and the Durham Registry.

In Sir W. Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," p. 232, edition 1802, the words appear as "Fire and *Sleet*." But the editor could make nothing of the word "*sleet*" in this context, and therefore makes a desperate shot. He suggests that

sleet "seems to be corrupted from *selt* or *salt*, a quantity of which is frequently placed on the breast of a corpse"! I suppose that Sir W. Scott held that "*selt*" was the original or "authoritative" reading, and that "*selt*" was a pronunciation of "*salt*." Unfortunately for this baseless conjecture, in the North "*salt*" is pronounced "*saut*," never pronounced "*selt*." It was most certainly never pronounced in any "local *patois sleet*," as Mr. Graham seems to imagine.

Yours faithfully,

A. L. MAYHEW.

Wadham College, Oxford.

Authors and Publishers.

Messrs. James Nisbet and Co. will publish early in March a volume of autobiography by Mr. Felix Moscheles, who, as painter, traveller, musician, and man of letters, has included among his friends a large number of interesting men. The book will contain recollections of Mendelssohn and of Rossini, sketches of well-known political figures like Mazzini, letters and reminiscences of Robert Browning, and memoirs relating to the Paris commune, to early art studies abroad, to travel in America, and to many other interesting places and events. The volume will be published simultaneously by Messrs. Harper in New York.

The series of handbooks on the great masters in painting and sculpture about to be published by Messrs. Bell and edited by Dr. G. C. Williamson, the author of "Richard Cosway and His Companions" and other books, will comprise as its first few volumes: "Raphael," by Mr. H. Strachey; "Velasquez," by Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson; "Correggio," by Mr. Selwyn Brinton, author of "The Renaissance of Italian Art"; "Fra Angelico," by Mr. Langton Douglas; "Carlo Crivelli," by Mr. G. McNeil Rushforth; "Giorgione," by Mr. Charles Loeser; "Bernardino Luini," by the editor. The series will contain thirty or forty illustrations in each volume, with a list of the artist's works in the chief galleries of Europe, with descriptions and notes. The volumes will probably be issued at about 4s. 6d.

The new Plato-Lexicon, which is to be published by the Clarendon Press under the editorship of Professor Lewis Campbell, is already in course of production. The impulse to the undertaking came from the appearance a little more than a year ago of M. Lutoslawski's *Origin and Growth of Plato's Logic*. That learned Pole's review of modern writings on Plato pointed to a growing consensus among scholars as to the dates of the dialogues. On grounds of style a late date was assigned to the logical dialogues—the *Theætetus*, *Parmenides*, *Sophist*, and *Politicus*. The *Laws* are admittedly late. They have very definite characteristics of style, quite different from those of the Socratic dialogues. The approximation in style of a particular dialogue to the *Laws* thus becomes a test of its date.

This is the animating thought of the new lexicon. Besides furnishing a concordance to Plato, it ought to constitute a treasury of observations on Plato's style, leading to a settlement of the vexed question as to the order of the dialogues, and so giving a clue to the development of Plato's philosophy. It is to be hoped that the editor and his helpers will not content themselves with a mere revision of Ast, but start *ab initio*. The possibility of this depends upon the amount of co-operation, by means of which the work may be rendered exhaustive without undue labour on the part of any one. There are doubtless many scholars with leisure who would be glad to lend a hand. Dictionary-making is pre-eminently a field for volunteers. That all should help where all reap the profit seems part of the fitness of things.

Messrs. Methuen are publishing the opening volumes of two new series of Byzantine Texts, edited by Professor Bury, of which the first volume is "The Ecclesiastical History of

Evagrius." Two Belgian scholars, MM. Bidez and Parmentier, have spent many years in preparing the first critical text that has yet appeared of this work. The second series, "Oxford Commentaries," of which Dr. Lock, the Warden of Keble College, is the general editor, opens with "The Book of Job," edited by Dr. Gibson, the Vicar of Leeds. The text is that of the Revised Version, and is accompanied by a full commentary at the foot of the page.

The first volume of the publications of the Irish Text Society, containing romantic tales of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, edited by Dr. Douglas Hyde, will appear in March. We have already remarked upon the useful work undertaken by this society, which was formed in the beginning of last year as an offshoot of the Irish Literary Society. In addition to their annual publication, the society intend to publish at intervals special volumes under the title of the Medieval Series, the first number next May. It will contain the text and translation of the Feast of Bricriu, edited by George Henderson, M.A., Ph.D. This will be the first English translation of a fine old romance which possesses many points of comparison with the Arthurian legend. The annual subscription is so small that the society find it necessary to make an appeal to all who are interested in Irish manuscripts for contributions to the editorial fund.

The autobiography of Mr. Clement Scott—a large portion of which is already written—will be published by Macmillan. It is intended that the book shall appear in a large and luxurious format, at a high price, and shall be illustrated by the reproduction of a large number of old play-bills.

Miss Frances Arnold-Forster's work, "Studies in Church Dedications; or, England's Patron Saints," will be issued during this year in three large 8vo. volumes by Messrs. Skeffington and Son. Miss Arnold-Forster is a grand-daughter of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and adopted daughter of the late Mr. W. E. Forster.

Messrs. Innes have just sent to press the volume of their Isthmian Library which deals with rackets and tennis. The author is Mr. Eustace Miles, who, in rackets, represented Cambridge, and in tennis is, next to Sir Edward Grey, the most eminent of the amateurs.

At last Busch's Bismarck has found a publisher in Germany. It will be issued shortly by Grunow, of Leipzig, in three volumes, under the title of "Tagebuchblätter von Moritz Busch." It covers the period from 1870 to 1893.

Messrs. Macmillan are about to add to their well-known "Golden Treasury Series" Edward FitzGerald's classic version of "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám."

The ninth volume of the "Cambridge Natural History," long promised, is now about to be issued by Macmillan. It treats of Birds, and is written by Mr. A. H. Evans, of Clare College. He has given such careful descriptions of the various families as should enable all travellers to distinguish any unfamiliar specimens they may meet with, and Mr. G. E. Lodge's illustrations are abundant.

Messrs. Gay and Bird announce "The Miracles of Anti-Christ," by Selma Lagerlöf, the author of "The Story of Gösta Berling"; Miss P. B. Flach is the translator; and also "A History of the American-Spanish War," by the War Leaders. Among the contributors are General Garcia, who will describe the Cuban Side of the War; General Shafter, who deals with the Santiago Campaign, and others. General Miles describes the Work of the Army as a Whole, and the Hon. John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, the part taken by the Navy. Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., writes on "What the War teaches from the English Standpoint."

Mr. Redway is about to supplement the issue of "Dickens and His Illustrators" by a series of "Dickens Illustrations" in a portfolio. Mr. Kitton will contribute descriptive notes to accompany the designs, many of which have never yet been engraved. There are nine subjects by Cruikshank, nine by "Phiz," five by Leech, three by Mr. Marcus Stone, and four by Mr. Luke Fildes. The same publisher has ready for issue the collected works of James Braid, the Manchester surgeon, who is known as the father of hypnotism in England.

Professor R. Y. Tyrrell, of Trinity College, Dublin, is engaged upon an "Anthology of Latin Poetry" for Messrs. Macmillan, which will form a companion volume to his lectures on "Latin Poetry," delivered in America, in Baltimore, Richmond, Chicago, and New York, in the spring of 1893, and also published in 1895 by Messrs. Macmillan.

The Rev. Edward John Hamilton, D.D., Professor of Philosophy in the State University at Seattle, Washington, U.S.A., is about to have published a new edition of his textbook "Mental Science," under the title of "The Perceptualist." It is an abridgment of a large book entitled "The Human Mind." Dr. Hamilton describes his philosophy as a modern development of Aristotelianism. He is also preparing a text-book in ethics.

Professor T. E. Holland, D.C.L., has written a preface to a work published by the Cambridge University Press, on "Cases on International Law during the Chino-Japanese War," in which he says:—

The author of this book, my friend Professor Takahashi, thinks that a few words from an Oxford colleague may commend it to English readers. . . . Mr. Takahashi has exceptional claims to speak with authority upon the subject of which he treats. Becoming a Professor in the Naval College at Tokyo, he was directed to join the Matsushima as legal adviser to the Admiral commanding the Japanese Fleet, and remain on board the flag-ship nearly to the end of the war with China. . . . Under his guidance great pains were taken to observe in all questions of naval capture the best traditions of European Prize Courts.

Several interesting biographies are announced for immediate publication in Germany. The most important are Dr. Carl Francke's Life and Work of the Brothers Grimm, Herr Hoffmann's Life of Dostoevsky, and Professor Emil Koeppl's "Tennyson." For its fiction the reading public in Germany depend largely on translations. During the last few weeks translations have been issued of novels by Marcel Prévost, André Theuriot, G. de Maupassant, A. Lugowoi, the Russian novelist, and "Curtis Yorke." There has also been published a complete edition of the works of the Danish writer, J. P. Jacobsen, whose novels have enjoyed not a little popularity in Germany, but have met with little success, we believe, in this country.

Mr. Robert L. Jefferson's narrative of his cycle ride across Europe and Asia to Khiva, eclipsing the late Colonel Fred Burnaby's ride on horseback, will appear serially for three months in the *Wide World Magazine*. Mr. Jefferson illustrates his narrative with a series of photographs taken by himself.

For some time past articles have appeared in the *Journal* of the Ex-Libris Society on the "Odd Volumes and their Book Plates." These have just been published by Mr. George Redway in a volume uniform in size and style with the *opuscula* of the "Sette of Odd Volumes." The edition is limited to 150 copies, and each has a portrait of the author, the late Mr. Walter Hamilton, as well as other plates.

Elsewhere we review Mr. Stopford Brooke's "History of English Literature to the Norman Conquest." He is now at work upon the second volume, covering the time from the Norman Conquest up to the reign of Elizabeth.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow, who suffered a good deal from his experiences in the Philippines, hopes soon to be able to resume work. He contemplates another volume for his "History of the German Struggle for Liberty," of which the last part was published in 1895, since which date Mr. Bigelow has given us "The White Man's Africa."

Mr. Fred. W. Christian, who lectured recently before the Royal Geographical Society on "Exploration in the Caroline Islands," is writing a book on the same subject, which will be published by Messrs. Methuen. Mr. Christian is an Eton and Balliol man who has lived a roving life in the South Seas. He has come to spend some eighteen months in England, and is employing his time in putting into shape some of the interesting materials he has accumulated. He made the acquaintance of Robert Louis Stevenson soon after the latter took up his residence in Samoa, and used to visit Vailima whenever he was in the island.

A "History of Modern Literature" on a novel plan is announced for publication by the Berlin firm of Schuster and Loeffler. The author, Arthur Moeller-Bruck, arranges his matter in twelve small volumes with the following curious titles:—I., *Tschandala Nietzsche*; II., *Neutoener*; III., *Europäer*; IV., *Die deutsche Nuance*; V., *Richard Demet*; VI., *Nationalismus*; VII., *Dekadence*; VIII., *Form*; IX., *Die Frau in der Dichtung*; X., *Variétéstil*; XI., *Der Neue Humor*; XII., *Propheten*.

Dr. A. T. Pierson is now completing the authoritative life of George Müller, of Bristol, which Mr. Müller's relatives have requested him to write. It will be published by Messrs. James Nisbet early in the spring.

A study of the Cardinals, with a view to determining the future successor of Pope Leo XIII., will be issued shortly in Paris, under the title "Le Futur Pape." It is by M. G. Berthelet.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. are publishing a new novel by Mr. Morley Roberts called "A Son of Empire."

Mr. John Long intends to publish on the 24th inst. simultaneously in London and New York, Mr. James MacLaren Cobban's new novel, entitled "Pursued by the Law."

It has been said that "man is as tow and women is a spark, and the Devil sets 'em both alight," or, perhaps, more euphemistically, by Longfellow:—

For man is fire and women tow,

And the Somebody comes and begins to blow.

These phrases explain the title of Mr. G. E. Mitton's coming book, "Fire and Tow," which Messrs. Hutchinson will publish early in the spring.

The series of stories "The Brotherhood of the Seven Kings," by Mrs. L. T. Meade and Mr. Robert Eustace, which has appeared in the *Strand Magazine*, has been dramatized by the authors and Mr. Max Elgin for production on the London stage.

Owing to numerous engagements, Mr. Richard Marsh has been unable to finish, as he had hoped, the revision of his novel, "Ada Vernham, Actress." The book will, however, be ready for publication in the autumn, by Mr. John Long. "Curios," the author's last novel, has run to a fourth edition.

George Augustus Sala's last novel, "Margaret Forster," with a preface by Mrs. Sala, published posthumously as a six-shilling novel by Mr. Fisher Unwin, will shortly appear at two-and-six.

Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall are publishing a new volume of poems called "English Roses," by F. Harold Williams.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc's "Life of Dante" will be published early in March by Messrs. James Nisbet and Co.

Mr. C. G. Leland ("Hans Breitmann") is issuing the book already mentioned in *Literature*, which promises to be of considerable interest, bearing the title, "Have You a Strong Will?" Mr. Redway is the publisher.

"The Resources of the Sea; or, An Inquiry into the Experiments of Trawling and the Closure of Areas," is the title of a work of Professor McIntosh, which will shortly be issued by Messrs. Clay.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memories of Father Healy of Little Bray. 2nd Edition. 7½ x 5in., 343 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.
Types. A Romance of the South Seas. By Herman Melville. 7½ x 5in., 223 pp. London, 1899. Blackie. 1s.

DRAMA.
Paul Lange and Tora Parsberg. By Björnsterne Björnson. Translated by H. L. Brækstad. 7½ x 5in., 205 pp. London, 1899. Harper. 5s.

Zenobia. A Drama in Four Acts. By R. Warwick Bond. 7½ x 5in., 132 pp. London, 1899. Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. n.

EDUCATIONAL.
A Study in Philology. By Ernest Pearson. 7½ x 5in., xii. + 115 pp. London, 1899. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d.

The Medea of Euripides. By P. B. Halcombe. 7½ x 5in., 124 pp. London, 1899. Blackie. 1s. 6d.
Selections from Addison's Spectator, &c. Ed. by Mrs. Herbert Martin. (School and Home Library.) 7½ x 5in., 224 pp. London, 1899. Blackie. 1s.

A Grammar of the Bohemian or Czech Language. By W. R. Morfill, M.A. 7½ x 5in., xvi. + 120 pp. Oxford, 1899. Clarendon Press. 6s.

Kant on Education. (Ueber Pädagogik.) Translated by Annette Churlton. 7½ x 5in., xix. + 121 pp. London, 1899. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d. n.

FICTION.

A Girl of the Klondike. By Victoria Cross. 7½ x 5in., 309 pp. London, 1899. Scott. 3s. 6d.

The Shellback; or, At Sea in the Sixties. By Alec J. Boyd. 7½ x 5in., 376 pp. London, 1899. Cassell. 6s.

The Black Curtain. By Flora H. Louhead. 8 x 5½in., 369 pp. London, 1899. Duckworth. 6s.

The Gift of Bonaparte. By Robert Shortz. 8½ x 5½in., 248 pp. London, 1899. Routledge. 6s.

An Angel in a Web. By Julian Ralph. 8 x 5½in., 309 pp. London, 1899. Harper. 6s.

Carr of Dinosauro. By Theo Douglas. 8 x 5½in., 323 pp. London, 1899. Harper. 6s.

Omar the Tentmaker. A Romance of Old Persia. By Nathan H. Dole. 7½ x 5½in., 365 pp. London, 1899. Duckworth. 6s.

Aneroestes the Gaul. By Edgar M. Smith. 8½ x 5½in., 242 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 6s.

Life's Peepshow. By H. Ruthenford Russell. 8½ x 5½in., 273 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 6s.

HISTORY.
A History of the Colonization of Africa by Allen Rases. By Sir H. H. Johnston, K.C.B. 7½ x 5in., xii. + 319 pp. Cambridge, 1899. University Press. 6s.

The Underground Railroad from Slavery to Freedom. By Wilbur H. Siebert. 9 x 6in., xxv. + 478 pp. London, 1898. Macmillan. 17s. n.

LITERARY.
The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett. 1845-46. 2 vols. 7½ x 5½in., 579 + 579 pp. London, 1899. Smith, Elder. 21s.

Japanese Literature. By W. G. Aston. 8 x 5½in., 402 pp. London, 1899. Heinemann. 6s.

Edward FitzGerald and Omar Khayyám. An Essay and a Bibliography. By Holbrook Jackson. 7 x 4½in., 41 pp. London, 1899. Nutt. 6d. n.

Robert Burns. Studien zu seiner dichterischen Entwicklung. Von Max Meyerfeld. 9 x 6in., 138 pp. Berlin, 1899. Mayer & Müller. M. 3.

MEDICAL.
Vaccination. Its Natural History and Pathology. (Milroy Lectures, 1898.) By S. Monckton Copeman. 7½ x 5½in., x. + 257 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 6s. n.

MILITARY.
The Conduct of War. By Lieut.-Gen. von der Goltz. Translated by Major G. F. Levenson, P.S.C. (The Wolseley Series.) Vol. IV. 9 x 5½in., xii. + 235 pp. London, 1899. Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Debrett's House of Commons and Judicial Bench for 1899. 8½ x 5½in., 456 pp. London, 1899. Dean. 7s. 6d.

The Englishwoman's Year-book and Directory, 1899. Ed. by Emily James. 7½ x 5in., xxiii. + 286 pp. London, 1899. Black. 2s. 6d.

The Literary Year Book, 1899. Ed. by Joseph Jacobs. 7½ x 4½in., 380 pp. London, 1899. G. Allen. 3s. 6d.

A Course of Instruction in Wood Carving according to the Japanese Method. By Charles Holme. 7½ x 4½in., 106 pp. London, 1899. The Studio.

Bailey's Index to "The Times." January. 9½ x 6in., 82 pp. London, 1899. Eyre & Spottiswoode.

The Politician's Handbook. By H. Whates. 9½ x 6½in., 189 pp. London, 1899. Vacher. 6s.

NAVAL.
A Sailor's Life under Four Sovereigns. By the Hon. Sir Henry Keppel, G.C.B., D.C.L. 3 vols. 8½ x 5½in., 340 + 339 + 350 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 30s. n.

ORIENTAL.
Zoroaster. The Prophet of Ancient Iran. By A. F. Williams Jackson. 9 x 6in., xxiii. + 312 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 12s. 6d. n.

PAMPHLETS.
Dialectorum Italicarum Exempla Selecta. By R. S. Conway. Cantabrigiae. Preli. Academici. 2s. 6d.

Ueber die zunehmende Bedeutung der anorganischen Chemie. Von J. H. van't Hoff. Hamburg und Leipzig, 1898. Leopold Voss. M. 0.60.

POETRY.
At Dawn and Dusk. By Victor J. Daley. 7½ x 5½in., 211 pp. London, 1899. Bowden. 5s.

Short Poems. By John Ottwell. 7 x 4½in., 96 pp. London, 1899. Kegan Paul.

Borderland; Border and other Verses. By R. S. Craig. 9 x 5½in., 64 pp. Hawick, 1899. Kennedy.

In the Wake of the Sun. By F. G. Bowles. 6½ x 5½in., 96 pp. London, 1899. The Unicorn Press. 2s. 6d. n.

REPRINTS.
The Tattler. Vols. III. & IV. Ed. by G. A. Aitken. 8½ x 5½in., 410 + 451 pp. London, 1899. Duckworth. 9s.

Plutarch's Lives. Englished by Thomas North. In Ten Vols. Vols. I. & II. (The Temple Plutarch.) 6 x 4in., 410 + 526 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 1s. 6d. each vol.

SCIENCE.

The Story of the Mind. By James M. Baldwin. 6 x 4½in., 263 pp. London, 1899. Newnes. 1s.

General Physiology; An Outline of the Science of Life. By Max Verwoerd, M.D., Ph.D. Translated from the German 2nd Ed. by F. S. Lee, Ph.D. 9½ x 6½in., xvi. + 615 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 15s.

The Science of Life. By J. A. Thomson, M.A. (Victorian Era Series.) 7½ x 5in., x. + 246 pp. London, 1899. Blackie. 2s. 6d.

Die ethischen Grundfragen. Zehn Vorträge von Theodor Lipps. 9½ x 6½in., 308 pp. Hamburg und Leipzig, 1899. Leopold Voss. M. 5.

SOCIOLOGY.
Landmarks in English Industrial History. By George T. Warner, M.A. 7½ x 5in., 368 pp. London, 1899. Blackie. 5s.

THEOLOGY.
The Life and Letters of Paul the Apostle. By Lyman Abbott. 8 x 5½in., xii. + 332 pp. London, 1899. J. Clarke. 6s.

St. John Damascene on Holy Images. Translated from the Greek by Mary Hallies. 7½ x 5in., 216 pp. London, 1899. Baker. 3s. 6d. n.

The Angels of God. By the Rev. J. B. Johnson, M.A. 7½ x 5in., viii. + 168 pp. London, 1899. Skeffington. 2s. 6d.

Lawlessness in the National Church. By the Rt. Hon. Sir W. Vernon-Harcourt, M.P. Reprinted from *The Times*. 8½ x 5½in., 566 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 1s. n.

The Theology of the Epistle to the Hebrews. By G. M. L. B.D. 8½ x 5½in., xx. + 283 pp. Edinburgh, 1899. T. & T. Clark. 6s.

Key to the Apocalypse; or, The Seven Interpretations of Symbolic Prophecy. By H. G. Guinness. D.D. 7½ x 5in., viii. + 152 pp. London, 1899. Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d.

TOPOGRAPHY.
English Cathedrals Illustrated. By Francis Bond. 7½ x 5in., xx. + 214 pp. London, 1899. Newnes.

TRAVEL.
Round the World on a Wheel. By J. F. Fraser. 7½ x 5in., 532 pp. London, 1899. Methuen. 6s.

Literature

Edited by J. D. Traill.

Published by The Times.

No. 71. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1899.

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PUBLISHER AND AUTHOR.

The criticisms of "A Publisher" on Sir Walter Besant's "The Pen and the Book" have naturally provoked a lively discussion in our correspondence columns. To begin with, of course, the author of the work has defended his views, and maintained the accuracy of his facts and figures with his usual point and vigour. Mr. Herbert Spencer has contributed an interesting letter detailing his own methods of publishing, and offering, in his own person, at least one successful example of the "commission" system. Experts on both sides have joined in the debate, and not always to support the views of the class which they represent. In fact, the whole subject has, we think, been fairly well threshed out; and whatever of solid gain that process has yielded has now been spread before the readers of this Review. Perhaps the most judicial-minded of the contributions which have reached us is that which we publish herewith over the signature of "One who Knows." Its impartiality of tone, indeed, is astonishing when one considers the recorded experience of the writer in his dealings with "the trade." The gist of his summing up of the

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controversy is apparently that there is not much amiss in the relations between author and publisher if they would only make up their minds not to expect too much of each other. Let it be granted, says our correspondent, that a publisher is not a philanthropist, but a business man anxious to do the best for himself, and therefore not incapable of framing an agreement in which he has not devoted his chief attention to the author's interests; let it be further granted that he sometimes submits unsatisfactory and one-sided agreements, and sometimes takes secret profits, and that the author on his side is not always a paying speculation to his publisher, or well enough versed in the details of the business to protect his own interests. Let these postulates be conceded, "and the war between publishers and their authors," concludes the writer, "could be easily put an end to."

Our correspondent, we fear, is too sanguine. Surely these concessions have all been made long since by every sensible and competent debater of the question. Publishers have admitted them so far as they tell against publishers; Sir Walter Besant himself has never hesitated to accept them so far as they affect the author. But, unfortunately, it is round the interpretation of our correspondent's "sometimes" that the war is still likely to continue raging. There are black sheep in every flock, admit the members of the class attacked; but then, we ask, what is their proportion to the white? If they are really but the merest handful, why trouble about them, or at any rate why trouble about them so much? Surely, against a small disreputable minority of publishers the Author's Society and "The Pen and the Book" together might be left to protect the inexperienced and unbusinesslike author. But it is quite clear that Sir Walter Besant does not think or reckon them a small minority—perhaps does not account them a minority at all. Indeed, the presumption from his writing is that he does not. The formal exception to his censures which he is wont to make in favour of "respectable" publishing houses leave the impression that they are not the rule but the exception; while the very persistency with which, for many years past, he has warned his younger and less experienced literary brethren against the malpractices of publishers can only be explained on the assumption that those against whom the author requires to be protected are, in his opinion, not the exception but the rule.

And, singularly enough, we might almost draw the same inference as to his own opinion from the observations of our correspondent of to-day. For cheerful as is the optimism with which, in the passage above referred to, he regards the "war" between the publishers and their authors, the earlier part of his letter was devoted to an expression of incredulous astonishment at the good fortune of another of our correspondents, Mr. E. H. Cooper, in his dealings with the publishing trade, and to a comparison

therewith of his own very different experiences. "I have had dealings," he says, "with rather more firms than he, as my work covers a larger field. And the results have been much as might have been expected. In three cases I have been treated straightforwardly. That is to say, I have not had either to complain of my bargains or the manner in which the contracts, so far as the publishers were concerned, have been carried out. In the five other cases I have had the greatest difficulty (though three of the firms are well known and long established) in getting accurate or promptly rendered accounts such as one has a right to expect from partners with a controlling interest in a transaction. In two cases I have not succeeded in getting the money due to me until my solicitor's letters brought the offenders to a sense of their position. In one instance I detected fraudulent accounts, in another I found that many more copies had been printed of the work than were accounted for to me when royalty was reckoned." Five unsatisfactory publishers, two of them dishonest, out of eight, is surely a rather discouraging proportion, and presents a startling contrast to the statistics furnished by our earlier correspondent, who not only has "had business dealings with six firms of publishers" to his own complete satisfaction, but is able to assure us that his own experiences are "those of all his acquaintances without exception." He has not, in his own person, come across one publisher who "tried any of these ingeniously fraudulent tricks" upon him, and he has "never met a writer, man or woman, who has encountered them." We can hardly help concluding from such an extraordinary conflict of testimony as here confronts us that neither witness's experience can fairly claim to be representative; and that Mr. Cooper has been as exceptionally fortunate in his dealings with publishers as "One Who Knows" was singularly unlucky in his.

Where the true mean is to be found we have absolutely no data for determining; but we have little doubt, for our own part, that the case of Mr. Cooper lies considerably nearer to it than that of "One Who Knows." Wholesale accusations of dishonesty, or of something not easily distinguishable from dishonesty, against a body of men engaged in a particular business—for, in spite of the conventional exception made in favour of a few of them, these accusations must be regarded as wholesale ones—have the stamp of exaggeration impressed upon them by the very laws of probability themselves. The publishing business could not continue to exist, and certainly it would not be able to find its inexhaustible supply of victims among the literary class, if the relations between the two were really of such a character as we are asked to believe. It is quite possible that some of the practices held up, and legitimately so, to reprobation as inequitable to authors may have established themselves in the dealings of upright and reputable publishing houses as "customs of trade." That, however, would be an abuse not confined to this particular branch of commerce. Use and wont have a marvellous power of blinding men of business to the ethical aspect of any well-established commercial usage; and there is nothing in the particular industry of book-producing which seems specially calculated

to purge the moral vision of the producer as with "euphrasy and rue." But from laxity of this kind to deliberate and systematic attempts to over-reach, if not actually to defraud, every author of whose inexperience a publisher can take advantage is an inordinately long step. We do not say that Sir Walter Besant exactly takes it; but the comprehensive sweep of some of his sentences too often, we think, creates the impression that he does; and the sense of injustice which this naturally awakens among the class assailed by him predisposes them to resent even his reasonable criticisms. He also seems to us a little apt to confound a hard bargain with an act of dishonesty, and to demand an amount of consideration and generosity from the publisher in his dealings with a young author which is not looked for in the dealings of men with each other in any other species of contract. It is true that the young author's position *vis-à-vis* of the publisher is, or was, a comparatively powerless one, but the Society which Sir Walter Besant so ably represents has done valuable service in enabling the latter to hold his own, and will no doubt do more yet. It would be a pity if he should mar the completeness of this good work by injustice and exaggeration.

The "field for modern verse," which Mr. Stephen Phillips claims to have discovered, and which he delineates for the benefit of the readers of the *Dome*, appears to us to be somewhat lacking in precision of outline. After noting that the general picture of a world beyond the grave, which is gradually usurping the modern imagination, is not far removed from the scheme of Dante, and that "in communications made through trance or by the governed hand" we are again permitted to view realms of darkness, of ice, of twilight, of glory, he goes on to point out the transcendent difference between the medieval and the modern conception—that "whereas Dante imagined a definite place of darkness, or fire, or beauty to which the soul repaired, we are now shown that the soul creates its own atmosphere, environment, and scenery." Thus the soul of the self-wrapped King or statesman whose intellect has reduced the world to a December bareness sits freezing among dazzling bergs and brilliant snow. In like manner the sensualist and the sot surround themselves with their own night, the murderer and the fanatic kindle their own flame. On the other hand we see the purified human spirit "emerging by his own will from a self-created night to a self-created Elysium, his surroundings and atmosphere" continually changing and corresponding to the soul itself, and so "an eternal progress upwards, from beauty to beauty, splendour to splendour, bliss to bliss."

This, though a striking picture of the new "field for modern verse," is surely, also, a little vague. It does not, at first sight, quite show how the poet of the future is to derive assistance from the fact that the soul creates its own atmosphere; for in dealing with the souls of other people the poet will presumably have to call upon his own imagination, just as much as Dante had to call upon his. Perhaps, however—though we hope not—there is a "mediumistic" significance underlying Mr. Phillips' speculations. Such expressions as "the trance" and the "governed hand" appear to indicate that this is the case, and that the poet of the future is not to begin writing until after a "preliminary canter"—if the irreverence of the metaphor may be excused us—with the "planchette."

If that is so, all we can say is that the spirits will have to develop a considerably larger share of the poetic faculty than they have hitherto displayed. With the single and doubtful exception of certain verses by the late Mr. Thomas Lake Harris the quality of their "poetic" utterances has been beneath contempt.

A meeting was held at Toronto, on February 6, for the purpose of founding a Canadian Society of Authors. The idea is a good one; but a great deal depends upon the application of it, and this particular Society scarcely seems to have been founded under the most promising auspices. The association is alleged to have been really organized by publishers for the purpose of demanding, in the name of authors, an amendment of Canadian Copyright Law on the lines of the abortive measure of 1889; and this view certainly derives support from the reports of the debate in the *Toronto Globe*. We read, for example, that the chairman, the Hon. George W. Ross, made certain proposals for the advantage of Canadian printers, and that a committee was appointed to draft a memorandum on the subject. The *Globe* proceeds:—

Mr. Haultain wanted to move that the Committee be instructed to inquire how the suggestions of Mr. Ross would benefit Canadian authors. Mr. Ross ruled the motion out of order. Mr. Haultain appealed against the ruling, but Mr. Bain moved the adjournment of the meeting, and this was carried.

This is a somewhat singular ending for a first meeting of a society assembled to charge itself with the protection of literary property.

The article on "Canadian Copyright" recently published in *Literature*, was read to the meeting by Mr. Haultain, who thought the views expressed therein just, and it was endorsed by Dr. Goldwin Smith as "deserving careful consideration." But we must demur to the statement of the *Globe* that "this dealt with the matter largely from the point of view of the British publisher." Our article treated the subject not from the point of view of the publishers of any country, but from that of the authors of all countries. What we pointed out was that separate Copyright legislation for Canada would damage authors all over the world for the benefit of the Canadian printers. Canadian authors have, perhaps, more to lose by such legislation than any others. In the Dominion itself they would hardly acquire any better protection than they enjoy at present; while they would be in imminent danger of losing all the benefit which they derive from the adhesion of Canada to the Berne Convention.

Speaking of Canada reminds us of the *Canadian Magazine*, a very readable periodical. Its contents are varied and intelligent, and the February issue has a capitally illustrated article on the birthplace of Gray's "Elegy." But in this effete and decadent old country its chief attraction is its cheery optimism. Canadian actors and actresses seem to be something quite out of the common; while "Canadian newspapers are, on the whole, unsurpassed in the world." Moreover, when Canadian editors are compared with their brethren in America and England, "the average of intelligence and insight—if we may be pardoned for saying so—is considerably higher." He would, indeed, be a morose critic who would grudge pardon to so delightfully *naïve* a remark, especially when he contemplates the forty portraits of editors, whose modesty, we are told, the editor of the magazine found it "a huge task" to overcome. If we must to some extent discount these genial utterances, it is

certainly matter for congratulation that, in the two great countries formed by the expansion of England—Australasia and Canada—journalism of the highest class, trustworthy and broad in outlook, should have flourished abundantly. It is, perhaps, the most hopeful earnest of a true Imperial Literature.

The tradition of Latin quotation is, as a correspondent points out elsewhere, preserved in the scholarly "Blackwood," which, however, does not, in its February issue, avoid one very familiar misquotation. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman said, a week or two ago, that "one is not allowed in these days to quote even the least recondite piece of Latin." With that apology for the obscurity of a learned language, the Liberal leader risked the quotation, "mutato nomine de te fabula narratur"; and a little while afterwards Mr. Asquith, a Balliol scholar, without any apology at all, boldly ventured upon "solvitur ambulando." No one but a second Mr. Gladstone will, as he did in the Bradlaugh debate, ever again quote six consecutive lines of Lucretius to the House of Commons, and no one but he was capable of so great an implied compliment to its culture.

It was not a really apt quotation—it was not necessary to quote Lucretius at length to illustrate the agnosticism of the present day—nor can it compare for an instant with Pitt's famous reference, in the slavery debate, to the morning sun shining through the windows of the House. The quotation proper should be terse, surprisingly apt, and not too familiar even to scholars. All others in common use have practically lost all connexion with their context and their original, and are no longer quotations. The only matter for scholars is to prevent an uncultured generation from misusing them. We remember a worthy city man describing some trucks which got loose at a railway station and ran down an incline. "Down they went!" said he, "*Ipse dixit!* Right down the hill!" Even the House of Commons, if it quotes no longer, would not allow its members to misquote.

Reviews.

A History of the Colonization of Africa by Alien Races. By Sir Harry H. Johnston, K.C.B. With 8 Maps by the Author and J. G. Bartholomew. 7½ x 5 in., xii. + 319 pp. Cambridge, 1899. University Press. 6/-

Sir Harry Johnston has an unusually wide experience of Africa. As Consul in the Oil Rivers, as Commissioner of British Central Africa, and now as Consul-General at Tunis, his official work has brought him into touch with widely-varied types of the African; and his explorations in the country of the Great Lakes have qualified him to write at first hand upon the less-known parts of that continent. What is more, he has naturally a picturesque touch. But he has so conceived his subject that the book, although valuable as a work of reference, will hardly take a high place as literature. It summarizes like an official *précis*, and subtracts from all narrative the details that give life and colour. With the utmost desire not to disparage a man who has done so much valuable work, we cannot say that this book is likely to attract general readers. Sheer curiosity carries us through the first chapter, which describes the movements of coloured races in the conquest of Africa, and indicates the source and diffusion of the great Bantu stock; for this is a fascinating subject of which very little is known. The same may be said of the chapter devoted to the early Portuguese settlement and the con-

versions effected by them on the Congo in the sixteenth century. But little remains in the mind except a confused string of names and dates. No relief is given to the more important facts and nowhere is there any attempt to show the effect produced by colonization on the natives.

The one really interesting thing that emerges from the narrative is the fact that European influence may be traced in many parts of Africa where white men are practically or absolutely unknown, by the presence of crops which they imported—for instance, maize, yams, and tobacco. The Portuguese appear to have been in this respect the greatest benefactors. Sir Harry Johnston makes an ingenious point when he suggests that the intimate acquaintance with Mahomedans gained during the Moorish occupation of the peninsula and the surviving familiarity with Arabic were of great assistance to the Portuguese in their dealings with the African. We note, also, that his estimate of the value of the present Portuguese possessions in Africa is high, and in short that he is in no way disposed to speak contemptuously of this race, who are our neighbours on the East Coast, and who might have been our allies on the Congo. Nor does he fall into the common error of undervaluing the Germans as colonists; perhaps for the excellent reason that he has worked with them and beside them in Central Africa. They have set themselves to learn their business with their usual thoroughness, and they are learning it; new and cleanly streets are springing up fast in the towns under their rule; and on the long roll of African explorers many of the greatest names are German.

The best feature in the book is the judgment shown in the supply of maps. No attempt has been made at detailed cartography, and to follow the history a good atlas is indispensable; but several charts illustrate in the most admirable way general principles; one, for instance, shows the diffusion of Mahomedanism, another marks the main slave trade centres and routes, and the most interesting of all indicates the "colonizability of Africa" by painting the map in different colours; the conclusion to be drawn from which is that we hold an immense proportion of the relatively small part of Africa available for European settlement. These maps are the most suggestive things in a useful but not, on the whole, suggestive book.

Roman Canon Law in the Church of England. Six Essays by **Frederic William Maitland**. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ in., viii. + 184 pp. London, 1898. Methuen. 7/6

Professor Maitland has embarked on a bold adventure: nothing less than to upset the conclusion of a learned and reverend Royal Commission on a subject supposed to be specially within their competence. In 1883 the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission stated, as matter of historical fact (and on this matter no dissenting opinion is recorded), that, even before the Reformation "the canon law of Rome, although always regarded as of great authority in England, was not held to be binding on the [English ecclesiastical] courts."

Was this really so? Professor Maitland, as a secular lawyer having neither Roman, Anglican, nor any other ecclesiastical or even anti-ecclesiastical interest to serve, holds an inquest and brings the witnesses before us. He examines Lyndwood, known even to common lawyers as the foremost of English canonists, and representing the developed law of the late medieval English Church in the fifteenth century. He examines William of Drogheda, a respectable though less famous Oxford canonist of the thirteenth century, not only a learned man but a keen

practitioner. He follows the lines of medieval controversy and compromise between Church and State, noting what were the effective arguments on either side. He considers the legal theory of punishing obstinate heretics, and the exact point in dispute between Henry II. and Becket as to the functions of spiritual and secular jurisdiction. As he does this, we become aware of a cumulative body of reasons not merely throwing doubt on the statement of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission, but showing that it is directly contrary to the evidence. If Professor Maitland is right, the supposed independence of the English National Church before the Reformation is no better than a post-Reformation Anglican legend. At present we do not see where or how his argument can be proved wrong.

It is common knowledge that English Kings and Parliaments interfered, over and over again, with the enforcement in England of the law of the Church, or what that law was alleged to be by its official representatives, on the ground that the spiritual authorities, judicial or administrative, were exceeding their due bounds, "putting their sickle into another man's crop," as was currently said. But that is not the question. The point is whether English ecclesiastical authority, within the sphere left free to it, and apart from controversies with secular powers, ever claimed an inherent discretion to refuse obedience to the legislative or judicial authority of the Pope. What Professor Maitland finds is that no such discretion is even hinted at by English canonists, that no King ever asserted it against a Pope, or attempted to get it exercised by the English Bishops (though this would have been an obvious way out of many difficulties), that there is no trace of its exercise in fact; in short, that nobody ever heard of it before the days of Anglican apologetic literature. The Pope's constitutions are treated without hesitation by canonists in England as they are treated in Germany or Italy, that is, as binding law, the law of the Church universal. As the Roman Emperor was the supreme judge and legislator in the empire, so is the Pope in the Church. Nay, more; the Pope has a direct and immediate jurisdiction everywhere as "universal ordinary." He can, and does, appoint his judges delegate, if he thinks fit, to hear an ecclesiastical cause in the first instance, thereby superseding the local court. William of Drogheda will advise us to get a papal mandate of this kind, if we have a cause of any importance. It costs time and money to begin with, but it is cheaper in the end than the regular course of procedure, with an ultimate appeal to Rome in the background; and we may get better judges—absolutely or from our own point of view—than the local ordinary would be. What law, then, will papal delegates, appointed to sit in England, administer? A particularist English law, "received" by English clerics who claim a right not to receive decrees and constitutions of the Holy See which may mislike them? Hardly. Such a thing is credible only to that sort of modern Anglicans who have forgotten that Rome has discipline as well as doctrine.

William Lyndwood, again, knows nothing of any reservations or exceptions to the Pope's authority. Not only the Pope but the legate is the archbishop's superior; it savours of impertinence even for the archbishop to order that a legate's constitutions shall be observed, unless it is a mere "executive precept" by way of reminder. The Ecclesiastical Courts Commission called this a ratification supplying "the sanction of the National Church." Lyndwood very distinctly did not. The laws and the law-books to which Lyndwood refers as authoritative are not peculiarly English, and often are not English at all. Lyndwood, in his own official proceedings, followed the forms and

practice of the Roman Court. The learned and reverend Commissioners' position would have appeared to him a very serious heresy. Clerks, and sometimes Bishops, might grumble at the Pope's mandates; but it was as the subaltern grumbles against the superior's discretion, not as men who claim independence protest against usurpation.

It is really quite consistent with all this that claims of the Church against the State for immunity from secular jurisdiction, and the like, may be found now and again outstanding in a kind of limbo. They are like the claims of Spain in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to universal dominion in the New World. The Church cannot enforce them, and will not openly withdraw them, and the Pope winks at the non-observance of points which he knows it would be disastrous to insist on. Some things are, strictly speaking, encroachments on the clergy's rights, but *per patientiam tolerantur*; and so we have constitutions—provincial constitutions at any rate—which *in paucis servantur*, and do not enter into a practising canonist's consideration. Submission to the *de facto* power of the King's secular judges may not have been always unwilling. Probably many of the English clergy had come even in the thirteenth century to think the King's yoke lighter than the Pope's. But the submission was nevertheless made with saving clauses and protests. There could be no overt supporting of the Crown against the Holy See. Bishops might think, and in extreme cases even say, that a Pope was abusing his canonical right to dispose of English benefices; they could not deny the right or take part in the secular legislation prohibiting its exercise in England. This or that Pope may be a bad shepherd, but the sheep are his from any orthodox canonical point of view.

There is another topic on which Mr. Maitland lays no stress, and which probably was of no great importance in practice: but it is relevant as far it goes, and may help to account for later misunderstanding. It is a familiar principle of Roman law that even express decrees of a supreme legislator may lose their validity by disuse. "Desuetude" is a known term in Scots law since civilian theories and terminology have been accepted in Scotland. The Common Law, and therefore the average educated Englishman, does not know it. A medieval canonist might perfectly well discuss the question whether a particular canon had become of none effect by "desuetude" in a particular local jurisdiction, without in any degree disputing the original authority to make and publish it, or justifying the original disobedience. A modern Englishman can easily confound this with the quite different position of maintaining that the rule in question could at no time claim to be obeyed in this country. However, the examples commonly adduced in support of Anglican particularism are mostly examples of the temporal power restraining the application of ecclesiastical law and dealing with the matter in its own way, which, as already said, is nothing to the purpose.

Mr. Maitland's essay on "Henry II. and the Criminous Clerks" is not without bearing on his general thesis, but stands apart and has its own interest. He does not admit the current view that Henry II. wanted to take into his own hands the whole trial and punishment of clerks who committed felonies. According to Mr. Maitland, what Henry II. really offered the Bishops was this: "A clerk charged with crime must plead in my Court so that we may know what he is charged with, and whether he defends himself. Then you can take him and try him in your own Court; but I must be free to watch the proceedings, otherwise there might be collusion and even

escapes. If he is condemned, you will degrade him and send him back to the lay Court, no longer a clerk, but a common felon deserving the rigour of the law; and we shall know what to do with him." For this position there was plausible authority, while that which is commonly attributed to the King would have been outrageous, and not only English Bishops but the Pope would have been bound to resist it to the utmost.

THE LITERATURE OF JAPAN.

A History of Japanese Literature. By W. G. Aston, C.M.G., D.Lit. 8×5½ in., 402 pp. London, 1890.

Heinemann. 6/-

[By SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.]

In this contribution to the series of "Short Histories of the Literatures of the World" something much more has been accomplished than to augment and enrich an interesting collection. Justice has been done for the first time to the neglected or, rather, never yet comprehended subject of the prose and verse of Japan. The arts, manufactures, and industries of that wonderful and gifted country have received ample attention, but no one hitherto has had the courage and the competency combined to deal comprehensively with her literature. In saying this I am not forgetting the admirable labours towards that end of Mr. Basil Chamberlain, Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, and others. But such high authorities would be the first to agree that nothing hitherto existed out of the vernacular which could help the inquirer to survey Japanese letters from their ancient origins to the present time, so as accurately to inform intelligent minds ignorant of the language, or to assist those who know something of Dai Nippon and her ways and speech, towards formulating and harmonizing their knowledge. This is what Mr. Aston has here effected, in a volume of unique erudition, wide research, clear discrimination, and excellent design; while, by such an achievement, he has wrought a memorable service not only to those interested in Japan and Japanese studies, but to the world of letters at large, in the midst of which he now gives to her literature an intelligible, established, and, as I think, a very honourable place.

Forty years ago, be it remembered, no Englishman and very few Continental scholars had so much as read a Japanese book. Those who have read any will know how well justified Mr. Aston is in dwelling on the difficulties of translating and representing them. Few or none among such could be better qualified than the author, whose ample acquaintance with the language, evinced by many useful works, has been supplemented by long residence in the land, part of the time in a high diplomatic station. Frankly, it is possible for no man—except, perhaps, Mr. Lafcadio Hearn—perfectly to transfer the subtle characteristics of Japanese poetry into another tongue; and you must learn enough Japanese to understand *Tanka* or *Uta* if you will catch its inner charm, its evanescent fragrance, its native grace. The next best thing is to read carefully as good a work as this, which will, in the first place, astonish many a reader by showing him how far-dating, various, rich, and special Japanese literature has been, and how well worth study it is for the sake of what it contains, and yet more for what it is likely to develop into in the future.

The oldest relics of genuine native verse are the *Kojiki* and *Nihongi*. The Shinto liturgy, called *Norito*, is mainly in prose. Mr. Aston rejects the inordinate antiquity ascribed to some of these, and thinks the *Kojiki* may at farthest belong to the sixth or seventh century of our era. It is the archaeologist rather than the literary man who will linger over these questions. One is sufficiently reminded of the vast background which exists to "Things Japanese" when one finds a well-marked literary period beginning at Nara A.D. 710. The Mikado lived there then. He entertained *Kataribe* or reciters, from whose rhapsodies, probably, the *Kojiki* itself was compiled, written in a motley of Chinese and Japanese. But that same Nara Age did better than collect or re-edit the *Kojiki*, which is dull stuff of the Oasianic type. It really originated or vivified true Japanese poetry, which never had any love or

taste for epics or long didactic, historical, or philosophical productions. It is essentially lyrical—and lyrical in its own swift, brief, impressionist way; so that the genius of the land may be said to live in those *tanka*, *uta*, and *naga-uta*, of which an anthology was made in the ninth century, called *Manyōshū*, or “Collection of a Thousand Leaves.” There are really 4,000 separate pieces, the vast majority being little poems of thirty-one syllables each, and generally of five lines, and these are still the classic standard, the unchanging canon for the best Japanese poetry. The Western critic will smile at the upbuilding a national school upon sparkles of verselets of five lines alternating from five to seven syllables. But, as has been said, the quick fancy of Japan dislikes prolixity, and many of these *Tanka* say in a breath more than could be said by dull wits in a thousand. Next, bear in mind that practically you cannot rhyme in pure Japanese. In Chinese you can, but every word in Japanese ends with a vowel, and there are thus but five rhymes to be had, which means monotony. Happily, the Nara Court, and the influences which succeeded, restricted the Japanese muse to the employment of pure Japanese words in verse. These little *tanka* and *uta*, therefore, saved the language, which in prose and colloquy was already threatened with being swamped by Chinese vocables and phrases. Moreover, there is no quantity and no accent in Japanese—all syllables are equally pronounced—so that the laws of Western verse could find no footing. Briefly, the exquisite, delicate, suggestive *Tanka* resulted from the literary conditions, and has survived till now, and will survive, for the present Mikado gives splendid prizes yearly for the same thing which was in vogue at Nara in King Alfred's time, and the verse jewels of the *Manyōshū*, *Kokinshū*, and *Hakuninshū* are still nationally universal favourites and models. Well has Mr. Aston written:—

It may be thought that in the compass of thirty-one syllables and with the other limitations to which the poet in Japan is subject, nothing of much value can be the result. This, however, is far from being the case. Although no great qualities can be claimed for the *Tanka*, it must be admitted that the Japanese poets have made the most of their slender resources. It is wonderful what felicity of phrase, melody of versification, and true sentiment can be compressed within these narrow limits. In their way nothing can be more perfect than some of these little poems. They remind us of those tiny carvings known to us as Netsuke, in which exquisite skill of workmanship is displayed in fashioning figures an inch or two in height, or of those sketches where the Japanese artist has managed to produce a truly admirable effect by a few dexterous strokes of the brush.

Both these comparisons are just, because, while some of these poemlets have been carved out of cold fancy with all the pains and patience of the ivory cutter, others, as you can feel and see, have sprung into being like those wonderful sketches which Hokusai and the great impressionists would dash upon paper with one or two brushes full of Indian ink. In the *tanka*, as in the sketches and *Kakemono*, there is oftentimes the same instant and magical mastery of line. The curve of bamboo leaf, of stork's wing, or of fishes' fleeting silver falls into fact as it had to fall—and so the word, the fancy, the image flashes into its place in these charming miniatures of song.

Mr. Aston will also tell the astonished student of so strangely new, though antique, art, all about “pillow words” and “pivot words.” These are embellishments and graces—not indispensable, but greatly admired—of the *tanka*; strange devices to make them handier, and more capricious. Very good examples, cleverly interpreted, will be found in this volume, which is indeed wisely rich in extracts. Mr. Aston gives abundant illustrations of the all-pervading poemlet of which I am speaking. I myself will, by way of variety, adduce one written by the hand of her Majesty the present Empress, which I am so happy as to possess:—

Yoshino-yama
Mine no Kasumi wa
Tachi nagara
Kawakami tooki
Chidori naku nari

There you have a *tanka*, the model and standard of Japanese poetry, and you must set it down to my incompetence, not to her

Imperial Majesty's taste and skill, if this be the most and best my Western pen can make of its grace:—

From the crest of Yoshino.
When the mist lifts, far below,
Along the stream
Is heard the scream
Of plovers crying ho-ho-ho!

It is a notable fact, as mentioned by the author,

That a very large and important part of the best literature which Japan has produced was written by women. A good share of the Nara poetry is of feminine authorship. In the Heian period the women took a still more conspicuous part in maintaining the honour of the native literature. The two greatest works which have come down to us from this time are both by women. This was, no doubt, partly due to the absorption of the masculine intellect in Chinese studies, and to the contempt of the stronger sex for such frivolous pursuits as the writing of poetry and romances. But there was still a more effective cause. The position of women in ancient Japan was very different from what it afterwards became when Chinese ideas were in the ascendant. The Japanese of this early period did not share the feeling common to most Eastern countries, that women should be kept in subjection, and, as far as possible, in seclusion. Feminine chieftains are frequently mentioned in the old histories, and several even of the Mikados were women. Many instances might be quoted of Japanese women exercising an influence and maintaining an independence of conduct quite at variance with our preconceived notions of the position of women in the East. It is this which gives their literary work an air of freedom and originality which it would be vain to expect in the writings of inmates of a harem; and the fact that the Heian literature was largely the work of women no doubt accounts partly for its gentle, domestic character.

It is quite impossible, of course, to follow Mr. Aston through-out his lucid and serviceable review of the course of Japanese literature from these earlier periods downwards. With a marvellous knowledge and insight the learned author introduces his reader to the vast school of fiction in prose and verse known as the *Monogatari*, takes him through the “pillow-stories,” *Makura-Zōshi*, the beginnings of serious history in the *Yeiwa* and *O-Kagami* and the Kamakura period of letters, which ended in A.D. 1332. From this to A.D. 1633 was a Dark Age comparatively for Japan, relieved by *Kenko-Boshi's* remarkable *Tsurezure-gusa*, which Mr. Aston well appreciates, and the *No*, or lyrical drama. Then from A.D. 1603 to A.D. 1867 followed that great epoch of the Tokugawa Shogunate, when Japan, apart from the world, revelled in an age of Florentine grace and culture, nursing her genius and her strength for the *Meiji*, the marvellous revival, and her open entry into the list of powerful civilized States. Countless are the passages of interest in this portion of the author's admirable labour, and he shows how the *Haikai* rose to favour, to abbreviate even the *Tanka*, and to let in sometimes illicit Chinese words. Here is a well-known *haikai*:—

Asagao
Tsurube torarete,
Morai-mizu!

Literally, “Having had my well-bucket taken away by the convolvuli—gift-water!” The meaning is this: “The poetess Chiyo, having gone to her well one morning to draw water, found that some tendrils of the *Asagao*, the morning-glory, had twined themselves around the rope. As a poetess and a woman of taste she could not bring herself to disturb the dainty blossoms. So, leaving her own well to the convolvuli, she went and begged water of a neighbour. A pretty little vignette, all expressed in five words.”

Then we come down to recent days, and find historical novels, romantic novels, and ample works of fiction, with names great and famous throughout Dai Nippon, though unknown here, such as Kiōden, Tanehiko, and especially Bakin. Nine out of ten Japanese would style Bakin their most gifted modern writer. In 1805 he published his masterpiece, “*Yumibari-Tsuki*” (“The Bend of the New Moon's Bow”), albeit his “*Hakkenden*,” a Story of the Eight Dogs, is more read; but people of nice taste must not peruse Ikku's “*Hizakurige*,” which means “Knee of Chestnut Horse.”

Readers of Mr. Aston's excellent work must learn for them-

selves how about 1879 Western literature began to creep into the Japanese book shops by translations, Lord Lytton's "Ernest Maltravers," being, oddly enough, the first so to appear. Newspapers have arisen and spread afar, and literature of all kinds is more than ever flourishing. A new style of poetry is growing up, rather on the type of the *Naga-uta*, and we are glad to conclude with the subjoined hopeful words from Mr. Aston :—

The conditions of the present day are more favourable than those of any previous time to the production of good poetry in Japan. The ordinary language, by the more thorough assimilation of its Chinese element, has gained considerably in fitness for poetical purposes, and its phonetic capabilities are now appreciably greater than in the time of the *Manyōshū*. Still more important considerations are the great stimulus which the national life has received from the introduction of European ideas, and the attention which has been recently directed to the poetry of Europe, especially of England. The credit of being the first to recognize the advantages which the Japanese poet might derive from a study of European models belongs to Toyama Masakazu, a Professor of the Imperial University, Yatabe Riōkichi and Inuye Tetsujirō, whose joint publication, entitled *Shintaishisho*; or, Poetry in a New Form, marks a new epoch in Japanese verse.

Sufficient, however, has been said to prove how large is the subject, how vast the field, how full of novelty and artistic wealth are the products of the Literature of Japan, which will assuredly owe to Mr. Aston its first formal and adequate introduction to the good opinion and respectful attention of the West. At the same time, I cannot myself believe that the *tanka*, that dainty jewel in the hair of the Muse of Japan, will ever be discarded while the *Samisen* is still struck with ivory *bachi*, and while cherry blossoms deck the spring with rose and silver in that lovely and gentle land. But the chief change for the popular literature of Japan will come on the day when she is wise enough to discard the cumbrous Chinese character of the *Honji* and its corrupt derivatives *Hira-gana* and *Katakana* the *Romaji*, the romanized type common to the West. That will release the childhood of Japan from the ten years drudgery of learning only some few of the Chinese ideographs, and will open a whole new world of books to the Japanese student. Something will be lost, of course. A *tanka* written in "Roman" misses the charm of the graceful script which flows like frost crystals from the brush of the Japanese lover or poet. But the gain of the change would be prodigious, and the educational authorities of the land ought to lose no time in recommending and facilitating this immense and indispensable reform.

GREEK PAPYRI.

The study of Palæography is, like golf, a pursuit which to the uninitiated seems to offer very little in the way of entertainment, but which repays its devotees a thousandfold. Just as the pedigree hunter, immersed in musty parchments and spending laborious days in deciphering obscure and remote documents, yet knows something of the zest of the chase as he closes in upon his quarry, so the palæographer enjoys in his favourite occupation that mixture of chance and skill, that alternation of baffling failure and sudden unexpected success which is the essence of true sport. The ardour of pursuit is keenest in the actual work of discovery. The lucky adventurer who first strikes gold in a new country knows no such glow of triumph as the explorer who lights upon a "find" of real importance buried in a heap of rubbish or wrapped round a mummy on the site of some ancient city in the heart of Egypt—some sample of an hitherto unknown classical author, as the orations of Hyperides; or some work supposed to be irretrievably lost, like the Odes of Bacchylides. But the student who stays at home can be an explorer, too. He finds himself under entirely different conditions from those under which he worked fifty, nay twenty, years ago. He need no longer travel abroad to inspect the documents which his more adventurous brethren have unearthed, for photography can now lay upon his desk the treasures stored in the libraries of Vienna, Berlin, Paris, or London. And he is

living at a period when the revelation of new papyri is proceeding with startling and unexampled rapidity.

The first discovery of Greek papyri was made at Herculaneum in 1752. Some years later a great mass of them were discovered by natives in Egypt and offered to a dealer. He purchased one out of curiosity and all the rest were burned by the natives, who enjoyed the smell which the flames extracted from them. From 1820 to 1856 discoveries were made from time to time, including some parts of the Iliad and the first instalment of the new Hyperides. In 1877 a new era began, which is now at its height, with the opening up of the Fayyum, followed by the wonderful acquisitions made by Mr. Flinders Petrie in 1889-90. A number of mummy cases which he found at Gurob proved to be encased in a kind of *papier-mâché*, consisting of papyri coated over with plaster. The documents were evidently taken at random from a rubbish heap, torn and pasted together, and plastered over just as they came, to make a covering for the mummy. This apparently unpromising material, after it had passed through the hands of Professor Mahaffy, forms practically the starting-point of scientific palæography. Since then almost every year has been abundantly fruitful, and we hardly yet know the full value of the rich harvest gleaned by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt in the winter of 1896 at Oxyrhynchus. With some of the recent discoveries, such as Aristotle's Constitution of Athens, the Odes of Bacchylides, and the Logia of our Lord, the public are familiar, but these are only the more striking discoveries among a vast number of others, all of them of great interest and importance.

Mr. F. G. Kenyon's new book, *THE PALÆOGRAPHY OF GREEK PAPYRI* (Clarendon Press, 10s. 6d.), is an attempt to formulate and classify the new material. It cannot, on the one hand, pretend to any finality, for new evidence is continually pouring in; nor, on the other hand, does it for many purposes displace such a work as Sir E. Maunde Thompson's "Handbook of Greek and Latin Palæography." That book, with its wealth of illustration from Greek and Latin writers, and its popular exposition of the methods of papyrus writing, and of the contents of the more important documents, remains the chief source of instruction for those who begin to investigate the subject. But even during the few years which have passed since its publication so much has happened that it is no longer a complete statement of the *data* of the science, and its conclusions in some cases need revision. Mr. Kenyon has chosen a narrower subject and goes into it much more closely. He does not touch the vast subject of vellum writing, which was largely used at least as early as the second century of our era, and gradually displaced the papyrus. He is concerned with Greek papyri only, and may be said to be the first to attempt to formulate with scientific accuracy the laws of their interpretation on the basis of the evidence now available. The period covered by papyrus writing is about a thousand years, from the beginning of the third century before Christ to the Arab conquest of Egypt in 640, and it falls into three distinct divisions, in each of which the writing shows definite characteristics—the Ptolemaic, during which Egypt was governed by the Ptolemies, the Roman, after the conquest of Egypt by Augustus, and the Byzantine, from the time of Diocletian to the Arab conquest. Since Sir E. Maunde Thompson wrote his handbook, some gaps in the continuous history of papyrus writing have been filled up, and in particular much additional evidence has been forthcoming as to the first century B.C., and the transition from Ptolemaic to Roman writing.

Almost the whole body of papyri hitherto recovered comes from Egypt. The papyri found at Herculaneum in the last century form an exception, and Mr. Kenyon discusses a question, which previous writers have, we think, passed over, as to the connexion between Greek writing in Egypt and elsewhere. His conclusion is that the distinction between contemporary Greek papyrus writing in different countries is not likely to be, and, so far as the evidence goes, is not, greater than the distinction to be found between medieval Latin MSS. transcribed in different countries at the same date. He is prepared, there-

fore, to use the *Herculaneum papyri* as a help to the classification of those found in Egypt, and fortunately the date of the former can be fixed with some accuracy. The main problem which engages the palæographer in dealing with the mass of material now before him is, of course, the assignment of dates. The documents which chance has preserved for us in one corner of the world do not contribute much to our knowledge of history. The bulk of them consist partly of writings of a literary, scientific, or theological character, partly of notes, accounts, and other documents bearing on official or personal life. To the former it is clearly of the greatest importance that a date should be assigned; and the latter are often of great service in assigning it. It is true that these two classes, the literary and the non-literary, are not, as a rule, written alike; the one represents the careful book hand, the other the casual writing of common people. But there are certain broad similarities between them; and the non-literary papyri, which are many of them business documents, have the especial advantage of being generally dated. Moreover, a knowledge of the non-literary writings is indispensable in the case of papyri written on both sides. Here again, Mr. Kenyon gives the completest and most accurate statement of the rule the palæographer must follow. The papyrus consists of two layers of fibres placed at right angles to each other. The side intended for writing is, of course, that in which the fibres run horizontally (the *recto*). Speaking generally, when writing appears on the other side (the *verso*), it is almost certainly later than the writing on the *recto*, and if one of them is a non-literary writing, of which we know the date, it goes far to settle, approximately, the date of the other. It is not often that the date of a papyrus can be settled by external evidence as in the case of Pap. CCCLIV. in the British Museum—a petition addressed to a certain Prefect of Egypt, whose date we know from other sources. An instance like this forms a starting-point for induction. It at once fixes approximately the date of the earliest extant copy of part of the *Odyssey* which closely resembles it in character, and guides us in fixing the date of many others. The form of the letters and the style of writing employed are the chief factors in solving the question of date, but there are many things which complicate the reasoning, such as the use of archaic letters—like those used in inscriptions (epigraphic)—by an uneducated person, like the writer of the well-known “Curse of Artemisia,” at Vienna, which, we now know, by other evidence, to have been written long after trained scribes wrote freely and easily upon papyrus.

Through the maze of problems such as these Mr. Kenyon is a very exact guide. He gives us many photographic reproductions of papyri of different periods, with a full account of their characteristics, and draws clearly but cautiously the conclusions which the present state of our knowledge seems to justify. A catalogue of literary papyri is given in an appendix. The book is one which the student who keeps in touch with contemporary palæographic research urgently needed, and its author's sound scholarship renders it in every way worthy to meet the want.

THREE BOOKS ON THE FAR EAST.

The Philippine Islands and Their People. By Dean C. Worcester. 9½ × 6½ in., xix. + 529 pp. London and New York, 1898. Macmillan. 15/-

The New Far East. By Arthur Diósy. Illustrated by Hubota Bersen. 8½ × 5½ in., xvi. + 374 pp. London, 1898. Cassell. 16/-

China in Decay. A Handbook to the Far Eastern Question. By Alexis Krausse. 9 × 5½ in., ix. + 400 pp. London, 1898. Chapman & Hall. 12/-

Of these three volumes the first deserves far the most serious notice. Long before any one ever dreamt of seeing the Stars and Stripes float over the Philippine Islands, Professor Worcester, of the University of Michigan, spent several years in exploring the archipelago in the cause of science. His special

branch of study was zoology, and between 1887 and 1893 he and his friends visited the whole of the archipelago, “remaining in each island long enough to get a fairly representative collection of its birds and mammals.” Being at the same time a shrewd and intelligent observer, he improved his opportunities to lay in a large store of information with regard to the habits and customs of the people and the general resources of the country. “At that time,” he remarks, “nothing could have seemed to us more improbable than that the information which we were gathering would ever be of use to our Government or of interest to the general public.” Since then, much has happened, and while one of the party, Dr. Bourns, has been assigned to duty on the staff of the American Commander-in-Chief, Professor Worcester has written for the benefit of his fellow-countrymen and of all those interested in the Far East the story of their sojourn in the islands—a story which forms a very valuable contribution to the world's knowledge of the Philippines.

Professor Worcester carefully eschews politics, though his sagacious and temperate remarks as to the relations of the future rulers of the Philippines with the Church which has been the real ruler of the islands up till now show that he is fully alive to the gravity of the political problems to be solved. The historical retrospect with which he opens has been chiefly borrowed, as he himself frankly states, from Mr. Foreman's excellent book, “The Philippine Islands.” But what he has to say with regard to the rebellion of 1896 is worth quoting, as it was that rebellion which, in a great measure, prepared the way for the recent operations of the American forces:—

I, for one, was not surprised when the news came that several provinces were in rebellion, for during the years 1890-1893, while travelling in the archipelago, I everywhere heard the mutterings that go before a storm. It was the old story; compulsory military service; taxes too heavy to be borne, and imprisonment or deportation with confiscation of property for those who could not pay them; no justice except for those who could afford to buy it; cruel extortion by the friars in the more secluded districts; wives and daughters ruined; the marriage ceremony too costly a luxury for the poor; the dead refused burial without payment of a substantial sum in advance; no opportunity for education; little encouragement for industry and economy, since to acquire wealth meant to become a target for officials and friars alike; these and a hundred other wrongs had goaded natives and half-castes until they were stung to desperation.

His judgment carries all the more weight in that he shows himself singularly free from any personal animus against the Spaniards and takes pleasure in recording the many instances of kindness and friendly assistance rendered to him and his party by Spanish officials as well as residents, though it is quite clear that, had he been so disposed, there were many incidents of a less agreeable nature upon which he might have laid more stress. It is eminently characteristic of the old *régime* in the Philippine Islands that when the American explorers first arrived there, armed with letters of recommendation to the notorious General Weyler, who was then Governor-General at Manila, they were advised, and, as the event showed, rightly advised, to appeal from his Excellency's *non possumus* to the good offices of the Archbishop!

Of the immense natural resources with which the archipelago teems Professor Worcester gives in an appendix a detailed enumeration, which is long and varied enough in all conscience to stimulate the enterprise of his fellow-countrymen. But he is by no means inclined to minimize the difficulties that lie before them. According to the Spaniards, *seis meses de polvo, seis meses de lodo, seis meses de todo* make up the Philippine year, and though not all equally unhealthy the rotation of the seasons seems only to produce a rotation of dangers to the white man's constitution:—

Briefly stated, the facts are as follows:—If one is permanently situated in a good locality, where he can secure suitable food and good drinking water; if he is scrupulously careful as to his diet, avoids excesses of all kinds, keeps out of the sun in the middle of the day, and refrains from severe and long-continued physical exertion—he is likely to remain well, always supposing that he is fortunate enough to escape

malarial infection. I knew an old Spaniard who, at the end of a residence of thirty-nine years in the Philippines, was able to boast that he had not been ill a day. He had always been so situated that he could take care of himself, and had done it.

But how is it with the explorer, the engineer, the man who would fell timber, cultivate new ground, or in some other way develop the latent resources of the country? That, as Mr. Kipling so often remarks, is another story. It is likewise a very different story, and after travelling in the provinces for three-and-a-half years I think I may fairly claim to know it.

Another and, perhaps, more unexpected obstacle is the question of good and cheap labour. "The native is a philosopher. He works when obliged to and rests whenever he can get an opportunity. His wants are so few and nature has done so much for him that he finds it possible to rest much of the time." In fact, the native seems more likely to develop into a first-class fighting man than into a first-class labourer, though it must be, of course, rash to generalize with regard to a population of eight millions divided into eighty distinct tribes, each with its own peculiarities, and scattered over 1,200 islands, with a total area about equal to that of the whole of the West Indies. It is of the more savage and unknown tribes of the archipelago that Professor Worcester has most to tell, and his story must appeal as strongly to the lover of adventure and sport as to the student of ethnology. To the former we would recommend the account of how the American explorers tracked and at last killed and for the first time photographed in the flesh the half-mythical *timarau*, a small but fierce buffalo which abounds in Mindoro, but is apparently only to be found in the thickest jungle of an island significantly designated by the natives as the "white man's grave." Of the warlike tribes amongst whom they ventured the most picturesque perhaps are the Mahomedan Moros of Sulu. A young Sultan who rules, even though merely as a puppet, under so grandiloquent a title as that of Paduca Majasari Malauna Amiril Mauinin Sultan Harun Narrasid, must, in spite of the corrupt Arabic, inevitably bring up memories of the Thousand and One Nights, while the description of the Sultana, who was the real power in the land, vividly recalls that other masterful dowager who holds sway behind the pink walls of the Forbidden City at Peking:—

A Visayan girl by birth, she had been captured by the Moros, and brought to Sulu as a slave. Her beauty had attracted the reigning Sultan, who had fallen in love with her and made her his first wife. She seems not to have been very deeply enamoured of him, however. At all events, she is believed to have accelerated his departure from this life with a large dose of corrosive sublimate. She then married his successor, wearied of him in time, and he, too, died very suddenly. After Harun had been declared Sultan by the Spanish, she sent him an offer of marriage, but he replied that he could not think of accepting it, *as he wished to die a natural death*. She seemed to have a mania for poisoning people. By some means she learned that we had a stock of corrosive sublimate, and sent to beg some from us. She was a very bright woman, with a decided genius for organization and command, and she planned and carried out a great deal of mischief.

Of the many interesting facts and freaks of natural history with which these pages abound we have only space to quote the following. In the island of Luzon Professor Worcester ascended the still active volcano of Taal and climbed down on to the floor of the great crater:—

There we found something that surprised us greatly. A pair of wagtails had made a nest in a place where the ground was so hot one could hardly bear his hand on it. Instead of building the small, cup-shaped structure which is characteristic of the species, they had heaped up a great pile of dry grass, which must have been gathered outside of the volcano. They were flitting about quite unconcernedly, leaving their four eggs to be hatched by this natural incubator!

The hardships and dangers of all sorts which the professor and his companions encountered and surmounted were neither few nor inconsiderable, but he is evidently one of those who have "heard the East a-calling," and he succeeds without an effort in making the reader share his retrospective enjoyment of experiences which, as he mildly puts it, must often have been distinctly "unpleasant" at the time, but which were well worth

undergoing for the sake of the valuable harvest they have yielded to so observant a traveller.

"The New Far East" is too emotional a work to appeal to those who have not personally experienced the charm of Japan, and even those who have may be inclined to resent Mr. Diósy's extravagances of style and manner. He occasionally tries to temper the fervour of his panegyrics with judicious criticism, but he cannot unfortunately either praise or blame without a tendency to rant. He seems to have studied the social life of Koreans and Chinese as well as of Japanese, but, with a considerable show of learning and doubtless much real knowledge, his enthusiasm for Japan lacks the poetic insight of writers like Arthur Knapp or Lafcadio Hearn, and what he has to tell us of the other yellow races is but a pale reflection of Smith's "Chinese Characteristics" and of Mrs. Bishop's admirable work on Korea. His political views with regard to "The New Far East" are rather crudely formed and expressed, though sound enough on the whole. Like many better men, Mr. Diósy is apt to spoil his case by overstating it.

Mr. Alexis Krausse does not appear to have any special qualifications for the task he has undertaken. We doubt even whether he has carefully perused the long list of authorities which he enumerates in "Appendix B." Still, in the earlier chapters of "China in Decay"—i.e., so long as he can draw upon reliable "authorities" for compiling his record of Chinese foreign relations—he is fairly accurate and readable. But when he approaches the more recent phases of the Far Eastern question, and is thrown upon such materials as he can collect from magazine and newspaper literature, the result is not merely superficial and commonplace but absolutely inadequate. For instance, in the chapter entitled "The German Record" no mention whatever is made of Germany's share in the two Anglo-German loans of 1896 and 1898. As Mr. Krausse is equally silent with regard to the Franco-Russian loan of 1895 and altogether ignores the financial situation of the Chinese Empire, he has clearly failed to appreciate one of the most important factors in the international struggle of which Peking has been the centre during the last four years. The Franco-Chinese Convention, concluded at Peking on June 20, 1895, in defiance of British rights and protests, was the first public and visible sign that the days of our unchallenged preponderancy had passed away, yet Mr. Krausse barely alludes to it and does not even take the trouble to look up its exact date for his table of chronological "landmarks." Nor is he always careful to be consistent in the statements which he has compiled from his "authorities." Chang-Chi-Tung figures in one chapter as "an avowed opponent of the English idea," which, if it means anything, means that he is an adversary of progress and reform, whilst in another he is quoted as a type of the few progressive officials "who exhibit a marked desire to introduce foreign ideas into the Chinese arena," and is stated to "have benefited by a Western education"! As a matter of fact, Chang-Chi-Tung is an old conservative of rare personal integrity whose education has been purely Chinese, who hates the idea of foreign ascendancy of any kind in China, but nevertheless realizes the superiority of Western industry and science. Mr. Krausse must really study his "authorities" more carefully and intelligently before he can claim to write "a handbook to the Far Eastern Question."

FOR AUTHORS ONLY.

The Pen and the Book. By Sir Walter Besant. 7½ x 5 in., ix. + 347 pp. London, 1899. Burleigh. 6/-

The greater part of Sir Walter Besant's book deals with the sordid, or commercial, side of literature. This is a branch of the subject which the pugnacious have threshed out in our other columns. Here it is sufficient to glance at Sir Walter Besant's advice to aspirants on the literary side, which, to do him justice, he never confuses with the commercial side, of their vocation.

No one—or hardly any one—is better qualified to advise. Sir Walter Besant has been leader-writer, reviewer, historian,

biographer, editor, novelist, and dramatist : and *nilil tetigit quod non ornavit* is fairly applicable to his case. It remains to be seen whether any of his work is a *κρῆμα ἐς δει* ; but no one can deny him the title of a good all round man. And he is of those who hold by the old saying that, if a man glorifies his profession, his profession will glorify him. Old soldiers and old sailors may tell us that the service is going to the dogs ; doctors and lawyers may complain that their professions are overcrowded ; manufacturers may tremble at German competition ; and shopkeepers may lament over the cutting of prices by the stores. But there is no analogous pessimism to be detected in Sir Walter Besant. He loves the literary life for its own sake, whether money be made in it or not. He loves it the more because the man who succeeds in it may enjoy "as much social consideration as a Bishop." And he calls us all to it as eloquently, and as earnestly, as the evangelist invites the sinner to forsake the broad and follow the narrow way :—

Come [he writes] if you can : come if you dare. Don't think of making money—there are a thousand chances to one against it ; but if you gain that reasonable measure of success of which I have spoken, you may confidently look forward to leading a happy and a well-filled life : you may influence your generation for good : your mind will be always pleasantly occupied ; you will find the company good, the talk extremely cheerful, and the work always interesting.

That, as the Americans say, is so ; and we are not of those who blame Sir Walter Besant because, as the Americans also put it, he "gives the show away." The fear, expressed in some quarters, that his eloquence will induce all the readers to give up reading and become writers, to the detriment of the general "price per thousand" is not really grave or alarming. For the aspirant is warned that he must not hope to enter upon the calling without "preparation" ; and the preparation suggested for him is a good deal more formidable than that for any of the public examinations which deter the indolent. He must read many books—"he may read all" ; he is expected to "know" his Browning. He must attend lectures on Logic and Rhetoric. He must know the French language—"must have the power of reading and understanding it as well as his own." He must "find time for the study of Painting, of Music, and Statuary." He must "write something every day," particularly practising descriptions of sunsets and the like. He must take "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice" and read it through several times "to find out how it is planned." It is excellent advice—none the less commendable because to follow it involves hard labour. The indolent, we may be sure, will continue to prefer a clerkship, or a commission, or a curacy, or some other calling which, while it offers less delights than those which Sir Walter Besant sees in literature, imposes less penalties on those whose choice it is to let their minds lie fallow.

On the severe practical details of the craft Sir Walter Besant's advice is equally sound. There are, no doubt, those who need his elementary exhortation to "write only on one side of the paper" ; and there certainly are those who require to be warned not to send all their work to one editor, to get their manuscripts type-written, to study the class of articles which appear in the periodicals to which they wish to contribute, to sign their contributions as often as they can, not to sign away, on receipts, rights not conveyed by the original agreement, and not to imagine that a literary agent can work miracles. Take it for all in all, the book is the best manual for the literary beginner that we remember to have seen.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

The author of these MEMORIES OF OXFORD (Robinson, 2s. 6d.), M. Bardoux, son of a well-known French senator and man of letters, is becomingly modest in his claim on their behalf. In this bright and interesting little volume he does not pretend to have added any new facts or original remarks on the organization of the Universities. He simply wishes to "analyse the impressions produced on a young Frenchman by the life, studies, and

ideas of Oxford students." The fruits of his three months' residence among the undergraduates, whose amusements and whose labours (to some extent) M. Bardoux shared with diligent regularity, are introduced by a preface from the pen of Mrs. Woods, who does no more than justice to the quality of intelligent observation which the book conspicuously displays. But M. Bardoux possesses also the other and less common virtue of sound judgment and liberal breadth of view. He weighs the comparative merits of the French and English University systems with a judicial impartiality which is almost awe-inspiring in a critic, who, when the notes were written, was only in his twentieth year. On the whole, we gather that he prefers the educational methods of his own country, though his adverse criticisms of ours are only gently and considerately worded ; but that a comparison of the social life, the historical associations, and, generally speaking, the whole "atmosphere" of Oxford, with the surroundings and influence of a French University, inspires him with a feeling of envy. With the intellectual aspect of things he finds cause to be dissatisfied at a very early period of his visit. On May 6 he writes :—

While listening to the opening lecture of Mr. Dicey on Constitutional Law I was, for the first time, impressed with the fact that I was listening to a man of eminence. His venerable appearance, the clearness of his lecture, the warmth of his convictions, and the youthful fervour with which he spoke of liberty, completely charmed me. I am compelled to mention that there were scarcely ten students at the lecture of this remarkable man. This absence of intellectual curiosity came as a painful surprise to me. This is the first reservation I find myself obliged to make. Shall I have many others to mention ?

Not many, we are glad to say. A lecture on International Law in connexion with the war between China and Japan left him cold, and his studies in Political Economy failed to interest him. But he heard the Master of Balliol on Plato gladly, and he was much pleased with the debates at the Union. Indeed, the oratorical performance of a brilliant young undergraduate compatriot of his so impressed him, on one occasion, that he pronounced the whole evening to be "a triumph for French thought, resplendent with ideas and genius." He writes on the proctorial system with discretion, and gives an accurate account of the duties of the bull-dogs. If he had to deplore the lack of intellectual curiosity among the young men, he was rather overcome by the excessive intellectuality of Somerville Hall. The lady student who showed him over the building—

Hardly troubled to conceal the disdain my astonishment inspired. . . . As we went up a delightful staircase she asked me about the most famous French geometrician. I muttered the name of M. Poincaré, but acknowledged my ignorance. My guide's disdain became more marked. After showing me one or two rooms . . . she handed me over to the care of one of her friends, who hastened to speak to me about the chief manuscript of the "Chanson de Roland."

Here M. Bardoux fled ; but he lived, we are glad to find, to write a book which is excellently fresh and pleasant reading.

SOME NEW FRENCH BOOKS.

The second volume of the definitive edition of the MÉMOIRES D'OUTRE TOMBE, edited by M. Edmond Biré, has just appeared from the house of Garnier, and includes the period from January, 1792, to June, 1807, that is to say, from Chateaubriand's return to France, after his journey to America, up to his return from Jerusalem. This is the period also of his exile in England, of his campaign with the "Army of Condée," of his secretaryship in Rome. It is noteworthy that, just at this moment, when M. Brunetière is doing his best to resuscitate the seventeenth century standards of reason and conformity, there seems to be a growing admiration in France for Chateaubriand the romanticist, the colourist, the individualist. M. Biré has added in appendices a number of unpublished letters, and his notes are admirable.

Bulwer-Lytton's success in the "Last Days of Pompeii" has not deterred the author of "Ximénès," which was crowned by the French Academy, and of the one-act play, *Aristophane et Molière*, which was accepted by the company of the Comédie Française, from attempting presentation in French of the life of

the little city under the shadow of Vesuvius. In *LA DANSEUSE DE POMPEII* (Ollendorff) M. Jean Bertheroy has produced a beautiful piece of work, as richly coloured as the mural paintings of the city itself. He works, in fact, in the spirit of Alexandria, painting idylls, "little pictures," full of the sunlight of Magna Græcia, and recounting the loves of a professional *danseuse* of Pompeii and a sober, mystical youth of good family attached to the temple of Apollo. And there is a psychological truth exemplified in this pagan story; the boy, Hyacinthe, who has taken the Orphic vows, and meets on the slopes of Vesuvius, among the vineyards, the lithe, little Nonia, is tormented unto death by the struggle of his conscience between the physical love and the divine :—

Cette paix d'Apollon, cette sublime harmonie des accords célestes, l'âme inquiète du camille ne pouvait plus la contenir. La débauche, dont l'effleurement dès son enfance lui avait causé de si douloureux reploiemens d'âme, il en avait eu maintenant la révélation brutale; elle était entrée en lui par les yeux, par les narines; désormais jusqu'à la fin de ses jours il en subirait l'écoeurement; et il souhaitait de mourir pour échapper à ce grand dégoût qui lui était venu de toutes les choses terrestres.

The illustrations, by M. Gusman, almost spoil the book. They are unimportant, sometimes even vulgar, comments on pages where words of themselves evoke the true colours so triumphantly as to make the draughtsman's aid a piece of supererogation to be resented by readers of taste. The style has nothing of the simplicity of the French Academic product. The chill, archæologic air which characterises even the best efforts to recall the past of Greece and Rome is transformed here into the very warmth and illusion of life.

M. Fouillée, the psychologist of the French race, in his book on *LES ÉTUDES CLASSIQUES ET LA DÉMOCRATIE* (Colin, 3f.), vehemently criticises the present University system of education. The faults that he denounces in the Lycées are often heard of in connexion with English public schools; the importance given to grammar and philology to the detriment of a purely literary training, the stultifying effect of the so-called modern training, the general decadence of Latin and Greek studies. He is not content to point out the evil, he offers the remedy in the shape of a complete re-modelling of the Lycées, and the suppression of the modern side. Sometimes, in characteristic French fashion, he digresses into generalizations. Thus in his conclusion, he sums up the errors of the Third Republic :—

Le gouvernement Républicain a commis de grandes fautes. Il a favorisé l'alcoolisme par la loi sur les débits de boissons; il a encouragé la pornographie et la corruption par la loi sur la Presse et par l'application qu'il en a faite; il a compromis les meilleures réformes de l'enseignement primaire en portant atteinte à la dignité des maîtres qu'il a mêlés aux luttes politiques; enfin, il a rabaisé l'élite même de la nation par la création d'un enseignement hostile aux études classiques.

The sequel to this book appears in the *Revue Bleue* in which M. Fouillée publishes a remarkable criticism of the educational theories of the Socialists, with their system of integral State education. M. Fouillée would, no doubt, adversely criticise the recent decisions of the Union Républicaine in the Senate, and the vote of the Paris Municipal Council, paving the way to a Bill to render ineligible for public office all who have not studied for at least four years in a State *lycée*.

M. Schlumberger's *RENAUD DE CHATILLON* (Plon, 7f. 50c.) will present to many people a new personality in the Prince of Antioch, lord of the land beyond the Jordan. He is a very picturesque type of the obscure period of the fourth Crusade. Renaud was born in the small manor house of Chatillon on the river Loing, in the centre of France, the birthplace, some centuries later, of Coligny. He was a second son and poor, and he set out for the Holy Land to make his fortune. By extraordinary luck he became the husband of Constance, widow of Raymond de Poitiers, Prince of Antioch. From a poor Knight he thus rose suddenly to the rank of tyrant of the second city of the Kingdom of Jerusalem, a city which the Seleucid Kings founded, where Saint Paul preached, and which was the birthplace of Chrysostom.

The new Prince was a singular mixture of courage, craftiness, and ferocity. Bold as Richard Cœur de Lion he was as base as King John. One of his first exploits was to seize Bishop Amaury who had spoken ill of him, cause him to be whipped, and to expose him to the rays of a Syrian sun, his bald head covered with honey, a tempting bait for the stings of the wasps and the flies. Evidently Renaud was not a devout son of the Church.

We next find him battling for the Emperor of Constantinople against a certain Armenian chieftain, whom the chroniclers call Thoros, and then, suddenly incensed against his suzerain, fitting out a fleet and setting sail for Cyprus, having concluded with Thoros a hasty truce. In a few days he mastered the island, and carried back his plunder to Antioch. Such an outrage could not be borne with patience; the Emperor gathered an army and marched into the dominions of his unruly vassal, who submitted to the humiliation of publicly confessing his wrong and craving for forgiveness. Renaud had been seven years Prince of Tyre when, while raiding a caravan, he was surprised by the Sultan of Aleppo and led away a prisoner. The Sultan fixed his ransom at one hundred and twenty thousand gold pieces. He had to wait sixteen years before his friends could collect the sum. When he returned to Antioch a free man, he found that Constance had died and left her dominions to Raymond de Poitiers' son. But Renaud's reputation was such that he did not long remain a Prince Lack-land. The King of Jerusalem intrusted him with the keeping of the fortress of Karak, in the land of Moab, beyond Jordan, and he began again his raids on the Sultan's caravans. After a long career of freebooting, and an attempted siege of Mecca, he was taken prisoner by Saladin, after he had captured the Sultan's sister and sent her to Jerusalem. Saladin swore that he would kill the freebooter with his own hand. Renaud was led before Saladin. The latter upbraided him with his ferocity and perfidy. "I myself defend Mahommed now," he cried, and, springing upon him, he plunged a dagger into his breast.

Such was the dramatic end of Renaud's dramatic life. His was a career worthy to have been sung by William Morris—the green banks of the Loing, the palaces and gardens of Antioch, the dark prisons of Aleppo, the lowering walls of Karak, and Saladin's tent, the night after the battle, such were the fantastic scenes in which he played a leading part. M. Schlumberger is a numismatist of European reputation (he speaks with just pride of Renaud's seal—a unique treasure—which he has in his collection), and he studies history only as a pastime from more serious work, yet he is a master in his more pleasant task. There is a philosophy to be drawn from the book; the Crusaders, after all, were not so very different from sixteenth century conquistadors or nineteenth century pioneers; they seem to have had especially in view their worldly advantage. Had it not been for his inborn superstition, Renaud de Chatillon would, it appears, probably have become at one time a Mahomedan.

THEOLOGY.

Mr. John Gordon's *THREE CHILDREN OF GALILEE* (Jarrold, 3s. 6d.), which has for sub-title "A Life of Christ for Young People," is chiefly noteworthy for its numerous illustrations. Some of these are reproductions from the paintings of the old masters, others are photographic pictures of Eastern scenes and peoples in modern times. For the text there is very little to be said. The occasional quotations from the wonderful English of the Bible narrative show like ornaments of gold work and jewelry on very threadbare stuff. The sentence :—"Now back of the inn in the side of the limestone hill was a cave" would seem to throw some light on the question of the author's nationality.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE REVELATION OF GOD, by the Rev. C. C. Atkinson, D.D. (Manchester, Sherratt and Hughes, 1s. n.), which appears with the *imprimatur* of the Bishop of Chester, while accepting extreme "critical" conclusions, shows how the history of Israel is distinguished from the history of the surrounding tribes, and how the voice of Israel, speaking by the prophets, was "the direct gift of God, not 'the mere result of their own power of reflection, nor fictions suggested by their own imaginations.'"

Novelty has its uses perhaps. THE TWENTIETH CENTURY NEW TESTAMENT : a Translation into Modern English (Mowbray-house, 1s. 6d.) should certainly be of advantage. It is carefully done, and, judged by the standard which it adopts of current phraseology, it is done in good taste, though it does not always adhere to its principles. "Multitudes," for instance, is hardly in common use. Half-educated people, accustomed to newspaper English, may find the new translation slightly clearer than the old ; but we fear that literary beauty has quite vanished from the text.

SPIRITUAL LETTERS OF EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY, edited by the Rev. J. O. Johnston and the Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt (Longmans, 12s. 6d.), is a book which hardly invites criticism. It is only necessary to commend it to all those who respect the name of Dr. Pusey. The letters are exactly such as readers of the "Life" might have anticipated. The editors point out that, while the letters written between 1840 and 1850 "reflect the darkness of that day of trial, through which the Church of England was then passing," a tone of greater confidence is apparent in those which belong to a later and more peaceful period. But they are uniformly serene, hopeful, and tender. Dr. Pusey, of course, does not appear at his best in dealing with the problems of unbelief and the temper of scepticism. He treats doubt too much as a moral disorder. But he handles theological and ecclesiastical subjects with great wisdom and charity, especially in the letters on "Roman Difficulties." His optimism in regard to the claims and position of the English Church is very striking. His favourite thesis—familiar to readers of the "Eirenicon"—was that "there may be suspensions of communion which do not destroy organic or supernatural unity." And in regard to divergencies of belief within the English Church itself he declares that "there is often more difference in language than in belief." It is obvious that Dr. Pusey lamented the growth of a "new school" which was inclined to depart somewhat widely from the principles of the early Tractarianism. He was not in sympathy either with the ultra-ritualism, or with the hard "rigorism" which has in recent times given so much offence. He was greatly pained by "the attitude of the new school to their Bishops." In one of his later sermons, preached at the opening of Keble College Chapel, in 1876, he took occasion to lament the tone and temper of "those organs which professed to speak our mind." He makes a similar complaint of "the so-called High Church organs," in one of his letters. The gentleness and charity of his language in regard to "Evangelicalism" and Dissent is entirely in keeping with his whole character, of which the most prominent feature was a consideration for the prejudices of others. The preface to the volume is full of interest. We are specially grateful to the editors for their brief description of Mr. Gladstone's farewell visit to Dr. Pusey.

ANNUALS.

To Mr. Joseph Jacobs' LITERARY YEAR BOOK (G. Allen, 3s. 6d.) we have already called attention. It is in no sardonic spirit that we quote as peculiarly applicable to Mr. Jacobs' work the first sentence of his book—viz., that such a work "can only reach anything like a final form by degrees and as it were tentatively." Since the Year Book first started, under the editorship, we think, of Mr. F. G. Aflalo (who contributes an article on Sport and Travel Books in 1898 to the present issue), it has certainly continued to improve. We are bound to confess, mortifying though it be to a reviewer, that to suggest any addition to its present contents is rather difficult. Some additions clearly required are made this year. Among these are a notice of the literary "events of the year" 1898 ; a summary of copyright law ; lists of literary agents, apparently a rapidly increasing body ; of "Fiction Syndicates" and Press Agencies ; of Literary Searchers ; of Press Cutting Agencies ; and of Periodicals which deal with literature. There is also a table of royalties, "the favourite method of payment by results," which will enable the inspired bard and the devoted teacher of humanity to calculate their profits to a halfpenny. The calendar with its events for each day would bear some overhauling, and the list of authors is far

from perfect ; but it is a great improvement on what it was. The review of books in 1898, too, is sound, and far less "cheap" in style than it was in some previous issues. On the whole, Mr. Jacobs is to be congratulated on his work, which all who follow the profession of letters will find very useful.

A new issue is published of WHITAKER'S TITLED PERSONS (Whitaker, 2s. 6d.), which fulfils the useful functions of a cheap and handy peerage. The editor expresses his regret that he has been unable to avail himself of "the ample details supplied by several of the Companions of Knighthood"—a class of the community who seem to be more communicative than dukes and earls ; and his attitude towards double-barrelled names is hardly more respectful than was Lord Randolph Churchill's. In the alleged interest of the searcher, he treats the first barrel as an ordinary Christian name. For example, "Slater-Booth, see Booth, S-," and "Baillie-Hamilton, see Hamilton, B-."

WHITAKER'S NAVAL AND MILITARY DIRECTORY (Whitaker 5s.) is announced as "considerably enlarged and extended." A special feature of it is an Indian Army List, which furnishes particulars of that meritorious but little known body the Indian Volunteer Corps, of the Hyderabad Contingent, and such strange sounding forces as the Erinpura Irregular Horse, the Meywar Bhil Corps, the Merwara Battalion, the Bhopal Battalion, and the Central India Horse.

DEBRETT'S HOUSE OF COMMONS AND JUDICIAL BENCH (Dean, 7s. 6d.), though it is not among Sir John Lubbock's "hundred best books," is one of those which no lawyer or politician can be without. The number of facts, especially in the Judicial Bench portion of the book, where particulars are now given of every administrator of justice from the Judges of the superior Courts to the vice-admirals of the Coast, is even greater than usual. It is more difficult to place the facts where a man in a hurry will look for them. It is a little surprising not to find the names of Mr. Justice Hawkins and Mr. Gurdon under the list of peers created on January 1, and to find the name of the one and not of the other in the list of peers. Again, we have a somewhat miscellaneous list entitled "Technical Parliamentary expressions, with some brief descriptions of the duties of some higher officers of State." Here we find Election Auditor—is he a Parliamentary expression, or a high officer of State?—but no mention of such distinguished personages as the Comptroller and Auditor-General and the Paymaster-General. The book, however, fills a very useful place, and is much more complete than its title suggests. It contains, for instance, a list of peers and peeresses, and other items which are certainly not included under the "House of Commons and the Judicial Bench."

Among minor works of reference a welcome is due to *Walford's House of Commons, Shilling Peerage, Shilling Baronetage, and Shilling Knightage* (Chatto and Windus, 1s. each), which contain in small compass all that the general reader wants to know on these subjects.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S YEAR BOOK (Black), edited by Miss Emily James, enters upon a new issue in the nineteenth year of its age. Its purpose, as announced in the preface, is to "help us to the perfecting of our own lives in all that makes for the well-being of the community" ; and if it does not succeed in achieving this high end in the case of every reader, at least it will serve as a useful work of reference for those who want to know what women workers are doing, and what there is for them to do. It appears that there is a "good opening for them" as dentists, and that there is one woman stockbroker "who finds the majority of her clients among women and is able to assist many with business advice." We are not told what the result of following her advice has been, and shall look for information on this point next year. In the section of the Year Book which treats of education we read with a sympathetic interest that "cycling tours under the leadership of French professors" are recommended as a part of the curriculum in modern languages. We have no objection to make : but why should French professors (more especially after Fashoda) enjoy a monopoly of this particular amenity of the pedagogic life ?

We have received a new edition (the thirty-sixth) of EVERY MAN HIS OWN LAWYER (Crosby Lockwood, 6s. 8d.), a work which obviously needs constant revision to be of practical use. It is presumably because so many people boldly assume the accuracy of old and superseded editions that the general body of solicitors are rather well disposed towards the book and declare that it makes work for them. Even in the edition before us, there are statements which seem to need qualification. Surely it is not true that "boxing matches are unlawful," absolutely and without reference to the how, the when, and the where.

EARL BRYHTNOTH'S PRAYER.

A. D. DCCCXCI.

[A transcript from the Old English.]

"God, I thank Thee for all the joy I have had in Life!"

I.

Bryhtnoth the Ealdorman,
 Æthelred's Thane,
 Died in the battle :
 Here he lies buried,
 Ely for tomb-place,
 Mass of the Minster
 Piled on the hill-top
 Looking towards Maldon,
 O'er the wan water,
 O'er the wide fenlands,
 Through the wood nesses,
 Out to the sea there,
 Where by the river-bank
 Fought was the battle by
 Maldon Blackwater.

II.

This is his tomb-place,
 Ely the stately,
 Shining a landmark
 O'er the broad water,
 Gold-bright in sunrise,
 Gold-red in sunset,
 Grey in the waning,
 Kissed by the moonbeams
 Glimmering through mist-cloud
 Magic and matchless,
 Tower of the Lord God—Lord Everlasting,
 Dreaming o'er fenland and upland and sea-
 board,
 All through the ages, guarding her hero.

III.

Bryhtnoth lies buried
 Here in the Minster.
 Bryhtnoth the Ealdorman,
 Æthelred's Thane,
 Slain by the Northmen,
 Down there by Maldon,
 Maldon Blackwater,
 Where by the Panta flood
 Dwelt the East Saxon.

IV.

This was his death cry,
 Bryhtnoth the Ealdorman,
 When to the earth at last
 Fell from his failing hand
 Sword of the mighty hilt ;

Nor could he hold it—
 Sharpest of falchions—
 He, weapon-wielder.
 Yet he this word spake,
 Hoar-headed hero :—

" Ælfnoth and Wulfmaer, Ælfere and
 Maccus,
 Bairns of the Æthelings, fight and go
 forward,
 Cheer on your comrades, true-hearted gate
 folk ! "

V.

Could he no longer, then,
 Fast on his feet stand,
 Bryhtnoth the Ealdorman,
 Looked he to Heaven's King,
 Meeter of meeds :
 " Thanks be to Thee, God,
 Wielder of nations,
 Lord everlasting,
 For all the joy of life
 Winsome and wealthful,
 Bairns' love and wife's love,
 Heart-trust of comrades,
 War-weal and hearth-gear
 That I have here below
 Fared for or gotten.
 Now, oh my maker mild
 Most need have I that Thou
 Good-speed my ghost ;
 Yea, that my soul to Thee
 Safely may journey,
 Safe to Thy Kingdom
 Lord of the angels ! "

VI.

Died then Earl Bryhtnoth
 There by the Panta stream.
 Slain in the battle by
 Maldon Blackwater.
 Monks of the Minster,
 Monks of Saint Ætheldrythe,
 Thanes of the White Christ,
 Down the long water-street,
 Brought him to Ely :
 Shimmering in moonlight
 O'er the wan water

Far in the sedge reeds
 Wailed the wild bittern ;
 High on the wall-tower
 Blickered the beacon.

VII.

There in the choir place
 Laid they the hero
 Bryhtnoth the Ealdorman,
 Æthelred's Thane :
 Doleful the dirge chant
 Sobbed through the arches :
 Softly the requiem
 Mass for his Need-faring
 Woke the sad echoes,
 Woe tokens wailing,
 In the roof spaces

O ! for to her was woe, sweet Lady Ælfæd,
 As with a weary heart mourned she her
 loved one.

VIII.

Here he lies buried,
 Mass of the Minster
 Piled on the hill-top—
 This is his tomb-place :
 Bryhtnoth the Ealdorman,
 He who for English folk
 Fought with the Northmen,
 Fied in the battle by
 Maldon Blackwater.
 Pray for his Need-faring,
 God rest his soul in peace !
 High-hearted hero.
 Take for thine own living
 Prayer of Earl Bryhtnoth :—
 " For all the joy of life
 Winsome and wealthful,
 Bairns' love and wife's love,
 Heart-trust of comrades,
 War-weal and hearth-gear,
 All I have here below
 Fared for or gotten,
 Thanks be to Thee, God,
 Wielder of nations,
 Lord everlasting ! "

CHARLES W. STUBBS.

Deanery, Ely, Christmas, 1898.

Among my Books.

CHARLES JAMES FOX AS A READING MAN.

The "History of James II.," by Charles James Fox,
 "slumbers on my shelves in majestic quarto," as Lord
 Rosebery put it in his speech at Edinburgh the other day ;
 the only tangible result of all his multifarious reading.
 Not that he read to no purpose. The scholarship
 of Charles James Fox once upon a time availed to
 put a poet at his ease. The author of "Pleasures of

Hope" was invited to dinner at Holland House to
 meet the Demosthenes of the age, as he styles his
 noble host's "illustrious uncle." Fox took Campbell's
 arm and walked with him up and down the room ; at
 which condescension the poet hardly knew whether he
 stood on his head or feet. But the good-natured Minister
 —he was then Secretary of State—began talking about
 the Æneid, and Campbell recovered his self-possession ;
 answering, indeed, so coherently that he was straightway
 invited to visit St. Anne's Hill to discourse more about
 these matters. "I like Campbell," Mr. Fox said after-

wards, "he is so right about Virgil"; and Campbell echoed the compliment.

The Whig Statesman's fondness for the classics, and for literature in general, pleasantly referred to by Lord Rosebery the other day, is not, perhaps, a new topic; but, though it is long ago since Macaulay met people who could not talk about Charles James Fox with tearless eyes, this least questionable side of his character may still excite a mild emotion. John Bernard Trotter, who was Fox's friend and secretary, travelled with him on the Continent, after the Peace of Amiens, and has recorded the books they read on the way to Paris. They seem to have begun with "Joseph Andrews," which amused Mr. Fox vastly, though they agreed—Mrs. Fox no doubt concurring—that vulgarity is "a little too prevalent in Fielding's novels." The novel was laid aside for *Æneids* VIII. and IX., which in turn gave place to "Tom Jones." When half way through that lively fiction they went back to the Mantuan, and did the Tenth Book of the *Æneid*. "I rather think," says Trotter, "that the characters of Evander and Pallas were Mr. Fox's favourites, although I must include that of Dido." They were now in Holland, and *Æneid* XI. beguiled the journey from Delft to Rotterdam. *Æneid* XII. was finished after they got to Brussels; and then, returning to Tom Jones, they left him happily married to Sophia an hour or two before entering Paris. Much more may be learnt from Trotter as to Fox's literary tastes, and the volume also contains some private letters in which the Minister directs his Secretary's attention to various beauties in the works of both ancient and modern writers.

It has been my good fortune to read Trotter's "Memoirs of the Latter Years of the Right Honble. Charles James Fox" side by side with an elaborate "Commentary" from the pen of Walter Savage Landor. Suppressed before publication, this rare volume, by the kind permission of the Earl of Crewe, who possesses the only copy known to be in existence, is at last to be reprinted. In it Landor not only discusses the public and private character of Fox, but also, *more suo*, indulges himself in frequent excursions into other by-ways of politics, letters, art, and morals. Here it may be permissible to give some of his comments on Fox as a scholar and critic of literature.

A general idea of their tendency can be gathered from Landor's accessible works. Fox, he said, dipped more than a little into books, though deeper into the dice-box. In the "Commentary" he enters further into particulars. Mr. Pitt, he remarks, had as profound a contempt for literature and literary men as ever was avowed or felt by Attila and Tottila, whereas Mr. Fox was a man of extensive and not superficial reading. At the same time Landor does not altogether like the samples which Trotter gives of the fruit of these studies. He complains that the enthusiasm of Fox outstripped his judgment. Fox preferred Euripides to Sophocles and *Æschylus*; an opinion, says Landor, which deserves more pity than even the tragedian of pity ever excited. The dialogue of Euripides is in general dull and heavy, the construction

of his fable infirm; while the persons of his drama are more intent to show their understanding than their sufferings. This, by-the-by, is from one of those passages in the Commentary which, in an emended form, reappear in the "Imaginary Conversations." Then Fox did not take the Landorian view of Pindar, whose excessive profusion, he remarked to Trotter, "makes him something bordering on tedious." To this Landor retorts that "Pindar never says more than what is proper, nor otherwise than what is best"; which is another pronouncement that found its way into the Conversations. Fox, however, confessed that he never read more than half Pindar's extant works, and Landor was more incensed at his comparison of Ariosto and Metastasio with Homer, Pindar, and Virgil. "Alas!" Landor exclaims, "these are leveling days indeed! Metastasio in company with Pindar and Homer!" In a letter to his secretary, Mr. Fox had written:—"Homer and Ariosto have always been my favourites; there is something so delightful in their wonderful facility, and the apparent absence of all study in their expression, which is almost peculiar to them." How can that be apparent, Landor wants to know, which is absent; and he goes on to say, finely enough, "in poetry there are two kinds of facility, and opposite in their nature: one arises from vigour, the other from negligence. In Homer and Shakespeare, we shall invariably find the best parts remarkable for a facility of expression. As the purest and noblest of the metals is also the most plastic, in like manner whatever is in poetry the noblest and purest takes a form and pressure the most easily and perfectly." Ariosto, he adds, had much of Ovid's ingenuity and something of his negligence; but he was as far below Homer as he was above Spenser. *Orlando Furioso*, though, was as wearisome as the *Faery Queene*. "I will never believe that any man has overcome twelve or fifteen thousand lines of allegory without intervals of respite and repose. I was sixteen years in doing it, and I never did anything which I would not rather do again." It struck him as curious that Fox had not noticed in Ariosto's description of the Palace of Atlante a "wonderful type of the French Revolution"; and still more curious that Fox, when speaking of Italian literature, had never conversed about Alfieri, incomparably the greatest poet of the day in Europe.

Landor approved Fox's "sincere veneration" for Chaucer; but then Fox "entertained a sincere veneration for so many that we have reason to suppose he had little discrimination. His secretary has not produced or commemorated one specimen of acute or elegant criticism." What Landor thought about the letter to "Dear Grey" in which Fox examines Chaucer's description of the nightingale does not appear. That little essay, indeed, in elegant criticism was printed, not in Trotter's book but in Lord Holland's introduction to Fox's "History of James II."; but Landor had read both volumes, and himself had something to say about nightingales in another connexion. In regard to the "History," however, he was more interested in Fox's choice of Dryden as a model for style. Lord Holland's account of the matter

is as follows:—"Though he frequently commended both Hume and Blackstone's style, and always spoke of Middleton's with admiration, he (Mr. Fox) assured me that he would admit no word into his book which had not the authority of Dryden." Lander disapproved. Dryden, he said, was a careless writer who used any word that came first, and he assuredly left behind him no treasury of expressions which contained anything convertible to an historian's purpose. As for his being a great poet, which was Fox's estimate, there was not throughout his works a single stroke of the sublime or one touch of the pathetic, "the only adequate criteria." In the imaginary conversation between himself and Southey, it may be remembered, Lander in his own person roundly maintains that "Alexander's Feast smells of gin at secondhand, with true Briton fiddlers full of native talent in the orchestra." That may not be quite the happiest illustration of Lander's compressed criticisms; but it explains his divergence from Fox who, it should be noted, had an idea of bringing out an edition of Dryden's works.

STEPHEN WHEELER.

"THE FAITHFUL FOOL."

[By VIOLET HUNT.]

ANNE ELLIOT TO CAPTAIN HARVILLE:

"All the privilege I claim for my own sex (it is not a very enriable one, you need not covet it) is that of loving longest when existence or when hope is gone."

She was sitting in her armchair over the fire, a woman of medium height, medium figure, medium age, medium everything. She lived alone, and she was engaged to be married. She was always at home to tea at five o'clock. I often call. I am her not quite impartial, and candid—over-candid—friend. There are some womanly states of mind that a man cannot understand, but which have the power to make him angry. She allowed me to say what I thought, but nothing I could say could ever alter her and her theory of life, and a very odd, hopeless, impossible theory of life it was, at least to the mind of an ordinary man like myself.

I practically respected these theories, retaining my privilege of cavilling at them and at the subject of them. When I found the armchair opposite hers occupied, as was sometimes the case, I used to pay only a very short call, and depart, leaving the "obsession," as I had grown to call him, in possession, and the recollection of the grateful smile with which she rewarded my intelligent act of self-abnegation pursued me down the grey stone staircase of her little flat, which indeed he scaled so very much less often than I.

He was the only man in the world for her, though she was far from being the only woman in the world for him. But he was kind to her as far as was consistent with the many and intimate calls on his leisure. In his heart were many mansions, and his intellect and his energy were always at the service of the dictates of his heart. He had helped my friend to choose her flat and had given her his invaluable advice in the furnishing of it. The little suite was decked out with his gifts, and her little heart with his phrases. Rare china and choice language were cheap with him, for he was a connoisseur and a littérateur both. He had been engaged to her for years. Engaged to throw her over, as we all knew, but it empowered him to go and see her freely, and she had charm, though she was a plain woman.

I do not think, to do her reason justice, that she was in any doubt as to his intentions with regard to her. I remember a conversation that I had with her one Christmas Eve, which she began, looking straight into the fire and at her pointed shoe, and saying, slightly under her breath,

"I shall never marry."

"Why do you say that?" I asked, merely to say something, for I knew that she was right.

"I say it because I think it."

"But surely—!"

"Oh, yes, I know, I am engaged and all that, but it does not prevent my feeling that my fate is slowly coming upon me! I get more and more of an old maid every year. I am particular and fussy. I like my little ways, I like my fireside, I like my cat, I like my comforts. Philip is always chaffing me about it!"

"Well, of all the—"

"He is very odd, isn't he?" she said fondly. "Never does, or says, anything like anybody else. That is one of his charms!"

"Oh, is it? I was wondering—I always am wondering, I confess—"

"Men are so jealous of each other!" she said, laughing.

"He tells you that, I suppose?"

"Oh dear me, I can tell that for myself. If a man is liked and run after and petted by women, all the men they neglect for him are frantically jealous, without knowing it, *bien entendu*!"

"Oh, I don't know it, do I? Well, I wish on that theory that some of you would snub him, if it were only to give him a new sensation. But, you none of you have the heart—or the want of heart. Each sticks to her little piece. But will you tell me what is the fun of owning the decimal fraction of a man? You have all pegged out a claim on this particular bit of territory, and you're as thick on it as bees, or whatever it is. You know yourself you are only one of a hundred on the field of his affections!"

"I do know it!" she answered, hurt and reckless. "And what is more, I often tell him so."

"And what does he say?" I sneered.

"He smiles, and puts the question by," she replied, smiling herself.

"And modestly owns to eighty-nine, say? Good God, how can you stand it?"

"How can he help it?"

"Why can't he?" I grumbled.

"Because that sort of man can't, I suppose."

"Then I don't like that sort of man."

"And I do, that's the trouble," she said sadly.

"But come, now, what good is he to you? What joy do you have of him?"

"I love him, and I like to hear him say he loves me, and write it to me."

"He has a lithographed form of letter, and it costs him nothing to say it. But if you were to ask him to prove it?"

"I shouldn't be such a fool, when I know he doesn't—at least not much."

"You are branding him as a liar. How can you love a man whom you can't respect?"

Here came the usual pause—the pause that always occurred when I, in my zeal for her disillusionment had gone too far, and permitted myself to make an unanswerable statement. There were tears in her eyes. I was sorry to hurt her, but I was possessed this evening, of all evenings, with a wild desire to show this pinchbeck villain up, and persuade her to break with him. How could I have been such a fool as to imagine that this lay in my power!

"Surely you can't care for him," I went on. "A charlatan of the emotions, the lover of all the world, a man who has no men friends, but whose whole time is spent in playing fast and loose with a crowd of silly women——"

"It isn't fast, it is only loose!" she said bitterly. "He doesn't take any of us in—not one of us!"

"Oh, no, a man of that kind is incapable of really loving any woman, and in time they come to see it. I see, you would be perfectly wretched if you thought him capable of a *grande passion*?"

"The thought has not come to me," she replied, evasively, but I knew that that was not true, and that that particular

thought was responsible for at least one of the little lines that were growing on her forehead.

"I saw you let Mrs. Leigh kiss you tenderly on the cheek, yesterday! Good God, what more could a trusting, believing woman do?"

"She might hold the other cheek, I suppose. But you don't understand. Why should I hate her?"

"Your rival!"

"One of them," she corrected me, "remember what you said yourself. There is safety in numbers!"

"Don't you even wish her the least little bit of harm?"

"No; why should I? She has done me no injury—except collectively, I might say. It would be like undertaking to prosecute a company to begin to visit Mrs. Leigh—and the others—with my displeasure. Too much trouble! On the contrary, I make it easy to her. I respect her days. If I am calling on her, and he comes in, I go—why should I spoil her little hour! Mine will be to-morrow, perhaps?" She spoke jauntily. She tossed her head. She was quite pleased with her assumption of cynicism.

"Have you your day, then? There are only seven days in the week, not eighty-nine!"

"He comes when he can."

"And what do you do?"

"I try to make it pleasant to him."

"And when he is pleased to go, you say imploringly—'When shall I see you again?'"

"I never should make such a mistake as that. He is perfectly free to come and to go."

"I see. Quite patient, like Moore's sunflower, that 'turns on her god when he sets the same face that she showed when he rose.' Such a commonplace god, too!" I was trying another tack. But really, I have tried them all.

"Commonplace?" That hurt!

"It is rather commonplace, is it not, to be so—generally available?"

She flamed up. "He can't help women falling in love with him."

"He doesn't try. But what on earth do they see in him? He isn't even good-looking!"

"No, he is something better—wicked-looking!" She said this with quiet malice, and looked into my face.

"We can't all achieve that, I admit. No; let us profanely paraphrase Matthew Arnold in analyzing his peculiar charm, and say it is a something, not himself, which makes for conquest. He is getting grey?"

"Yes, he is, rather."

"And no younger?"

"That is true."

"Less attractive generally?"

"Possibly."

"Don't those little considerations weigh with women?"

"I hope so."

"You smile as if you were pleased?"

"Because—don't you see?—it shows me—Oh, you will laugh at me!"

"Not more than I generally do, my dear. Well?"

"I seem to see a kind of hope—perhaps there is a good time coming?"

"What can you mean? Surely it cannot be a pleasure to you to think of the man you love growing senile—dying?"

"No, no!" She shuddered. "Ah, when you speak of it, I see myself—"

"Flying frantically to his bedside, to deposit a farewell kiss on his brow. My dear child, think of the number of women you would meet on the stairs!"

"What do you mean?"

"Do you fondly suppose that you are the *only* one who would rush to drop a tear on Lubin's—? Why, you would not be able to make your way into the house for bouquets, or breathe for sighs! Then you would all go home, and take to your beds with a pan of charcoal under them, and die for him—in concert!"

"You would oblige me if you would not speak of death in that flippant way any more," she said. "That was not what I meant. I meant that when he is a little older, a little greyer, a little duller, a little sadder, less triumphant, you know, the *others* will begin to leave him alone. They will begin to tail off, as it were, when he is too spiritless to flirt nicely, when he has grown pessimistic, and bored, and is glad to be quiet, and go out less and stay at home more—"

"With one foot in the grave and the other in a carpet slipper? Poor old Lovelace! I could find it in my heart to pity him myself! And you mixing his gruel!"

"Don't!"

"Will you have some more Matthew Arnold, then?"

"Behold her here, the patient dower,
Who possessed his darker hour!
She is here who had his gloom—"

"Who was that?"

"Iselt of Brittany. She must have been as great a goose as you. No matter! She got what she wanted in the end. So may you."

"Yes," she said, with a temporary irradiation of real beauty on her face. "Yes, when *they* no longer think him worth a sigh, or a tear, or a bouquet, when *they* begin to neglect him and leave him out of their parties—when he doesn't have six invitations for one night and his mantelpiece isn't choked with cards—when he has, possibly, grown a little uninteresting, unsociable, slow, dull, stout, even—I speak of all these horrors with bated breath; I can laugh at myself, you see!—in short, when all the flirts and fairweather friends have deserted him, as they are sure to do, then, *then* the faithful fool will step in, and be there—at his call, at his beck—to soothe him, and love him, and adore him, and have him all to herself, for ever and ever, for the rest of this world, and the whole of the next—"

"I have always maintained that women are the constant sex!" I said, taking up my hat.

Notes.

The annual dinner of Correctors of the Press, which is to be held to-night, draws attention to a most useful set of men, whose obscure services to literature are little realized. Only the small number of people who deal with what is known as an "unread proof" can be aware of the beneficent screen interposed by the corrector of the Press between the sensitive author and a maddening chaos. Probably the subscriptions to the dinner fund which have been forwarded by a number of men of letters, headed by Mr. George Meredith, show that authors are awakening to a sense of this debt. The First Folio of Shakespeare is, as Mr. Sidney Lee pointed out in his lecture last Monday at the London Institution, a sad example of bad printing which needed overhauling by the careful "reader" of to-day. We should not tolerate such a piece of work as the folio of 1623, even if it had been printed in Holland from a manuscript as bad as that of Carlyle or Dean Stanley.

Authors have never learnt to accept misprints with the same equanimity as bad weather, a fall in stocks, and the other misfortunes which are the lot of all mankind. Many of them are inclined to the Manichæan heresy of the author of a sixteenth century pamphlet on the Mass, who included fifteen pages of *errata* in a volume of a hundred and seventy pages, asserting that the devil in person had made the manuscript illegible, and had obliged the printer to misread it. There is still ready sympathy with any complaint of printers' errors, such as those humorously chronicled by Moore in his "Fudge Family"—

But a week or two since, in my Ode upon Spring,
Which I meant to have made a most beautiful thing,
Where I talked of the "dew-drops from freshly-blown roses,"
The nasty things made it "from freshly-blown noses!"

This kind of joke is fairly hackneyed. It would be more novel and more interesting to compile a catalogue of the happy emendations which the world owes to the corrector of the Press. First among these a study of the corrector's humour might have a certain psychological interest. Professor J. W. Hales has pointed out the proper line for a student to take. He must not consider, as so many people do, that what we lump together as "typographical errors" are all accidental and fortuitous. "Such a view," says Mr. Hales, "reminds one of the way in which the last century critics used to speak of Shakespeare—the critics who gave him no credit for design or selection, but thought that somehow or other he stumbled into greatness." It must have been of set purpose that a corrector irradiated the gloom of a Scots paper with the locomotive which cut a cow "literally into calves," and only the zeal of a Home Ruler can have produced the announcement that Sir Robert Peel, with a party of fiends, was shooting peasants in Ireland. It is hard on the proof-reader that his witty productions should not only be anonymous, but should so often be attributed to chance.

The chief interest of Mr. Sidney Lee's lecture was his announcement of the discovery of another copy of the First Folio belonging to Mr. Sibthorp, of Sudbrooke Holme, Lincoln—a finer and also a taller one, than any other known copy, and containing a contemporary inscription stating that it was a presentation copy. It seems from the arms on the binding to have been given by the printer Jaggard to one Augustus Vincent, of the Herald's College, and there is evidence that Jaggard had at the time a special reason for being friendly to Vincent, and for marking that friendship by this particular gift. Mr. Lee's account of it is as follows. One Ralph Brooke, a colleague of Vincent, said that Shakespeare had no right to the coat of arms granted him in 1599, and also, somewhat in the style of Mr. Slurk attacking Mr. Pott, criticized Jaggard's competence as a printer. Vincent took up the cudgels on behalf of Shakespeare, and Jaggard, who printed the reply, answered Brooke on his own behalf. Brooke does not appear to have hit back, and we can imagine Jaggard and Vincent celebrating their encounter at the Boar's Head, or some ordinary under the shadow of Old St. Paul's where booksellers did congregate, and Vincent standing a bottle of wine to the printer who had given him a copy of "the most valuable contribution to literature that ever issued from a printing office."

Mr. Lee gave the story of the publication of the First Folio, and of the syndicate headed by Jaggard which produced it—a story still partly conjectural, which he was the first to string together from all the available evidence in his "Life of Shakespeare." John Heming and Henry Condell, whose names appear on the First Folio, no doubt belonged to the syndicate. Mr. Lee told his audience who these gentlemen were—a piece of information which, judging from the newspaper reports of his address, would seem to be necessary. One morning paper calls them Heminge and Cordell; another, Heninge and Condell; another Heminge and Coudell; while a fourth lumps these actor-managers with the rest under the phrase "Some other booksellers."

Attention might very well have been drawn, by the way, to the urgent need, which we recently pointed out, of some accessible catalogue of the contents of private Libraries. Copies of the First Folio are eagerly studied for textual and other reasons, and critics have always been in doubt as to how many of the few copies printed are now in existence. All the time, one copy, the most interesting of all, was lying hidden in a private Library in Lincolnshire. Surely it is now sufficiently recognized that such valuable possessions, whether in literature or art, are to some extent in the nature of a trust; that the nation has an interest in them, and should not be denied the advantage of any increase in knowledge or taste which it may derive from them. There is the more reason in this particular case for emphasizing this point of view, since many of the best First Folios have gone, and are still going, to America.

It is generally expected that Mr. G. K. Fortescue will succeed Dr. Garnett as Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum. The appointment would certainly be very popular, besides being a just recompense for the immense and unremunerative labour which Mr. Fortescue imposed upon himself in compiling his great Subject Index.

"Cavendish's" handbook on whist was, when its writer, Mr. Henry Jones, died the other day, in its twenty-third edition. How eloquently that fact attests its excellence appears when we note the number of its less successful competitors. In Mr. Fortescue's Index, which only covers a period of fifteen years, there are no fewer than seventy-six entries under the heading of "Whist"; and the bibliography of the subject was already considerable at the date at which that index begins.

The first edition of "Cavendish," which appeared in 1862, was only a little tract of eighty pages, containing neither the diagrams nor the introductory chapter which are such useful features of later issues. Its principal claim to originality consisted in giving "a selection of hands played completely through." Before its publication the most notable authority was "Short Whist," by Major A., 1836. This little book, which has a delightful frontispiece, gives a festive account of the origin of Short Whist, which is worth quoting:—

This revolution (compared to which those of 1789 and 1830 were mere things of a day) was occasioned by a worthy Welsh baronet preferring his lobster for supper hot. Four first-rate whist-players—consequently four great men—adjourned from the House of Commons to Brooks's and proposed a rubber while the cook was busy. "The lobster must be hot," said the baronet. "A rubber may last an hour," said another, "and the lobster cold again and spoiled before we have finished." "It is too long," said a third. "Let us cut it short," said a fourth. Carried *unanimously*. Down they sat and found it very lively to win or lose so much quicker. . . . Next day St. James's-street was in commotion; the Longs and the Shorts formed each a party, and violent was the contention between them.

That the Shorts had it is, of course, matter of history.

Looking further backward, we come to the famous Hoyle, whose "Short Treatise on the Game of Whist" has passed through innumerable editions and been revised to meet the wants of many generations. The first edition (1742) is one of the rarest books in the world, the copy in the Bodleian being the only one that is known to exist. The second edition (1743) exhibits the author—an old gentleman of more than seventy—as a professional player anxious to make money out of the amateurs. He has, he announces:—

Framed an *Artificial Memory* which takes not off you Attention from your Game; and if required he is ready to communicate it, upon payment of One Guinea.

And also, He will explain any *Cases* in the Book upon Payment of One Guinea more.

Hoyle's book appears to have been very extensively pirated. In his twelfth edition he announces that he has had to obtain injunctions against nine persons, and will continue to seek injunctions against all those who try to rob him of his rights in his literary property.

A still earlier writer on Whist is Charles Cotton, author of "The Compleat Gamester," 1674. He says:—

Ruff and Honours (alias *Slamm*) and *Whist* are Games so commonly known in England, in all Parts thereof, that every Child almost of eight Years old hath a competent Knowledge in that Recreation.

Perhaps that is the reason why Cotton only states the rules vaguely. The intimation, for example, that "he that wins most Tricks is most forward to win the Set" does not carry us very far. Nor is it easy to make much of this account of dummy whist:—

Some play at two-handed or three-handed *Whist*; if three-handed always two strive to suppress and keep down the rising Man.

Further back than Cotton the rules of the game cannot be traced.

Miss Bailey's skill in indexing is well known. She would be the last person in the world to fall into the error of the indexer of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, who so arranged his Smiths that it was computed that it would take a man ten days at eight hours a day to be sure of turning up any particular Smith that he wanted. Now Miss Bailey sends us the first number of "Bailey's Index to *The Times*" (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 3s.), which differs from Mr. Palmer's well-known index in appearing monthly instead of quarterly. The advantage of the plan is that it admits of the use of large and legible type; but there are drawbacks. The bulk of the index threatens quickly to become overwhelming; and the labour of using it in the case of events of the date of which one does not feel very certain will be enormous. One or two of the entries invite criticism. We do not understand, for instance, on what principle of classification Miss Bailey gives us

Alliances:—

Chamberlain's, Mr., Announcement—Lord Kimberley on, 26th, 5 [2].

We would further suggest that the entry Alpine Accidents is inadequate. The name of the mountain should be given. Otherwise the searcher will be driven to waste a good deal of his valuable time and temper.

Our modern magazines are well known to be indefatigable in their endeavours to satisfy the public curiosity concerning popular literary men; their *dernier cri* finds expression in a campaign which is being organized by a threepenny contemporary. To such men of letters as he considers eminent, or amiable, enough for his purpose the editor has forwarded a pudding basin full of gelatinous matter, with the request that he will have it warmed, press his foot well down into it, and send it back. A cast is to be made from the mould and photographed, and the photograph is to be reproduced in the magazine. Then the general reader will be able to consider whether such a writer has the sort of foot that would be expected from a perusal of his works, or whether the works of a man with this or that sort of foot seem likely to be worth reading. It will be interesting to see how many men of genius will respond to this extraordinary invitation. We hope that most of them will "put their foot down" in a metaphorical rather than a material sense; otherwise it will be hard to see where this sort of impertinence is to stop, or, indeed, why it should stop anywhere at all. The publication of a composite picture, made up of the nose of a realist, the foot of an impressionist, the mouth of an orator, the hand of an historian, and the eye of a poet—a sort of ideal good all round man, in short—strikes us as one development of the idea eminently calculated to stimulate the public interest in literary matters.

It is quite natural for schoolboys to regard poets whose poems they have to learn for "repetition" as so many task-makers who add to the bitterness of life. But this view is not often so frankly expressed as it was in a letter which several Lübeck schoolboys once sent to Herr Geibel, the venerable German poet. This letter has just turned up among the poet's papers and a very amusing composition it is. The boys' complaint was that two of them had been flogged and several others sent down in their class because they could not learn his "Hope of Spring."

"We expect," they went on, "we expect you did not think of such things when you wrote that poem. The Herr Lehrer says it is a very beautiful poem; but there are so many very beautiful poems and we are obliged to learn them. Therefore we beg and entreat you, esteemed Herr Geibel, make no more beautiful poems. And, to make it worse, we have to learn the biography of every poet, what year he was born in, and what year he died in. We write to you because you are the only poet still living, and we wish you a very long life."

It would be interesting to know whether "Karl Beckmann II. Klasse" got any answer to this ingenious appeal.

A well-known modern critic has laid down that the best thing to do, when a new book comes out, is to read an old one. Following this recommendation in the case of Mr. Edward

Lawson's "Guide to Dancing" (Routledge)—an excellent work of its kind—one naturally pulls down a delightful book, published in 1652, under the title of "The Dancing Master, Or plain and easie Rules for the Dancing of Country Dances, with the Tune to each Dance, and to be played on the Treble Violin." The preface alone repays the journey to the shelves. We read:—

The Art of Dancing . . . is a commendable and rare Quality fit for young gentlemen, if civilly and opportunely used. And Plato, that Famous Philosopher, thought it meet that young Ingenious children be taught to Dance. It is a Quality that has been formerly honoured in the Courts of Princes, when performed by the most Noble Heroes of the Times, the Gentlemen of the Innes of Court, whose sweet and airy Activity has crowned their Grand Solemnities with admiration to all Spectators.

The fact that the first dancing manual appeared at a time when the alleged Puritans were in control of the Government supports the view of Puritanism taken by the editor of that ingenious new magazine the *Puritan*. Note the quaint but explicit directions of the Dancing Master for the first dance upon his list. It runs thus:—

First man shake his own Wo. by the hand, then the 2, then the 3, then your own by one hand then by the other, kisse her twice and turn her. Shake her by the hand, then the 2, then your own by one hand, then by the other; kisse her twice and turn her.

This excellent handbook enjoyed an enormous vogue. It ran through a great number of editions, and was still in demand as late as the reign of George I.; and even now a perusal of its pages might inspire many bright ideas for pleasing novelties in the ballroom.

As to the reading of the third line in "A Lyke-Wake Dirge" Mr. Anderson Graham has written to us again to support his view that, in the line "Fire and Sleet and Candle Light," sleet is a corruption of salt, which is still placed on dead bodies in the North. Mr. Mayhew, it will be remembered, denied that salt was ever pronounced sleet in any local patois, and asserts that in the North it is called "Saut." Mr. Graham points out that "the North" means the North of England:—

Can Mr. Mayhew as much as enumerate the hundreds of dialects spoken within this area? Is there one so Scotch as to say "saut"? I do not believe it. "Saut" is Berwickshire but not Berwick-on-Tweed, it is Coldstream but not Cornhill, Sir Patrick Spens but not the Lyke-Wake Dirge. Sate, set, salt, selt, and sleet are all pronunciations to be heard round about Belford Moor—which, when a child, I used to think was the very whining moor of this same ballad. I write of a patois as familiar to me as is the beautiful soft, west wind that blows on the Cheviots. Moreover, Sir Walter Scott, who frequently visited his friend, Priedeaux Selby, the naturalist, at his residence—not the one on the Till, but near Belford—knew the same local patois. He may have heard as I often did in my youth an old dame send her grandson for a ha'porth o' sleet, and based his conjecture on that.

Collectors of M. Maurice Barrès' works should note the appearance, almost simultaneous, of two small publications which will shortly be out of print and become then as rare as his famous "Huit Jours chez M. Renan" which commands such prices to-day as Mr. Kipling's Indian editions of 1888 are obtaining. The most curious of these pamphlets is a memorial volume on "Stanislas de Guaita" (Chamuel 2f.), the Frenchman who, with the famous Sar Peladan and Dr Papus, has resuscitated occultism, and left immense volumes of curious lore on the subject, although he died at thirty-seven years of age. M. Barrès was his schoolmate at the Nancy *lycée*, which readers of "Les Deracinés" will recall, and this volume of souvenirs of his old friend throws fresh light on the early training of this writer. The other pamphlet is "Un Amateur d'Ames" (Fasquelle 3f. 50c.), an enlarged version of a characteristic study which appeared five years ago in "Du Sang, de la Volupté et de la Mort." In imitation of the artistic attitude of the late G. Rodenbach in his "Bruges-la-Morte," M. Barrès has here attempted to pluck out the soul as it were of the most suggestive landscapes of Spain,

and to describe in finely-chiselled phrases the effect of contact with them upon the temper of an unformed but highly sensitive girl.

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The *Revue d'Art Dramatique* has instituted an *enquête sur la critique dramatique française* by putting to a number of distinguished playwrights, actors, musicians, and critics three questions—Should dramatic criticisms be written several days after pieces have been produced? Should simple "reports" be sufficient on the day after production? Would it be better to have no criticism at all? Some of the replies are amusing, though most of them discuss the questions in the most serious vein. M. Valabrègue, the witty farce writer and part author of *La Poupée*, is briefly sensible. He replies "Non" to each. M. Jules Lemaître is nearly as curt as M. Valabrègue. "I. Je crois que ça vaudrait mieux. II. Si. III. Comment?" On the whole the question of criticism is left very much where it was. Some critics, as it is, do wait several days before they pronounce judgment. Others give their opinions at once—and the public does not quarrel with either. It is all very well for some of the *interrogés* to declare loftily that they do not want any criticism at all. People who are interested in the drama demand some notice of new pieces, and, as M. Ferdinand Hérold slyly insinuates, there are many who make reading about a play a substitute for going to see it, and who are glad to be able to talk about it as if they had been.

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Literary Berlin has this week been celebrating the seventieth birthday of one of the most brilliant of living novelists. Friedrich Spielhagen was born at Magdeburg on the 24th February, 1829, and, although little known elsewhere, has been famous in Germany for forty years or more. He began his literary career in the early fifties with a series of excellent translations and critical essays. The translations included what are still among the best German versions of Emerson's "English Characteristics" and Roscoe's "Lorenzo di Medici." But the work which established his reputation was "Problematische Naturen." This powerful socialistic novel was published in 1860, and was followed in 1861 by "Durch Nacht zum Licht," and in 1863 by "Die von Hohenstein." The latter treats of the revolutionary movement of 1848, and was the first of a series of brilliant political romances from the same hand. A list of his novels would almost fill a column. Yet he has also produced a good deal of very charming verse, a volume or two of essays, and a couple of plays, and has found time in the course of his career to edit three important newspapers. His latest work is his Autobiography, in which he gives an interesting account of his experiences in England, Paris, Italy, and Switzerland, and of his life in Berlin, where he has resided since 1862, and where his birthday is to be celebrated to-morrow by a banquet which most of the other leading literary lights of Germany will attend to do him honour.

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Berlin is pre-eminently the city of literary theatrical enterprise and a new society has been lately formed there to give a series of *Festspiele matinales* at which certain plays, both ancient and modern, not often or never before seen on the ordinary stage are to be sumptuously mounted and ideally performed, only the most distinguished professional and lay talent being enlisted. Two comedies of Aristophanes, von Kleist's *Amphitryon*, Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Die letzten Menschen*, by Wolfgang Kirchbach are announced. On the committee of the *Festspiele* figures every name of note in Berlin literary circles.

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Ernst von Wildenbruch, who represents the Schiller tradition in the German drama, has published a long confession of faith and *Apologia*. He claims to have found the German drama sunk to the mere imitation of French plays of intrigue, and to have broken the spell which prevented the production of more elevated works. He used the drama to celebrate the historical glories of Germany, and accuses the younger writers of indifference to patriotism and contempt for patriotic manifestations. What is more to the point, he declares that "This whole naturalistic movement was a movement on paper. The naturalistic dramatists had no notion of the deepest wishes and needs of their

people." The German people, he says, put the educated class right, and by their passive opposition the flood of naturalism has actually been brought to a stand, and the whole movement is now practically set aside.

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According to a Viennese, who lately recorded his impressions of some London theatres in an article in *Die Zeit*, our stage at the present moment is intellectually almost beneath contempt. That the nation "which gave birth to Shakespeare should succumb to a Dumas epidemic in an age that has produced Ibsen" fills him with pitying wonder, and of the performances of individual actors he is equally contemptuous, Mr. Forbes Robertson's Hamlet being the only exception.

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Another writer, in *Das Neue Jahrhundert*, seems even more convinced that the British drama has reached its nadir. "London," he says, "buys more books than any city in Europe, yet regards the theatre as a mere social pastime. It is a digestive after long, heavy dinners, a convenient rendezvous for racing men, stockbrokers, and diamond-decked professional beauties." He speaks with contempt of "shallow drawing-room pieces at the Criterion, carpet romances at the Haymarket, and sugary trash at the Prince of Wales's." The Berliner, unlike the Viennese, does not even allow us the credit of Mr. Forbes Robertson. Perhaps because Mr. Forbes Robertson has visited Berlin.

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A feature of interest in the Russian *Journal Journalow* will be the appearance in its pages of "Turgenev's" hitherto unpublished correspondence with Madame Viardot-Garcia. The history of these letters is remarkable. In 1870 they were lost or stolen owing to the lady's family having to leave Baden-Baden in haste on the declaration of war. Nothing further was heard of them till two years ago, when a Russian *littérateur* picked them up in the shop of a secondhand dealer in Berlin. Madame Viardot now consents to their publication under her own editorship. Turgenev regarded the estate of the Viardots, Courtavenelle, in Rosay-en-Brie, as the cradle of his muse, for it was there that, after a difference with his mother which deprived him of the necessities of life, he took refuge and produced in the winter of 1847-48 his "Diary of a Sportsman."

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Messrs. Sotheran and Co., of Piccadilly, send us the catalogue of a very fine and extensive collection of Autograph Letters and Manuscripts, foreign as well as English. A long letter in Shelley's handwriting, dated Chamouni, July 22nd, written in a marked characteristic style, forms a portion of the MS. of his "Six Weeks Tour," and is partly unpublished. There are also letters of Burns, Byron, Coleridge, Scott, Dickens, and many other celebrities, including Armande Béjart, the wife of Molière, and Adrienne Lacoureur, the French actress, both of which, the former especially, are very rare.

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A catalogue of books just issued by Mr. Richard Cameron, of St. David-street, Edinburgh, contains some curious entries at a very moderate price; notably several works devoted to curling and other sports, the "Secret History of Queen Elizabeth," published at Cologne in 1695, and "The Story of Lady Flora Hastings." Mr. J. T. Goldie, of 13, Park-lane, Leeds, also sends us a miscellaneous catalogue, which contains Lady Charlotte Schreiber's two works on Fans, Skelton's "History of the Royal House of Stuart," and the scarce Boston edition of the *Rubáiyat* of Omar Khayyám with Vedder's designs.

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With the object of providing a central organ in which studies of papyri, or articles on kindred subjects, may be published or recorded, it is proposed to publish, early this year, in Breslau, the first part of "Archiv für Papyrusforschung und verwandte Gebiete." The editor, Herr Ulrich Wilcken, will be assisted by the leading authority on the subject in each European city; Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt will represent Oxford; Mr. Kenyon, London; Professor Mahaffy, Dublin; Lombroso, Rome, and so forth. The periodical is to be divided into three sections; in the first, longer original articles or texts will be published; in the second, shorter articles; while the third will consist of records of excavations and discoveries, reviews, and news.

American Letter.

MR. REMINGTON'S WILD MEN.

The wilderness has been withdrawing itself for a century before the civilized world more and more swiftly, and our half of the civilized world has pressed it so hard that it has almost vanished into the Western sea. The wild man as he once was has in fact altogether ceased to be; and unless the spirit of humanity, which has prompted our late conquests, is to go gunning for him, with a peddler's pack on its shoulders, in the tropical fastnesses of the Philippines, I do not know where he will be found in our territories outside of literature. Even in literature he is not the wild man he once was, though it is doubtful if he ever was as we see him in the literature of the past. Literature now pursues him to the Reservation, where in his unbroken leisure as the ward of the nation he is said to be multiplying. But he is now the creature of circumstances that deprive him of the romantic charm he wore in old-fashioned fiction; the snapshot blue-prints of the up-to-date Indian, as we find them in modern fiction, are no more like the studies of savages in Cooper's historical pictures than the college-slangy American girl of to-day is like the large-languaged heroines of his romances. The New aboriginal, if I may so call him without offence, is a savage who has in some measure come to know on which side his bread is buttered; he submits more or less to the conditions which he does not understand; he is beginning to hold his land in severalty, even if he does not cultivate it; he probably believes that without competition, which is the soul of monopoly, his individuality would perish; and when he sallies forth to slay the cattle of the Beef Trust which his grateful conquerors supply him, he probably has his own views of the protective tariff, though he has as yet kept them to himself.

The wild man of Mr. Remington, as we see him in the group of sketches called "Sundown Leflare," a little antedates this New aboriginal, and he seems to be all the wilder for the mixture of the tame man in him. Leflare's mother was Indian and his father was French, and he has been scout, guide, hunter, whatever you will, for the militant Americans against the savages of a period just a little past. His nature is a dim turmoil of the motives, superstitions, doubts, and fears of both the races blent in him; and without being consciously cruel he has the ferocity of a wild beast, penetrated with some gleams of religion and even of humour, or of a shrewdness that looks like it. At the safe distance of print, Leflare is always not less than delightful, whether we know him in his faith in the thunder-myth of the Great Medicine Horse; or in his heroic defiance of famine, foe, and blizzard in carrying an army order; or in what comes nearest being his grand passion, his passion for the aquaw he steals from her husband; or in his financial operations at cards with a partner whom he knows only as "the store-clothes man;" or in that region of his Higher Self, where he vaguely and shyly reveals the origin and effect of that personal medicine by which he has magically prospered through many perils. The incidents and ideas are imparted in his own parlance, which is as personal as his medicine, and which has for me a preciousness not easily to be evidenced or even suggested to others. Taken simply for what he is, a wild figure, sculturesquely shown on every side, but mystically unknowable to himself as well as to the spectator, he seems to me a great achievement: as great as the finest of Mr. Remington's essays in the graphic or the plastic arts.

I do not at all suppose that he is fiction; on the contrary, I imagine him to be studied from life; but he is none the less, he is all the more, an achievement for that reason; and for that reason I am exempted from comparing him to their disadvantage with all former inventions in his sort. His simplicity puts their sophistication to shame, and one feels again in his presence how knowing nature is, after all. In one's pleasure one almost

forgets how much one owes to the artist who puts his figure before one with such admirable, such almost absolute, detachment. It is, in its supremacy, quite in the line of much other achievement of Mr. Remington's in the several arts with which he seems to find himself at home. Sundown Leflare has in fact been growing through his earlier books, through "Pony Tracks" and through "Crooked Trails," which treat of the same life as the present book, and he merely emerges here with a completer definition. In his realization there is something of the gift to which we owe all those vividly actual pictures of the spare, sinewy, powerful savages, soldiers, and settlers of the plains, now for many years familiar to the readers of the illustrated magazines and newspapers; and there is something of the gift which more lately made itself felt in the group of a frontiersman breaking a mustang, not less actual than the pictures, which the artist named "The Bronco Buster." Amidst the poverty of American motive in American sculpture this was perhaps too arrogantly opulent, and perhaps it exhausted Mr. Remington's resources; at any rate, he has given us nothing that I know of in sculpture since; though his graphic and literary fertility is increasingly great.

It is in literature that he interests me just now. I am not going to pretend that he is a great writer. On the technical side he is faulty enough; he is slovenly, nearly always, but not always; he is newspaperly, he is slangy, he is often whatever one would not wish him to be in structure and conduct; but somehow he is able to give us the life he has seen as we must believe he saw it; and that, after, all is the great matter. So many writers seem to have seen nothing, or if they have seen anything, are so skilled in persuading the reader to the contrary, that when we come upon a writer who is almost not a writer, and yet who knows how to bring us face to face with his facts, we ought to be glad of him.

W. D. HOWELLS.

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HORACE WALPOLE AND LORD CHESTERFIELD.

There is at present in the market a treasure which ought assuredly to find a home in the British Museum. This is Horace Walpole's copy of Chesterfield's Miscellaneous Works, enriched with a large number of notes in his own handwriting. The ample margins of the two quarto volumes afforded Walpole full scope for the favourite occupation of his later years. In many instances the whole of the lower part of the page is covered with fine writing, in the neat and beautiful hand which retained its firmness and clearness to the end; and occasionally the annotations, for want of space below, have turned the corner and invaded the right-hand margin as well. These notes, which form a running commentary on Chesterfield's memoirs and letters, and furnish the clue to many of the allusions in the text, were written in 1777 (for several of them are dated), the year in which the volumes were published, and have been printed by the Philobiblon Society.

The following account of Sir Paul Methuen is a good specimen of the racy observations with which the margins of the two volumes abound:—

Ld. Chesterfield's reputation for wit was early established by the ruin of a man that had very undeservedly been much admired. This was Sr. Paul Methuen, a dull, formal, romantic braggadochio, who, returning from Spain with reputation for having concluded the treaty of Madrid, passed for the finest gentleman of the age, by telling extravagant stories of [his] own valour, and gallantry, and generosity, though he was sordidly penurious. He had crossed over to Africa, vaunted of having killed lions, and of flinging a fine ruby into the sea, because the lady he was walking with would not accept it. Young Ld. Stanhope soon saw through this fictitious knight-errant, and took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule. When he cited the number of lions he had killed, Ld. Stan-

hope (Chest.) said :—" Fie ! Sr. Paul, that was errant poaching." Sr. Paul was not so dull, but he felt how much he suffered from such an antagonist—and being brutal too, determined to be revenged. The occasion that did not present itself, but that he seized, was on being called out in a coffee-house where he was playing at billiards with Ld. Chest. Sr. Paul said, " I was called out by a person who asked me who it could be I was playing with, whose head is bigger than his body, and his nose bigger than his head " ! The description had some foundation in truth—but Ld. Ch., not at all disconcerted, replied with equal wit, irony, and coolness, " Oh ! Sr. Paul, you are famous for encountering monsters ! " Sr. Paul attempted no more to demolish such an adversary with such coarse weapons.

With this brutality, he affected great softness and gallantry, and one day as he went into Ld. Townshend's, a basketwoman offered him a glass of gin. He took it, made her a bow, and drank it. Being asked how he could, he replied, " the lady gave it to me." He was one of those that quarrelled with the court and went into opposition against Sr. R. W., though really disgusted at the Queen, who loved to laugh at affected characters, and did not do it so delicately as Ld. Chest. Yet he went to court, pretended an esteem for Sr. R. and was always teased by the Queen on his reading romances. He was even invited for her to private parties when the King was at Hanover. At those times she often dined with Lady Walpole at Chelsea, and Sr. Paul was always asked, and dined with Sr. R. (for no man sat down to table with the Queen, but conversed with her in the evening at her cards). The last time he was asked, the Queen said, " Well, Sr. Paul, what romance are you reading now ? " He said, " Oh ! Madame, I am tired of them, I have read them all so often ; and I am now got to a very silly study." " What is that ? " said the Queen. " The History," replied he, " of the Kings and Queens of England." He was asked to meet her no more.

Another interesting note relates to the intrigues of the Duchess of Kendal to get Sir Robert Walpole replaced by Lord Bolingbroke in the King's confidence, and gives an amusing picture of George I. carousing at Richmond. These matters had been touched upon in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, written twenty years before. Walpole writes in his *Chesterfield* :—

The Dss. of Kendal, who did not love Sr. R. W., certainly did introduce Ld. Bol. to George 1st a little before the King's last journey. Ld. Bol. made a long harangue to His Majesty, who said very little ; and Ld. Bol., who had been very apprehensive of not making a sufficient impression, had prepared and left with the K. the substance of what he had said in writing. That paper the King gave to Sr. R. W. as soon as he saw him—a clear proof that the King did not intend to sacrifice the latter to the former, tho Ld. B. persuaded himself, or at least persuaded others, that he was to be Minister on the King's return ; and his friend Earl Berkeley, who conveyed the King to Holland, treated Lord Townshend, who accompanied his Master, as a falling Minister. Sr. R. W. was to his death in possession of Ld. Bolinbroke's memorial. Here is another presumption that the K. did not intend to remove Sr. R. W. He had just made his son Ld. Walpole Ranger of Richmond, and the King used to shoot there and began the Stone Lodge there. While the Ranger's lodge was preparing, Sr. R. hired a small house on Richmond Hill, and the King dined there with him after shooting, and one day got drunk with Punch. The Dss. of Kendal, fearing such moments would give the Minister better opportunities of ingratiating himself with the King, sent General Ilton and another of the Germans with his Majesty the next time he dined with Sr. R. with orders to prevent the King's drinking, which on their interposing to prevent, the King flew into a passion, and called them several gross names in German—and the last thing he said to Sr. R. before he went abroad, was to order him to have the Stone Lodge finished against his return, which did not look as if he parted from his Minister in displeasure. On the publication of these memoirs, I recollected these circumstances, and asked Mr. Th. Townshend Senr., son of Ld. Townshend, about them, and he confirmed my account.—HON. WALPOLE.

I have since consulted Mr. Carey Mildmay of Merks in Essex (now aged about 87 in 1777), he was the intimate friend of Ld. Bol. He told me Ld. Bolinbroke had certainly flattered himself with such hopes, but that he, Mr. Mildmay, had never seen reason to believe that George 1st would make Ld. Bol. his Minister. I had this conversation with Mr. Mildmay at Ld. Dacre's in Bruton Street, March 22d, 1777.—H. W.

FICTION.

THE MANDARIN (Hutchinson, 6s.), by Carlton Dawe, is a well-written sensational story. The persons who figure in it are few, the most important of them being Ting-Foo, a capital specimen of the " heathen Chinese," though he lives at the mission-house and professes Christianity. Cruel and unscrupulous, Ting-Foo nevertheless succeeds in winning our sympathies by his fidelity to the young Englishman who has saved his life. The portrait could not have been drawn by any one who had not an intimate acquaintance with the Chinese character. In his resourcefulness Ting-Foo recalls some of Charles Reade's creations. No matter what may be the combination against him, he is always able to find a way out. When the hero and heroine escaped from the burning mission-house and finally left the Flowery Land behind them, they were right, if only as a matter of policy, to take Ah Sing—we mean Ting-Foo—with them.

The crossing of the Alps by Hannibal and the first steps of his incursion into Italy give the background of ANEROESTES THE GAUL (Unwin, 6s.), by Edgar Maurice Smith. Mr. Smith has hardly succeeded in producing a convincing study of the times. His Numidians, Celtiberians, and the rest are barbarous enough, it is true. The fighting, though given in unnecessary detail, is done with some spirit ; and the characters of Hannibal and his lieutenants are drawn with care and an eye to contrast. But it is impossible to take more than a tepid interest in the fortunes of Anercestes and his captive maiden. Those writers are few indeed who can impart a sense of reality into their reconstruction of such far-off times, and we fear that Mr. Smith is not one of the elect. The style of his writing is inflated, and he tries to display in every sentence his knowledge of the period. An acquaintance with " antiquities " is very well, but it is not sufficient warrant for embarking upon a story of the Punic War. The main idea of the book is original, but the story concludes unsatisfactorily, and in a manner that looks as if the writer himself had grown rather tired of his work. For some inscrutable reason Mr. Smith persistently mis-spells the word *testudines*.

The name of William Carleton, once known to fame as the " Irish Walter Scott," is barely remembered now in this country, except among those who happen to have read his " Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry." One of his most successful books, THE BLACK PROPHECY, which the author himself considered his best novel, has just been reprinted by Lawrence and Bullen (3s. 6d.), with an introduction by Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, and illustrations by Mr. J. B. Yeats. Written during the progress of the great famine of 1847, the narrative is woven round the earlier catastrophes of 1817 and 1822. Like all Carleton's works, " The Black Prophet " displays the most intimate acquaintance with the nature of the peasantry, and it has the additional advantage of being almost entirely free from sectarian animosity. It is a powerful story, and its republication should do something to revive the popularity of one of Ireland's greatest novelists.

Miss Mary Hartier shows in her short novel CHAPEL FOLK (James Clarke, 3s. 6d.) that she knows how to tell a story with fluency and skill, but her subject matter is hardly engrossing. The son of a man who had recently become rich and loved the things of this world became a dissenting minister in the west of England where he meets Grace, " the tall, slim, and beautiful " daughter of one of his deacons, and these two are happy ever after. The pictures of the good-hearted chapel folk are well drawn ; the West Country dialect, for once, is truthfully conveyed ; the mild interest of the story is sustained to the end. There is some gentle humour, but nothing very analytical or unexpected. Once, in reading, we thought we had come across a queer touch of character showing that even the hero was not quite perfect. On page 2, the minister is spoken of as " a tall man, looking even younger than his twenty-eight years " ; on page 11, in answer to a deacon's inquiry he says, without a blush, " I am

twenty-six." But this seems to mean nothing more subtle than a printer's error.

A *DELIVERANCE*, by Allan Monkhouse (Lane, 3s. 6d.), is in many ways a remarkable book. It is spun-out, depressing, and introspective to the verge of wearisomeness. But it has a power and integrity and a human interest which will not let one put it down in disgust. It is a valuation of the eternal conflict of the dual nature in man; the warring of the self that aspires with the self that enjoys. In this case a physical disease complicates the struggle. Harry Searls is dying by inches; but two women's lives are mixed up with his. One of them simply represents the attraction of the senses, and in her absence he more than half loathes her; the other is high-minded and intellectual, and stirred by a deep love for him that will not endure to see him sink below himself. For long she saves him from his lower nature; but as his death approaches, her strength and courage weary him with the strain of emulation they induce. "It's wearisome to a degraded brute like me to have these useless, hopeless ideals paraded constantly," says the dying man; and it is to the woman who represents no effort, but only weakness like his own, to whom he clings. For those who have the patience to follow the author to the end, the story will be pregnant with meaning.

It is not easy to praise *THE LADY OF CRISWOLD* (Greening, 2s. 6d.), by Leonard Outram. Its sensationalism may perhaps please some readers, but it is thoroughly artificial. The plot turns on the fact that Lord Criswold marries a girl who is mad. Though aware of her condition, he yields to the threats of her unnatural mother and her equally unnatural brother. We refuse to believe in such a story. If it is based on anything that ever happened, the author has written fact like fiction. He is not without ability, but in this book it has no outlet.

The Rev. E. A. Sheehan has written, under the guise of a story, a defence of Christianity, from the Roman Catholic standpoint, against the attacks of "Spinozists and Cartesians, Kantians and Fichteans, Hegelians of the right, Hegelians of the left, Baconians and Voltaireans, Pantheists of the shape of Emerson, higher Pantheists, Spencerians, swearers by Schopenhauer, Idealists, Materialists, Sceptics"—rather a formidable task for one man to undertake in a single volume. Still, there would be no objection to it if the conditions were fair, but the opponents set up by Mr. Sheehan are all dummies that tumble at a breath. As a tract *THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE* (Burns and Oates, 6s.) might pass muster, for it is clever in its way, but as a novel it is curiously formless, the plot (such as it is) perpetually disappearing beneath the surface, to reappear again, rather to the reader's bewilderment, some considerable distance further on. The atmosphere of the whole is Irish, and the author an Irishman, and in one way the plot is suggestive. The hero enters a lodging-house, and, because the landlady does not instantly welcome him with open arms, loses his temper; he asks for employment at a big shop, giving as his qualification some knowledge of classics, and, when he does not get it, calls the manager "a miserable cad" and is thrown out; he finds, with angry amazement, that the directors support their manager, and is straightway convinced that the whole world is leagued against him, till the affection of a child sets him on his feet again. The book, in fact, throws light upon some phases of Irish history.

THE LOST PROVINCES, by Louis Tracy (Pearson, 6s.), is one of those novels, of which there have been a good many of late, in which the attempt is made to forecast the future course of history. The story, however, was held back for serial publication, and history in the meantime took the liberty of progressing in a direction diametrically opposite to that contemplated by the story-teller. According to Mr. Tracy, Germany picks a quarrel with France and is beaten; while England, though neutral so far as the actual fighting goes, does what she can indirectly to help France and hamper Germany. The contingency might have

seemed reasonable three years ago; but a good deal of water—Nile water, in fact—has flowed under the bridge since then. This robs the romance of some of its interest; but the book is none the less a good one of its kind. Some of the fighting is graphically described; and Le Breton's ride—an adventure conceived on the lines of Sheridan's famous raid in the American Civil War—holds the attention well. The book is padded with murder, kidnapping, and similar sensations; but this can be skipped.

With the passage of time Mr. F. Anstey becomes more and more direct and elementary in his imaginative work. *LOVE AMONG THE LIONS* (Dent, 2s.) reaches the highest state of simplicity. It is a little story of a young "tea-taster" in the City who loves a rather silly lady, living in Canonbury-square. She has "Spanish blood," which is supposed to account for her desire for advertisement and her wish to be married in a lion's cage. But the manner of developing the tale has something of the charm of the author of "Vice Versa," as, for instance, when the hero, who tells the story, says of the houses in Canonbury-square:—

"Some have balconies and verandahs which make it difficult to believe that one has not met them, like their occupiers, at some watering place in the summer."

There are many happy touches of observed character and, for those who like a simple and amusing narrative, with a little complication and a happy ending, "*Love Among the Lions*" will be satisfying. The book is rather poorly illustrated.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

THE QUEEN'S STORY-BOOK (Constable and Co., 6s.) is a very good companion volume to Mr. Laurence Gomme's "*King's Story-book*," issued in 1897. It is described as a collection of historical stories from English romantic literature in illustration of the reigns of English Monarchs from the Conquest to Queen Victoria. The chosen authors include Thackeray, Harrison Ainsworth, G. P. R. James, Bulwer Lytton, Sir Walter Scott, and Mary Shelley, and certainly the result is a collection of fine and telling prose that "grown-ups" will appreciate as much as their juniors. In fact, if the book has a drawback it is that its title and appearance might lead it to be bought for the nursery only. Some of the extracts, too, are decidedly strong meat for babes. There are many illustrations, the print is very fair, and the binding attractive.

KING ALFRED'S VIKING, by Charles Whistler (T. Nelson and Sons, 2s. 6d.), is a very handsome book for the money, well printed and effectively bound. The contents are spirited and readable, and very conscientiously supported by fact wherever that is possible. Mr. Whistler has studied his period and woven his history and his fiction carefully together in this "story of the first English fleet."

AT SEA UNDER DRAKE, by Charles Eden (Skeffington, 6s.), is a rousing tale of "the gentlemen adventurers and sturdy mariners who banded together to harass the Spaniards . . . men who lived clean and honest lives, and who worshipped God. . . ." In other words, it is one more picture of Drake's expedition to the Spanish Main, and on the whole a good and complete one. The book is large and handsome, with illustrations by Mr. Arthur Ellis. The frontispiece is particularly lively, showing two duels, with a sword-point appearing through the back of one of the duellists. We are glad to hear that the next volume in the series will deal with the defeat of the Spanish Armada by Lord Howard of Effingham, though there is nothing in this book to tell us to what "series" Mr. Eden refers.

UNCLE ISAAC'S MONEY, by Emily Finnemore (S.P.C.K., 3s. 6d.), is a tale of avarice and fraud, not too heavily dwelt on, and furnished with plenty of comic relief. The sayings of Hanny Sawyer will amuse readers of most ages, and there is some pathos about the uncouth courtship of Solomon. The book has some fair illustrations by W. S. Stacey, of which the frontispiece is the best.

THE GIRLS OF ST. WODE'S, by L. T. Meade (Chambers, 5s.), is a readable story of girls' life at college; it is a novel in embryo, although the book ends before the giddy world has had time to intrude. Belle is an amusing caricature—not much more—and little Leslie is an attractive young person, as presented by both the author and the artist, Mr. W. Rainey. Girls will enjoy the story.

IN HIS SERVICE, by S. L. G. H. (S.P.C.K., 2s.), has the definitely religious tone that its title leads one to expect, but is not too goody-goody, and, altogether, has merit of a quiet kind and makes pleasant reading.

THE PRINCESS ILSE, by Marie Petersen, well translated by A. M. Deane (Leadenhall Press, 2s. 6d.), is a legend of the Harz Mountains, delicate, charming, poetical, and a little sentimental.

THE SECRETS OF THE NIGHT, translated by F. Ethel Hynam (Elliot Stock), is the first volume in a series of European folk-tales. It is a collection of Estonian tales told simply enough to interest children, yet possessing a value also for the student of folk-lore. Many of the stories are poetical as well as curious, but the illustrations to the volume leave much to be desired.

Correspondence.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF TRUTH.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Dr. Gairdner, in order to explain the consolation of truth, advances a theory in last week's *Literature* that we know truth from falsehood by a sense of harmony which gives the mind satisfaction. But there is consolation in falsehood and fiction as well as in truth and fact. There are assertions which are satisfactory though false, and there are truths which bring the reverse of satisfaction to the mind. Why does a doctor falsely give hope where there is no hope? Simply to satisfy his patient or his patient's relatives. What satisfaction is there in knowing the worst when you are told the truth that you have cancer in the stomach, and expect to die a disgusting death? None, absolutely none. Nor does the substitution of truth for doubt take away half the sting of an evil, as Dr. Gairdner supposes; on the contrary, a man often bears with an evil because he only half believes in it. We cannot know truth by a sense of satisfaction when satisfaction is absent. How, then, do we know it?

Man has two ways of knowing reality, sense and reasoning from sense; and, in consequence, has the power of arriving at true judgments. Sensory judgments are true when they agree with any reality which is directly perceived by sense; for example, it is true, though unsatisfactory, to judge that I am ill when I really feel ill, and false to judge that I am well, however consoling. Rational judgments are true when they agree with any reality which is logically inferred by reason in many degrees of indirectness from sense, whether with mathematical or with moral certainty. For example, it is true and satisfactory to judge that the Cunard Company has, after all, never lost a ship, and it is equally true to judge that the Mohegan was wrecked on the Manacles by steering a wrong course, although here there is nothing but humiliation to be got out of this truth. In short, known truth is the agreement of our judgments with the realities which we perceive by sense and infer by reason, whether this harmony gives the mind satisfaction or not.

Truth is usually, but not universally, satisfactory. Hence we desire to know it more often than not; and we always desire to know it when we expect that it will satisfy us, either as a means or as an end. We value it for its utility because knowledge gives power, and we value it for

its own sake because, as Aristotle says, all men desire knowledge by nature. Man lives by the truth and loves the truth itself. He usually pursues it as usually satisfactory. But we must be careful not to exaggerate this pursuit of it. On the one hand, man's desire of the truth is not identical nor even coincident with his knowledge. Truth is often forced upon him quite involuntarily, and it makes no difference to his knowledge of it whether an involuntary truth is or is not palatable; whether, for example, one hears of an unexpected legacy, or finds that one owes one's tailor £50 instead of £20. There are then involuntary and painful truths which we discover without desire, and know without satisfaction. On the other hand, the desire of the truth is itself limited. Even when we pursue the truth as satisfactory, we sometimes know it without satisfaction. Although we usually desire to know it as usually satisfactory, it sometimes turns out contrary to expectation, as when Bluebeard's wife unlocked the cupboard and found the skeletons of her predecessors. Moreover, we do not always desire to know it at all. One frequently says "Don't tell me," or, "I don't want to know," when one expects that the knowledge of the truth will give no satisfaction to the mind. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Man stands at a disadvantage in the face of the greatness of nature. It is not for him to choose facts, nor when he will discover them, nor whether they will satisfy him. He is lucky enough if, on the whole, he is satisfied. By sense and reason he is able to know the truth, whether he is satisfied or not, and often he knows it involuntarily, painfully, without any desire to know it beforehand, or any satisfaction to be found in it afterwards, nay, sometimes against his expectation and desire, and when he would much rather have remained in blissful ignorance. He has to assent, to acquiesce, to stop thinking when convinced of the truth of a conclusion; but conviction is not consolation, and to come to a conclusion is not necessarily to become happy. The knowledge of the truth is an intellectual consequence of sense and reason, independent of the practical satisfaction of the mind.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

20th Feb., 1899. THOMAS CASE.

"THE PEN AND THE BOOK."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I have read the correspondence upon the above subject which has appeared in your columns with interest, the more so, perhaps, as it has a tendency to resolve itself into more or less violent attacks upon publishers as a class—rather than upon the dealings of the individual "black sheep" amongst them—and equally unwise defence of them as a class.

It may be presumed that they are neither all angels nor—the other things. I yield to no one in my admiration for Sir Walter Besant and the excellent work he has accomplished in the way of placing literary property upon a clearer and firmer basis. And a close perusal of his facts and figures, taken in conjunction with my own fairly wide experience, has never shown me that his definite statements can be successfully combated. Some authors, alas! who owe him most, and gladly avail themselves of the data he has been the means of furnishing to "make good bargains" on their own behalf, are singularly short-memoried when the apportionment of the credit of their success comes to be made.

I take it that both parties in the present dispute are concerned too much with generalities. On the one hand we have certain correspondents attempting to prove that all publishers are rogues; and, on the other hand, certain others loudly proclaiming that they are philanthropists pure and simple, who seldom make money (the declarations of Somerset House on their

deaths to the contrary); and this contention goes hand in hand with many publishers proclaiming their losses, and thus that they are singularly inapt business men. It may be taken for granted that publishers as a whole are not less intelligent in business matters than other men, and that in the past (before the days of the Society of Authors and Sir Walter) they were as "sharp"—with a few honourable exceptions—as the typical Old Bailey lawyer of ancient times.

The point at issue seems to me a very simple one. Publishers have a perfect right to make a good bargain. Authors have an equally perfect right to know with exactness how the terms offered will work out. It is this confusion of issues by the publisher which has given to this question an importance it would otherwise lack. I have read the letter of Mr. E. H. Cooper with attention, because his statement of considerable dealings with some half-dozen firms shows that he has either been singularly fortunate, or, which is possible, unusually astute. He certainly does not need the assistance or advice of the Society of Authors, and it is not intended for such fortunate individuals as he. As to his statement "I find that my experiences are those of all my acquaintances, *without exception*" (the italics are mine), we are bound to accept the assertion, although one is tempted to ask the names of the publishing firms which Mr. Cooper would lead one to suppose are so obliging that authors (if as astute as he himself) have merely to state their demands to have them complied with. The fact that *none* of Mr. Cooper's friends have any difficulty or dispute whatever with their publishers is almost incredible, and your correspondent's ignorance as to the *status* of the members of the Society is extraordinary, if not merely a *fin de siècle* pose. There certainly are a few members quite capable of saying something on this subject, and something worth hearing. And Sir Walter Besant's *protégés*—I should not myself apply that description to members of the Society—have a very solid existence in fact, although your correspondent seems to doubt their very existence. Mr. Cooper's letter in reality amounts to nothing, as his experience has admittedly been of the most one-sided nature.

I have had dealings with rather more firms than he, as my work covers a larger field. And the results have been much as might be expected. In three cases I have been treated straightforwardly. That is to say, I have not had either to complain of my bargains or the manner in which the contracts, so far as the publishers were concerned, have been carried out. In the five other cases I have had the greatest difficulty (though three of the firms are well known and long established) in getting accurate or promptly rendered accounts such as one has a right to expect from partners with a controlling interest in a transaction. In two cases I have not succeeded in getting the money due to me until my solicitor's letter brought the offenders to a sense of their position. In one instance I detected fraudulent accounts, in another I found many more copies had been printed of the work than were accounted for to me when royalty was reckoned. This experience may at all events be taken as a set-off against Mr. Cooper's, and I venture to think that it more nearly approximates to the "usual thing," than that he personally details.

Let it be granted once and for all that the publisher—

- (1) Is a business man who is anxious to do as well as possible for himself.
- (2) Is not a philanthropist. All statements to the contrary notwithstanding.
- (3) Is not incapable of framing an agreement in which he has not devoted his chief attention to the author's interests. (Why should he?)
- (4) Sometimes makes a profit on the books he issues.
- (5) Sometimes submits unsatisfactory and one-sided agreements.
- (6) Sometimes takes secret profits.

That the Author is not always—

- (1) A paying speculation. (But this is a risk encountered in other businesses besides that of publisher).
- (2) A person well enough "up" in the details of printing, binding, advertising, and publishing matters generally to protect

his own interests. (Hence the *raison d'être* of the Society of Authors).

—and the war between publishers and their authors could be easily put an end to.

The letter of "A Publisher," with which Mr. Herbert Spencer has dealt fully and conclusively, may well be left where the latter leaves it, except for me to add that I have had proposals to publish on commission from two houses of old repute and untarnished reputation. It can, of course, only answer in the author's case where there can be absolute trust placed in the firms employed to carry out the work.

I would recommend Mr. Cooper to write for information regarding the draft agreements recently proposed by the Publishers themselves. Which agreements few would hesitate to stigmatize as unfair.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

Feb. 1899.

"ONE WHO KNOWS."

MR. SPENCER AND MR. CROZIER.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In answer to Mr. Spencer's letter in which he quotes yet another passage from his writings to prove that he is not a Materialist, and asks me whether I think the passage in question could be written by a man who was, I would only say that I have dealt exhaustively with that very passage in pages 179-194 of my "Religion of the Future," and in pages 63-64 of my "Civilization and Progress"; and to these pages I must now with all deference refer him, as it would be quite impossible to reproduce their substance within the limits of a letter. One word only I will here permit myself, and that is, that the nature of a man's philosophy is to be judged not from the *name* he gives it, but from the *nature* of the First Principle from which its conclusions are deduced; and that Mr. Spencer deduces all the phenomena of the World and of Life from a *fixed* quantity of Force, which acts *mechanically* through the ordinary laws of Motion, he would be himself the last to deny. If that is not a *materialistic* system of philosophy, then the word for me has lost its meaning. His system, indeed, could not be more materialistic had it been deduced from the Law of Gravitation itself!

JOHN BEATTIE CROZIER.

AN OLD MISQUOTATION.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—When Christopher North, brought down to date in the thousandth number of "Blackwood," drops into Latin with *Rem acu tetigisti*, the Shepherd gives a timely caution "Whisht, Mr. North; for ony sake keep awa' frae the Lait'n." The caution is taken in good part and for a time remembered. But as the night wears on there comes a pleasant joke on Mr. Gladstone as the last statesman of eminence to quote Latin in public, *ultimus Romanorum*; then a harmless use of *parcus cultor et infrequens*; then the beloved of Colonel Newcome, *ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes*—the speaker prudently pulling up short of the point at which that gallant and amiable cavalry officer came to grief. After this prudence fails, and on ground a little less familiar, the cropper that the Shepherd seems to have anticipated occurs:—*Uno avulso non deficit alter*.

It was not for the Shepherd to tell Mr. North that this was the motto of a Parisian dentist—the only doubtful point being whether he went on to the next line and added *aureus*—and that if he had intended to quote Virgil he would have had to be content with *Primo*. The Shepherd could only repeat in tones of sadness rather than reproach:—"O man, man, can ye no' keep clear o' the Lait'n?"

There is a possible explanation. The quotation may have been made under the influence of one older than Maga who reappears in No. M, and who in other days misquoted similarly. Gibbon, after mentioning that his younger brothers received the same Christian name as he, in order (in the event of his death) to retain the name Edward in the family, wound up with *Uno avulso non deficit alter*. But Gibbon himself may have been still under

the influence of that tutor of whom he records that he remembered that he had a salary to receive and only forgot that he had a duty to perform.

LL.

AUSTRALIAN PRIMITIVENESS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In my review of Messrs. Spencer and Gillen's "Natives of Central Australia," I find that I have made an oversight. I take it almost or quite for granted that kindred reckoned in the male line is less primitive than reckoning in the female line. This leaves out of account the foot-note to p. 36 in the book, where the authors argue that, under conditions of "Group Marriage," reckoning in the male line is just as easy as reckoning in the female line, and just as likely to have been adopted first. I see objections to this theory, but I ought to have recognized its existence.

Faithfully yours,

THE REVIEWER.

THE THREE-DECKED PULPIT.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In Mr. Alfred Cochrane's very happy lines headed "A Non-Combatant," and appearing in last week's *Literature*, he makes mention of the "Three-Decked Pulpit," that fast-vanishing tower of strength in the Church.

Can Mr. Cochrane, or any other of your readers, refer me to the origin of the phrase? I have lit upon it once or twice in recently published writings, but would fain discover its birth-place.

Yours faithfully,

February 20.

A LONDON RUSTIC.

Authors and Publishers.

For family reasons no complete life has been hitherto published either of Horace or of James Smith, the witty brothers who made "one of the luckiest hits in literature" with the "Rejected Addresses," which still, after nearly a century, remain the happiest collection of parodies in the language. The life of the two brothers is being written by Mr. Arthur Beavan for Messrs. Hurst and Blackett. Horace was a stockbroker. "Is it not odd," Shelley once said of him, "that the only truly generous person I ever knew who had money enough to be generous with should be a stockbroker? He writes poetry and pastoral dramas, and yet knows how to make money and does make it, and is still generous." James, the elder of the pair, wrote little after the "Rejected Addresses," determined to leave off a winner. He was a very good talker, and the skits he wrote for Charles Mathews drew from the actor the remark that "he was the only man who could write clever nonsense."

The next volume of the "Wolseley" Series, edited for Messrs. Kegan Paul by Captain James, will be "Cromwell as a Soldier," by Major Baldock. Presumably it will cover Cromwell's army administration as well as his actual leadership in the field. Carlyle's "Cromwell" is also to be issued shortly in a new edition by Messrs. Methuen, with notes and additions which will make the reader acquainted with the fresh lights that have been thrown upon the Protector's times and character since Carlyle wrote. Mr. S. R. Gardiner's monograph on Cromwell is also announced by Messrs. Goupil.

Climbing books seem to be popular just now. There have been a good many already published during the autumn and winter, and Mr. Fisher Unwin announces two more. One is the climbing reminiscences of Mr. W. Norman Néruda, who was killed last September in the Dolomites during an attempted ascent of the Fünffingerspitze, one of the most difficult and dangerous ascents in the Austrian Tyrol. Mr. Néruda, who was a son of Lady Hallé, was a member of both the English and the Austrian Alpine Clubs, and a climber of great experience. At the time of his death he was making arrangements for an expedition to the Himalayas.

Another Alpine book intended for publication in the Spring is "The Early Mountaineers," by Mr. Francis Gribble. It covers the history of climbing, so far as the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Apennines are concerned, from the attempts on the Roche Melon, related by a Latin chronicler of the time of the Norman conquest, to the Oberland ascents of the Meyers at the beginning of the present century. Among the climbers whose exploits are narrated are included Conrad Gesner, Scheuchzer, Petrarch, Leonardo da Vinci, Marc-Théodule Bourrit, Jean André de Luc, Father Placidus à Spescha, Count Morozzo, Razio Delfico, M. de Candale, Bishop of Aire in Gascony, and Ramond de Carbonnière. The illustrations are taken from old prints and various old mountaineering tracts, such as Gesner's "Descriptio Montis Fracti," and the Procès Verbal of the ascent of Mont Aiguille in 1492 are reproduced in the original language.

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Apropos of the steady popularity of Alpine books, it seems worth while to point out that there are several interesting ones which are out of print, and might advantageously be reprinted. King's "Italian Valleys" and Mr. Girdlestone's "High Alps Without Guides" are two instances. Mr. Justice Wills' "Wanderings among the High Alps"—containing the description of what is generally accounted the first sporting climb—is a third; and others will readily suggest themselves to every student of the subject.

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Sir Edward Grey is now joining the ranks of author-Parliamentarians. His book on angling will be the opening volume of the Haddon Library, which the Marquess of Granby and Mr. George A. B. Dewar are editing for Messrs. Dent, and it will appear during March. It is to deal with fly-fishing for trout, sea trout, and salmon in various parts of the country, from the Hampshire chalk streams to the Shetland voes. It will not be a technical or purely practical work, although it will contain hints and suggestions in regard to both dry and wet fly-fishing, tackle, stocking rivers, and other matters of importance to anglers. Sir Edward was a keen angler for trout before he went to Winchester, but it was at that place that he first gained an insight into the really scientific side of trout fishing, and the book will no doubt tell us a good deal about the large and well-educated trout of the Itchen. This book is to be illustrated by Mr. William Hyde, Miss Jessie Macgregor, and other artists, and the *edition de luxe* will be strictly limited to 150 copies. The second volume of the Haddon Library series of country life books will be Dean Hole's book on gardens, and the third Mr. George A. B. Dewar's on wild life and sport in Hampshire.

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More than 100,000 copies have already been ordered of the sixpenny edition of "With Kitchener to Khartum." After the first orders of the booksellers have been supplied this edition will not be further reprinted. The book which Mr. G. W. Stevens is writing on his experiences in India will be published, like all his previous works, by Messrs. Blackwood.

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Mr. Burleigh is publishing for Mr. J. C. Bailey a volume of Essays dealing with eight of the great English letter writers. Some of them have already appeared in the *Quarterly*, the *Fortnightly*, and elsewhere, while others now appear for the first time. The title of the book is "Studies in some Famous Letters."

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The Rev. Charles Taylor, whose published works vary from one on Geometrical Conics of 1863 to the account of the first ascent of Monte Rosa from Italy, has in hand, for the Clarendon Press, an essay on the *Oxyrhynchus Logia*, discovered by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, founded on a lecture given at Oxford; for the Cambridge University Press he is preparing some Palimpsests from the Genizah of Old Cairo, including a Fragment of Origen's "Hexapla," and also, in conjunction with Professor Schechter, a work to be entitled "The Wisdom of Ben Sira," portions of the Hebrew of Ecclesiasticus found in the Cairo Genizah Collection lately presented to Cambridge University by the editors.

The Principal of the London College of Music, Dr. Frederick J. Karn, is now writing a series of Text Books on the several subjects of musical theory—counterpoint, harmony, musical form, and so forth. With Mr. G. Augustus Holmes, Dr. Karn has prepared a book on musical history, which will shortly be published by Messrs. Weekes, who are also bringing out a series of the classical pianoforte works with special annotations by the same authors.

Mr. Rowland Ward announces "The Great and Small Game of Africa," as a companion volume to "Deer of all Lands" and "Wild Oxen, Sheep, and Goats of all Lands." The editor is Mr. H. A. Bryden, and nearly all the letterpress will be contributed by well-known sportsmen, including Sir Harry Johnston and Mr. F. C. Selous. The book, will be printed on art paper, in quarto form, and a subscription edition not exceeding 500 copies, will be issued at £5 5s.

The Dean of Ely's new volume of verse will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin shortly. The title will be "Bryhtnoth's Prayer and other Poems." The title-piece of the book appears in our issue of to-day.

A book by Mr. G. Firth Scott will shortly be published by Messrs. Sampson Low entitled "The Romance of Australian Exploring." Mr. Firth Scott is at present engaged on a story, typically Australian, dealing with bush and mining life.

Mr. Kipling (of whose illness we are sorry to hear) is becoming popular in Paris. We have already referred to the efforts of M. Robert d'Humières and M. Louis Fabulet to reveal him to French readers. And now his "Light that Failed" is being translated by Mme. Charles Laurent, and will be published this summer by the *Figaro*.

The Professor of English History in the University of Minnesota, Mr. Richard Burton, is preparing for the press a book on the English language, called "The Mother Tongue: Its Trials and Triumphs." Professor Burton will also have ready for autumn publication his third volume of poems.

Professor Mark Baldwin, of Princeton University, is issuing, through Messrs. Macmillan, a second edition of his "Social and Ethical Interpretations," the work which was awarded the gold medal of the Royal Academy of Denmark last year. It is also appearing in French and German. Professor Baldwin's little work the "Story of the Mind," written for the Useful Story Series, and recently issued in London by Messrs. Newnes, has already appeared on the American side from the press of Messrs. Appleton. Messrs. Macmillan now announce that the "Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology," which they are preparing under the editorship of Professor Baldwin, with the help of an international corps of contributors, is nearing completion, and that the first of the three proposed volumes will probably appear before the end of the year. Professor Baldwin spent most of last summer in England and Scotland making final arrangements for the articles to be written by British authorities.

Mr. Fisher Unwin announces the first volume of "The Works of Frederick Nietzsche," containing "The Genealogy of Morals" and Mr. Gray's translation of the "Poems." Meanwhile, Mr. William Reeves is publishing another English version of the First Part of Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra," by Mr. Thomas Common, who boldly calls Nietzsche "the most important philosophical writer of the century." The following extract from his preface may give the reader some idea of Mr. Thomas Common's philosophical attitude:—

The fact is that almost any page of Nietzsche's writings is worth more than dozens of volumes of the ethical trash, such as Muirhead's "Elements of Ethics" and Seth's "Study of Ethical Principles," which are thrust into the hands of unfortunate students at the universities. The former writer has studied the half-crazy Berkeley and his stupid followers so long that he thinks the world is a dream and not a reality, except when his self-interest is concerned; and as for the latter work, the first page of it is suggestive of its author as a big, goody-good boy, tied to his mother's apron-strings; while his ignorance of what goes on outside his own clique corroborates the truth of the impression. Nietzsche's ethics, however, are not the ethics for boys, nor for old women, nor for dreamers either; they are the ethics for full-grown men, for noble, strong, wide-awake men, who shape the world's destiny. Too many of the professional philosophers nowadays are cowardly, cringing sneaks, mere hucksters, who retail pseudo-philosophy to suit the demands of the ignorant and vulgar

parvenus, like the Hooleys, Barnatos, Liptons, Rockafellers (sic), &c., who endow colleges that they may have their degraded, prejudices flattered, and thus have an easy conscience. Professional philosophy is at present quite out of touch with the best thought of the age. It will not be always so, however. A true system of philosophy will triumph ere long.

Dr. Edmund J. James, of the University of Chicago, for ten years on the editorial staff of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, first as editor-in-chief and later as assistant, has retired from the editorial board. His removal from the University of Pennsylvania to the University of Chicago made it impossible for him to continue in the active control of the *Annals*, which, under his management, has won for itself a prominent place among the special journals devoted to economics and politics. Fifteen years ago there was no journal published in English comparable to such German periodicals as Hildebrand's *Jahrbücher der National Oekonomie und Statistik*, or even the French *Journal des Economistes*. Now we have not only the English *Economic Journal* (London), but the quarterly *Journal of Economics* (Cambridge, Mass.), *Political Science Quarterly* (New York), *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* (Philadelphia), and *Journal of Political Economy* (Chicago), each of which has attained a large circulation.

"The Index to the Names in the Mahabharata," by Dr. S. Sørensen, the prospectus of which has been issued by Messrs. Williams and Norgate, will not only contain references to all the names in the Mahabharata—resembling in this respect the indices of FitzEdward Hall to Wilson's translation of the Vishnu-Purana, of Professor Oldenberg's to Vinaya Pitaka, and others equally well known—but a short explanation in each case, showing the nature of the reference.

A volume of Translations in Italian Verse, after D. G. Rossetti, is being published in Florence. It will include translations of "The Last Confession," "Sister Helena," "The Staff and Scip," and some lyrics and sonnets from the "House of Life." The translations are by Mr. Antonio Agresti, son-in-law of Mr. W. M. Rossetti, who also provides an introductory essay on English Painting and the Life and Work of D. G. Rossetti.

Miss Beatrice Harraden's new story will be ready in April; the title is taken from a passage in the Psalms—it will be called "The Fowler."

Mr. George Moore has on several occasions rewritten his works, and he is now engaged in revising "Evelyn Innes."

E. Livingston Prescott's new novel, "Helot and Hero," is announced for March 14th. It is semi-military, and will form a companion volume to "Scarlet and Steel," now in its fourth edition. The scene of the closing chapters is the North-West frontier of India. Simpkin, Marshall are the publishers.

In Mr. Morley Roberts' new novel, "A Son of Empire," which Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing, the two chief characters in the book are supposed to be portraits of Sir Richard and Lady Burton.

Senkiwicz has just completed a new novel entitled "The Knight of the Sacred Cross." It deals with Napoleon's Russian Campaign.

We understand that the proprietor of the *Pall Mall Magazine* has commissioned Mr. William Archer to go to the United States to write a series of articles on the stage in America.

M. Edouard Rod left Havre last Saturday, the 18th, for New York. He is to deliver a course of eight lectures at Harvard on French dramatic poetry. He will also visit Columbia and Yale.

M. Pierre Louys has gone to Algeria to finish a study of Arab manners. The title of the new volume which will not be ready before April will be "Orientale."

A translation of Walter Pater's "Imaginary Portraits," with an introduction by Mr. Arthur Symonds, has just been brought out by the *Mercure de France*. The same house has just brought out new volumes of verse by M. Emile Verhaeren and M. de Regnier.

The next number of the *Contemporary* will contain an article by Mr. W. J. Stillman on the Peace question, which should be of importance as being informed by his confidential relations for some years past with political personages of the highest position on the continent and his intimacy with Austrian politics for forty years.

Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish next Monday the account of the destruction of the *Maine*, as told by her captain, Charles D. Sigsbee. He will also publish, early in April, a collection of Australian stories and sketches, entitled "By Creek and

Gully," edited by Mrs. Fisher, formerly of Rockhampton, Queensland. Among the contributors to this volume will be most of the well-known Australian writers in London, including Mr. Louis Becke, Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, Mr. E. W. Hornung, Mr. Douglas Sladen, Mr. Hume Nisbet, Mr. and Mrs. Patchett Martin, Mrs. Campbell Praed, and Mrs. Mannington Caffyn ("Iota").

Among Mr. Fisher Unwin's other announcements are "A Literary History of Ireland," by Dr. Douglas Hyde; "The Welsh People: their Origin, Language, and History," edited by Professor Rhys and Mr. D. B. Jones, Q.C.; "Napoleon's Invasion of Russia," by Mr. H. B. George; and "Fifty Years of the Republic in South Africa," 1795-1845, by Dr. C. J. Voigt.

Among the books in active preparation at the Clarendon Press are Part I. of "The Peshitto Version of the Gospels," edited by G. H. Gwilliam; "Sancti Irenaei Novum Testamentum," edited by Dr. Sanday; An Introduction, by Dr. Francis Paget, to "The Fifth Book of Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity"; the last two volumes (III. and IV.) of Mr. W. L. Newman's edition of "The Politics of Aristotle"; "Homer, Odyssey XIII.-XXIV.," by the Provost of Oriel; and "Xenophon, Hellenica," by Mr. G. E. Underhill. In the series of Oxford Classical Texts, "Æschylus," by Mr. A. Sidgwick; "Thucydides," vol. I., by Mr. H. Stuart Jones; and "Plato," vol. I., by Mr. J. Burnet.

They also announce "Letters of Ricardo to Trower," edited by

Mr. James Bonar and Mr. J. H. Hollander; the second series of Dr. Moore's "Studies in Dante"; "A Summary Catalogue of Bodleian MSS.," vol. V., by Mr. F. Madan; "The Complete Works of John Gower," edited by Mr. G. C. Macaulay; "The Plays and Poems of Robert Greene," edited by Mr. J. C. Collins; "Milton's Poetical Works," edited by Mr. H. C. Beeching; and "Dryden's Critical Essays," edited by Professor W. P. Ker. "Modern Land Law," by Mr. E. Jenks; "Italy and Her Invaders," by Dr. Thomas Hodgkin, vol. VII. (completing the work); and vols. VII. and VIII. of the late Mr. Thorold Rogers' "History of Agriculture and Prices."

In the series of Anecdota Oxoniensia we are to have Firdausi's "Yūsuf and Zalikhā," edited by Mr. H. Ethé; Bale's "Index Britanniae Scriptorum," edited by Mr. R. L. Poole and Mary Bateson; and "Old English Glosses," edited by A. S. Napier, are in preparation.

A novel by Mrs. Hobhouse, author of "An Unknown Quantity," is being published by Messrs. Skeffington. It will bear the title "Warp and Weft," and will tell a story of life among the Scotto-Irish peasantry of Ulster.

Sir George Trevelyan has accepted an invitation to dine with the members of the Authors' Club on Monday, March 27. The chair will be taken by Lord Monkswell.

Messrs. W. Thacker and Co. ask us to state that Hunter's Gazetteer is to be had from them only, as they have purchased the stock from Mr. Quaritch.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

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A Second Book of Fifty Drawings. By Aubrey Beardsley. 11½ x 8½ in., 209 pp. London, 1899. Leonard Smithers. 10s. 6d. n.
Arbor Vitæ. A Book on the Nature and Development of Imaginative Design. By Godfrey Blount. 11½ x 9 in., viii. + 240 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 12s. 6d. n.

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Alladine and Palomides, Interior, and The Death of Tintagiles. Three Dramas. By Maurice Maeterlinck. 8 x 6 in., 126 pp. London, 1899. Duckworth. 3s. 6d. n.
The Importance of Being Earnest. A Trivial Comedy for Serious People. By the Author of "Lady Windermere's Fan." 8½ x 6½ in., 152 pp. London, 1899. Leonard Smithers. 7s. 6d. n.

EDUCATIONAL.
The Intermediate Text Book of English Literature. Part II. From 1660-1832. By W. H. Low, M.A., and A. J. Wyatt, M.A. (The University Tutorial Series.) Cr. 8vo., xii. + 224 pp. London, 1899. Clive. 3s. 6d.

Cicero: de Officiis. Book III. By W. J. Woodhouse, M.A. (The University Tutorial Series.) Introduction, Text, and Notes. Cr. 8vo., iv. + 120 pp. London, 1899. Clive. 3s. 6d.
The New Popular Educator. Vol. I. New Ed. 9½ x 6½ in., 390 pp. London, 1899. Cassell. 3s. 6d.

FICTION.
The Daughters of Babylon. By Wilson Barrett and Robert Hichens. 7½ x 5½ in., 332 pp. London, 1899. Macqueen. 6s.
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Cicely Vaughan. By Philip Davenant. 7½ x 5½ in., 351 pp. London, 1899. J. Long. 6s.
Wicked Rosamond. By Mina Sanderman. 7½ x 5½ in., 348 pp. London, 1899. J. Long. 6s.
The Resident Councillor. By Mrs. E. Eastwick. ("Straits Times" Reprints.) 7½ x 5 in., 259 pp. Singapore, 1899.

The "Straits Times." 4s.
Mary Unwin. By Alan St. Aubyn. 7½ x 5½ in., 311 pp. London, 1899. Chatto & Windus. 6s.
The Records of Vincent Trill, of the Detective Service. By Dick Donovan. 7½ x 5½ in., 285 pp. London, 1899. Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.

Basil Lyndhurst. By Rosa N. Carey. New Cheap Ed. 7½ x 5 in., 490 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

Trente et Quarante. By Edmund About. Translated by Lord Newton. 7½ x 5½ in., 247 pp. London, 1899. Arnold. 3s. 6d.

The Desire of Their Hearts. By Margaret Parker. (Greenback Series.) 7½ x 5 in., 334 pp. London, 1899. Jarrold. 3s. 6d.

Les Messieurs de Séryac. By Jean de Ferrières. 7½ x 4½ in., 286 pp. Paris, 1899. Ollendorf. Fr. 3.50.

Roberte. (Pour les Jeunes Filles.) By Leon Barracand. 7½ x 4½ in., 277 pp. Paris, 1899. Colin. Fr. 3.50.

Pris sur le Vif. By Marie Anne de Bovet. 7½ x 4½ in., 313 pp. Paris, 1899. Lemerre. Fr. 3.50.

Monsieur le Premier. By Michel Noc. 7½ x 4½ in., 334 pp. Paris, 1899. Plon. Fr. 3.50.

Histoire Mirifique de Saint Dodon. By Maurice des Ombiaux. 7½ x 4½ in., 281 pp. Paris, 1899. Ollendorf. Fr. 3.50.

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L'Alsace au Dix-Septième Siècle. Tome Deuxième. Par Rodolphe Reuss. 10 x 6½ in., xii. + 638 pp. 1899. Paris: Bouillon. London: Nutt. Fr. 20.

History of the New World called America. Vol. II. By Edward J. Payne. 9 x 5½ in., xxvi. + 548 pp. Oxford, 1899. Clarendon Press. 14s.

LAW.
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LITERARY.
Periods of European Literature. The Fourteenth Century. By F. J. Snell. 7½ x 5½ in., xi. + 428 pp. London, 1899. Blackwood. 5s. n.
King Alfred's Old English Version of Boethius. By Walter J. Sedgefield. 7½ x 5½ in., xliii. + 328 pp. Oxford, 1899. Clarendon Press. 10s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Genius Loc. Notes on Places. By Vernon Lee. 7½ x 4½ in., 211 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 5s. n.
The History of the Alphabet. By Isaac Taylor, M.A. 2 vols. New Ed. 9 x 5½ in., 358 + 398 pp. London, 1899. Arnold. 21s.
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Whitaker's Naval and Military Directory and Indian Army List for 1899. 7½ x 5 in., 632 pp. London, 1899. Whitaker. 5s.

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ORIENTAL.
The Mystic Rose from the Garden of the King. By Fairfax L. Cartwright, B.A. 9 x 5½ in., xiv. + 288 pp. London, 1899. Nichols. 21s.

Edward FitzGerald's Rubāiyāt of Omar Khayyām. Translated by Edward Heron-Allen. 10½ x 6½ in., xvi. + 163 pp. London, 1899. Quaritch. 7s. 6d.

PAMPHLETS.
The Elizabethan Religious Compromise. By Clericus Emeritus. The Liberty Review. 6d.

PHILOSOPHY.
Harmonies of Evolution. By Florence Huntley. 8 x 5½ in., 463 pp. Chicago, 1899. Huntley. \$2.00.

La Tristesse Contemporaine. Essai sur les grands courants Moraux et Intellectuels. By W. Fierens-Gevaert. 7½ x 4½ in., 196 pp. Paris, 1899. Alcan. Fr. 2.50.

Lettres inédites de John Stuart Mill à Auguste Comte. Published, with the replies of Comte and an Introduction, by L. Lévy Bruhl. 9 x 5½ in., 360 pp. Paris, 1899. Fr. 10.

POETRY.
Milestones. A Collection of Verses. By Frances Bannerman. 7 x 4½ in., 197 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. n.

Sonnets and Lyrics. By Ferdinand E. Kappeler. 7 x 4½ in., 115 pp. London, 1899. Simpkin Marshall. 5s.

REPRINTS.
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Quentin Durward. By Sir Walter Scott, Bt. (Border Ed.) 8 x 5½ in., lxi. + 663 pp. London, 1899. Nimmo. 3s. 6d.

SCIENCE.
Lectures on Theoretical and Physical Chemistry. By Dr. J. H. van't Hoff. Translated by Dr. R. A. Lehfeldt. Part I. Chemical Dynamics. 9 x 6 in., 254 pp. London, 1899. Arnold. 12s. n.

Volcanoes: Their Structure and Significance. By T. G. Bonney, D.Sc., LL.D. 8½ x 5½ in., xiii. + 351 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 6s.

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Elements of the Science of Religion. Part II.: Ontological. By C. P. Tiele. 8 x 5½ in., 286 pp. London, 1899. Blackwood. 7s. 6d. n.

Religion. By the Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt. (The Oxford Library of Practical Theology.) 7½ x 5½ in., 301 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 5s.

The Prayer Book and the Christian Life. By C. C. Tiffany, D.D. 7½ x 5½ in., 176 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 5s.

A History of American Christianity. By Leonard W. Bacon. 8½ x 5½ in., xlviii. + 429 pp. London, 1899. J. Clarke. 10s. 6d.

The Story of the Oxford Movement. By G. H. F. Nye. 7½ x 5 in., xxi. + 216 pp. London, 1899. Bemrose. 3s. 6d.

The Church Missionary Hymn Book. 7½ x 5½ in., xv. + 224 pp. London, 1899. Church Miss. Soc. 3s.

Messiah Cometh. By George E. Jelf, M.A. 8½ x 5½ in., xv. + 372 pp. London, 1899. Innes. 7s. 6d.

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TOPOGRAPHY.
Downing College. (Cambridge College Histories.) By Rev. H. W. Pettit Steevens. 8 x 5½ in., ix. + 285 pp. London, 1899. Robinson. 5s. n.

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Western Flanders. By Laurence Binyon. Illustrated by William Strang. 18 x 13 in., 45 pp. London, 1899. Unicorn Press. 42 2s. n.

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Literature

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FORM IN POETRY.

The most interesting event in pure literature this winter has unquestionably been the publication of Mr. Hardy's "Wessex Poems." We have already noticed this volume in the usual course, but it presents certain features which suggest to us considerations of a particular kind. These poems were an entirely unexpected apparition. Their author is one of the five or six living writers of prose who may be said to have entered into their rest, to have risen into an eminence unassailable by the fluctuations of fashion. The poems were received, at the first moment, with the curiosity due to the freak of a man of genius, as though Mr. George Meredith were to invite his friends to inspect a small collection of his bronze medallions, or Mr. Swinburne to take the place of Mr. Paderewski at the piano. But it was immediately found that the "Wessex Poems" were independently good of their kind, and characteristic of Mr. Hardy's individuality to a remarkable degree. They were very moving, entertaining, satisfactory compositions as poetry. Only there was something wrong

with them, or unusual about them—a puzzling quality. What was this? The reviewers, in a chorus, have decided that it was "want of form."

This does not seem very luminous; and we turn again to "Beneath a knap where flown" and to "Friends Beyond" to see how far this formula helps us to understand what is wanting in these very delightful pieces. Perhaps it does help us as much as any other formula, although it needs to be defined. Here is no example of that positive inability to write well in verse which has marked several great prose writers, such as in Carlyle and Hume; nor of that still more curious ability to write once or twice well, and never to regain the careless rapture, as in Berkeley and Chateaubriand. The phenomenon is other. In Mr. Hardy we have a copious poet, with a strongly-marked and appropriate accent of his own, composing (so to speak) professionally in verse, able to amuse and move us along lines strictly parallel with his prose, and yet lacking something. This is not a case like George Eliot's, where the essence of the writer's style evaporates in the restraint of verse. Never was Mr. Hardy more intensely and exclusively himself than in "My Cicely." Yet is this a complete success? Much as we admire it, we cannot say that it is.

And by Weatherbury Castle, and thence
Through Casterbridge bore I
To tomb her whose light, in my deeming,
Extinguished had He,

is not quite satisfactory. Why? Simply and solely because the form is grotesque. Here is the colour of poetry but not its sound, its essence but not its shape.

A French critic, whose dictum it is impossible to accept, has said that a perfect poem must appeal to all the five senses at once, that it must be "sapide—odorante—sonore—visible—tangible." It is difficult to believe that this gentleman is a sincere seeker after truth. But it is quite true that there is something synthetic about completed verse, that it must reflect several facets of the ideal Beauty. Perhaps it is a little less fantastic to say that it must present us with a mosaic of beautiful qualities, and that these in their combination are what we call "form." There must be an appeal to the eye and to the ear, an idealization of reality in music, a realization of the ideal in plasticity. And all these qualities, with those of the intellect and the character intermingled with them, must be harmonized and balanced. There must not be serried, emphatic speech at the expense of melody; there must not be sensation at the expense of reflection. Perhaps we begin to see why the "Wessex Poems," with characteristics which raise them above a hundred volumes of excellent verse, are not entirely satisfactory. They are lop-sided; they bulge or collapse where they should present a globular perfection. It is interesting that Mr. Hardy should have waited until now before he published them, since he could have found at no moment in forty years a more apt occasion

than this for their appearance. And it is this to which we desire, without praise or blame, to draw the attention of our readers. This is a moment when form is less considered in English poetry than it has been, perhaps, since the opening of the Early Victorian period. At the close of each impassioned poetical movement there comes a time when form is no longer valued, when it is even scorned and reviled. After the Elizabethans came the degradation of verse which made the "short, sharp shock" of the classical couplet absolutely necessary. After the great romantic age of Byron and Wordsworth came the love for shapeless lyrical dramas of the "Festus" class. Perfection of form, when it is no longer informed by passion, is a source of weariness, and writers try to secure sensation by steadily neglecting executive adroitness.

When Poe, no mediocre judge, first read the Tennyson of 1833, he said that the writer of these lyrics was not only a great poet, but the greatest who had ever lived. Wiseacres have shaken their heads for generations over this violent dictum, which (of course) was not meant to be taken literally. But what Poe, himself a writer exquisitely sensitive to form, meant was that Tennyson's poems showed a combination of the qualities which go to make up the harmony of poetic utterance, of its kind unparalleled in English literature. It is probable that he was right in thinking so, and we may admit it without dreaming of endorsing his stated position. Tennyson was not the greatest poet who ever lived, but—and this is now apt to be somewhat overlooked—he possessed the qualities of poetic form in more perfect balance than any other. What Tennyson wanted, as we begin to see, was heat; he never quite burns. But if all his melody, and colour, and tenderness, and stateliness, and delicacy had been run up to a slightly higher temperature throughout, he would have been the greatest of poets. He did not race, to change the simile, quite hard enough, but he was in the centre of the course. The dominance of Tennyson drew the attention of the younger poets to the necessity of cultivating form. He seemed to have very little influence on the genius of Rossetti, of Matthew Arnold, and of Mr. Swinburne, yet his presence there, like a beacon, warned them of the reefs which await a neglect of colour, of lucidity, of music. The little group of poets which followed that generation—poets now greatly out of fashion, but, doubtless, destined to rediscovery—gave almost excessive attention, like their contemporaries, the Parnassians in France, to the mint and anise and cummin of form. Their rhymes and cadences were impeccable; they chose their words like jewels; and the vintage was sometimes rather thin in their fantastic Venetian glass. To this day, Mr. Austin Dobson, the most notable member of the group, is so remarkable for the perfection of his form, that some of his pieces—for instance, the little set of dramas in lyric, called "Proverbs in Porcelain"—could not conceivably be improved by the transposition of a single word. This is the culmination of poetic art, when it regards form as the essential thing.

Our new poets have marked the course of an interesting reaction. Mr. William Watson, who belongs by

age to the end of the generation just described, has carried away from it an academic precision in form, without any preoccupation with its refinements. He is transitional. But by those still younger than he we find the "rules"—the formulas of art—more and more disregarded, and poems now receive appreciation for their vigour, or their intensity, or for their human interest, which would, twenty-five years ago, have been universally reprimanded as ragged. Through all the age of strict cultivation of form Robert Browning flourished, a sturdy and unconscious heretic; but Browning is a curious specimen of genius, difficult to class, because he possessed form in several directions, and could occasionally display it in those others in which he was rashly supposed to be deficient. The truth about Browning is that, occupied and entertained by the substance of what he was saying, he very rarely troubled himself about the form. He is the one exception in which it is not ridiculous to say, in the old saw, "He would have done better had he taken more pains." We have the impression that Mr. Hardy has taken immense pains, as every artist should. But he does not possess that plasticity which, to take a lighter example, Mr. Gilbert eminently displays in the best of his comic ballads and operas. The Bunthorne and Grosvenor duet in *Patience*, "Conceive me if you can," may not be a very lofty piece of imaginative art, but it displays in their quintessence the qualities which Mr. Hardy's verse lacks, the absolute mastery over diction, the ear that never makes a mistake, the knack which simply courts impossibilities for the sake of overcoming them at a touch. It seems only right that in the face of a volume of verse so violent and rugged as "Wessex Poems" we should protest that this is not the more excellent way of writing poetry. At the same time, every man must preserve his individuality, if he has one to preserve, as Mr. Hardy most assuredly has; and we have no reason to suppose that it is the desire of the author of "The Peasant's Confession" to found a school or issue a propaganda. On the contrary, it is far more likely that he has put forth his Wessex verses with extreme simplicity and modesty, not asking himself in what relation they stand to other people's poetry. As a matter of fact, the "Wessex Poems" will probably enjoy a double fate. They will supply to lovers of emotional narrative verse several poetic tales which they will lay up in memory among their treasures; and in time to come, professors of literary history, when observing the retrogression of an imaginative period, and when speaking of Lydgate, of Donne, of the Spasmodists here, of the Symbolists in France, will mention Mr. Hardy also as a signal example of the temporary success of a violent protest against the cultivation of form in verse.

We review elsewhere, as a first instalment, two books by an American and an Englishman on the campaign in Cuba. This is only the beginning of what promises to be a voluminous literature of the war, which comes as a godsend to the American book world. It needed the fillip which the actualities of war and adventure—seldom absent from our own publishers' lists—can alone supply. But the numerous American officers, who are as ready to wield the pen as

the sword, and to write their own account of their achievements, are certainly "something fresh." Possibly they have yielded to the blandishments of publishers only in order to secure, like Cæsar, an accurate, authoritative account of their campaigns; and the only further step to be taken is for commanders to be their own newspaper correspondents. Lord Kitchener is credited with the remark that he meant to be the only general who had not written a book. The thought represents, we fancy, a prejudice which will deter English commanders from imitating their American brethren. But there is no saying to what the rage for publicity may lead officers in charge of our frequent minor campaigns, and we may yet see Sir Walter Besant installed at the War Office to advise on royalties and sales of copyright.

The most striking feature in the bookselling world at the present moment is not the discovery of a new poet, not the appearance of a novel for which the world has been waiting twenty years, or of the sensational record of travel real or fictitious, but the unprecedented sale of a religious tract written by the pastor of a church at Topeka, Kansas. There are one or two very curious things about the publication and the success of "In His Steps: or, What would Jesus do?" (Ward, Lock.) One is its extraordinary origin, which supplies rather an alarming precedent. Instead of completing it and then publishing it in the ordinary way, Mr. Sheldon, the writer, tried it on his congregation first, and read it out to them on successive Sunday evenings—presumably in the place of a sermon. Another fact which will, we fancy, have some bearing on the vexed question of international copyright is that the book, having been published and won a large sale in America, has been caught up in England and told out to the public in an immense number of editions—seventeen, we believe, of which eleven appeared in one week—religious and secular publishers competing keenly with each other in the enterprise.

But the mere novelist, who would fain make a hit himself, may well invite the Topeka minister to tell his secret. The secret is not, as a matter of fact, easily communicable. The book has some literary merit; so have other, though not all, modern novels. Its success is due partly to its sincerity and its enthusiasm—qualities not so easily acquired. But the subject and its treatment have a much larger share in its success. Such books as "Robert Elsmere" and "John Ward, Preacher" taught us long ago that, if it can but strike just the one right note, nothing can secure a greater vogue than the religious novel. If it can cut boldly and deeply into the heart of some living problem—and to do this requires some enthusiasm—such a book can soon run into many editions. The gospel of "In His Steps" is, broadly, Christian Socialism; and its popularity is, we confess, a rather surprising witness to the vitality of interest in social questions. But what is still more significant is that a book of this kind, selling at every book store here and in America, reveals no trace even of the existence of the agnostic, and recognizes no "difficulties" but those of conduct.

The death of Baron Reuter recalls an epoch in the history of newspapers which chroniclers of our social life have too much ignored. The full reports of Parliamentary debates which began at the end of the last century, the introduction of steam printing in 1814, the reduction of

the stamp duty in 1836, the beginning of the cheap press ten years later—none of these changes was more fruitful than the opening in 1851 of a little office at the Royal Exchange called Reuter's Office. A few papers which were able to afford it had their own correspondents in different capitals. Reuter established agents everywhere who fed with news every paper in the Kingdom. Just as the London penny-a-liner can only earn a living by "manifolding" his copy and sending it to half-a-dozen or more papers at the same time, so Reuter made his fortune by sending the same news to every newspaper that was willing to pay the low rates he asked for it. Reuter began in England, and the whole system of press agencies has flourished in England, because England has a free Press; and Reuter has played no small share in consolidating the Empire, and in enabling a democratic country to conduct a foreign policy, through the simple means of providing its public with full and accurate information.

The recent policy adopted by the literary and intellectual adherents of the *Ligue de la Patrie Française* suggests the inquiry, Which branch of letters affords the best training for the literary man who aspires to a political life? Criticism—as we admit with regret in a journal devoted to criticism—has not turned out men capable of retaining the courage of their convictions in the presence of the police. When the police began arresting, MM. Brunetière and Jules Lemaitre—erstwhile so truculent—proceeded, at once, to repudiate their fellow Leaguers: a course which indicates somewhat too marked a preference for the better part of valour. Poetry, as represented by M. François Coppée, hardly comes better out of the ordeal. M. Coppée, we understand, has reconsidered his position, and decided with the rapidity of genius that he is unsuited to a political career. Melodrama, in the person of M. Paul Déroulède, the playwright, has done a little better; but the one man of letters who has really stuck to his guns seems to be M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, who has withdrawn nothing and apologized for nothing, and, at the hour of writing, is still threatening revelations which will compromise the few Dreyfusards whom he has not already exposed. M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire's precise place in literature, however, is that of a writer of short stories which Browning's adjective "scabrous" perhaps most appropriately qualifies. Are we to conclude that this is the kind of literary exercise that makes most powerfully for strength and stability of character among our neighbours?

Reviews.

Periods of European Literature: the Fourteenth Century. By F. J. Snell. 7½ × 5¼ in., xi. + 428 pp. London, 1899. Blackwood. 5/- n.

It is difficult to know how better to describe this volume than to say that it is the rough scaffolding of a large work. If a literary architect were engaged in composing an exhaustive monograph on the literature of Europe in the fourteenth century, he would set about it by constructing, for his own private eye, some such temporary structure of note-books as this. A sense of the inadequacy of the materials at his disposition, or rather of the hopeless lack of space, seems to have struck Mr. Snell when he could no longer draw back. He says, with modesty, "the writer entered on the undertaking, not only with much trepidation, but with some amount of

misapprehension. When at last the real nature of the enterprise dawned upon him, he was already too deeply committed to withdraw from it." These are not hopeful words to meet the reader on the threshold of a book, but they are absolutely justified by the result. Mr. Snell seems to have considerable learning and some taste, but he has not produced a book which can be called satisfactory.

There are only two ways in which a history of literature in the fourteenth century, in 400 small pages, could have been made serviceable, and neither has commended itself to Mr. Snell. He might have compiled a work, mainly of bibliography, stuffed close with dates and facts; or he might have written an essay on the subject, broad and luminous, the parts moulded together by distance. He has, unfortunately, slipped between these two stools; his book is too discursive to be referred to as an authority, and it is too didactic and scrappy to be read with enjoyment. It is neither science nor literature, but something amorphous, lying between the two, a framework destined never to be filled in, and of itself not in any high or positive degree valuable. He has been unwilling to incur the accusation of ignorance by leaving anything unmentioned, and so we loiter over the "*Hervararsaga*" and the "*Disciplina clericalis*," while there is no room to put the truth plainly about Chaucer. We shall be accused of underrating the difficulty of the task; but what was Dr. Johnson's answer to the lady who excused her daughter's musical exercise on the same grounds?

Where Mr. Snell is best equipped is in Italian, and of Italian poetry he seems to have made close and independent studies. His chapter on Dante is the best in the book, and suggests that if Mr. Snell confines himself to tasks less hopeless than the one to which he has the misfortune to be chained on this occasion, he may do excellent work. The key of the century lies in the hand of Dante, and Mr. Snell is so far well equipped that he knows his "*Divina Commedia*" well. We can but reflect—and this would have been a useful theme for the writer of a broad essay on Mr. Snell's subject—what it is which constitutes the change of attitude towards the fourteenth century in critical opinion during the last hundred or hundred and fifty years. The eighteenth century detested the fourteenth; it could away with neither its architecture nor its painting, its poetry nor its prose. Mr. Snell quotes, almost without comment, Voltaire's curious depreciation in "*Le Dictionnaire Philosophique*."

He had no space at his command, of course, to go further into this question, but Voltaire's language about "*le Dante*," as he calls him, is worthy of closer consideration. We are wrong if we suppose that he thrusts the Italian poet contemptuously away; he felt him to be a force, but one profoundly inimical. In the "*Essai sur les mœurs*" he concedes that the "*Commedia*" is "*un poème bizarre, mais brillant de beautés naturelles*." He is less happily advised when he says, "*Dante pourra entrer dans la bibliothèque des curieux: il ne sera jamais lu. On ne vole toujours un tome de l'Arioste, on ne m'a jamais volé un Dante*." He would be astonished nowadays to find Dante far more eagerly and constantly read than Ariosto, and even, no doubt, than Voltaire himself. He might blush to learn that he had been so careless a reader as to confound the chivalrous Lancelot (*Lancilotto*) with the jealous husband of Francesca di Rimini (*Lanciotto*). He does "score," perhaps—if "scoring" in this connexion be worth while—when he says that for Virgil to describe himself to Dante as a Lombard is like making Homer call himself a Turk.

In a recent monograph on "*Voltaire et l'Italie*" M. Eugène Bouvy has started an ingenious theory as to the instinctive dislike of the eighteenth to the fourteenth century. He attributes it to an inevitable antipathy for the mysterious in the minds of men brought up in the principles of Descartes and of Locke. The elements which composed the imagination of the great writers in whom the Middle Ages closed were magnificent, but they were arbitrary and disorganized. What the Cartesian school had taught its pupils was to love lucidity, regularity, and reason; to such scholars the poems and legends of the fourteenth century, like its churches and its dark enthusiasms, would seem merely obscure and distressing, unworthy of the attention of a philosopher. In nothing have we changed so much as in the width of our intellectual sympathies. On the causes of this change, in its direct bearing on the fourteenth century, Mr. Snell might have written an interesting chapter. But his is unfortunately one of those cases in which you cannot see the wood for the trees.

An immense ground is covered by Mr. Snell's framework. He passes from Sweden to Wales and from Holland to Sicily with an equal confidence. He says that he is "exceedingly backward in Icelandic," yet he shows no lack of fluency in dealing with the *fornsögur*, and although his "Welsh is even more elementary," he shrinks not from a criticism of the Bards. We do not mean to be disagreeable in mentioning these facts, but the truth is that no man living is learned enough to express an independent opinion on all the languages and all the literatures over which Mr. Snell magisterially flits. It is quite obvious that such a book as this must be in a measure a mere compilation, and the reader asks, Where does the second or third hand information begin or end? To this there is no reply, and, for our own part, we are inclined to believe that Mr. Snell does injustice to his actual acquirements by pretending to be such a perfect Mezzofanti of languages and dialects.

We feel that we are ungracious, but the truth must be said. We hope to hear from Mr. Snell again, and we are confident that, with a theme better suited to his powers, he will produce what we shall read with instruction and perhaps with pleasure. But it would be untrue to pretend that the work before us is satisfactory. It is, in the first place, not interesting. We have facts, conclusions, dates, but we have neither thought nor the result of thought. If we are told that we forget how small a book this is, and of how wide a subject it treats, we reply that there lies the art of the practised writer. The late Mr. Freeman published a "*History of the World*" on a much smaller scale than Mr. Snell's present book, and it was a success. We may go further and say that it remains a little masterpiece. But then it was illuminated with knowledge, and the treatment was a triumph of breadth and proportion. In the second place, style is pre-eminently needed to give life to a book of this class. Mr. Snell is too ready to pay out the *clichés* of criticism, the old worn epithets. He has dreadful little vulgarisms—"as your milliner might define it"—when he is talking of the style of Petrarch! He has a positive talent for culminating in the wrong phrase, and leads up a just discrimination of the "*Paradiso*" to the word "*rhapsody*," when what he means is obviously "*rapture*." These and other blemishes are unquestionably the result of inexperience, and Mr. Snell, when he has realized that human erudition has its limits, will doubtless settle down to some modester task than chronicling the literature of the Tower of Babel.

FIGHTING IN THE WEST INDIES.

No doubt it was due to the later intervention and, for Englishmen, of course, the closer personal interest of the Sudanese campaign that the war between the United States and Spain has in this country been so far unfruitful of reprinted journalistic narratives from the pens of eye-witnesses. Mr. Richard Harding Davis laid us under a certain obligation by his account of the Diamond Jubilee; but to his glorified reporting in *THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d. n.) most Englishmen will prefer the plain unvarnished tale contained in *THE WAR IN CUBA* (Smith, Elder, 6s.). Its author, Mr. J. B. Atkins, acted as special correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* at the Western seat of war, and in that capacity visited successively Florida, Cuba, and Puerto Rico. His purpose, as described by him in the preface, was to "supplement rather than convey news of the war," and, "no doubt," he adds, "that purpose makes itself apparent in the following pages." If Mr. Atkins means by this that he does not confine himself to a bare recital of military and other events, but writes of them with the pen of the "descriptive" special correspondent, the somewhat mysterious sentence is explained. The author does not describe with considerable fullness of detail as well as narrate; but he is descriptive in the best and most businesslike sense of the word. That is to say, he writes throughout like a man whose one object is to make the reader see things as he saw them himself, and that he is undeniably picturesque is due not to any conscious effort after fine writing, but simply to a gift of keen and close observation served by a considerable faculty of literary expression. Mr. Atkins' account of the battle of San Juan, and in general of the operations before Santiago de Cuba, is an excellent piece of workmanship, and enables us to realize more fully than ever before the terrible narrowness of the margin which separated the eventual success of the American arms not merely from failure but from positive disaster. When at 4 p.m. on July 14 the messengers were despatched from the camp of the besiegers announcing that Santiago had surrendered, the balance was actually trembling. The "victorious army, unlike a victorious army, waited with painful anxiety for the decision of the Spaniards":—

Every one knew what loss of life an assault would mean; the only alternative was a long siege, and already the soldiers were dropping right and left in the trenches with sickness. Therefore it is not necessary to disguise the relief with which the whole army heard of the surrender.

This goes far to confirm the view held by competent military critics of the situation, that if the garrison had simply maintained a passive resistance for a few days longer the invading army would have had actually to evacuate the island.

The first thing that astonished Mr. Atkins in the camp at Tampa, where every one lay waiting wearily for orders, was the close comradeship between a San Francisco regiment and the editor of its local paper. The soldiers considered it as the proper channel for tidings about their families, and the colonel used it to send messages to his friends at home, such as the following:—"We are all very well, and we shall give a good account of ourselves. . . . Your paper has sunk into the hearts of the regiment"; and the happy representative of the paper at the front could only reply, "That's mighty good of you, Colonel, mighty good, I'm awful glad about it." Another characteristic touch is the size of the men. Fine they were at the first glance, but "after you had met a strapping fellow at every turn, at every moment of the day for a week," the conviction of their strength and size became a lasting one. They had the right spirit too, and their cavalymen could not only ride but really manage horses, though nearly all were little more than raw recruits. Nor did the camp lack its vivid contrasts, for within a few hundred yards of the regiments who had come to fight, and were resolved at least to learn, was the Cuban Headquarters, where the cigar makers of New York and other cities wore what clothes they liked, paraded with a shiny black bag slung across their shoulders, and boasted, as their only apparent equipment for the war, an immunity from yellow-fever. Further on among the

pinos was hidden the camp fire of Mr. W. A. Chanler, the African explorer, who "did not believe in comfort," and placed the experience of a picked dozen of adventurers at the disposal of his Government to use as might be convenient. All these incongruous units were slowly welded together by days of continuous drill among the steaming pinos and the orange-coloured dust, until at last the order came to sail for Cuba. It ran as follows:—"Those who are not on board by daylight will be left behind. Leave your tents standing." But the only result of so much "hustling" was that the army of invasion lay off Port Tampa cooped up in transports, and frightened by the ghosts of Spanish warships, for five more boiling days.

By the evening of June 15, the long straggling line of vessels had started. Every night over fifteen miles of dancing water the Americans lay open to an attack so earnestly expected that men resented its absence from the scheme of Spanish strategy. Only one man was lost, and he died of pneumonia. Even when the troops were being landed, and by some inconceivable error the transport which carried Mr. Atkins was ordered to steer between the "Texas" and the Spanish forts, not a shot was fired, and the audacious procession went on unprotected, until the orders came for a general landing at Siboney.

Proceedings equally casual continued on the mainland. The first trace of the enemy Mr. Atkins appears to have discovered was a letter to the officer in command at Siboney giving instructions how to annihilate the Americans, and the reply, which began—"I shall not have the least difficulty in repelling—" and which had been interrupted by the hasty retreat of the writer. The first fighting at Guasimas had taken place already, and Mr. R. H. Davis gives a good deal of space to its description, corroborating the impression of slackness in the whole affair by saying that out of the six different transports he examined, "on none did I find a captain who was, in his attitude towards the Government, anything but insolent, un-American, and mutinous."

The first exaggerated accounts of the fight of the famous regiment of Rough Riders were to the effect that they had been trapped into an ambush and shot to pieces. Landed by the glare of searchlights which lit up the darkness of Siboney Beach, and shouting with delight to be on Cuban soil and out of their detested "prison-hulks," they had moved inland at five in the morning without their horses. After advancing for about an hour and a half through the brushwood of the ridge above, they were met by a hot fire in a lane blocked by grape-vines and tangled bushes. They promptly attacked more than four times their own number intrenched behind rifle pits in a mountain pass. One of the first wounded was a correspondent, who was met lower down by Mr. Atkins. Though he was shot through the spine, he still lives, and was actually able to dictate a long account of the engagement, "and was then carried five miles to the base, singing when he was out of his senses, and smoking cigarettes when he was not."

The fighting along the lane at the Battle of San Juan, as described by Mr. Atkins, does nothing but intensify previous impressions of this astonishing campaign. The infantry were ordered to storm a position up the steep side of a hill, without any artillery to help them. They did it, simply because, in General Wheeler's words, "it was safer to go on than to go back." They won the heights above the city, and they held them, and two thousand was the total reported in wounded, dead, and missing. The 71st New York Regiment had not behaved well, chiefly owing to their officers; and when Mr. Sylvester Scovel said so, his paper stultified itself by announcing that its correspondent had lied. Both Mr. Davis and Mr. Atkins confirm this report independently; but their testimony, after all, only shows that no volunteer regiment is worth a line of regulars when it comes to such a hot fight as the storming of San Juan Hill.

The most picturesque incident in the beleaguering of Santiago, which followed, was the return of Hobson after the sinking of the *Merrimac*; and it would have been well for that

young man's repute in less impulsive countries if he had retired into obscurity after that magnificent greeting from his comrades. The curious part of the whole thing is that both in Cuba and in Puertorico the Fleet might very well have managed the whole business by itself. The loss incurred by the army was almost entirely unnecessary, and there is an irony in the fact that the soldiers who never left American soil suffered more severely than the army of invasion. The mismanagement of Commissary-General Eagan and his kind was far more deadly than the rifle-pits of Spain. But the fighting trained up men for the far harder task of keeping what had to be taken from the Spaniards.

The war will be productive of a flood of memoirs and descriptions, and of these Mr. Davis' book may be taken as a fairly typical example. The Civil War was fairly worked to death, and the defeat of Spain has set upon the Union of North and South the final seal of blood shed in a common cause.

THE "POOR DEAN OF ST. PATRICKS."

Unpublished Letters of Swift. Ed. by George Birkbeck Hill, D.O.L., LL.D. 9x5½ in., xxvii. + 269 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 12/-

In the preface to the only volume of the "Life of Swift" he lived to publish, Mr. John Forster, in 1875, wrote that through the Rev. Edward Berwick, the son of Scott's friend, he succeeded "in getting access to the correspondence of Swift with his friend Knightley Chetwode, of Woodbrooke, during the seventeen years (1714-1731) which followed his appointment to the Deanery of St. Patrick's." Forster calls these letters "the richest addition to the correspondence of this most masterly of English letter-writers since it was first collected." The collection was transcribed by Mr. Edward Wilmot Chetwode, the then owner, and Forster himself visited Woodbrooke to collate the copies with the originals so carefully preserved and guarded. The letters were never used, and after Forster's death they were returned to Woodbrooke. How Dr. Birkbeck Hill obtained possession of them he does not say, but under his editorial care most of them have already appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in the last four issues of the year 1897. The complete series, however, is now for the first time published; and, accompanied as they are by the editor's very elaborate annotations, they form an imposing volume.

Considering the importance attached to this collection both by the Chetwode family and Forster, and (to judge from the care he has expended) by Dr. Hill himself, we must confess to some disappointment. A very careful perusal of the letters leaves us hardly better informed than we were by means of the already existing mass of correspondence collected by Scott in 1824. Of the fifty-seven letters here printed, fifty-three are from Swift to Chetwode, and one to Mrs. Chetwode. All of them deal mainly with Chetwode's own affairs—his prosecution for Jacobitism, his separation from his wife, the affairs of his son, his request for a loan (which Swift refused to grant), his building operations, and, finally, his quarrel with Swift. Of Swift himself we have the well-known complaints of deafness, dizziness, and pains in the head; the same references to petty worries about servants, buildings, and the affairs of the Deanery, of which we have often read in his letters to other friends—but little else of importance. Here and there, it is true, events fully dealt with by Swift's biographers receive an added touch by a casual mention, such as the struggle against Wood and his half-pence, the printing of the poem, "Cadenus and Vanessa," the publication of "Gulliver's Travels," and the impeachment of the Duke of Ormond and the Earl of Oxford. But even these, if we except the letter on "Cadenus and Vanessa," are of no great value. This is very strange; for the years over which these letters extend were, perhaps, the most eventful in the whole of Swift's chequered career. It was a period on which he entered with a heart soured by disappointments and filled with bitter indignation; but the final years, if they found him still nursing his *saeva indignatio*, were yet years replete with a harvest of great

work done for Ireland and for the humanity he despised. To Chetwode he wrote, "I detest the world because I am growing wholly unfit for it"; but the people of Dublin set a juster value on his fitness. It was also the period which witnessed his determined championship of his beloved Church as against Dissent, and it found him struggling for the rights of the people as against an arbitrary and unscrupulous Government. Finally, it was the period which rang with the fame of the wit and the genius of the author of "Gulliver's Travels."

Chetwode, however, from the little that is known of him, does not seem to have been the man to touch with a "spirit touch" the heart of Swift, or compel an intimate intercourse. One gathers that his temper and disposition were such as would resent pretty smartly any imputation against his honour and parts; and without the compensating attributes of learning and genius (to use the word in its last-century sense) these qualities were not of the kind to make for a close friendship with a man of Swift's nature. He was a country gentleman, with a pride in his genteel acquaintances and good connexion; and as such Swift treated him. This may help to explain one's disappointment at the results of the correspondence between them.

Apart, however, from this general estimate of these letters, there are a few references interesting in themselves. The opening paragraph of the very first letter reveals, almost pathetically, Swift's new position after the death of Anne:—

"The Person who brought me your Letter delivered it in such a manner, that I was at Court again, and that the Bearer wanted a Place: and when I received it I had my answer ready to give him after I'erusall, that I would do him what service I could. But I was easy when I saw your hand at the Bottom, and then I recollected I was in Irel^d, that the Queen was dead, the Ministry changed, and I was onely the poor Dean of St. Patricks."

"Onely the poor Dean of St. Patricks!" To this day, however, Ireland knows of only one Dean. The visitor to Dublin will be shown the Cathedral as "The Dean's Church."

Chetwode seems to have been in the habit of writing on scented note-paper. Swift's comment on this is characteristic:—"Your Perfumed Paper hath been ready to give me an Apoplexy; either leave off these Refinements or we will send you to live on a mountain in Connaught."

The earlier letters, written as they were, during the days of anxious suspense following on the downfall of Oxford and Bolingbroke, confirm our knowledge of Swift's fear about his own safety. Writing to Chetwode, under date June 28, 1716, he says:—

"Yesterday's post brought us an Acc^t that the D— of O— [Duke of Ormond] is voted to be impeached for high Treason. You see the Plot thickens: I know not the present Disposition of People in Engl^d but I do not find myself disposed to be sorry at this news. However in general my Spirits are disturbed, and I want to be out of this Town. A Whig of this Country now in Engl^d has written to his Friends that the Leaders there talk of sending for me to be examined upon these Impeachments. . . . I went Yesterday to the Courts on purpose to show I was not run away. I had warning given me to beware of a fellow that stood by while some of us were talking. It seems there is a Trade going of carrying stories to the Gover^t, and many honest Folks turn the Penny by it. I cannot yet leave this Place but will as soon as possible."

Letter XLIV. is uncommonly interesting. It relates to the printing and writing of "Cadenus and Vanessa," and is dated from London, in the year in which "Gulliver's Travels" was published:—

"As to the Poem you mention, I know several Copyes of it have been given about, and Ld. L^t told me he had one. It was written at Windsor near 14 years ago, and dated. It was a Task performed on a Frolick among some Ladyes, and she it was addresst to dyed some time ago in Dublin, and on her Death the Copy shewn by her Exe^{cutor}. I am very indifferent what is done with it, for printing cannot make it more common than it is: and for my own part, I forget what is in it, but believe it to be only a cavalier Business, and they who will not give allowances may chuse, and if they intend it maliciously, they will be disappointed, for it was what I expected, long before I left Irel^d. Therefore what you advise me about

printing it myself is impossible, for I never saw it since I writ it, neither if I had would I use shifts or Arts, let People think of me as they please. Neither do I believe the gravest character is answerable for a Private humerous thing which by an accident inevitable and the Baseness of particular Malice is made publick. I have borne a great deal more, and those who will like me less, upon seeing me capable of having writ such a Trifle so many years ago, may think as they please, neither is it agreeable to me to be troubled with such Accounts, when there is no Remedy, and onely gives me the ungratefull Task of reflecting on the Baseness of Mankind, which I knew sufficiently before."

To Tickell, three months later, Swift wrote in much the same strain. The poem, although written in 1712 or 1713, was, according to Sir Henry Craik, revised in 1719. If it be so, how reconcile the biographer's assertion with the statement here made:—"I never saw it since I writ it"? What Swift here calls a "cavalier Business" has been taken by several writers to imply something more serious than that: and even Dr. Birkbeck Hill believes the intimacy between Swift and Esther Vanhomrigh to have been a guilty one. If, as we are led to surmise, the learned editor follows Horace Walpole in his reasoning on this matter, we cannot compliment him on a very strong leader. The passage in Swift's letter to Vanessa, to which Dr. Hill refers, fails to arouse in us the least suspicion of guilt; and, until stronger evidence be forthcoming, we must demur to an accusation which would make of Swift a mean-spirited libertine. There is much in Vanessa's life which compels our sympathy. There is much also in Swift's relationship with her on which those least tainted with prejudice may find foundation for censure; but that censure which includes the charge of guilty intimacy is the outcome of an inability to appreciate the true character either of Swift or Vanessa.

We must compliment Dr. Birkbeck Hill on his very full annotations. They should prove extremely helpful to readers unacquainted with the details of Swift's life. At the same time, we cannot help feeling that the volume is overweighted with them. A smaller book, giving the letters the chief prominence, would have sufficed.

In the note to Letter XXV., Dr. Hill is not quite accurate in saying that Swift "only once directly owned any piece of writing as his." We presume from the anecdote which follows that reference is made to "A Discourse of the Contests and Dissensions between the Nobles and Commons of Athens and Rome." In 1712, however, Swift published his "Proposals for Improving the English Tongue," in a letter to the Lord High Treasurer, and this pamphlet was actually printed with his name attached—the only publication of his, we believe, so distinguished by him.

A FIELD FOR THE ETHNOLOGIST.

In the Land of the Pigmies. By Capt. Guy Burrows. 9 x 6 in., xxx. + 200 pp. London, 1899. Pearson. 21/-

It is certainly a pity that all travellers do not have preliminary conversations with the secretaries of three learned societies before they leave England. For, if the author of this book had conversed with some one at the Zoological, Geographical, and Ethnological Societies, he would certainly have produced a book of greater value. And if (as seems likely) travellers of all kinds cannot be induced to apply to those who can direct their observations, these societies might at least send, to all chief centres in such places as the Congo Free State, leaflets which briefly indicate all that is mostly in need of elucidation in their respective branches of study.

It seems that Captain Burrows, who is one of a number of adventurous Englishmen employed in the King of the Belgians' Congo Estate, had many opportunities of studying the Akka, or Pigmies. But, in spite of the title, there is but one brief chapter dealing with these curious survivals, and in that chapter there is not one reference to any of their marriage or family customs. It is doubtful whether he mentions any fact concerning them which will be new to those who have read the literature covering the

Welle district, unless it be their custom of making a conventional offering of no value to those from whom they "convey" their bananas, in order that it shall not be said they steal. But it cannot be doubted that there is much to learn about their family relations; and the paragraph in which the author states that they have no ties of family affection might very well have been developed, with more illustrative facts.

Captain Burrows has not shirked the question of cannibalism among the tribes in whose country he was stationed. Nevertheless, though he is evidently interested in the practice of eating human flesh, he throws no light on its origin. If this is undoubtedly one of the obscurest problems for the ethnologist, the fact may be due, as he partly suggests, to so many travellers entirely refusing to notice or record what must have occurred under their very eyes. Such a slurring over unpleasant details is due to a lack of the scientific spirit, and cannot be too strongly deprecated. Most writers who have considered the subject seem to arrive at the conclusion that the practice is due to a depraved habit—that it is, in fact, a distinctly backward step in civilization. That such a view should have many supporters is not wonderful when we consider the horror the higher races have for cannibalism. It is with difficulty that one imagines a state of society in which it could have been of advantage. Nevertheless, it has most of the marks of a survival. It is curious that a theory, suggested some years ago, has received little or no consideration. It refers the origin of the habit to the era of the simians from whom mankind sprang when they were becoming men, and attributes their rise to the fact of their discovering that compact nitrogenous food of flesh was infinitely more useful to them than fruits, eggs, and insects. To obtain this food they combined. This led to a state of active and organised war, and as a result, the more unintelligent were swept out of existence, and from it also arose slavery. For, though these ape-men ate their prisoners, they kept them to eat, and finally bred them. There is at any rate some suggestiveness in this theory.

The charges of inhumanity brought against so many of the Congo Free State Officials are once or twice referred to by Captain Burrows, and after relating with approval a kindly deed performed by one of them he remarks that this "illustrates the untruth of the stories of inhumanity with which the Congo officers are so frequently charged." How the proof that one man was kind to a poor captive against whom he had no possible grievance can prove anything but that this particular gentleman was not altogether a brute we fail to see. Mr. Stanley in his introduction to this volume endeavours to put a humanitarian aspect on the exploiting of the Congo. His admission of the "cruelly severe labour" forty thousand carriers were perforce engaged in appears to be the slip of a rather careless advocate. Though rigid rules for the treatment of natives cannot be laid down by the Society for the Protection of Aborigines, there is little doubt that the Belgians, and Germans too, lack the necessary experience for finding a middle course between pampering and ill-treating them.

The march of the "jigger" or chigoe across the African Continent is noticed by Captain Burrows, and in this he confirms M. Lionel Decle. It was lately reported to have arrived at Beira.

A BOOK OF ESSAYS.

Genius Loci. Notes on Places. By Vernon Lee. 7 x 4 1/2 in., 211 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 5/- n.

It is rather a curious coincidence that the lady who writes under the name of Vernon Lee should have chosen for this little collection of essays a title bearing so much resemblance to that of the recently published volume by Mrs. Meynell. "Genius Loci" is at least more appropriate to this book than was "The Spirit of Place" to the dainty conceits of the other. "Vernon Lee" is a practised traveller, and discourses pleasantly of many out-of-the-way places—of Fribourg, for example, and Detwang, and Touraine, and the great marble quarries of Monte Altes—

simo. The "Genius Loci" is to her a divinity, deserving of worship. Places are capable, in her eyes, of inspiring friendship. "Quite irrespective of their inhabitants, and virtually of their written history, they can touch us like living creatures." There are one or two places, she adds, where one may live habitually, and yet never lose the sense of delight, wonder, and gratitude. The valleys of Tuscany have thrown this glamour over the heart of "Vernon Lee."

There are twenty tiny essays in this small volume. In some respects work of this kind gains by brevity. A book of essays is emphatically a book to be read at odd times, and carefully; to work conscientiously through a whole collection at once too often induces a sense of weariness, and it is easy enough to grow tired even of a single essay. The author is wise who guards against the possibility of such a catastrophe. These notes on places are like small water-colour sketches, touched in with a careful hand, but not with a too pedantic accuracy. Here and there may be found the saving grace of a clumsy construction, and an awkward phrase. But they are delicately done, and with an eye to the picturesque. Here is the opening of "The Lakes of Mantua":—

It was the Lakes, the deliciousness of water and sedge seen from the railway on a blazing June day, that made me stop at Mantua for the first time; and the thought of them that drew me back to Mantua this summer. They surround the city on three sides, being formed by the Mincio on the way from Lake Garda to the Po, shallow lakes spilt on the great Lombard Plain. They are clear, rippled, fringed with reed, islanded with water lilies, and in them wave the longest, greenest weeds. Here and there a tawny sail of a boat comes up from Venice; children are bathing under the Castle towers; at a narrow point is a long covered stone bridge, where the water rushes through mills, and one has glimpses into cool, dark places smelling of grist.

This is prettily described in soft, smoothly-flowing English. "Vernon Lee" contents herself, for the most part, with description; she does not analyse too carefully the thoughts inspired by her favourite halting-places. And yet the book is something more than a mere guide-book; or, at the least, it is a guide-book glorified by a tender appreciation of the localities described. In fine, the essays are worth more than a hurried reading; to those who have travelled over the same ground they should be very welcome. They are not superlatively good, but they are not the aggressively clever work of a superior woman.

ART.

The Later Work of Titian. By Claude Phillips. 10½ x 7 in. London, 1898. Seeley. 3/6

In telling the story of the later life and work of Titian, Mr. Claude Phillips has accomplished what for him must have been an easy task. Titian is throughout in full view, and the record of his activity is so ample and perfect that there is no occasion to reconstruct him, and no temptation to invent him. But if the task of the writer has been simple, that of the critic must be simpler still. As no question of fact is, or in the nature of the case can be, in dispute, it remains for us to indicate as briefly as may be the very few points at which we feel disposed to part company with the author in his line of interpretation.

At the outset we think that to agitate the question whether Aretino's evil communications did or did not corrupt Titian's good manners is to show a certain lack of the historic sense of proportion. Aretino, whatever else he may not have been, was undoubtedly a man of genius; and as regards Titian's intercourse with him, it may be sufficient to note in the first place that genius is apt to acquaint those who possess it with strange bed-fellows; while, in the second place, it has a power of assimilating, unhurt, elements that would sadly disturb the delicate equilibrium of moral mediocrity. The strange thing is not that Titian overlooked Aretino's bad principles of conduct; but that he was blind to Sansovino's bad principles of art. Again we are in no sympathy at present with any attempt to show that Titian took a lower, because he may have taken a closer, view of woman than

Giorgione. The results of Wickhoff's researches should be a warning to critics not to talk too eloquently about Giorgione before they know. The subject of the so-called Venus at Dresden is still uncertain; that is to say, it has not yet been determined whether in this case, too, Giorgione was merely illustrating a literary theme or creating afresh in the image of his own sentiment and conviction. In any case, it is too early to lay it down that Titian did worse, when he may only for other reasons have done otherwise. Lastly, to assert that in portraiture Giorgione went deeper than Titian seems to us to be more than unjust; it is a little ungrateful. Even Rembrandt only seems to go deeper because he kept with so solemn an iteration to the rule of experience—to its suffering, its illusion, and its decay—passing by the exceptional "happy souls that long to live." The fact of the matter is that we shall never know what Giorgione might have done, if he had lived to share Titian's opportunities. From the little that remains of his work it is abundantly clear that at the outset he must have been drawn to another side, if not to the opposite pole, of experience, to dreaming instead of to thinking, to self-indulgence instead of to self-assertion. All this has a beauty of its own; but it is mainly the beauty of promise, which leaves half the field to the guesswork of the imagination. His conceptions, for all their charm, were as partial and provisional as his power of expressing them was immature; and it is nothing short of a profanation to couple and contrast his essays of precocious youth with the giant achievements of the art, deep, delicate, and deliberate, of Titian. In this contention there is nothing new. It is a notorious fact that Rubens, Vandyck, and Velasquez studied Titian with patient and passionate enthusiasm, and it is further to be noted that their works tell little, if anything, of Giorgione. It is the same with Reynolds. He would, as he said, have given all he possessed for a genuine Titian in good preservation; while for that which Titian could not teach him he seems to have gone to Correggio and Rembrandt. We present these facts simply for what they may be worth, not presuming to lay stress upon them at a time like the present, when it seems to be assumed that those who produce pictures are *ipso facto* disqualified from judging them, when critics have arrived so far as to imitate the boldness of the Prætorian guard in the decadence of the Roman empire. Once the retainers and ministers of the Sovereigns, they have come to put the empire itself up to popular appreciation.

We regret that Mr. Phillips has been unable to find time and space for dealing systematically and in detail with the drawings of Titian, for no problem is more difficult or more in need of caution and competence in the handling than that of Venetian drawings. Little, in fact, is known of Venetian art except in its results. Reynolds wasted his substance and risked the durability of his fame in the attempt to recover the secret of Venetian colouring, and it is a secret still. But, in general, it seems that the Venetians had less occasion or inclination to draw, in the restricted or popular sense of the word, than their Florentine contemporaries. They preferred to deal summarily with an impression as a whole, instead of analysing its components with the help of boundary lines. Anyhow, if Vasari is to be trusted, Michelangelo detected in Titian's work the outcome of a method and habit radically different from his own. The result has been not that fewer drawings are assigned in collections to the great Venetians than to the great Florentines—buyers and sellers are not so easily daunted as a rule—but that in the case of the Venetians it is specially difficult to reach a firm starting-point for genuine criticism. We are glad to see that Mr. Phillips restores to Titian two of the finest of the drawings, of which Morelli in the large exercise of his authority to set up and set down had temporarily deprived him. One is the landscape with the mysterious veiled female figure at Chatsworth, which it is difficult to believe that the second-rate hand of a Campagnola could have executed. The other is the so-called "Landscape with the pedlar" in the same collection.

RAPHAEL, by H. Knackfuss, translated by Campbell Dodgson (Grevel, 4s. n.), is an excellent example of a useful class of pub-

lication. It is the first of a series of "Monographs on Artists," projected by Messrs. Velhagen and Klasing, of Leipzig, to be written by various authors, and issued under the supervision of Professor Knackfuss, of the Royal Academy of Arts in Cassel. Considered as a life of the painter, it is wonderfully compendious and accurate, while the sequence of his works has never been more lucidly set forth. As might have been expected from its German provenance, the work shows an anti-Morellian bias, which occasionally is responsible for some startling opinions, as when Professor Knackfuss assures us that the attribution to Raphael of the *Donna Velata* in the Pitti "not only lacks proof but probability." He does not explain whether he means that it is the work of an assistant, or that it is a copy, or that it has no relation to the painter. The monograph is copiously illustrated, there being in fact 128 illustrations to 132 pages of text. The most interesting are reproductions of drawings from the Albertina, the Wicar Collection at Lille, the Taylorian and elsewhere, and of the Madonnas of the painter's early Perugian period, now at Berlin and St. Petersburg. The translation into English of the monograph was wisely entrusted to Mr. Campbell Dodgson, of the Print Department in the British Museum, who has fulfilled his task with both spirit and thoroughness. Indeed, the policy of "thorough" has been so fully carried out that even Latin and Italian quotations have not escaped translation. Thus Cardinal Bembo's epitaph on his gifted friend appears in this guise :—

Nature, while Raphael lived, must fear defeat ;
He died ; she too prepared her death to meet.

It is difficult to imagine anybody's preferring this distich to the familiar original :—

Ille hic est Raphael, timuit, quo sospite, vinci
Rerum magna parens, et, moriente, mori.

ANTIPODEAN BOOKS.

Spinifex and Sand : A Narrative of Five Years' Pioneer-ing and Exploration in Western Australia. By the Hon. David W. Carnegie. 8½ x 5½ in., xvi. + 454 pp. London, 1898. Pearson. 21/-

In the big map which is bound up in Mr. Albert F. Calvert's excellent book on the exploration of Australia there is, in the top left hand corner, a large blank space with no names printed on it except that of the Tropic of Capricorn. The space is bounded on the north by a blue line, indicating Warburton's route in 1874, and on the south by a red line indicating Giles' route in 1876 ; the intervening territory had never been trodden by any white man's foot until Mr. Carnegie traversed it from south to north and then again from north to south in the years 1896 and 1897. His journey took him thirteen months, of which ten-and-a-half were actually occupied in travelling, and the total distance covered was a little over three thousand miles. But though Mr. Carnegie travelled far, he discovered practically nothing, for the good reason that there was nothing to discover. The *terra incognita*, whose secrets he wrested from it, consisted entirely of desert, hideous and apparently irreclaimable. Every now and again his narrative breaks out into picturesque description ; but all the descriptions resemble each other closely. One may be quoted, as an example of all, to show the curious what manner of place is this great West Australian desert :—

"Downs," I think is the only term that describes properly the configuration of the country. "The great Undulating Desert of Gravel" would meet all requirements should it be thought worthy of a name. In this cheerless and waterless region we marched from August 22 until September 17, seeing no lakes, nor creeks, nor mountains, no hills even prominent enough to deserve a name except on three occasions. Day after day over open, tree-less expanses, covered only by the never-ending spinifex, and strewn everywhere with pebbles and stones of ferruginous sand-stone, as if some mighty giant had sown the ground with seed in the hope of raising a rich crop of hills. The spinifex here cannot grow its coarse, tall blades of grass—the top growth is absent, and only round stools of spines remain ; well was it named Porcupine Grass.

Occasional clumps of mulga break the even line of the horizon, and, in the valleys, thickets or belts of bloodwood are seen. . . . As for animal life—well, one forgets that life exists, until occasionally reminded of the fact by a bounding spinifex rat.

In this horrible country the one interest in life that never ceases is the quest for water, failing to find which the traveller must lie down and die. Mr. Carnegie's method of discovering it was simplicity itself. He went on the theory that the black fellows knew, and that if they were unwilling to tell they must be made to do so. He took them prisoners, therefore, as required, ordered them to find water, and, if they showed reluctance, deprived them of food and drink until they did his bidding. Certain humanitarians have criticized him for this, and accused him of cruelty to savages, but perhaps they are humanitarians who have never known what it is to be really thirsty.

Mr. Carnegie is not a literary man, and makes no attempt to practice literary airs and graces. His book is a straightforward account of a courageous undertaking, and nothing more. It is not his fault that his discoveries have a purely negative value, and he is under no illusions as to the possibilities of the new country which he has opened up. His words on this head may be quoted in conclusion :—

It is possible that between the Lake Darlot goldfield and the 25th parallel of latitude isolated areas of auriferous country may be found, though nothing that we saw proves this to be likely. . . . It is also possible that a travelling route for stock may be formed from South Australia along the 26th parallel. . . . Failing either the finding of gold or the formation of a stock route from oasis to oasis, I can see no use whatever to which this part of the interior can be put.

Through New Guinea and other Cannibal Countries. By H. Cayley Webster. 9½ x 6¼ in., xviii. + 387 pp. London, 1898. Unwin. 21/-

After certain recent stories of Antipodean travel the wondering English public may find this volume tame and disappointing. Truth may be stranger than fiction, but as a rule it is not, which is perhaps why the majority of persons read chiefly novels. Yet Captain Webster takes us not only through German and British New Guinea, but to many a fair South Sea isle peopled by savage man-eaters and fierce fighters ; and, moreover, his handsomely got-up book is embellished with a very large number of photographs of dark-skinned savages in their habit—or rather want of habit—as they live.

"Through New Guinea" is evidently a faithful record of adventurous scientific travel, extending over three years in the South Seas. But the author is hardly gifted with the magic pen of a Stevenson. Somehow Captain Webster, considering his personal exploits, the wide extension of his voyages, and his hairbreadth escapes from savage treachery, seems hardly to have made the best literary use of his experiences. Still there are many interesting glimpses, not only into the teeming savagery of the South Seas, but into that unceasing irresistible European aggression and rivalry in which Englishmen are destined to play the dominant part.

Probably no outside question in recent years provoked such a bitterly hostile feeling in our Australian colonies as the German occupation of New Guinea, though Captain Webster's narrative of the present condition of the German half of that huge island does not lead us to infer that the Teutonic colonization is at all likely to prove a permanent success. But we must remember that German—and, in fact, all foreign—methods of colonization are diametrically opposed and hostile to our own. Captain Webster, referring to an important group of islands where the Germans and English (as in New Guinea) divide the sovereignty, observes :—

Of the traders at present in the group I met nearly all, and found them a very generous-hearted, hard-working, and self-sacrificing body of men, but they have all one common grievance. It appears that the Solomon Islands under the British Protectorate are open for purposes of trading to all vessels of any nationality whatsoever, while that portion of

the group annexed by the German Empire is open only to Germans, or to foreigners on payment of an annual licence, £12 10s. But, as in this case the British subject, or whoever he may be, is not allowed to employ a native to work ashore, it is impossible to do any successful trade.

This holds true of religion as well as of trade. The German missionaries—Catholic and Protestant—get their orders and have their "sphere" marked out by the Berlin authorities, and with regard to their converts "they are obliged by law to be taught to read and write in German." It is such facts as these which caused our Australian fellow-subjects to view the triumph of Bismarck over Lord Derby and Lord Granville in the matter of New Guinea with such disfavour, and which would lead them to help in sweeping the seas of the French in New Caledonia if an opportunity arose, as seemed not altogether improbable during the recent Fashoda incident. The politician as well as the traveller and naturalist will find much to interest him in Captain Webster's pages.

The Founding of South Australia. By Edwin Hodder. 7½ x 5 in., 239 pp. Sampson Low. 6/-

This is really a brief "Life" of Robert Gouger, "First Colonial Secretary" of South Australia, based on the journals and family papers of that now forgotten pioneer colonist, who was an early but unfaithful disciple of Edward Gibbon Wakefield. We are indebted to Mr. Hodder for previous works on the settlement and foundation of South Australia, which in time to come may have considerable interest to some future historian.

The colony of South Australia was founded by a number of well-to-do English philanthropists and political reformers, "wire-pulled" and manoeuvred by Gibbon Wakefield, whose intellectual activity and journalistic ability were extraordinary. Like most "amateurs," these gentlemen when they actually took in hand the practical work of colonizing made rather a mess of it, and, in fact, did little but quarrel among themselves. Thus we find Gouger at fierce war with Captain Hindmarsh, the first Governor whom he had appointed. Hindmarsh, as well as his successor, Gawler, and Gouger himself, were all "recalled." In fact, until the late Sir George Grey took over the Government of South Australia, there was nothing but bankruptcy and general confusion in the community. Still this brief, but by no means brilliant, memoir of Robert Gouger is in one sense an addition to Anglo-Australian history; for until Mr. Hodder took the matter up it is not too much to say that his hero's name had entirely faded from the memory of men. Mr. Hodder laments that no memorial of Gouger exists in South Australia; but colonists, like other people, prefer to ignore and forget their past failures. When Australians have found time to erect statues to the men who were the real discoverers and actual founders of the present Commonwealth—to such men as Captain Flinders and Sir George Grey, for instance—then perhaps they may turn a languid antiquarian attention to the Gougers, Hindmarshes, and Gawlers of early South Australia.

When Mr. Semon threw all his notebooks concerning a two years' zoological trip in the bush of North Queensland and the Malayan Archipelago into one capacious volume he owed it to the reader to choose a less misleading title than *IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH* (Macmillan, 21s.). It is true our embryo-hunting naturalist has put into the first half of the book every fact, of any importance or of none, that he picked up while collecting the *Ceratodus* on the Burnett River, but his facts, truly enough observed in most cases, concerning cattle-mustering and the habits and customs of hospitable Queensland squatters, have neither the interest of novelty nor of brilliant writing. The reader who enjoys what is light and familiar will rebel against the embryos of the lung-fish, and he to whom the *Echidna* is of much importance will consider Mr. Semon's excursions into the personal characteristics of unknown people of English parentage nothing but pragmatical padding. Had the book been revised and

cut down to a half it would have passed as the painstaking record of a naturalist's wanderings, told with some simplicity, if without the charm characterizing the few masters in this branch of literature. But Darwin and Mr. Wallace, to say nothing of the authors of "Nicaragua" and "The Naturalist in La Plata," have much to answer for. The book is too encyclopædic. No man can know so much as Mr. Semon seems to know, not even a German. His views as to exogamy are, we think, not particularly valuable. To say that exogamy replaced endogamy because so low a race as those composing the Australian hordes observed the evil effects of close endogamic marriages is to attribute statistical intelligence to people who, for the most part, count "one," "two," "many." Scarcity of women and marriage by capture are surely the root facts in the complex systems of exogamy in Australia as elsewhere. Mr. Semon does not seem to have read or observed with regard to the slaughter of totem animals that it is not an entire tribe which refuses to eat a particular totem animal, but only the men of that totem. For instance, a man may, if he is an "Emu," eat a Kangaroo, but his wife may not if she is of the "Kangaroo totem." Nevertheless, to a reader with time and patience and a talent for omission, "In the Australian Bush" will perhaps not come amiss. The writer is always amiable, if sometimes naïve, and, in his own specialty, has gathered much learning.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE STARS.

The New Manual of Astrology. By W. Gorn Old. 8½ x 5½ in., xvi. + 255 pp. London, 1898. Redway. 10/6

One among several distinctions of greater importance by which the occult sciences are separated from recognized knowledge is the fact that we must seldom look to their professors for the best justification of them. In the days of Ebenezer Sibly, who flourished in the last century, certain texts of Scripture were thought to countenance astrology, and the truth of the celestial science was thus incontestably proved for the author of its "Complete Illustration." Nor did the subject fare better at a later period, when it was argued by "Eliphas Levi" that, as nothing is indifferent in Nature, "a pebble more or less on a road may crush or alter profoundly the fortunes of the greatest men, or even of the greatest empires," and that hence "the position of a particular star cannot be indifferent to the destinies of the child when he enters by the fact of his birth into the universal harmony of the sidereal world." While it is true that it may not be indifferent, it does not follow that the nature of the influence can be defined or its extent calculated. We shall see presently how far the latest expositor of the subject, Mr. W. Gorn Old, has improved on preceding apologies in his "New Manual of Astrology."

Astrology is just now the most popular of the occult sciences, for the obvious reason that there is no mystery in its methods, it pretends to a practical result, and its precise rules do not overtax the individual judgment. From this point of view it is the most exact of the inexact sciences. The interest is made evident, not only by Mr. Old's serious-looking treatise, but by numbers of smaller handbooks, to which fresh additions are made almost annually, and still further by the existence of more than one periodical devoted to the subject. In America, where all the old books on occult matters have for years past been bought eagerly by collectors, it has grown into "a movement," with its high priest as well as its proper organ, the whole not unmixed with that adventurous element which has made the New World so fruitful in spurious occult enthusiasms.

Astrology has been distinguished by old writers into two chief branches, natural and judicial: the first is weather prediction and belongs to the observatory; the second is the art of discerning future events by the position of the planets, and is subdivided into genethliacal, the science of nativities, and horary, which deals with questions of the moment. Philosophically speaking, the judicial part claims to estimate the

influence of the universe upon man. It is founded on the occult doctrine of the solidarity of things, the recognition of a secret affinity between our visible existence and that of the "superior worlds." Historically, however, it can be referred to the old notion that the stars are animate beings. A variety of this is the mediæval doctrine of planetary spirits, who were supposed to guide the movements of the wandering spheres. Thence the Abbot Trithemius built up his curious system of world-government by a succession of angelic intelligences, and connected with it a number of prophetic observations of the vague kinds which still admit of verification in astrological almanacs.

When the French astronomer, Bailly, said that astrology was not the foolish mother of a wise daughter, but the distracted or criminal child of a sagacious parent, the astrologers replied that their science was the true soul of astronomy, that its claims were a part of the greater claim of occultism to the existence of a knowledge perpetuated secretly from antiquity. Outside the charmed circle of initiation the statement may also be accepted, but not for the same reasons. Astrology, like the other occult sciences, has failed to justify its pretension. If it be not the art of displaying preternatural wisdom after the event, it is at least true that its budget of historic predictions rests on no real evidence, while for most modern instances we have only the word of the astrologers. It has shown itself entirely unable to prove, either by the reason of things or by the facts of experience, a special influence attaching to special planetary positions. It told us, after the occurrence, that the horoscope of Mr. Barney Barnato had always indicated the manner of his death, but it is invariably denied the triumph of making such a statement beforehand. Otherwise, Mr. A. J. Balfour would perhaps be disposed to withdraw his objection that "a *prima-facie* case has not been made out for astrology." An attempt to devise such a case was made some years ago by a writer in the *University Magazine*, but the subject remains where Mr. Balfour placed it. At the same time its literature, which is large, has undeniable points of interest. The occult sciences are curiously methodized and inwrought. It would be useful to trace historically the connexion of astrology with the rest of its groups of weird sisters; to learn something of its diverse readings and its rival codes, of the existence of which the modern believer is for the most part in happy ignorance. Astrology was one of the pseudo-sciences which late Kabalism took into its heart of hearts, producing astounding developments, of which Basnage has something to tell us in his "*Histoire des Juifs*," and over which Gaffarel lingers lovingly in his "*Unheard-of Curiosities*."

Of these byways Mr. Old knows something, and he might have done better service had he offered us a history of astrology instead of a new technical manual which impresses us merely with the great labour that it has involved. He not only traverses ground familiar to the expert, but develops at some length a discovery of his own concerning the pre-natal epoch and the law of sex, by which we gather that astrology is now in a position to forecast empirically the sex of the unborn child. Mr. Old has more claim on our attention when he exhibits in his fourth book the connexion between Western and Hindu astrology, and, touching once on the historical aspect, suggests that the famous "*Tetrabiblos*" of Ptolemy shows traces of Indian influence. This is good work of its kind, and makes us judge leniently the author's attempt to justify the truth of his science. Professor Oliver Lodge, it appears, once speculated, as others have done before him, that the future as well as the past may be actually existent, and that both may therefore have an influence on personal actions. Mr. Old finds in this notion the whole of astrology, but, like Eliphas Levi before him, he does not see that while it may help us to discern a possible influence, it gives no ground by which to locate or compute it. Lovers of things occult have, however, robust imaginations which can bridge most gaps in evidence. Yet some lay readers, though not deceived by the reasoning, may be inclined to concede with the late R. A. Proctor that "of all the errors into which men have fallen in their desire to penetrate into futurity, astrology is the most respectable, we may even say the most reasonable."

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

The best of the "*Illustrated English Poems*" (Dent, 3s. 6d. n.), edited by Mr. Ernest Rhys, has appeared in *SONGS FROM THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE*, illustrated by Mr. Paul Woodroffe, whose drawings, well executed and enclosed in appropriate borders, seem to us conceived in exactly the right spirit. Mr. H. L. Richardson's illustrations to the *DESERTED VILLAGE* are not without merit, especially in the matter of figure drawing, though the composition is not always happy, while Mr. Lawrence Housman, who takes Shelley's *SENSITIVE PLANT*, though he unquestionably catches much of the Shelleyan spirit and traces with taste and skill "the sinuous paths of lawn and moss," produces human figures which are sometimes simply grotesque. One curious example shows a head and shoulders above the top of a bridge with a pair of legs showing through the arch below, which not even the most ardent admirer of the impossible and elongated human figures some artists affect could accept as belonging to the body above. One of the pictures has unfortunately been reproduced upside down.

WESTERN FLANDERS (The Unicorn Press, £2 2s. n.) contains ten etchings by Mr. William Strang, with letterpress by Mr. Laurence Binyon. The etchings have all the charm which one has learnt to associate with Mr. Strang's name; the letterpress is worthy of the etchings. It is not so much "written up to" the illustrations which it accompanies as written in attune with them. Sometimes, indeed, the connexion between picture and letterpress is not on the surface obvious; and the writing is always something more than a mere description or explanation of its attendant picture. Now it is a short story, now a set of verses, now a memory of a legend, now an essay in literary criticism. But it is always something good, and something, at all events in tone and sentiment, appropriate. Author and artist, in short, are to be congratulated upon the harmony with which they have worked together and encouraged to continue their collaboration. In these days of loose, hurried writing and cheap process blocks, good and careful work such as theirs is too rare not to be welcomed warmly when it is met. And as they have not, by any means, exhausted Flanders, they have not far to go in the quest for a new subject for a second book.

FLASHLIGHTS ON NATURE, by Grant Allen (Newnes, 6s.). This work, which consists of a series of articles that appeared in a monthly magazine, is not to be accepted as a serious, scientific excursion into the field of the author's "first love"; but rather as a variation of the profitable labours of an "incidental novelist." Its "popular" *raison d'être* is obvious from the titles and sub-titles. There is nothing novel in the book, neither are any of the still obscure phenomena of lowly life dealt with in a critical spirit. It has this advantage, however—it is not misleading, and people who prefer their science served up in this way will find it entertaining. The principal charm of the book, and even, from a purely scientific point of view, its chief value, consists of the numerous and very beautiful illustrations by Mr. Frederick Enoch. These are drawn with great fidelity, firmness, and delicacy, and they have been admirably "processed."

EARLY ITALIAN LOVE STORIES (Longmans, 15s. n.) is the title given to a collection of translations, twelve in number, made by Miss Una Taylor. The volume possesses all the essential qualities of a gift-book. It is large enough to look well on the drawing-room table, but light enough to hold in the hand. The illustrations by Mr. Henry J. Ford are of a very high order of merit. The Italian authors, examples of whose work are here introduced to English readers, are Boccaccio, Masuccio Salernitano, Giraldis Cintio, Sebastiano Erizzo, Gio. F. Straparola, and Matteo Bandello. The selection has been made with a certain, if not a sufficient, regard to the exigencies of the young person, and the task of translation has been gracefully performed, and without too rigid adherence to the text. The difficulty of

making such stories acceptable to the modern reader is clearly understood and stated by Miss Taylor in her introduction.

The gulf between us and the old Italian fiction writers is of life no less than of language. Outside their mere burlesques, of a levity without restraint, the loves, hates, griefs, despairs, and sins of their graver inventions lie, more often than not, outside the range of later day experience and possibly beyond the pale of its sympathy.

It follows that the modern reader cannot find even Boccaccio convincing. Yet he and all the other Italian writers whom Miss Una Taylor has introduced to us are interesting in her smooth and simple versions of their narratives.

PROSE E TRAGEDIE SCELTE DI SILVIO PELLICO, CON PROEMIO DI FRANCESCO D'OVIDIO (Milan, 1898, Ulrico Hoepli, one lira). This excellent reprint of Silvio Pellico's chief works—*Le Mie Prigioni*; *I doveri degli Uomini*; *Francesca da Rimini*; and *Eufemio di Messina*—is another proof of the intelligent enterprise of the firm of Ulrico Hoepli. Silvio Pellico, like Manzoni, has got somewhat out of date in Italy; yet, as Professor D'Ovidio aptly says of "*Le Mie Prigioni*" in the valuable introduction to this edition—

It is a *chef-d'œuvre* of Italian prose, so poor then (at the time of its publication in 1832) and none too rich even now, in well-written books of interest. Up to the sixth decade of the present century, if a girl or boy or a stranger asked what Italian book they might best read, the answer was Manzoni's "*Promessi Sposi*" and Pellico's "*Mie Prigioni*." It was difficult to suggest others. Nowadays the list would be somewhat longer, but those two are still at its head—that is, if we are sincere about the matter. There is a clearness of form as well adapted to the intelligence of a child as to the impatience of more expert readers. Simplicity was not then a common virtue of Italian prose, which to-day is being corrupted anew, as though the conquest of a natural and sincere style of writing by the genius of Manzoni and Leopardi and the candour of Pellico had been a thing of little price. The style of "*Le Mie Prigioni*" is almost stainless, and the language has few wrinkles. Some affectation and a light breath of provincialism, but that is all.

The tragedy, "*Francesca da Rimini*," with which Madame Ristori made her mark at Paris, is worth re-reading though its literary interest is below that of the "*Prigioni*." Lovers of simple Italian, whose taste has not been vitiated by D'Annunzian morbidity, will find within the covers of this little volume a source of constant pleasure.

THE ROCK VILLAGES OF THE RIVIERA, by William Scott (Black, 7s. 6d.), deals in reality with only a small section of the Italian Riviera from Ventimiglia to Bordighera, and a few of the villages up the valleys that here run down to the coast. Ventimiglia itself, known to English tourists chiefly for its vexatious *douane* at the Italian frontier, but really one of the most interesting and picturesque of the old hill fortresses of Italy—"Tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis"—seems in former times to have exercised, under the overlordship of Genoa, political control over certain neighbouring villages known as the "*Otto Luoghi di Ventimiglia*," "eight places of or belonging to Ventimiglia;" and Mr. Scott has collected a good deal of information from the municipal records of bygone times, illustrating his letterpress with picturesque drawings of these old places, piled on steep slopes for purposes of defence against robber nobles or marauding pirates. The "*Otto Luoghi*," some of which are now accessible to carriages from Bordighera, are Camporosso, on the way to Dolce Acqua in the Nervia Valley; Vallecrosia, San Biaggio, and Soldano in the next valley eastward; Borghetto, Vallebona, and Sasso, behind Bordighera; and Bordighera itself. It may not be generally known that Bordighera was bombarded by the English in the present century. In 1811 two guns mounted on Capo d'Ampeglio for defence against pirates were discharged by the zealous defenders upon an unoffending English vessel, which promptly withdrew from range, but shortly afterwards appeared two English men-of-war, and opened fire upon the town. An apology was hastily tendered, and the mayor invited to dine on board the

English ship. In pre-telegraphic days things could happen unnoticed that might now be a *casus belli*, or, at any rate, the occasion of much diplomatic uneasiness. Mr. Scott has compiled an interesting, if somewhat slight, record of local history.

JEROME CARDAN, by W. G. Waters (Lawrence and Bullen, 7s. 6d.), is an admirable study of a most singular man. Even in an age when multifarious gifts were often combined in one individual to a degree which we can only regard with astonishment in these days of universal education, Cardan stands out as a remarkable example of many-sided intellectual activity. He was a scholar, a thinker, a linguist, a musician, a most voluminous writer on many subjects, ethical, literary, and scientific; he was a great controversialist, and a great teacher; he took up nothing without illuminating it in some degree; above all, he was at once the most famous mathematician and the leading medical practitioner of his day.

Where [says Naudé, an unfavourable biographer], where shall we find any one who had mastered so many sciences by himself, who had plumbed so deeply the abysses of learning, and had written such ample commentaries on the subjects he studied? Assuredly in philosophy, in metaphysics, in history, in politics, in morals, as well as in the more abstruse fields of learning, nothing that was worth consideration escaped his notice.

The most striking thing about Cardan's mental equipment is the combination of mathematical genius with medical accomplishment. In this respect he was quite unique. There seems to be something antagonistic or incompatible in the qualities requisite for marked success in these two fields of intellectual activity; the one demands the faculty of moving easily among abstractions, the other depends essentially on observation of the concrete and devotion to detail. Cardan's mastery of both is no doubt largely explained by the state of medical science in his day. When he began to study in 1519, and for long after, it was not science at all, but dogma and sheer quackery. The scientific foundations of the art were not laid until afterwards by the work of Vesalius in anatomy and Harvey in physiology. Nevertheless Cardan showed a real bent for observation far beyond most of his contemporaries, and his brilliantly original and successful treatment of Archbishop Hamilton, chiefly by dieting, reveals the shrewd penetration of the true physician. For a man to have had such an accurate eye for the bedside, who was, at the same time, the father of modern algebra, is an amazing proof of versatility.

The details of Cardan's personality and career are not less interesting than the record of his varied labours. With all his philosophy, his knowledge of the world, and sound sense, he was highly emotional and a prey to innumerable superstitions. His autobiography, on which Mr. Waters has drawn with great skill and judgment, reminds one strongly of Benvenuto Cellini. With the same brutal but fascinating candour, he reveals his weakness no less than his strength—his naïve egotism, his quarrelsome humour, his fantastic fears, his passionate griefs, unmanly repinings, and indomitable will. It is a most human picture, full of strong lights and shades, eloquent of truth. The manner in which Mr. Waters has done his work deserves nothing but praise. It is thoughtful, judicious, sober, well-proportioned, and well written.

THE STORY OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT, by Mr. G. H. F. Nye (Bemrose, 3s. 6d.), which has just been published, and which has been, we believe, immediately sold out, is the work of a writer who has done a great deal of good work in exposing fallacies about the Church. The particular object he has in view on this occasion is to show that the Oxford reformers were men of high character and avowedly hostile to Romanizing practices. As an historian of the movement Mr. Nye is out of his depth. His book is a quite superficial sketch of the growth of Tractarianism, consisting mostly of quotations from Dean Church's book and other sources, and not leaving it always plain where the quotation ends and Mr. Nye begins. We all know nowadays that the Tractarians were avowedly anti-Roman, and we do not

see the use—unless, indeed, Mr. Nye's audience is a quite uneducated one—of such remarks as that "Dean Church has left it on record that 'there was no Romanism in them nor anything that showed a tendency to it.'" Still less is any one likely to be convinced by such evidence as the following on the number of secessions to Rome :—

If we accept a statement made in a London paper [the *Whitehall Review*], the number of clergymen who joined the Church of Rome between 1833 and 1878, in forty-five years, numbered only 385, many of whom had been far from being what are known as "advanced" men. It is indeed possible that the number is even less than that here given, a number which the writer has made no attempt to verify.

It is, of course, also possible that the number is even more, not less, than that here given. Mr. Nye has "made no attempt" to help us to decide this question. There are appendices on the general position of the Church inserted with the laudable object of dealing again with some of the fallacies before mentioned, such as the prevalent opinion that the Bishops are paid out of the taxes. On the question of the "Continuity of the Church" we may perhaps advise Mr. Nye to consult Prof. Maitland's "Roman Canon Law in the Church of England" before quoting the Bishop of Southwell's authority that "it is a delusion that the Church of England was ever Roman, or ever acknowledged as a Church any subjection to the Pope." This book may, perhaps, enlighten persons who are beginning to inquire into the Church history of this century, but it will hardly convince a non-Anglican. The fact is that the Anglican movement is at an entirely different stage both in doctrine and practice from that which it had reached fifty years ago, and whether the early Tractarians were Romanizers or not is now a question of quite remote historical importance.

TRAVEL.

The cyclist posing as a man of letters cuts, as a rule, a sorry figure. There are what he would call "side-slips" in his grammar, and he is a master of that particular kind of "new humour" which consists in serving up old jokes with unwavering confidence in their power to raise a laugh. To this rule, however, the case of Mr. John Foster Fraser furnishes a notable exception. He was a man of letters before he became a cyclist; he only learnt to ride the bicycle, we believe, because it had occurred to him that it would be a good idea to go round the world on one. He went by way of Vienna, Budapest, Rumania, the Crimea, the Caucasus, Armenia, Persia, India, Burma, China, Japan, and the United States, covering 19,237 miles in all, and now tells his story in *ROUND THE WORLD ON A WHEEL* (Methuen, 6s.). He writes modestly, but with a graphic pen, making light of peril and discomfort, and giving the most charming little thumb-nail sketches of the many places of interest that he hurried through. The style is somewhat "slangy," but the book is one to which an unconventional style was best adapted. In places it reminds us of the peculiar impressionism of Mr. G. W. Steevens; though, as Mr. Foster Fraser was on his tour at the time when Mr. Steevens was winning his fame, this can scarcely have been the source of his inspiration. The book is not to be included among "important" works of travel; the author's preface makes it clear that he does not wish it to be so regarded. But it is a book to which the old *cliché* about "no dull page" can be unreservedly applied; and it gives a better dioramic view of the world—or at least of those parts of the world which the author visited—than do many far more pretentious volumes.

There are still plenty of virgin summits in Norway, and Mr. Cecil Slingsby knows which they are. He indicated a certain number of them to Mr. E. C. Oppenheim and Mr. Gerald Arbuthnot, who straightway went and climbed as many as they could. Mr. Oppenheim's book, *NEW CLIMBS IN NORWAY* (Unwin, 7s. 6d.), is the result. It narrates a number of ascents in the Sondmore district, and, though both the adventures and the descriptions of them are commonplace, it will be welcomed because it provisionally covers the ground. A book on the

Sondmore district does, indeed, exist, but it is protected from the attentions of the general reader by that formidable *cheval de frise*, the Norwegian language. The headquarters from which the Sondmore mountains are attacked is Oie, and some one will be sure to thank us if we quote Mr. Oppenheim's brief note on the accommodation to be found there :—

We had thought [he writes] to find an isolated inn, cut off from the vanities of civilization, and we discovered a flourishing establishment, on the very high road of the tourist route, and about as isolated as the Grand Hotel at the foot of the Rhone Glacier. There are certain differences, however, which make all the difference in the world. The prices are as primitive as can be wished, the landlady as kindly and obliging as only a Norwegian can be, and of the tourists we saw nothing except for one brief instant on periodical occasions, when they were landed at the pier like a drove of cattle, hustled into carriages, and despatched with all speed to Hellerylt, the next stage on their monotonous and stereotyped journey.

FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

THE CATALOGUE OF THE LIBRARY OF SYON MONASTERY (Cambridge University Press, 15s.) is a record of an extensive collection of books formed in Monastic times, of which only six volumes can now be traced. All the rest have vanished. Syon House was established near Twickenham in 1415, but the monks migrated to Isleworth eleven years later, when the new house was built on the site now occupied by the mansion of the Duke of Northumberland. It was here that the library grew till it contained nearly 1,500 volumes, the titles of which are preserved to us in the Manuscript Catalogue to be seen in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Miss Mary Bateson has now printed this catalogue for the first time, and by means of foot-notes identified, as to editions, &c., a considerable number of the books. The labour necessary to accomplish this must have been very great; the patience requisite almost endless, for Monkish cataloguers possessed scarcely any of the virtues of the modern bibliographer. An interesting introduction occupies the first seventeen pages and various elaborate indices fill the last sixty. The loss of the Syon Library has, as usual, to be ascribed to the zeal of the Reformation Commissioners. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that Syon House above mentioned had no connexion whatever with the better known Sion College, which was founded at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

BOOK AUCTIONS IN ENGLAND (Elliot Stock, 4s. 6d.) is happy in its author, for there is probably no one who could write with the same authority on this subject as Mr. John Lawler, who, on behalf, at one time, of Puttick's and now of Sotheby's, has compiled the catalogues of most of the important libraries which have been sold by auction in England during the last twenty years, including the Sunderland, Gennadius, and Ashburnham collections, three giant libraries, which will be referred to in after years when the literary activity of the nineteenth century is reviewed at large. Mr. Lawler's book treats of auctions held in England between the years 1676 and 1700 inclusive, and he has managed within the compass of two hundred pages to comment on considerably more than a hundred dispersions which are of interest now as illustrating the wide difference in the aspirations of book-men at different periods. Books had been sold by auction on the Continent prior, probably, to the year 1604, when the Elzevirs disposed in this way, at Leyden, of the library of the learned George Dousa, but in England the record commences in October, 1676, with Dr. Lazarus Seaman's ponderous volumes containing the writings of the Fathers and Biblical expositors, which were then dispersed again to the four quarters from whence they came. It is interesting to note the kind of books which were then in vogue and to compare them with the literature of our own day. It is as though giants carrying weaver's beams had given place to light-armoured and nimble rivals. And the prices of books then and now! At Seaman's sale the Homer of 1488 went for 9s.; the Crawford copy in 1887 for £135, and so on, even such a disparity as this being by no means exceptional, but rather the reverse, for at many of the sales volumes of early English poetry and

Americana, now worth perhaps hundreds of pounds, produced the merest trifle. Several had to be bracketed to ensure a bid at all. Allowance being made for the difference in the value of money at various periods, the disparity in prices is none the less surprising. Mr. Lawler's book is not only an excellent contribution to one phase of Bibliography, but the only work in which the subject has been historically considered, or, indeed, treated at length at all.

THEOLOGY.

After some three-and-a-half centuries of the open Bible, we are beginning to realise that those who are not scholars need a good deal of explanation to make the Bible really open to them. How many people, for instance, could draw up a summary of the gospel story in its proper order? *THE LIFE AND TEACHING OF JESUS CHRIST* (H. Marshall, 3s. 6d.) will enable all to do this; for it gives the text of the four Gospels rearranged in chronological order, and enriched with an introduction by Dean Farrar and his commonplace book. The text thus mingled is divided into chapters with good descriptive headings, and subdivided into paragraphs. Furthermore, the words of Our Lord himself are printed in heavy type; and quotations from the Old Testament are also distinguished, as in Westcott and Hort's Greek Testament. The result is extremely convenient; but it does not give us a comely page. The paragraphs are not always apportioned with a fine literary sense, and it is unfortunate that the verse should be printed as if it were prose; one would far rather see the *Magnificat* arranged as it is in the Authorised Version than jammed into a single paragraph. A word of praise is due to the illustrations, which are reproductions from photographs of actual scenes in the Holy Land. Oddly enough the editor of this volume writes as if he were the first to arrange the gospels in this form. He seems to be unaware that Tatian did the same thing in the second century, and that Tatian's *Diatesseron* has been translated both into Latin and English. Yet we have compared several chapters of the book before us with the *Diatesseron*, and have found hardly any variation in the arrangement.

IN WAS CHRIST BORN AT BETHLEHEM? A Study on the Credibility of St. Luke (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.), Prof. Ramsay applies to the Gospel of St. Luke the method which proved so fruitful in his study of the Acts. His general principle is one which he admits to be unfashionable—namely, that Luke is to be regarded as “one of the greatest historians”; his method consists in an elaborate examination of Luke ii., 1-4:—“There went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed. And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was Governor of Syria,” &c., which has been regarded as altogether discrediting the evangelist's claim to trustworthiness. St. Luke is charged with two blunders. He mentions a census as having taken place in the year of Our Lord's birth, whereas it has been hitherto maintained that the first and only census held by the Romans in Palestine is that which, according to Josephus, was held about A.D. 6-7. He also connects this imaginary census with an officer, Quirinius, who is only known to have been “Governor of Syria” about A.D. 6-9. Prof. Ramsay's answer, in brief, is this—that recent research in Egypt has brought to light the existence of a periodical system of “enrolment-by-households,” which probably prevailed in Syria as well as in Egypt and elsewhere. If the testimony of Luke is to be believed, Augustus laid down “the principle of systematic enrolment in the Roman world.” This, and not an injunction for the taking of a single census, is the true force of the passage; and St. Luke's statement is supported by the recent discovery of a periodic system of enrolments (*apographai*) in Egypt. Prof. Ramsay argues that there are traces of a similar system having prevailed in Syria. The first enrolment, which should have taken place in 8 B.C., was probably, for reasons which he stated, delayed for a year or two, with the result that the first tribal enrolment actually took place in B.C. 6, which Prof. Ramsay regards as the probable year of Christ's birth. The difficulty as to Quirinius is met by an argument tending to show that Quirinius held an extraordinary military command as *legatus Augusti* during the period (B.C. 7-5), while Varus was for all ordinary purposes Governor of Syria. Prof. Ramsay's discussion gives an intelligible account of certain very obscure incidents in the provincial history of the early Empire. His conclusions will, of course, be disputed, but the question of St. Luke's credibility in regard to the facts of Christ's life undoubtedly stands on a different level since the discovery of the facts relating to the enrolments in Egypt and the personal history of Quirinius. Some important documents are appended to Prof. Ramsay's book, including three specimens

of an Egyptian “rating paper” (*apographe*). We cannot doubt that Prof. Ramsay's method is sound, and that the only hope of solving many pressing difficulties of historical criticism lies in a more sympathetic study of the New Testament writers. The author has, we think, shown that a vindication of St. Luke's qualities as a historian is of vital interest to all students of the early history of the Roman Empire, and especially of its provincial administration.

SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL.—Miss Mildred Partridge's translation of the Abbé de Broglie's “*St. Vincent de Paul*” (Duckworth, 3s.) is on the whole very well done, with the exception of the astounding blunder on p. 3, where we read:—

Vincent, at the age of twelve, was entrusted to the care of the Franciscans at Dax, who undertook to teach him for the sum of sixty pounds a year, a sum which, moderate as it may seem to us, was a heavy tax on the poor family.

In the original the word translated “pounds” was, of course, “livres,” and the sentence should run “sixty francs a year”—a moderate charge enough. Of St. Vincent himself it is only necessary to say that, as founder of the Sisters of Charity, he has perhaps more than any other man contributed to the lessening of the sum of human misery.

SAINT CLOTILDA.—This life of “*St. Clotilda*,” written by Professor Kurth, of Liège University, and translated by V. M. Crawford (Duckworth, 3s.), should teach people to be more careful in their use of that much-abused phrase “the Dark Ages.” One hears the term applied to such a period as the thirteenth century—one of the most splendid ages that humanity has known—as if “darkness” could produce a Dante, a St. Thomas Aquinas, or a Salisbury Cathedral; but the age of St. Clotilda—the sixth century—was indeed dark, and the record of it is full of massacre, unnatural murder, and violence. Throughout this terrible time Clotilda, the wife of Clovis, seems the only placid figure, and her reputation for sanctity, largely due to her conversion of her husband, no doubt gained immensely by the force or contrast.

ST. POLYCARP.—The Rev. Blomfield Jackson has collated for this volume of the *Early Church Classics* all the known passages which bear on the life and martyrdom of “*St. Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna*” (S.P.C.K., 1s.), the most important materials being “*The Epistle of Polycarp to the Philippians*” and “*The Letter of the Smyrniens to the Martyrdom of Polycarp*.” The annotations on the text are admirably done, but Mr. Jackson might have added to his note on “the fragrance as great as of frankincense” that was perceived while the martyr was burning. For this phenomenon was not alone observed, as the note would seem to imply, at the burning of martyrs; it is related also in the stories of the Saints who died a natural death. Thus, in the life of St. Clotilda, reviewed above, the author quotes from Gregory of Tours:—

At the instant of her quitting the world a great light filled the house as though it were midday, and an exquisite perfume pervaded the air so that it seemed to the bystanders as though they were smelling incense and other sweet spices.

In like manner, when St. David died, the whole city was filled with fragrance, and it might be interesting to investigate these phenomena, which modern writers would class together as “collective hallucinations of odour.”

In Messrs. Brimley Johnson and N. Erichsen's series of “*Modern Plays*” (Duckworth) we have now a Mæterlinck volume (3s. 6d.), containing “*Alladine and Palomides*,” “*Interior*,” and “*The Death of Tintagiles*,” of which the two latter have already appeared in English. Mr. Alfred Sutro translates “*The Death of Tintagiles*,” which Mæterlinck himself looks upon as his best work, and “*Alladine and Palomides*.” “*Interior*” is translated by Mr. W. Archer. These curious little studies in the mystery of fate are ill adapted for the stage, and the characters, depicted with a truth of which Mr. Sutro certainly makes the most in his introduction, are the only things which approach reality. But there is an increasing interest in this Continental literary drama, which represents a phase of thought so different from our more cheerful and practical outlook on life. When, by the way, is England to be represented in this series of “*Modern Plays*?”

A standard book which has lately been re-issued is Dr. A. W. Ward's *HISTORY OF ENGLISH DRAMATIC LITERATURE* (Macmillan, 36s.), originally published nearly a quarter of a century ago, and now fully revised by the author, who, to make room for new matter, has omitted the theoretical introduction which began the original edition.

Cassell's *NEW POPULAR EDUCATOR* is now published in a cheaper form at 3s. 6d. the volume.

ACROSS THE VELD.

I roamed across the veld at sunset time,
And evening met me on the quiet way,
With her the winds that wander down from God,
And kiss to sleep the tired eyes of day—
Kind evening, with the shadows at her feet,
The trailing shadows—coolly dim and grey.

They gather, and they grow at her command,
And lo! the dusty plain is softly veiled,
And there are stars upon the veld—dusk red,
As if dropped down from skies where day has failed—
The lights of wand'ring homes, of desert ships,
That at the sunset into port have sailed.

And as I wandered on with straying feet,
Came to her throne, from out the shadowed West,
Queen Night, in royal raiment of the dark,
Sceptred with silence, the young moon her crest,
Queen Night—with all the sorrows of the day
Folded to sleep upon her kindly breast.

And then I watched the pageant of her reign;
I heard the night winds in the Krantzes shout
A "Hail" unto the coming of the Queen.
I saw in heaven the starry guard file out;
I felt the resting Earth her homage bring,
The homage of deep stillness all about.

And thoughts came unto me, thoughts strangely fair,
Born of the evening mist, the night's dark reign,
Born of the solitude and of the winds,
Vague as the starlight, keen with joy and pain,
Full of some message for my straining ear,
Thoughts that just whispered, and were gone again!

Poor brain of man! so impotently weak
To use the words that wait at its command;
Tho' with a touch we paint the day's bright birth,
And in a line night lies upon the land,
And all the wonders of creation live
In deathless words, penned by some master hand.

Yet thoughts that God sends for our lips to teach
Out of the darkness down the starry ways,
That cry unto our souls to give them voice—
We only listen to in mute amaze;
Our helpless tongues are silent at their call,
Our helpless hands in vain attempt we raise.

Oh human soul! so strangely, sadly dumb.
Back into darkness, whence they came, they go,
The thoughts thou couldst not voice, the heaven-sent seed
That might have caused some fair new flower to grow,
Back into darkness—followed by my tears,
That, falling softly, scarce know *why* they flow.

BEATRICE M. BROMLEY.

Bloemfontein, Orange Free State.

Among my Books.

THE FIXED IDEA.

A recent writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, praising the merits of "Barry Lyndon," expressed his regret that Thackeray had not made his public entrance with the history of his Irish Rogue in the manner, as the reviewer said, of other great writers who have almost always begun their career with a striking masterpiece. A good deal of

this pronouncement is, of course, open to serious question; we may doubt whether "Barry Lyndon" is a great masterpiece, we may instance a good many authors who have had to fight through a labyrinth of false paths before their true way was discovered to them; but the chief point is this—that Thackeray's talent lay by no means on the road of the *picaresque*, and that his true starting point was "The Book of Snobs."

For when he wrote "The Book of Snobs" he discovered himself, he entered into his kingdom, and thenceforth, being possessed of this one theme, he spent his days in executing variations upon it. All the other books—"Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Newcomes," "Virginians," "Philip"—are intricate, admirable, elaborate extensions and developments of those happy sketches contributed to *Punch*; even in "Esmond" (concerning which book I cherish a private heresy, not by any means to be taught for doctrine), the same view of life, the same motives intrude, and that especial aspect of humanity which is the spirit, the energy, of the "Snob" studies worked still beneath the pages of the later books. Thackeray (so far as he is valuable) is a man of one idea, and his work was to exhibit this idea under many and diverse conditions.

Again, take the case of Dickens. In almost every possible way the two great rivals were opposed to one another; they might be well used, indeed, as prerogative instances of the two great schools of literary art; but they consented in this, that each had his one impression embodying itself in a series of books. Just as "The Book of Snobs" is, potentially, the whole of Thackeray, so "Pickwick" contains within itself the promise and the excellence of all the stories that were to follow it. Thackeray had the advantage of novelty in his obsession; to no one before had there been vouchsafed so clear and malefic a vision of society in its meaner aspects, whereas "Pickwick" is Matt Bramble, "Pickwick" is Gil Blas, Don Quixote, Sir Lancelot, ultimately Ulysses the Wanderer. Thackeray did but little good with the *picaresque* motive, Dickens could do little good with anything else. In proportion as Dickens tried to get away from the early scheme and to elaborate plots, or satirise society (as in "Our Mutual Friend"), he fell away from the excellence of "Pickwick," and produced melodrama which Forster applauded, but which saner criticism unreservedly condemns. To take a hero, to set him on a journey, to provide him with adventure on his way, to strew his path with strange characters—this was all the art of Dickens. This is the scheme of "Pickwick," and if this had been the sole scheme of "Nicholas Nickleby" Mr. Andrew Lang would not have been obliged to confess that for him Ralph Nickleby—a Surrey side demon in a frockcoat—was "too steep."

Poe and Hawthorne are a second pair of instances. Indeed, I might have taken Poe as the leading case of this literary obsession, this one idea giving birth to all the excellence of a writer's work, but Poe is so exceptional, his body of imaginative work is, comparatively, so small, that it seemed better to begin with authors who make a more general appeal. But Poe is, certainly, an excellent example of the theory. He had a dreadful fear in his

heart that the dead are not altogether dead, and excepting intellectual exercises such as the Dupin tales, and his interesting but tentative and imperfect "Arthur Gordon Pym" all his best stories exhibit variations of this one terrific hypothesis. And the skill with which he handles these variations is, in itself, very striking. At first sight it might seem difficult to co-relate "M. Valdemar" with the "MS. found in a Bottle," the "Fall of the House of Usher" with the "Premature Burial," but a closer examination will show that all four stories are haunted by the one impression, the one dread of death as a slow and lingering process that may extend over days, or months, or, perhaps, centuries. In Hawthorne, the one idea is not so much an affair of matter (though the thought of the invisible world very near to the visible runs through most of his books), as of manner; a certain method of symbolism possessed him from the first, from the "Minister's Black Veil" to the romance which he left uncompleted. Even in the description of the Old Manse, while one sees that Hawthorne is trying to shake off his obsession, to be cheerful, lively, modern, nay, almost commonplace if he can possibly manage it, one sees also the original, inveterate influence assert itself. For instance, he is speaking of the study:—

When I first saw the room, its walls were blackened with the smoke of unnumbered years and made still blacker by the grim prints of Puritan ministers that hung around. These worthies looked strangely like bad angels, or at least like men who had wrestled so continually and fiercely with the devil that somewhat of his sooty fierceness had been imparted to their own visages.

The likeness of the Reverend Master Dimmesdale was amongst the portraits on that wall; the two sentences prophesy the "Scarlet Letter," and not only in manner, but in matter. Hawthorne is of all writers the most difficult to analyze, to define; one is tempted to declare that elusiveness is the only quality that can be certainly predicated of him. It is thus impossible to "pin him down" as if he were Poe, who certainly made materialism mysterious, but remains a materialist. In dealing with Poe I pointed out the master-idea which dominates his stories; it is not easy to be so peremptory with Hawthorne, in spite of the fact that, as strongly as in the case of Poe, we feel the presence of one influence shaping all his work. But perhaps I may say that all through Hawthorne I seem to hear one solemn repeated interrogation, the voice of a man who whispers, questioning himself whether the whole universe is indeed an awful and sacramental symbol; whether the forms of the hills and the trees, the quivering shadows on running water, the colour of a flower or a dress, all our indifferent and unpremeditated gestures and actions and adventures, are but signs and figures of another world, unapproachable and yet close at hand. Poe replied to his riddles, but Hawthorne can find no answer, and the unsolved, reiterated enigma is the energy of all his books.

It would be easy to multiply instances of this excellent literary monomania. Some writers having found the one idea were able to abide by it in the most literal manner. One discovers traces of this in Thackeray, who repeats his characters, transferring them by name from one book to

another. We meet Pendennis in the "Newcomes" and in "Philip"; the agreeable Wenham appears in "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis"; and in the "Virginians" one is made acquainted with the founder of the dynasty of the Fokers and hears news of George Warrington's ancestors, while the whole book is a "sequel" to "Esmond." Dickens tried to do something of the same kind after the success of "Pickwick," but failed, his fixed idea not permitting such a device. But Rabelais and Sterne remained men of one book, adding "parts" to the original volume, instead of seeking for schemes entirely new, and Cervantes adopted the same plan. In our own day Mr. Hardy has, with wonderful skill, made two simple motives serve for, perhaps, half a score of novels, and an enterprising editor, in search of a new "literary competition," might well ask his readers to name these motives and to trace their use in, say, "Under the Greenwood Tree," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "A Pair of Blue Eyes," "Two on a Tower," and "Jude the Obscure." In any case such a competition would amuse, and perhaps some of the competitors might in this way be induced to distinguish between the art of the novel-writer and the craft of the persons who supply the demand for "popular fiction."

There is, of course, a moral lesson to be deduced from this as from all other artistic theories. Let not the young writer be afraid when he is reproached with the sin of "repeating himself," let him not be ashamed when the enemy talks of obsession. Let him only take heed that the obsession be a great one, and for the rest he may console himself with the maxim that the art of literature is, in a great degree, the art of repeating oneself effectively. One idea is not a huge stock, but between one and none lies all infinity.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

A MODERN ORPHEUS.

[BY G. MOULTON PIPER.]

It was a hot, sultry evening, a fitting close to a humid, oppressive day, and the clouds hung threateningly over Paris. The many carriages streaming into the city from Auteuil were laden with tired and dusty pleasure-seekers, whose appearance indicated that the back-wash of an exciting race meeting can be a depressing thing. I was, personally, as listless as my fellow-travellers, and, on dismissing my *fiacre*, I found myself with quite three hours to while away before joining some friends at Asnières.

Going in the direction of the Palais de Justice I was attracted to a little *crémèrie*, down one of the side streets, by the sound of a violin. On entering I noticed little beyond the fact that the interior displayed the usual features of such places, most things slovenly and all things markedly cheap. The chief matter of interest was, however, an old man, an Italian, who sat in the window seat playing in a desultory manner various operatic airs.

He played mechanically as a man plays whose thoughts are absorbed by other matters, but as he wandered on, it was evident that he was a master of his instrument. Presently he drifted into the opening bars of Gluck's incomparable "Chè farò," and, as the wail for Eurydice streamed out, the whole attitude of the man changed. His negligence vanished, and whatever skill he possessed he exerted in elaborating his theme. It was easy to perceive that his phrasing was incorrect, but in place of an academic precision he imparted to the tantalizing witchery of Orfeo's song the charm of personal human sentiment. The violin was on the Amati model, and, like most instruments of its class, it responded to one string better than to the rest. In this par-

ticular instance it was the lowest. The old man knew this peculiarity, and he used that string with a frequency which only a skilled executant would have dared. As one variation succeeded another, and as each deep tone lost itself in an apparently still lower depth, the air gradually merged its identity in the player until at last the sobs of the sorrowing god appeared to come from the man himself.

That this was only a mood I knew perfectly well, and yet I had neither the desire nor the inclination to throw it off. So dreamy was my abstraction over the myth of Orpheus and Eurydice that I never noticed the old man's departure, and it was only by an accidental meeting with him on the Pont Neuf some hour or so after that I was able to indulge any curiosity that I had in his history. He had but a simple story to relate. Originally a labourer at Lucca, he afterwards became a *figurinaio*, and with their plaster casts he and his wife, his Paula, as he called her, had wandered into many countries. He had been most successful in America, where, in the scattered homes of the Western States, he found a good demand for his wares. By careful trading and the most rigid self-denial they had saved what they thought enough to keep them for the remainder of their days, and with this they returned to Italy. By an unhappy accident they settled in Milan, the home of his wife's people, and it was there, during the uprising in the early days of May, that Paula was shot while looking on, quite unsuspectingly, at the building of the barricade in the Via Torino. Mad with grief the old man seized a rifle and took his part with the rioters, knowing nothing of their objects nor their intents, and then, ruined in his worldly affairs and practically an outlaw, he afterwards came to Paris with the hope of earning a living by means of his violin. In telling his story the man made no complaint, he hardly raised his voice above a whisper, but every reference to his wife seemed to grip him by the throat, while from his eyes came that look of numbed helplessness that marks the tragedy of the poor.

The story of Orpheus and Eurydice grew up when the world was young, and it will last as long as the world lasts, for though life is good, there are few things more bitter than loneliness in old age. But to the scores who were passing by us one more shattered life upon time's highway was of no more importance than was the ruin of an individual to the political charlatans who attempted in Italy to make capital out of the necessities of her people.

And, looking over the bridge, the gleaming causeway that the city lights made upon the Seine appeared suddenly peopled with the victims of life's minor tragedies. In the far distance stood Aucassin's peasant, the long-suffering serf of the twelfth century, "that tragic impersonation of all the inarticulate misery of a race whose lives were crushed and defiled unnoticed," in order to support the vices and luxuries of a brutal feudalism. Not far from him was a group of Florentines of the fourteenth century who, hopelessly ruined by political squabbles in which they had neither hand nor part, went about the streets of their own city feeding on grass like beasts. Nearer still stood the Provençal peasants of the Pre-Revolution days, eking out their scanty supply of barley flour by mixing it with acorns and vetches so as to make bigger loaves. While here, quite close, were the Lombard peasants of to-day, goaded into revolt by leaders who traded upon their starvation and their poverty.

Always the same story, the people paying for the sins and the follies of their leaders, and the fury and the force of political misdoing always falling heaviest upon the lowest string in the social scale, where the agony and the suffering grip hardest.

Notes.

In next week's *Literature* "Among my Books" will be written by Mr. Arnold Haultain, the well known Canadian writer.

Sir George Bowen was, of course, better known as a colonial governor than as a man of letters. Yet it is said that it was as a man of letters that he first attracted the attention of Mr.

Gladstone, to whom he owed his first colonial appointment. A learned paper on Ithaca, first printed at Coreyra, where Sir George Bowen held a scholastic post, and afterwards reprinted in London, naturally interested a statesman who himself had views about the "Odyssey." He also wrote a book of travels, relating a journey to Mount Athos, and collaborated in Murray's "Handbook to Greece." The statement, however, made in various obituary notices that he wrote that Handbook is not quite accurate. His work in connexion with it began with the third edition, which appeared in 1852. The Handbook in question was the first of all the Greek Handbooks, unless that of Pausanias (which gives no information about hotels) can fairly be counted as a predecessor.

Conflicting views about stage construction have been so much ventilated of late that an unusual interest attaches to the recent performance of *The Alchemist* by the Elizabethan Stage Society. Ben Jonson was a purist with views not unlike those of some modern dramatists with regard to action and stage carpentry. He prided himself on the subtlety of his art as against Shakespeare, whom he censured for want of "art," for not revising his plays, and for attempting to introduce the impossible, such as "the pomp and circumstance of actual war," upon the stage. The prologue to *The Alchemist* is itself a protest against the actor, who attempts to introduce too much action into his part. But when we have reconciled ourselves to the want of scenery, to the triumph of the unities, and to a strict adherence to the possible, the question remains where is this "art," which Shakespeare lacked, which Ben himself claimed, and which subsequent writers, such as Pope, attributed to him. *The Alchemist* is not, after all, a very well constructed play, and despite the satiric power of some of the scenes, which certainly act better than they read, is not in any sense an artistic whole. The solution may be that the author of the immortal lyric "The Chariot of Love," and the no less wonderful invective "The Ode to Himself," was not by nature a playwright, but a poet and satirist, caught into the stream of Elizabethan dramatists.

Mr. William Wallace, of Glasgow, a well-known authority on Scottish literature, in lecturing the other day on "Scott's Spiritual and Ethical Influence" to the Edinburgh "Sir Walter Scott" Club, frankly admitted that the phrase provoked incredulity. Carlyle said of Scott, "His life was worldly, his ambitions were worldly; there is nothing spiritual in him; all is economical, material, of the earth earthy." Mr. Leslie Stephen said, "Scott was a thoroughly healthy, sound, vigorous Scotsman, with an eye for the main chance, but not much of an eye for the eternities," and Taine, writing on the same subject, said, "Scott has neither talent nor leisure to reach the depth of his characters. He devotes himself to the exterior; he sees and describes forms and externals much more at length than feelings and internals." Mr. Wallace appealed to "the plain Scotsman" whom the reading of Scott encouraged to hold the sensual world at arm's length, and, in fact, to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly. But he appears to confuse spirituality with ethics. Scott never set up as either a preacher or a teacher in his novels. To say that he was a great spiritual teacher because he made virtue triumph over vice is surely an exaggeration. None of the works of Scott belongs to the "novel with a purpose" class. "He was the greatest moral sanitarian that ever appeared in the world of imagination," said Mr. Wallace. This and more might be granted without admitting that the matchless Wizard of the North is, or ever was, a "spiritual" force in literature or in the country.

The latest fashion in books is the bibelot, one specimen of which we have already noticed—a narrow octavo, printed with well defined type and decorated with vignettes and head and tail pieces only. It represents an attempt to get back to the "boudoir" style, and to the dainty mannerisms of the French publishers of pre-revolution days. In America it is quite an institution. Originally it was intended to be a volume of

selections rather than a complete book, but it has lately been adopted as a medium for publishing many of the lighter and smaller classics of literature, such as Herrick's poems. It must not be confounded with the opuscula issued, mostly gratuitously, by various literary and other coteries. The opuscula may be got up in any style, or, indeed, without any style at all—they are often mere tracts—but the bibelot separated from its aristocratic guise ceases to be a bibelot. On the other hand, the bibelot may generally be obtained by the public for a dollar, or a few shillings, as the case may be, but rarity and the difficulty of procuring them frequently send the prices of opuscula into the category of pounds, as was evidenced the other day when a set of five of the scarce Stevenson Davos Platz booklets fetched at auction the very high price of £51.

Is it merely a counsel of perfection—something too much to hope for—that all books fresh from the press should show clearly by their title-pages whether they are issued for the first time or not? Publishers have still to be brought into line on this question—which is really, as we pointed out some months ago, of pressing importance and, indeed, one of elementary morals. Messrs. Macmillan have recently added bibliographical notes to their new editions, stating how often and at what dates there have been reprints. Messrs. Longmans, too, now do this, and they also put "Reissue" boldly on the title-page. The example is one to be followed. It ought to be a well-understood rule that books which have already come before the public shall not make their reappearance as if they were new. This is not only in the interest of reviewers (who are, of course, supposed to be able to frustrate all such knavish tricks), but in order that book-buyers may know exactly what they are buying and not be led into purchasing next winter a Christmas book of the season that is just past.

In "Poison Romance and Poison Mysteries" (The Scientific Press, 6s.) Mr. C. J. S. Thompson writes a sprightly chapter on toxicology in fiction. It appears that, though Shakespeare poisoned Juliet according to the rules, the average modern novelist is not great at pharmacy. Wilkie Collins tried to be safe by being vague. "A medicated glass of water and a medicated bottle of smelling-salts" disposed of one victim; another was got rid of by means of "a poisonous gas," which was passed through her bed-chamber. It is, no doubt, a thing that could be done; but the doctors who, in the latter case, discovered that death was due to apoplexy were scarcely ornaments of the medical profession. One of Mr. Benson's heroine's "poisons herself with prussic acid which she discovers among some photographic chemicals"; and the critic can only wonder how it got there. Most notable of all is the case of one of Miss Helen Mathers' characters who "detects the presence of the strychnine in the glass of whisky and water at a glance." It is certainly remarkable that Miss Mathers, as the wife of a medical man, did not take the opportunity of submitting this statement to expert criticism before publishing it.

Mr. Thompson's survey of the subject, however, is not so exhaustive as it might have been. One would have liked to hear something about *curare*—a poison employed with startling effect by du Boisgobey in "Le Crime de l'Omnibus" and by Mr. Andrew Lang in "The Mark of Cain"; and one would have been grateful for a skilled opinion on Mr. Morley Roberts' poisoning story. It is a story of two clerks in the War Office who resolved to poison their chief. They operated separately, and the two drugs which they gave him were mutual antidotes, so that he continued to go about his business just as though he had taken neither of them. Can such things be? The novel reader has a right to know.

It may be added in this connexion that there is a wonderful virgin poison which still awaits the attention of the novelist. This is the gas known as arsenuretted hydrogen. The least whiff of it is deadly, and it leaves no trace that *post-mortem* investigations would be likely to detect. On the other hand, it is a very

dangerous gas to make; the manufacturer might easily meet his own death in the process. But that is an additional advantage to the writer of fiction, providing him with a novel method of removing a villain from the stage.

The House of Commons has a surprising fund, not so much of humour, as of what may be called collective levity. Philosophers may inquire why a very little joke, which would be coldly received at a private dinner table, meets with an enthusiastic welcome if it occurs in a Parliamentary debate. The fact remains, and we do not pretend to account for it. The other day Mr. Balfour spoke of "a stake in the country" as a phrase that had been "rather overdone," at which accidental *jeu de mots* the House laughed again and again. The philosopher to whom we commend the inquiry must not attribute the merriment to the reaction caused by previous boredom, for Mr. Balfour was then in the middle of an interesting and ingenious speech. Nor had the debate been dull as a whole. It had been enlivened by more than one witticism, and especially by Mr. MacNeill, who referred to the pathetic statement made by the late Mr. Mundella on his retirement from office, and declared, "If only I shut my eyes I can almost see him." This, however, was not an Irish bull, but only the assertion of a physical fact.

The recent fire at The Grange, Totteridge, resulted in the destruction of yet another of the fine private libraries of England. Sir Charles Nicholson had spent very many years in forming his collection, which, besides several early editions of the classics and of English books, contained a magnificent collection of works on Egyptology and many valuable papyri. The fact that the loss sustained by the owner of the library cannot be accurately estimated owing to the want of a catalogue illustrates again the necessity of cataloguing private libraries.

On Thursday and Friday in next week Messrs. Sotheby will dispose of one of the most comprehensive collections of modern authors that have been placed on the market for some time past. Dickens, Hardy, Lamb, Lever, Meredith, Scott, Stevenson, Swinburne, and Thackeray are, among others, represented in very nearly complete series. These are all first editions, elaborately bound, with the original covers or wrappers bound in. An effort will be made to dispose of each series *en bloc*, but should the reserve prices not be reached, the volumes will be sold separately. The latter course is much more to the liking of collectors generally and in the majority of cases produces better results for the seller.

The opening has now been announced of Lady Murray's Home for Invalided Authors at Cap d'Antibes. At present, it appears, the paying guests (at £1 a week) are three in number—two Frenchmen and a Russian poet. Sunning themselves in the garden, they will be able to cement an alliance which (if what one hears is true) needs all the cement that it can get. One trusts that they will not combine in a policy of pin-pricks against the English literary invalids who are said to be "expected shortly."

An original idea has recently been put into execution by a group of writers, draughtsmen, and wood-engravers in Paris. They have conceived a collection of little volumes, at 2 francs each, entitled "Les Minutes Parisiennes." M. Georges Montorgueil has begun the series, which will contain twenty-four volumes, by a delightfully exact little study of the noon-hour, the moment when the boulevards suddenly overflow with the *petites couturières* hurrying from their work for the few brief moments of rest at a neighbouring café. M. Gabriel Mourey will write "1 Heure, La Bourse"; M. Gustave Geffray, "2 Heures, La Cité et l'Île Saint Louis"; M. Huysmans, "4 Heures, Quais, Jardins Publics, Flânerie," while the other twenty-one hours are in equally experienced hands. Ollendorff is the publisher.

It is not generally known in England that the ex-doyen of the *Comédie Française*, M. Frederic Febvre, is an accomplished

writer. His "Journal" may be familiar to a few, but his tales and sketches are equally worth knowing. Ollendorff has just brought out a new volume of sketches by him, "La Clef des Champs," which M. André Theuriet, the Academician, has introduced in a preface. Once off the boards, as de Musset says, night seems to swoop down upon the actor and to shut him away from view. "You, my dear Febvre," says M. Theuriet, "have meant to escape this danger, and as you have travelled widely, seen and treasured up a good many things, as you are a *lettré* as well as an artist, you have easily become a writer." Febvre has as much distinction as a reporter of life as he has as its exponent before the footlights; and the fact is special enough to merit a record.

It will be remembered that Lieutenant Julien Viaud (Pierre Loti) and a certain number of brother naval officers were placed by President Faure on the retired list. They appealed to the Council of State, which has annulled this decision.

A correspondent writes :—

It is hardly fair to accept Germany's neglect of Ruskin as typical of that country's attitude generally towards modern English literature. The rank and file of German readers may never have heard of Ruskin, but they know their Carlyle perhaps better than we do, though their appreciation may be attributed in some degree to his services as English translator and advertiser of Goethe and biographer of Schiller. Darwin is even more popular among Germans than Carlyle. The "Origin of Species" and "Descent of Man" command a large and steady sale in the cheap little salmon-coloured paper edition, published by those universal providers of literature for the masses, the Reclams of Leipzig. They are to be bought for a few pennings in any town (or village that boasts a shop) in Germany or Austria, together with the writings of John Stuart Mill, not to mention Dickens, Thackeray, and Stevenson. In England we have only just arrived at publishing the works of our own novelists at 6d.

Baron von Ompteda, who died the other day at Wiesbaden, was an indefatigable writer of fiction. He supplied many of the leading German magazines with serials, and his novels and short stories fill eighteen volumes. He also translated all de Maupassant's novels into German and some of Prévost's.

Dr. Ludwig Fulda has just declined the post of dramaturgist to the Royal Schauspielhaus, Berlin, offered him with the title of Professor. Fulda's new historical drama *Herostrat*, given the other night for the first time at the Burg Theatre, Vienna, excited little enthusiasm, though the verse in which the play is written is said to be irreproachable and the workmanship masterly. The design of Herostratus to set fire to the Temple of Diana in Ephesus in order that his name shall go down to posterity seems hardly to have lent itself happily to dramatic treatment. Its psychological motive is summed up more effectively in the simple words of the historian "*cupiditas gloriæ*" than in all Dr. Fulda's elaborate versification and brilliant tableaux.

Another *première* which has recently disappointed the expectations of the Viennese was the performance of the Zionist leader Theodor Herzl's *Unser Kitchén* at the Volks Theater. Herzl's attempt at comedy has not proved nearly as successful as his grave problem drama *Das Neue Ghetto* of a year ago, owing to the fact that it is not pure comedy at all, but an amalgam of Scribe, Ibsen, and some very ferocious Juvenalian satire.

The news of the retirement of Mr. Henry Norman from active journalism will be heard with feelings of regret. In the discussion of foreign affairs in the *Daily Chronicle*, Mr. Norman may have been a little apt to substitute eloquence for close reasoning and accurate statement; but he has always been interesting. His books, too—more particularly the books which he wrote before he seemed to find his political responsibilities weighing too heavily upon him—were often real additions to the gaiety of nations. We trust that he will write many more now that he has withdrawn to his Hampshire farm.

Foreign Letter.

THE WALLACHS OF MACEDONIA AND THEIR FOLK-LORE.

Almost forgotten among the surviving races of the remote past, buried out of sight in the wild recesses of West Macedonia and Central Albania, dispersed almost throughout the Pindus Mountains, scattered over the stony hills on the Thessalian border, and grouped in several communities beneath the rugged crest of Olympus there exist numerous settlements and endless hamlets of a strangely picturesque race of shepherds and artisans—Romans in name, in language, and in type.

The long, impenetrable darkness that settled down on these epic lands, enshrouding them with a veil of mystery after the downfall of Rome and the collapse of Byzantium beneath the flowing tide of Islam, is lifting its shadows at the dawn of a new epoch; for education is slowly but surely creeping, step by step, even to those primitive, unexplored regions, where the gloom of benighted ignorance and superstition still weighs heavily on the wings of progress. The school-bell rings daily in the towns and villages. The schoolmaster is abroad, busy teaching and proselytizing with all the fervour of awakened patriotism. Bulgarians and Greeks, but seldom Wallachs, are eager to assert their claims to national and linguistic preponderance.

The Vlachs of Macedonia and adjoining territories, Romuni or Armuni—according to their own version—are chiefly natives of the hills, graziers and herdsmen; they cling to the highlands, dwelling in sequestered time-worn villages, built of stone, poised high on the steep mountain slopes like eagles' nests. Reticent and retiring in their manner with strangers, using the Greek language for general intercourse in the South, instead of their own dialect, these Zinzari adapt themselves readily to a change of circumstances, notwithstanding their antiquated ways and rustic antecedents. Thus many have drifted to the towns, where they have formed thriving colonies. Opulent traders are far from being rare among the Romuni, while their skill as craftsmen is justly renowned, especially in wood-carving and metal work; the artistic design and delicate tracery of the filigree ornaments of the silversmiths are a feature of this industry. A large number of the inns are kept by Wallachs, named "Charizi," whose houses are cleaner than those belonging to Albanians.

In Monastir, where there is a considerable Latin population mixing but little in marriage with the other nationalities, the cultivation and collection of the legends and folk-songs is encouraged by the more educated class, by the teachers and clergy. But it is to be feared that, in consequence of frequent doctoring and artificial additions, many old ballads and quaint legends will lose much of their pristine purity. The Farseriots have long dwelt on the shores of Lake Ochrida, and in the town on the cliffs above. Here, on the highway to the heart of Albania, they have lived for countless generations, side by side with the aboriginal race. But there is no record of their roaming hither, nor whence they came. Perhaps a trace may be found in the weird and fanciful tales and legends, teeming with a world of gnomes and fairies, and tinged instinctively with the impressive imagery of pagan mythology, so near the land of its birth. Many curious, with some really poetical, beliefs still flourish, cherished in the hearts of this imaginative people. For instance, on the pastoral slopes of the Pindus chain from Mount Smolika to Itamo in the south, the simple shepherds cling jealously to their local superstitions; amidst others they credit the souls of the departed with a fanciful transformation after their translation to Heaven. All journey, good and bad, to the garden of eternal life. But the good are there changed into fragrant flowers of wondrous loveliness, while the bad become noxious and poisonous plants. Muskopolje is one of the oldest and most convincingly Roman settlements in middle Albania, for, in truth, this inaccessible spot is not only the centre of a Wallach community, but also a nursery of native minstrelsy, and the birthplace of numerous popular ballads.

Yet the surviving fragments of this decaying race are slowly losing ground. In some parts these degenerate Romans are adopting the Albanian tongue, and trilling the same songs, as they drive the flocks over the sunny hills. The blood-feud is unknown to them, though they dwell in the midst of Albanians; hence they are called by the Greeks "Arvanitovlachi." An old saying is heard among the Vlachs of this pashalik to this effect:—"Vinlu al amiron ku vinlu al poso, tu uno bute s nu s meastiko" (The wine of the Emperor does not mix with that of the pasha in the same cask). This is compared to an egg (ov). Another, from Samarina, is better known, "Albo easte si neava ama arde" (Snow is white, but burns); or, again, this figurative rendering of a burning light (Gazlu) (a youth wearing a flower on his head) "Un dzone ku lilitze n kap." The Farseriots have preserved a copious store of proverbs, such as "he who beats his wife strikes his own head; he who beats his mule maltreats his purse;" and the shepherds say that "Whoever has not tasted bitter things cannot know the taste of sugar." In the love songs the charms of the damsel are likened to familiar objects. Thus, the eyes are supposed to resemble saucers, the nose is compared to a ruler, the bosom to lemons, and the throat to that of a partridge; while the figure of the beloved is constantly praised for being tall and straight, as a cypress. The sonnets of bygone days, particularly with the Wallachs of Olympus, often express a yearning for the mountains; a longing to fly with a lover to the uplands through dense forests and shady groves, but always in search of a cool spring of pure water. "Sleep, sweetheart, sleep. No, I must rise, the wives are going to Church. No, no; it is only the old women. The sun is up. No; lay thy head on the cotton pillow, the moon is shining still"—is a quaint poem. A farewell song is also characteristic, in which the departing swain requests a last word:—"What shall I send thee from afar? Send me a comb, a mirror, and a stool of glass, whereon I can sit combing my hair of silken gold. Stay not too long away."

Some of the poems and ballads of the robbers, extolling their deeds of violence and bloodshed are in much repute; it is therefore worth mentioning that "brigandage" is not looked upon with disfavour by the people. On the contrary, a "Kapitan" (robber chief) is a man of some consequence, being more honoured and admired than a village priest. Indeed, instances of famous bands having successfully resisted the Pasha's authority in their hidden lairs, and how they drew the soldiers into an ambush, shooting them down from behind the rocks, are glorified in popular lyrics. Kiki's revenge on the Greeks for the murder of the two Kotsa, the Armunis, and the lament on the death of Nika the shepherd stabbed through the back on the eighth day of the Paste (Easter festival) "Dzuo moi di Paste mare," are specimens of songs of strife; the latter is known at Verria and in the neighbourhood. The Wallachs, including the bandits, observe the festivals of the Greek Church, but otherwise are rather lax in their religious observances. At Easter they visit the burial grounds, bearing flowers and the sweet-scented "basilica" shrub with which to adorn the graves. Rice, milk, and fruit are left with the dead, in anticipation, it would seem, of the day of wakening. The Armuns of Olympus and Thessaly as well as all other Wallachs are free from the superstition of the Slavs and Albanians that the dead leave the cemeteries at night time, in the form of vampires, in order to prey upon the living. But they possess a host of supernatural beings restricted to their race. The "Dzune" spirits of the waters hover around the springs, working evil to mankind, disguised in human shape and as animals. Money and other articles of value to propitiate the harmful sprites are thrown into the water, when, during the ensuing incantation, a spell is cast to exorcise their baneful power. The amiable fairy, on the other hand, the "Earth's Beauty" employs her manifold gifts for the good of humanity. Witches are plentiful in the legends of the hills, but their existence appears due to Greek inspiration, for the name *σπίγλα* is identical in the Latin dialect. Finally, the goddesses of Fate Tihi and Mira (*τύχη* and *μοίρα*) are common to Greeks, Wallachs, and Albanians alike.

One of the Olympic ballads is of special interest. The old song vividly portrays the death of an entire family and their servants from the plague—"The Ballad of the Plague":—

A fortunate woman, having eight sons and as many daughters-in-law, with an equal number of grandchildren, possessed only one girl-child of her own, but the household was completed by fifteen servants. The maiden's name was Dzanfike. On a holiday, four messengers came to the house to claim the hand of the damsel for a handsome young suitor of good family. But Kostantin, her youngest brother, objected. "I have promised to give her to some one who is far away in a great city beside the sea; a city of seven hills beyond Sofia, which has not its like in all the world." The wedding guests came to the village on horseback to bear away the destined bride to her distant lover. They rode away with Dzanfike, but left the plague behind them. The dreadful scourge destroyed the whole family to the last soul—mother, children, and labourers, all perished. The buildings were then smeared with tar.

Dzanfike pined for home, and wandering back to her village found it empty and deserted. Her brothers were there no more. The youngest, Kostantin, rose from his grave and sought to embrace her, but she wondered greatly for his face had such an earthy smell. She held him by the hand, asking for her mother, her elder brothers, and all their people. "Come not too near me, my brother, thou hast such an odour of the clay." "They all dwell in their graves," he answered, "but I have returned to life from out of the tomb and have waited longingly for thee." Brother and sister kissed each other and were never seen again.

Numerous dance and bridal songs are kept alive by the people—efforts of the lyric muse of shepherd bards. "Filling the water jug on the nuptial eve"; Trandabotan esti (thou art a flower) and the verses commencing, Albo so n te ved O sor (O may I see thee happy, sister), survive to-day as examples of popular poesy. Lastly, the stirring old robber song "Capitan Naki Kakarada" may be quoted as a record of the deeds of a Macedonian Robin Hood.

At Verria and Servia (Servidje) I have seen the youthful peasants of Olympus dancing in the moonlight on the sward. With hands resting on the shoulder they circled round in chains, then, locking their hands, youths and maids swung to and fro in rhythmic cadence, singing merrily their rustic ditties. In the waning light I watched them wending their way in procession to the Church by the lurid glare of flaming torches. Many of those in the joyous gathering were girls and children clothed in white and crowned with wreaths of flowers, bearing wild herbs to receive the priestly blessing, chanting in monotonous tones the festive hymn "Tayani Yanismata" as they moved slowly through the ill-paved street. Far above the great, grey form of the classic mountain, the domain of the ancient god loomed dark against the deep, blue sky in silent but majestic grandeur.

Throughout the Province of Macedonia, and in the borderland of Thessaly, Wallachs abound in villages and towns, but in the struggle of nationalities they seem to be losing their attributes, slowly merging their separate identity in the other peoples, and their folk-lore will remain, no doubt, only a memory of the past.

D'A.M.

University Letter.

CAMBRIDGE.

On March the 11th the proposed reform of the Classical Tripos will be ratified or rejected. The vexed questions of the establishment of a Board of Agricultural Studies and for the re-organization of the Library touch closely the life of the University, but the proposals of the Classical Board affect the school on which, more than on any other, the fate of Cambridge as a place of liberal education must always rest.

The new proposals are the result of two-and-a-half years of continuous deliberation on the part of the Board. At present the Tripos is divided into two parts; the First Part is an examination which practically tests nothing beyond a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages;

the Second Part consists of a number of special sections dealing with History, Philosophy, Archæology, and so forth ; the First Part may be taken at the end of the Second Year, but is generally not taken till the end of the Third Year, and those who pass it then are qualified for a Degree. Now those who drew up this scheme hoped and expected that the majority of classical men, at any rate all those who showed any promise, would, as a matter of course, proceed to the Second Part after passing the First, and it was supposed that good men would always take the First Part in their Second Year. These expectations have proved illusory ; the very great majority of classical men take their Degree on Part I. and do not take Part II. or any other Tripos at all, and only a very small and continuously diminishing minority proceed to the Special Sections of Part II.

This result was felt to be as unsatisfactory as it was unexpected, and some three years ago the Classical Board, aware of the general discontent and sympathizing with it themselves, decided to ask all those engaged in teaching Classics whether they were in favour of change and, if so, what form they would wish the change to take. The answers to this appeal showed an overwhelming majority in favour of reform ; it was evidently the prevailing opinion that Part I. alone did not give a sufficiently wide education, and as the great majority of Classical men took no other Tripos, it followed that they went down with an inadequate intellectual equipment, having done little more than continue the work they had done at school, and having got no new ideas and broken no new ground so far as their reading for their Tripos was concerned. On the other hand it was found that the sections of Part II. had become too highly specialized for the average student who had not got a distinct natural inclination for the particular subject. Each section was well adapted for a man who wished to become an expert and was likely to devote his life to that study, but none were attractive to the ordinary intelligent man who had no special bias ; it was an examination for embryo Professors, not for average students who wish to get a tolerably wide liberal education before entering on their life's work outside the University. It was clear, then, that two changes must be made if our students were to get the full benefit which the study of Classics is capable of conferring ; it must no longer be possible to get a Degree merely on the linguistic work of Part I., while, on the other hand, the further examination, which a candidate would now have to take in order to get a Degree in Classics, must be altered in such a way as to attract the ordinary man as well as the specialist.

Towards the end of last Term, the Board brought forward a scheme designed to effect this double object ; their proposals were debated for three days in the Arts Schools and then referred back to the Board, who now bring them forward in a modified form to be voted on by the Senate. The changes they propose are—first, that Part I. must be taken at the end of the Second Year and that some other Tripos or Special Examination must be taken in order to qualify for a Degree ; secondly, that a new section, called the General Section, is to be added to the existing sections of Part II, which section it is hoped that the majority of Classical men will take.

To the first proposal there will probably be little or no opposition ; but with regard to the new section opinion is divided. The section is to consist of two short papers in Prose Composition, an Essay and five full papers, the subjects of which are as follows : a select philosophical work, a short period of Greek or Roman History to be studied with the original authorities, a paper on a wider period of Greek and Roman History, half of which shall consist of passages for translation and comment, and two papers on Classical Literature, Philosophy, and Art, so arranged that candidates need not attempt questions on more than two of those three subjects. It is to be noted that the select philosophical work is to be either Plato's Republic, or Aristotle's Ethics, or Aristotle's Politics, with special reference to certain books in each case, while for the special history paper it is understood that only those periods shall be set which have a direct educational value.

From this it will be seen that the backbone of the new section consists of a study, as far as possible at first hand, of what is best in Classical History and Philosophy, while it will also be necessary for every one to have some knowledge of Art or Literature, or both. In fact it is a thoroughly "humanistic" scheme, likely to touch the intellectual interests of the ordinary student on all sides, and as free from superficiality as it is from pedantry. The arguments raised against it are, for the most part, mutually destructive ; it is urged, on the one hand, that the section is so wide that no one can possibly take it ; on the other hand, that its adoption will mean the downfall of specialism since no one will then take any of the special sections.

FROM THE MAGAZINES.

The *Contemporary* has a good number, more wholly secular than usual, and not including, we observe, anything on "the Crisis in the Church." Mr. W. J. Stillman writes, with the advantage of great experience, on "The Peace of Europe." Of four questions threatening peace—the conflict between England and France in Africa, Alsace Lorraine, the struggle between Russia and Austria in the Balkans, and the temporal claims of the Pope—he finds the third the gravest, but the remotest, and the text of his exhortation is the Triple Alliance as the nucleus of the League of Peace for all Europe. Mr. H. W. Macrosty's article on "The Growth of Monopoly" will help to make the public realize, as it has hardly done yet, the main feature of our present economic condition ; and it concludes with this pregnant remark :—"With the weapon of State Control in hand, combination may be welcomed, and if control prove insufficient, State purchase or public administration remain behind." Another good article is Mr. A. Kinnear's on "The Trade in Great Men's Speeches." Since Mr. Gladstone's death the value to the press agencies of speeches by public men has gone down. Statesmen are divided into those who are worth a "verbatim report," "a full report," or a "summary," but we are afraid Mr. Kinnear exaggerates a little when he says that a "verbatim report" means "every word that falls from the lips." Even the Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Chamberlain now generally fall into the second class. Perhaps the most interesting thing in the article is a note appended to the end :—

Since the above article was written Sir William Harcourt has resigned the Liberal Leadership, and Mr. John Morley has joined him in retirement. This incident will double the value of Sir William's speeches, and it has already doubled the value of Mr. Morley's to the trade.

In *Cornhill* Mr. A. I. Shand has an interesting paper on "A Missionary of the Far West," though the word "Missionary" is a little misleading. His subject is Kit Carson, the most famous of the wild and lawless trappers who fought out the battle between the white man and the red in the first half of the century. Mr. C. J. Cornish, on "North Norfolk Fish and Fowl," is, of course, first rate. There is also a really amazing article by two ladies on "the sense of humour in men." They conclude that there is, indeed, humour which women as a class do not appreciate, but that this belongs to the more primitive form of humour. The most common forms in which the humour of men displays itself are, they think, "coarseness, profanity, and practical joking"—we learn, by the way, from another article in the magazine, that even in the Royal Navy "the puerile practice of practical joking has died a natural death"—and we are informed by these discerning students of social life that "every one knows that the mere word 'whiskey' is 'wont to set the table in a roar' ; the mention of brandy and soda will always bring down the house." The word "mother-in-law," we are told, produces the same result. These simple recipes for hilarity are, we confess, new to us. Mr. Michael MacDonagh has an amusing account of the penny-a-liner and his methods of obtaining copy. The following, perhaps, is the most original :—

Some years ago, before the labour question assumed its present importance, a band of Fleet-street "liners" created

a bogus political agitation. They worked in the most systematic and ingenious fashion. Assembling in some favourite hostelry in the courts off the great newspaper thoroughfare, and giving themselves a high-sounding name as a political association—such as the “Labour League,” the “Republican Association,” or the “Tory Working Men’s Society”—they made stirring speeches and passed significant resolutions on the burning political topics of the day. Reports of the meetings were sent to the morning papers, which, while the game was new, were invariably inserted, and, what is more, leader writers saw in them “the drift of public opinion.” Copies of the resolutions were also forwarded to leading members of the Government and Opposition. Such of the acknowledgments of the resolutions as were not purely formal were also sent round to all the newspapers. Finally, any autograph replies received were disposed of to some dealer in autographs. Thus there was a triple profit on the transaction—first, the report of the meeting; next, the politicians’ replies (both of which were paid for by the newspapers that published them at the rate of a penny or three-halfpence a line); and, lastly, the sale of the autographs.

But we must remind Mr. MacDonagh that an Editor who knew the “forms of address” for the different orders of Clergy would not insert a paragraph stating that a vacant bishopric “will be conferred upon the Very Rev. Canon —.”

Macmillan is not, this month, of overwhelming interest; but if we were giving a prize for the best article we should certainly award it to Colonel Trevor for his paper on “Sir Salar Jung’s visit to Europe.” It contains several good stories; there is the true expansion-of-England touch in the account of a bit of dialogue that passed between the Hyderabad statesman and a certain Major of a Highland regiment:—

He delighted in the Major’s huge form and broad Scotch (which I cannot pretend to reproduce), still more when after breakfast that worthy took an opportunity of addressing the following sentence to his host:—“I’m told, Sir Salar [his pronunciation of this word made it rhyme to *valour*], you stood by us in the Mutiny. You’re a fine fellow and I honour you for it. But by G—, if you hadn’t, the — [mentioning the name of his regiment] would have been into you.”

There are good points, too, in the account of the attitude of European hotel-keepers towards the eccentricities of Sir Salar Jung’s retainers:—

A hotel-keeper at Naples, pointing to discoloured walls and holes burnt in bedroom carpets by braziers used for cooking, threw up his hands as he exclaimed:—“I shall have to re-paper and re-carpet these rooms; no one can be put into them for some days.” Another at Turin, who had witnessed an irruption of Mahomedan servants into his kitchen and did not grasp their design in wishing to see slaughtered, in the manner prescribed by their religion, the chickens to be cooked for their masters, bade me farewell in these words:—“Delighted to see you on your next visit, Captain, but come alone, come alone. Never again, never again,” he repeated, as I expressed my regret and tried to explain the object of Indians being educated by travel in Europe, winding up with a warm shake of the hand and my usual formula, “You must put it down in the bill.”

Military affairs continue to fill most of the pages of the *Century*. There are articles on “The Winslow at Cardenas,” on “Cable Cutting at Cienfuegos,” and on “The Capture of Manila,” with a further instalment of Mr. Hobson’s narrative of “The Sinking of the *Merrimac*.” Some extracts are also given from General Sherman’s diary of his tour in Europe. For the most part it is an ordinary diary of a moderately intelligent man; but an interesting personal note is struck in the account of the General’s meeting with that other great soldier, Prince Frederick Charles, of Prussia. The place was the Russian Embassy at Constantinople. We read:—

The dinner was formal and without interest, and afterwards we all passed down to the sitting-room to smoke. There, a grand Turkish pipe was served to the Prince, but to nobody else, and though I first thought it was accidental I soon saw that it was etiquette, and that even I must look on a Prince as hedged around by some divine rights and privileges. Fred Grant, perceiving this personal slight to me, most courteously came and offered me cigars and cigarettes. I took one of the latter, lighted it, and smoked it in unison with the Prince general. As a general, his fame is established; as a Prince,

he is not the subject of criticism; as a gentleman, he will sink very low, and thus is one of the delusions of my life vanished. I am told that Prussians are elevated beyond limit by their brilliant successes over the French—a great pity, but one that in due time will bring down on them the judgment of the world, if not disasters such as now the French groan under.

But the hour of the Nemesis which General Sherman looked for has not yet struck.

Among religious magazines none contains more to interest the lay reader—the word is not used in its technical sense—than does *Good Words*. This month, we have only space to mention, out of a host of good things, Mr. Leonard W. Lillingston’s account of the making of Dr. Murray’s great English Dictionary. Fact after fact is cited to show what labour this great work has involved. At any given moment, there are about six tons of quotations waiting to be sorted and classified. “It would take you thirty years to look through them at the rate of one a minute.” The task was started with “thirteen hundred readers and thirty sub-editors.” Among the names of early readers were included those of Rossetti, Hazlitt, Perowne, Lubbock, Littledale, Lightfoot, Lushington, Craik, Page-Hopps, and Dowden. “The slips which line the Scriptorium came from all parts of the world; from France and from Florida, from Algeria and Amsterdam, from Upper Egypt, Stockholm, Rome, Florence, and Japan.” All sorts of notabilities have been written to for explanations of words that they have used—Tennyson, George Eliot, J. R. Lowell, Andrew Lang, Stevenson, and others. The application to Stevenson introduces the following story:—

Stevenson was applied to as to the word “brean” which had turned up in one of his breathless tales. To which Mr. Stevenson replied that he was sorry to say that he had not read the proofs of the book, but “brean” was plainly a misprint for “ocean!” And he goes on to show, by an example, how his handwriting made this possible.

FICTION.

A Son of Empire. By Morley Roberts. 8×5½ in. 338 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 6/-

It looks to us as though “A Son of Empire” must be taken to mark a great turning point in the career of Mr. Morley Roberts. Hitherto this writer has been a little apt to spend his time in dissecting the souls and analysing the motives of the sort of people that one does not care to know. “Maurice Quain” was his high-water mark in this direction. It was admirably done. Yet one’s impression of Maurice Quain was always that of a person who wanted a good wash and brush up before his storm-tost soul could be of general interest. But let him rest in peace. Mr. Morley Roberts has changed his plans and chosen other heroes. He has gone, so to say, into the British Empire business; and, if we are not mistaken, he is going to be one of the heads of this department of literary endeavour. To a certain extent his story may be read as a *roman à clef*, though all the characters do not belong to the same period of modern history. The plot is obviously suggested by certain well-known facts in the career of Sir Richard and Lady Burton. In the manner in which the hero makes the heroine’s acquaintance the lines of that well-known romance in real life are closely followed. When, however, we come to the fighting, we are brought right up to date. The story is, with only slight deviations, the story of the dash for Chitral. The Colonel Briggs, who is in command, is no other than Colonel Kelly; and if Sir Eustace Camborne and Lord Graham—the two Commanders-in-Chief who flit across the stage—are not meant for portraits of Lords Roberts and Wolseley, then we do not know portraits when we see them.

Two things—two very important things—Mr. Morley Roberts has done excellently in this book. In the first place his fighting is the real, true thing. His picture of the skirmishes in the hills may stand beside Napier’s picture of the “unconquerable British infantry” saving Beresford from a Court-martial at

Albuera. His little Goorkhas, with their child-like joy of battle, and their love for their "Leften" Gwynne, are worthy comrades of Learoyd, Ortheris, and Mulvaney. And then there is the heroine—Madge Gretton. She is the freshest and most delightful girl that we have lately met in English fiction. She does the most charmingly daring things. Among other things she steals the Adjutant-General's cipher, in order to send to India a telegram which shall get her lover the appointment he desires; and when her lover is accused of having procured the despatch of the telegram, and is in danger of disgrace, she drives down to the War Office and confesses to the Commander-in-Chief. For that interview alone the book would have been worth reading. But there really is no page in it that is not worth reading. It marks an immense advance in Mr. Morley Roberts' work. The critics have always admitted the high merits of his fiction; and this time we make no doubt that the clients of the circulating libraries will adopt the critics' view.

IN *MOLLIE'S PRINCE*, by Rosa Nouchette Carey (Hutchinson, 6s.), "Mollie" is a specimen of the girl of the past before the high schools had caught her, very engaging, and very innocent, with the "cloistered and unpractised virtue" of nine years old up to the day of her marriage. She has a sister and a friend who are reputed to be "clever." The former talks about "the brere rabbit"; the latter says "manners makye man," perpetrates a horrible parody on "O woman! in our hours of ease," and ends by developing into the prince and a "lord" in disguise. The couple are well matched, and must have been profoundly happy. The book is thoroughly wholesome, but so is oatmeal porridge, even without sugar or salt.

BRUCE REYNELL, M.A., by J. Duncan Craig (Stock, 6s.), gives us a lively picture of the Ireland of a dozen years ago, when Captain Moonlight was having fine sport among the landlords. The adventures of the young *locum tenens*, Bruce Reynell, as "an Oxford man in Ireland," are well told, and Miss Kildinning makes a most spirited heroine. The one puzzling thing in the story is Shaun Ruadh's long immunity from justice. He was a picturesque ruffian, it is true, and we can understand the author's reluctance to kill him; but his whereabouts were known, and there was enough against him to hang a dozen men. When his death does come at last, towards the end, the chapter that describes it is, perhaps, the best in a distinctly readable book.

THE ROMANCE OF A RITUALIST, by Vincent Brown (John Lane, 6s.), has one character who impresses herself upon the reader, and that is the Ritualist's mother, one of the most charming of elderly women in recent fiction. For the Ritualist himself we have little sympathy. A good course of bicycling would have cured him of the inconvenient habits that keep most of the other characters either looking for him or preventing him from committing suicide. One whole chapter is devoted to an account of how he failed to shoot himself. It is something of a pitfall to a novelist, this working up of a tragedy which the reader knows will be averted on the smallest provocation. "Would they find him—when it was all over?" and so on, brings the tragic and the ridiculous too near together, and is much better avoided.

The scene of *POTSHERDS*, by Mabel C. Birchenough (Cassell, 6s.), is laid in the Potteries, and the plot might be described as tragic, or as melodramatic, according to the point of view. It includes murder and unjust accusation of murder, and a compromising letter in the possession of a lunatic. There is also something about the art students of the Quartier Latin—a class concerning whose depravity the author evidently entertains no doubt. The style of the book is heavy and cumbersome, but the binding is better than that of the average of six-shilling novels.

IN *A GIRL OF THE KLONDIKE* (Scott, 3s. 6d.) Miss Victoria Cross, who has hitherto devoted herself to portraying the agonies of morbid souls, seems to have fallen under the influence of Mr. Bret Harte. Her heroine is the beautiful daughter of a Polish

saloon keeper in Dawson City. The young woman drinks and gambles, but has a soul above her vices. A good young man, educated as a missionary, who has fallen a victim to the gold fever, lays himself out to reclaim her from them, and, for a time, success crowns his efforts. The monotony of matrimony, however, is more than she can bear. She returns to the haunts of vice, and the work of rescue has to be begun again *de novo*. Some "shooting on sight" in a gambling hell brings the narrative to a tragic climax. In the matter of punctuation Miss Cross is erratic.

ONE WAY OF LOVE, by Dollie Radford (Unwin, 3s. 6d.), is a very old way. Sacha was a lonely girl, living, in a place suggestive of romance, with an uncongenial aunt and a nonentity of an uncle. When a man of the world—the man of the world of fiction—comes to amuse himself with mild lovemaking, the end is to be foreseen. He goes away and gets engaged to somebody else, and she is left to her lost illusions. The presumption is that another lover, who will not ride away, is the final solution to Sacha's woes. But the authoress prefers not to commit herself.

AN ENEMY TO THE KING, by R. N. Stephens (Methuen, 6s.), opens well, with the young hero's departure for the Paris of 1578, and his ardent hopes of some "crowded hours of glorious life," to be spent in an atmosphere of love-making and sword practice. His dreamed-of lady-love is to be all that young romance can picture in the way of beauty and truth. We feel for him when his first choice falls upon the unworthy tool of Catherine de Medici, who makes a catspaw of him in her turn. There is plenty of hard riding and hard fighting for him before he finds his ideal in Mademoiselle de Narion, and escapes from the clutches of the Guise party. We followed the story with sustained interest and wished it longer. Mr. Stephens has a particularly light and readable style, and a graphic turn of expression which does justice to his "big situations."

THE WARSTOCK, by Wirt Gerrare (Greener, 6s.), declares in a very long, ponderous and pessimistic preface that it "does not pretend to be literature, that it makes no appeal to the emotions, and is not intended simply to amuse." It further says that "to-day we possess no virtue that was unknown to our forefathers; not a vice they practised but disgraces our boasted civilization. The paid gladiators of ancient Rome have their counterpart in the salaried football-players of modern England." In the text we read of a young man who goes to a "fashionable throng." It depressed him.

He noticed that, although the men were of every size and age, the women, for the most part, were apparently young. All wore red-gold wigs of precisely the same pattern; of one cut, too, their dresses, aping each other even in the variety of aniline dye with which they were stained; all adopting the same pose; one and all marked to the same extent by the artificial blush on each cheek; of one sort their voices and their words.

"The Warstock" is very earnest indeed. Its great point is that the future belongs to the inventor, and that the inventor has a hard time of it now when he becomes a patentee. On this last subject Mr. Wirt Gerrare touches with much concentrated bitterness. The moral, however, is not very clear, though it is vaguely impressive. For the romance part of his book there is not much to be said, and it might have been better if he had relieved his feelings in a preface, and then burnt it.

The plot of *THECLA'S VOW* (Smith, Elder, 6s.) is curiously simple. A lady who has been reproached by her husband for levity in conversation takes a vow of silence, and holds to it till death. The bulk of the book is taken up with a description of the manner in which she resisted the various temptations to go back from her word. The theme is one, most would imagine, that might lend itself to a short comedy; few indeed would dare to make it the basis of a serious novel. Yet the beautiful Thecla—one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of her race and time—contrives to enlist our sympathies in spite of the inevitable absurdity of her self-imposed penance.

Half Austrian by birth and half Italian, she throws in her lot with the latter race in their struggle for freedom, and fights for the cause in the arena of literature by anonymous contributions to the magazines. It must be confessed that the history of her life flags from time to time; the central motive is too thin to bear a six-shilling novel on its shoulders; but the book brightens towards the end, with the outbreak of the revolution. The English of the book is that of a foreigner, and its modern colloquialisms seem strangely out of place. But Mr. Gallenga has managed even with this unpromising material to construct a fairly readable story.

LIFE'S PEEP-SHOW (Unwin, 6s.), by H. Rutherford Russell, has a sufficiently comprehensive title. It contains a number of more or less realistic sketches, such as might be torn from an artist's notebook. There are indications, however, that they are not studies actually made on the spot. Some of them, no doubt, have been seen and remembered, but in these pages they lack vividness. In the sketch entitled "Sarah," for instance, the crooked little sempstress reminds us more of the pages of Dickens than of real life, and we miss the graphic touches which irresistibly suggest a portrait. In "Mark Latimer" the temptation of the enthusiastic young temperance lecturer who has a wife in an inebriate home leaves the reader unsympathetic. Still, Mr. Russell writes fluently and well; and his book has a good moral tone and is likely to find admirers.

THE BLACK CURTAIN (Duckworth, 6s.), by Flora Haines Longhead, is an American story, printed from the American plates. The spelling is annoying, but the book itself is not unattractive. The earlier chapters are the best part of it. A singer who has lost her voice and a painter who has lost, or almost lost, his sight settle on the same plot of ground among the mountains of California, and, beginning by disputing about their rights, end by losing their hearts to one another. Before this happens, the situation is complicated by the fact that the lady's paper house is blown into a tree, and, as it cannot be dislodged, she is obliged to live in the air. There is a good deal of quiet humour in the dialogue, but all the scenes are not equally satisfactory. This appears to be Miss Longhead's first attempt. If so, there is enough good work in it to lead us to expect from her something better in the future.

SHORT STORIES.

THE AULD MEETIN' HOOSE GREEN, by Archibald M'Ilroy (M'Caw, Belfast), is a slightly connected series of Ulster-Scotch stories, of a kind with which Mr. Barrie has made us familiar in another but similar land. In fact, if we were not told that the scene is Ulster, we might have imagined ourselves not very far from Thrums. Mr. M'Ilroy touches the pathos and humour of humble lives with a delicate hand, and has produced a charming book.

The art of writing short, connected sketches seems to be more commonly practised in America than in this country, although of late years this has become a favourite method among writers north of the Tweed. Dialect is eminently useful in this sort of writing; it gives an air of simplicity, and of reality, to work that might otherwise be considered too slight for publication. In *DUMB FOXGLOVE* (Harper, 6s.), Miss Annie Trumbull Slosson has produced a slight but interesting series of sketches from rustic life in New England. She has tenderness and humanity, and the seven little tales that go to make up her volume are all worth reading. "Apple Jonathan" is perhaps the best of the collection.

THE MAZE OF LIFE (Bellairs and Co., 3s. 6d.), by George Newcomen, is presumably a first venture. There are two stories in the volume, one concerned with the downward course of Charlie Brownrigg, and his subsequent reclamation by his wife; the other with the history of a girl, who, somewhat unnecessarily, feels impelled to marry a man for whom she has no love, simply because her guardian, a married man, has made love to her. There is an air of provincialism about both tales, but, more serious defect than this, the characters do not live. Yet "The

Maze of Life" is at least grammatical, and appears to have been written with some care.

Mr. W. Braunston Jones has brought together a couple of stories, which have nothing much in common beyond a certain directness in the telling, under the name of *A BRACE OF YARNS* (Digby, Long, 6s.). His manner of writing is a trifle abrupt, but he shows a certain amount of skill in the construction of his stories. Mr. Jones knows something about life at sea; and although in "Jack's Luck" he rides gaily over a few palpable impossibilities, he contrives (which is after all the main thing) to hold the reader's interest to the end. His book will serve to amuse any one who takes it up for an hour or so.

THE SHADOW OF LIFE, by Marten Strong (Pearson, Limited, 2s. 6d.), has something of the shilling shocker about it, but a sensation-loving railway traveller might do worse than buy the book, which is excellently printed.

Mrs. Cashel Hoey's translation of Jules Verne's *AN ANTARCTIC MYSTERY* (Sampson Low, 6s.) is a good one, and the illustrations and general "get-up" of the book are very attractive. There is a great fascination in the idea of the vast magnet that sucked ships and men into its embrace by attracting all the metal about them.

We are glad to welcome a cheap edition of *RUNIC ROCKS*, by Wilhelm Jensen, translated by Marianne Suckling (Elliot Stock). Jensen has so much force, charm, and originality that he ought to be better known to the English public than he is.

Obituary.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

A poet of singular charm, who, if health had permitted, would have added power to beauty, and fame, it is to be hoped, to both, has just fallen prematurely out of the ranks of Canadian literature in the person of Archibald Lampman. The son of a Church of England clergyman, but descended from German ancestry on both sides, Mr. Lampman was born at Morpeth, Ontario, in 1861, and had thus not yet completed his thirty-eighth year. He was educated at Trinity College School, Port Hope, and at Trinity University, Toronto, where he graduated with honours. After a short career in the teaching profession he entered the Canadian Civil Service, and in 1887 began to contribute verse to the American magazines. In 1888 he published his first volume of poems, under the title of "Among the Millet," his second, and, unhappily, his last, the "Lyrics on Earth," following it after the long interval of eight years. This slowness and scantiness of production was due to the cause which brought about Mr. Lampman's untimely death, a fatal weakness of constitution which he himself recognized as condemning him to an early grave. Small, however, in amount as is the work which he has left behind him, it was, much of it, of a fine poetic quality, and has been generally recognized as such by competent critics in both hemispheres. Mr. Howells pronounced him as worthy to rank with the strongest of American singers, and some of the foremost critical journals in this country expressed their full concurrence in that judgment. In everything that he wrote there was not only a note of individuality, but a flavour of his native soil; and in one short poem of his first volume, entitled simply "Heat," he has succeeded in producing, alike in colour, atmosphere, and sentiment, the most perfect expression of Canadian landscape that has ever been achieved in poetry or prose. The appreciation, however, which his genius received in other parts of the English-speaking world was unfortunately denied, or partially denied him, in his own land. Canadian poets, of merit indeed, but of gifts inferior to his, were persistently ranked above him; and though time, no doubt, would have reversed the positions, the task of redress was too great for Lampman's strength and too long for his day.

The archivist of the Opera in Paris, M. CHARLES NULTER (Charles Louis Etienne Truinet), who has just died at the age of 71, was one of the most prolific librettists and *vaudevillistes* of the last forty years in France. He was associated with

Offenbach and Sardon, and one of the earliest adapters of Wagner. His interest for us, however, is his admirable work in organization of the library of the Opera. He collected there an immense number of documents affecting the history of the stage, and he had published "L'Histoire du Nouvel Opéra" and "Les Origines de l'Opéra Français."

Correspondence.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF TRUTH.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I think that I cannot have written in vain on "the Consolation of Truth" when Prof. Case has deemed my letter worthy of a careful reply. But it appears to me that his facts and reasoning do not in the least invalidate what I have said myself. I admitted in my former letter (what, of course, it would be absurd to deny) that there were disagreeable truths in the world, but I maintained that the mind was strengthened by facing them; and, though Prof. Case does not expressly deny this latter proposition (which I fancy he would admit in most cases), he holds that there are cases in which truth brings no satisfaction, and where, on the contrary, "there is consolation in falsehood and fiction." I do not know that exactly. Does any one really prefer to live in a fool's paradise rather than know a disagreeable fact? Others may, perhaps, wish to keep him there, but I should say that he himself, if he have the faintest suspicion of the truth, will be very uncomfortable until he knows it absolutely; and, unpleasant as that truth may be, his mind will then be comparatively at rest. "Why does a doctor," your correspondent asks, "falsely give hope when there is no hope?" It is a nice question in casuistry how far a doctor is justified in doing so, and I hope I shall not be one of the patients so deluded. But a stronger instance follows:—"What satisfaction is there in knowing the worst when you are told the truth that you have cancer in the stomach and expect to die a disgusting death?" One cannot answer such questions glibly; for none of us, I suppose, knows what strength he himself shall find in the day of trial, and it would be very wrong to trust to one's own. But I know, what is very much more to the point, that even if consideration for the infirmity of human nature bids us in many cases endeavour to veil the truth from dear friends, there have been martyrs in past times who, animated by the love of truth, and consoled by truth as none of us are consoled in this very comfortable age, have faced both death and torture in many a cruel form. And I know, moreover, that the world, as it is now, has been greatly benefited by their sufferings.

And this leads me to what I think the weak point in Prof. Case's letter. All his argument turns on the thesis laid down by himself:—"Man has two ways of knowing reality, sense and reasoning from sense; and, in consequence, has the power of arriving at true judgments." Of course it is implied that these are the *only* ways of getting at truth, and that there is no spiritual sense engaged in the process at all. The report of the bodily senses and the inferences of the human mind thereupon are all that we have got to go by. I doubt if science itself would have made much progress in the world if it had been strictly confined to those two processes. I believe a flash of inspiration has often revealed to the scientific inquirer some great truth, and all that experiment and inference have done has been merely to bring it fully to the test.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

Pinner, Feb. 25, 1899. JAMES GAIRDNER.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—If it is not too much for you, editorially, to admit letters from two brothers at once into your columns on such a subject as "The Consolation of Truth," I should like to be allowed from the physician's point of view to challenge the proposition affirmed, or at least implied, in Professor Case's illustration of his general argument—"Why does a doctor falsely give hope where there is no hope?" The mere statement of this as an argument, I think, shows the weakness of the position it is intended to cover. A doctor is indeed bound, in the interests of his art as well as of his patient, to keep himself and others hopeful as long as he reasonably can; but I have yet to learn, after more years of sad experience than have fallen to most men, that he is either bound, or morally permitted, to give hope falsely, where he either believes absolutely or knows positively that there is none. On the contrary, there is no single stumbling-block that stands more in the way of the true physician anxious to be, in the course of his duty, both true and helpful than the tacit assumption or too common popular belief that his opinion is not a real or genuine one, or that it has to be largely discounted on the ground alluded to, or that on such ground he is professionally incapacitated, in most cases, from telling the truth. As matter of severe and exact experience in many cases, I affirm absolutely that there is not, and cannot be, any such obligation to falsehood; and that many, or perhaps most, patients who are dangerously ill are far more perturbed and dissatisfied by the current opinion that it is impossible to get the truth out of a doctor than they are, or would be, by his telling them the exact state of the facts; of which, moreover, they are often, or usually, inwardly conscious long before expression is given to it by any one.

With this personal experience before me, you must allow me to be simply amazed at the cool assumption that it can ever be right, much less (as Professor Case implies) an imperative duty, for a physician in urgent circumstances "to satisfy his patient or his patient's relatives" by lying. And the concrete illustration given is even worse. "What satisfaction is there in knowing the worst when you are told the truth that you have cancer in the stomach, &c.? None; absolutely none." I am not afraid, as a physician, to face even this strong instance, and to say that it lies within my experience that a sick man, tortured and saddened by sufferings which he feels to be mortal, but has not been permitted to speak or hear about as he knows them to be, may derive an unspeakable satisfaction from knowing the worst, or the exact truth even in such a terrible case. I do not wish to take up your space with casuistry upon this difficult subject, which I admit has its difficulties in detail, if not in principle; but I wish most emphatically to say that, in my opinion as a physician, the ethics of the professor of moral philosophy need to be revised, and that very thoroughly, when applied to the medical profession.

A single word as to the opinions of the late Professor Clifford, referred to by my brother. These (as I remember them now many years back) were to the effect that it was *immoral* (scientifically, of course) to believe what you cannot prove. My reply to this at the time was that in matters of life and death the physician or the surgeon was often obliged to act upon convictions which, however sincere or decided, could not be proved in Professor Clifford's sense of the word. In medicine, as in theology, we are often compelled by an inward necessity to "walk by faith, and not by sight." We walk tentatively, it is true, and we try, at least, to learn by

experience. We differ from the theologian in this, that we are not prone to dogmatise; and when we have done so in the past we have as often as not been terribly in the wrong. But it is astonishing how very dogmatic even a pronounced agnostic can be, when he tries!

I am, &c.,

February 26.

W. T. GAIRDNER.

THE MORELLI DA VINCI.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The question raised in a recent number of *Literature* on the above question, in the course of a criticism of M. Müntz's books is the most difficult one in connexion with the study of art. *Æsthetic* questions are largely abstract and always leave a broad margin to individuality. *De gustibus nil disputandum est* is only true in so far as that there is no standard outside the variations of taste to which the dispute can be referred, and practically it is true that every one has the right to maintain his own ideal of likings and dislikings, and to prefer a picture of Ruysdael to one of Turner, or *vice versa*, without being met by a snub.

In that other province of art study which is becoming so popular, and in which the Germans are taking the lead—the purely archaeological—we can touch ground of positive authority and cumulative weight, for the research is indefinite and hangs on documentary evidence. But in the matter of determining the authorship of a picture, especially of one of the old masters, we enter into a question of pure expertise, in which good taste and erudition have next to nothing to say, and in which the cumulative judgment of critics has no value whatever, for the point is not to be determined by a majority, but, on the contrary, by the one highest and best trained opinion. It is a purely technical question, as to which the highest authority will always be that of an artist, other things being equal. I have passed many years in the affectionate study of the pictures of the old Italian masters; I can make a fair copy of one of them; I have been trained in the study of art in its various branches by long intercourse with many artist friends, and I possess a tolerable general judgment on Italian art, but I should repudiate summarily any assumption of authority to such judgment in a difficult case of authorship, though I should not hesitate to pronounce on the general question of authority. A man who has copied much learns certain subtle characteristics of execution which escape a non-painter, and in many cases, as in the schools, these are the only distinctive indications between the master and his pupil. There are other traits, such as mannerisms in features, ear, or eye, the form of hand or foot, &c., which are generally common to the master and his most faithful pupils, with peculiar pigmentary qualities, dependent on process and pigment.

Morelli made the discovery of what had been, for years untold, the common knowledge of the copyists and the real experts, and established what his followers and himself call the "science" of that form of art criticism; but, like other acquisitions of the kind, it was only good for the man who has learned to use it intelligently, which he never did. The consequence was identifications of old masters which are the derision of every competent expert. His ludicrous determination of an unknown second-rate portrait in the Borghese gallery as a new Giorgione ought to have been the wreck of his reputation, but neither it nor several similar blunders seem to have undeceived his followers. It is useless to discuss colours with the blind—equally so to talk of purely technical characters with men who cannot tell whether the colour employed in a certain picture is one that was known in the day of the reputed painter or not, because they cannot recognize the pigment. The forgers of old pictures know all the superficial marks of their originals, and the incompetent expert falls a victim to his incomplete knowledge—as Morelli constantly did, and as his school always does—because a critic who had the knowledge requisite to form an independent judgment would know that Morelli was no guide.

Apart from the painters (copyists) who are not professional experts, and who do not know how to put their opinions in literary form, but whose general and concrete judgments are worth those of all the purely literary critics, I have never found but two men whose opinions were of supreme authority in Italian art, the late Signor Cavalcaselle and Mr. Charles Fairfax Murray, our English expert. And in the circle of German *cognoscenti* Dr. Bode has the highest authority, and Müntz in France, but amongst them all Murray is *facile princeps*. Cavalcaselle, who was, like Murray, a clever painter and copyist as well as a critic and a man of consummate finesse and patient research, said to me one day when discussing the Tobit picture in the Academy at Florence long attributed to Botticelli, the determination of the authorship of which was one of his triumphs, "Murray is the master of us all." The mastery acquired by such workers is not possible to the dilettante or the purely literary student—as well expect the expertise in hand writing from a man who never learned to write.

I have known some very curious cases of imitations passing in time for originals, but this never would, with a careful expert. More than forty years ago the late J. B. Pyne, a most competent imitator of all the modern landscapists, told me of a picture of his, which, in despite of his assertions, has gone into the trade as a Ruysdael. He painted it as an exercise, and sold it as an imitation, but several years later was invited by a Bond-street dealer with whom he dealt "to come to his shop and see a Ruysdael he had just bought." He recognized it as his own imitation, and assured the dealer that it was such. Being questioned, he scraped off a bit of paint in the foreground under which he had, *ad hoc*, hidden his signature. In spite of this the picture was sold for a Ruysdael. Yours truly,

W. J. STILLMAN.

THE CLASSICS OF MOUNTAINEERING.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Climbers will be grateful for your suggestion that certain of what may be called the classics of mountaineering should be reprinted. Many of us would like to have on our shelves such books as Sir Alfred Wills' "Wanderings," for which we have now to go to the libraries. Messrs. Longmans have set an example recently by reprinting Leslie Stephen's "Playground of Europe," and Tyndall's "Glaciers of the Alps." Will other publishers please follow suit? The appreciation now shown for good mountaineering literature should make the speculation a paying one.

London, February 27.

A CLIMBER.

"THE MAN IN THE MOONE."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The note in your issue of February 18 on Bishop Godwin's "Man in the Moone" leads me to transcribe the title of a similar book in my library:—

"The discovery of a new world, or a discourse tending to prove that 'tis probable there may be another habitable world in the Moone. With a discourse concerning the possibility of a passage thither. The third impression. Corrected and enlarged. London: Printed by John Norton for John Maynard, and are to be sold at The George in Fleet-street, neere St. Dunstan's Church. 1640."

I am yours faithfully,

WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON.

Skipton, Yorkshire.

THE THREE-DECKED PULPIT.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—This term, as applied to the pulpit, reading-desk, and clerk's desk, was a very common one in my young days, and it sounds strange to hear your correspondent speak of having lit upon it "once or twice in recently published writings."

"In the midst of the church stands . . . the offensive structure of pulpit, reading-desk, and clerk's desk; in fact, a regular old three-decker in full sail westward."

The *Christian Remembrancer*, July, 1852, p. 92.

Quoted by the late E. C. Brewer.

"A London Rustic" will find an illustration of one in Hogarth's print, entitled, "Credulity, Superstition, and Fanaticism," and also in "The Sleeping Congregation."

Most of the three-deckers disappeared when our old churches were "restored" by the substitution of very new and highly varnished pitch pine in the place of the old black carved oak, which latter was then generally applied to the purpose of medievalizing any modern villas in the neighbourhood.

Yours faithfully,

F. L. MAWDESLEY.

Delwood Croft, York. February 28.

Authors and Publishers.

Sir William Martin Conway, who is a good man of business as well as a good man of letters, has been re-elected chairman of the Society of Authors. Mr. Gilbert Parker has joined the committee of the Society.

At the annual meeting of the Society, which was held last Tuesday, a point of some interest and importance was raised. A member complained of the methods of those reviewers who tell the whole story of a book when criticizing it, and suggested that "it was a matter for some protest." The question is to be discussed at the meeting of the Committee of Management on Monday. Whether books—and particularly novels—gain or lose by "abridgment" in a newspaper is a question on which authors and publishers are divided. Some houses carefully refrain from sending books to the papers which publish "book of the week" reviews. Others go so far as to write to editors asking that such a book may be treated as the book of the week, and summarized.

We understand that the latest proposals of the Publishers' Association on the vexed discount question are on the following lines:—

1. New books to be issued as far as possible at net prices, and existing books to be converted into net books by taking off one sixth of the present price; the author's royalty remaining unaltered.

2. The trade terms now given to be offered to those booksellers only who agree to sell the books at full price. The charge for net books, to other booksellers, to be the full published price.

3. An agreement, embodying these proposals, to be offered to the booksellers for their signature.

4. Booksellers refusing to accept the agreement to be treated alike by all the assenting publishers.

5. These rules not to apply to remainders or dead stock.

6. The *onus probandi*, in cases of underselling by blackleg booksellers, to rest upon the Booksellers' Associations.

It will surprise us if the proposals which we have thus summarized pleased the booksellers; and we certainly fail to see how authors are to derive any advantage from them.

We are glad to see that a life of the late Sir George Grey is announced by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. It describes itself, in the title, "The Romance of a Pro-Consul: being the Personal Life and Memoirs of the Right Hon. Sir George Grey, K.C.B." The author is Mr. James Milne who was on intimate terms of friendship with Sir George Grey from the time the latter returned to England in 1894, and whom he made the depository of a series of reminiscences.

"The Life and Letters of Sir John Everett Millais," which his son, Mr. J. G. Millais, is preparing for publication by Messrs. Methuen, will consist of two volumes of biography. It will be illustrated with examples of Millais' work, and with many portraits of himself and of his friends, amounting to a total of some 300 pictures, many of which have not been reproduced before. Messrs. Methuen have also a work in the press entitled "The Heart of Asia," by Professor Ross and Mr. F. H. Erskine, in which an historical and descriptive account is given of Russian Central Africa.

Mr. H. V. Esmond, whose work for the stage shows much promise, is engaged upon a four act light drawing-room comedy, which will probably be finished about Easter. Its destination in this country is at present unknown, but Mr. Edward Sothorn will, in all probability, play the leading part in America.

Next Monday the first volume of Sir W. W. Hunter's "History of British India" will be published by Messrs. Longmans. This will carry the story of India down to the year 1623.

Mr. Hugh Clifford, the author of "In Court and Kampong," and (with Sir Frank Swettenham) of the "Dictionary of the Malay Language," has prepared a new volume of short stories and sketches treating of native and European life in the Malay Peninsula. He is also engaged upon a novel, the title of which will probably be "Domination." The scene is laid partly in England and partly in the Malay Peninsula.

Messrs. Longmans announce an account of the Episcopate of the late Bishop Charles Wordsworth of St. Andrews by his nephew the Bishop of Salisbury. The same firm have nearly ready a new edition of "Myth, Ritual, and Religion"—originally published in 1887—which the author, Mr. Andrew Lang, has been revising in order to bring it into line with the ideas expressed in the second part of his "Making of Religion."

Miss Agnes Repplier has recently completed her history of Philadelphia, and is now collecting data for a book on cats.

Since Mr. Le Gallienne returned from America he has written a novel for Mr. Arrowsmith, which will be published this month. The title will be "Young Lives." Mr. Le Gallienne has also completed a story for Mr. Lane called "The Worshipper of the Image," in which the tragedy of the modern artistic temperament is disguised as a fairy story.

Mr. Clement Shorter will contribute an article to the *Contemporary Review* for April on "Illustrated Journalism: Its past and its future."

Messrs. Sands announce the first volume of "Modern European Tactics," translated from the German of Captain Balck by Mr. L. R. M. Maxwell. This volume deals with the employment of infantry.

Messrs. Hutchinson announce "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, who resided at the British Legation in Tokyo for some years with her husband. The same firm are publishing "An Introduction to Stellar Astronomy," by Prof. W. H. S. Monck, with illustrations.

The next volume in the series of Oxford Church Text Books will be on "Early Christian Doctrine," by the editor, the Rev. Leighton Pullan. Messrs. Rivington have already in the press "Medieval Church Missions," by Mr. C. R. Beazley; "A Church History of Great Britain," by the Rev. W. H. Hutton; and "The Articles of the Church of England," by the Rev. B. J. Kidd.

The translation of Professor Harnack's "History of Dogma," which is being issued in the Theological Translation Library, has now reached its fifth volume. The sixth is in the press, while the seventh and concluding volume is in active preparation and will contain a full index to the English edition.

Mr. J. Massie, of Mansfield College, Oxford, is publishing a pamphlet on the Irish Roman Catholic University question under the auspices of the Liberation Society.

Messrs. Skeffington will publish in a few days an important series of addresses to men, entitled "The Church's Message to Men," by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishop Milne, Dean Hole, Canon Gore, and others; also a series of Sermons by Canon J. Hammond, of St. Austell, entitled "The Church and Her Accusers at the Present Crisis."

"A Critical Commentary on the Book of Daniel," designed especially for students of the English Bible, by Mr. J. Dyneley Prince, is in the press; the author is the Professor of Semitic languages in the New York University.

We understand that "The Romance of Flowering Plants"

will be the first in the new series of volumes under the title of "The Library of Natural History Romance" to be written by Mr. Edward Step, F.L.S., and published by Messrs. Warne and Co.

Mr. George Gissing has just completed a new novel.

"Well, after all—" is the title of Mr. Frankfort Moore's new novel which is to appear in a week or ten days. It does not deal with the past century but with the present, though not in the flippant way of "The Millionaires."

Mr. Heinemann has taken over the copyright of "As in a Looking Glass," by F. C. Philips, and is issuing it at six shillings, with the drawings by the late George Du Maurier, which have hitherto only appeared in a limited *édition de luxe*, now out of print.

Some of the characters which appeared in Mr. Benson's novel, "The Vintage," will re-appear in his forthcoming book, to be called "The Capsina," a story of the Greek War of Independence. The action takes place almost entirely at sea among the isles of Greece.

"The Path of the Star" is to be the title of the new story

by Miss "Sarah Jeanette Duncan"; the scene is laid chiefly in Calcutta.

Mr. Hornung's new book will, like some of his past work, deal with life in Australia; it is to be entitled "The Amateur Cracksman."

Mr. H. De Vere Stacpoole's new story, "The Rapin," which Mr. Heinemann is publishing, deals with artistic life in Paris.

Messrs. Service and Paton announce a new novel, dealing with the drink problem, by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, entitled "A Daughter of the Vine."

Mr. Charles Garvice is writing a novel which deals with life in an out-of-the-way corner of Ireland, and thence runs to London and Australia. He is also dramatizing his book, "Just a Girl."

"Frank Redland, Recruit," is the title of the new romance with which Mrs. Coulson Kernahan is following up "Trewin-not of Guy's."

"Nootka" is to be the title of Lord Granville Gordon's story of Vancouver Island, which Messrs. Sands are shortly to publish.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

Introduction to the Study of North American Archaeology. By Prof. Cyrus Thomas. 8½x5½in., xiv.+301 pp. London, 1899. Gay & Bird. 8s. n.

The Walls, Gates, and Aqueducts of Rome. By Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.L. 7½x5½in., 52 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 2s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.

Hints on Teaching German. By Walter Rippmann. 6½x4½in., 54 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 1s. 6d.

Elements of Phonetics: English, French, and German. Translated from Prof. Victor's "Kleine Phonetik" by Walter Rippmann. 6½x4½in., 143 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 2s. 6d. n.

Contes des Fées. Par Ch. Perrault. 7½x4½in., 133 pp. London, 1899. Relfe. 1s.

FICTION.

A Son of Empire. By Morley Roberts. 7½x5½in., 388 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 6s.

Two Men o' Mendip. By Walter Raymond. 7½x5½in., 310 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 6s.

The Puritans. By Arlo Bates. 7½x5½in., 424 pp. London, 1899. Constable. 6s.

The Gates of Eden. By Annie S. Swan. 8½x5½in., 122 pp. London, 1899. Oliphant. 6d.

Gwen Penri. A Welsh Idyll. By J. Bufton, F.L.S. 7½x5½in., 183 pp. London, 1899. Stock. 5s.

Many Ways of Love. By Fred Wishaw. 7½x5½in., 306 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 4s. 6d. n.

François the Valet. By W. Appleton. 7½x5½in., 307 pp. London, 1899. Pearson. 6s.

Jock's Ward. By Mrs. H. Martin. 7½x5½in., 246 pp. London, 1899. Pearson. 3s. 6d.

A Stolen Idea. By Elizabeth Godfrey. 7½x5½in., 256 pp. London, 1899. Jarrold. 6s.

Selam. Sketches and Tales of Bosnian Life. By Melina Mrazovic. Translated by Mrs. Waugh. 7½x5½in., 299 pp. London, 1899. Jarrold. 6s.

The Heart of Denise, and other Tales. By S. Levett-Yeats. 7½x5½in., 272 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 6s.

The Old Dominion. By Mary Johnston. 7½x5½in., 378 pp. London, 1899. Constable. 6s.

Lone Pine. By R. B. Townshend. 7½x5½in., 328 pp. London, 1899. Methuen. 6s.

Warp and Weft. By Violet Hobhouse. 7½x5½in., 255 pp. London, 1899. Skeffington.

Betty Musgrave. By Mary Findlater. 7½x5½in., 303 pp. London, 1899. Methuen. 6s.

Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. 6½x4½in., xviii.+280 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 2s.

The Garden Court Murder. A Detective Story. By Burford Delannoy. 6½x4½in., 141 pp. Southend, 1899. Ellis. 6d.

Michael Dred, Detective. By Marie and Robert Leighton. 7½x5½in., 328 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

The Amazing Lady. By M. Boules. 7½x5½in., 320 pp. London, 1899. Heinemann. 6s.

A Marriage in China. By Mrs. A. Little. 7½x5½in., 312 pp. London, 1898. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.

Sporting Adventures of Charles Carrington, Esq. and other Stories. By "Old Calabar" and Others. 7½x5½in., 344 pp. London, 1899. Redway. 6s. n.

M'Ginty's Racehorse. By G. G. 7½x5½in., 248 pp. London, 1899. Redway. 4s. 6d. n.

Cometh Up as a Flower. By Rhoda Broughton. (Cheap Ed.) 7x5in., 416 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 2s.

Sebastien Gouves. By Léon A. Daudet. 7½x4½in., 338 pp. Paris, 1899. Fasquelle. Fr.3.50.

HISTORY.

History of England. Part III. 1689-1897. By George Carter, M.A. 7½x5in., 296 pp. London, 1899. Relfe. 2s.

The Story of the British Race. By John Munro. 6½x4in., 242 pp. London, 1899. Nownes. 1s.

The History of Corsica. By L. H. Caird. 7½x5½in., xi.+179 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 5s.

France and England in North America. Parts II. & III. By Francis Parkman. 11th Ed. 8½x5½in., xxvii.+586+xxii.+521 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. n. each vol.

Story of the Princess des Ursins in Spain. By Constance Hill. 8½x5½in., xix.+256 pp. London, 1899. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Le Cardinal de Bouillon. (1643-1715.) By Fritz Reysse. 10x6½in., 246 pp. Paris, 1899. Hachette. Fr.5.

L'Etat Social de la France au Temps des Croisades. By L. Garreau. 9x5½in., 400 pp. Paris, 1899. Plon. Fr.7.50.

LITERARY.

Three Studies in Literature. By Lewis E. Gates. 7x5in., 211 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 6s.

Encyclopædic Catalogue of the Guille-Alles Library and Museum. Compiled by A. Colgrave, F.R.H.S. 7½x6in., 1,493 pp. London, 1899. Sotherran.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Flowing Bowl. A Treatise on Drinks of all Kinds. By Edward Spencer. 7x5in., xv.+243 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 5s.

In Danger's Hour; or, Stout Hearts and Stirring Deeds. 7x5in., 236 pp. London, 1899. Cassell.

The London Water Supply. By Arthur Shadwell, M.A. 7½x5½in., x.+272 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 5s.

Banks and their Customers. By the Author of "The Banks and the Public." 7x4½in., 77 pp. London, 1899. E. Wilson. 1s.

Newspaper Press Directory. 1899. 11x7½in., 207 pp. London, 1899. Mitchell. 2s.

Notes from a Diary. Kept Chiefly in Southern India, 1881-1886. By the Rt. Hon. Sir M. E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I. 2 vols. 7½x5½in., xii.+373+370 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 18s.

Pour Devenir Médecin. (Bibliothèque Littéraire de Vulgarisation Scientifique.) By Dr. Michant. 6½x4½in., 192 pp. Paris, 1899. Schleicher Frères. Fr.1.

MUSIC.

The Musician's Pilgrimage. By J. A. Fuller Maitland. 8x5½in., xiv.+152 pp. London, 1899. Smith Elder. 5s.

POETRY.

Maha-Bharata. The Epic of Ancient India. Condensed into English Verse by Ramesh Dutt, C.I.E. 7½x5½in., xii.+188 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 12s. 6d.

REPRINTS.

Li Livres du Gouvernement des Rois. A 19th Century French Version of Egidio Colonna's "Treatise de Regimine Principum." With Introduction and Notes by S. P. Molenaar, A.M., Ph.D. 8½x5½in., xlii.+461 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

St. Ronan's Well. By Sir Walter Scott. (Temple Ed.) 2 vols. 6x4in., 308+339 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 3s. n.

Nicholas Nickleby. By Charles Dickens. (Temple Ed.) 3 vols. 6x4in., 352+375+420 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 4s. 6d. n.

Byron's Child Harold's Pilgrimage. 2 vols. Ed. by Edward E. Morris. 7x4½in., xxvi.+115+xxvi.+168 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 1s. 8d. each vol.

The Life of Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great. The Works of Henry Fielding. Vol. X. With Introduction by Edmund Gosse. 9x6in., xxiv.+301 pp. London, 1899. Constable. 7s. 6d. n.

Lyra Innocentium. By John Keble. (The Library of Devotion.) 6x4in., xiv.+320 pp. London, 1899. Methuen. 2s.

SCIENCE.

The Penycuik Experiments. By J. C. Ewart, M.D. xlii.+177 pp. London, 1899. Black.

Researches into the Origin of the Primitive Constellations of the Greeks, Phœnicians, and Babylonians. Vol. I. By Robert Brown, jun., F.S.A. 9x5½in., 361 pp. London, 1899. Williams & Norgate. 10s. 6d.

Early Chapters in Science. By Mrs. W. Audry. 7½x5½in., xviii.+348 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 6s.

SOCIOLOGY.

The Effects of the Factory System. By Allen Clarke. 7x4½in., 178 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 2s. 6d.

The Economic Foundations of Society. By Achille Loria. Translated from the French 2nd Ed. by Lindley M. Keasbey. 7½x5½in., xiv.+335 pp. London, 1899. Sonnenschein. 3s. 6d.

The Economic Policy of Colbert. By A. J. Sargent, B.A. 7½x5½in., 138 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 2s. 6d.

The New Leviathan; or, The World at Peace. By J. A. Farrer. 7½x5½in., ix.+126 pp. London, 1899. Stock. 2s. 6d.

Questions Politiques. By Emile Fauguet. 7x5½in., 336 pp. Paris, 1899. Colin. Fr.3.50.

SPORT.

Riding. By G. G. 7½x5½in., 334 pp. London, 1899. Redway. 4s. 6d. n.

THEOLOGY.

The Metaphysics of Christianity and Buddhism. By Major-Gen. D. M. Strong, C.B. 7½x5½in., xv.+128 pp. London, 1899. Watts. 2s. 6d.

Bible Stories: Old Testament. (Modern Readers' Bible.) Ed. by R. G. Moulton, M.A. 5½x4½in., 310 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.

The Gospel of the Atonement. By the Ven. J. M. Wilson, M.A. 7½x5½in., 165 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. A Practical Exposition. By Charles Gore, M.A., D.D. Vol. I. 7½x5½in., 328 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 3s. 6d.

The Book of Job. By Edgar C. Gibson, D.D. (Oxford Commentaries.) 9x6in., xxx.+256 pp. London, 1899. Methuen. 6s.

Encyclopædia of Sacred Theology. By Abraham Kuyper, D.D. 9x6in., xxv.+683 pp. London, 1899. Hodder & Stoughton. 12s.

The Unheeding of God. By Thomas G. Selby. 8½x5½in., 384 pp. London, 1899. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

The Ecclesiastical History of Evagrius. With the Scholia. Ed. by J. Bidez and L. Parmentier. 9x5½in., 285 pp. London, 1899. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

TRAVEL.

Under the African Sun. By W. J. Ansorge, LL.D. 10½x6½in., xiv.+355 pp. London, 1899. Heinemann.

The Great Salt Lake Trail. By Col. H. Inman and Col. W. F. Cody. 9x6in., xlii.+529 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 14s. n.

The United States. With an Excursion into Mexico. By Karl Baedeker. 6½x4½in., c.+179 pp. London, 1899. Dula. 12s.

North Wales. Part I. By M. J. B. Baddeley and C. S. Ward. 6½x4½in., xix.+256 pp. London, 1899. Dulau. 3s. n.

Earthwork out of Tuscany. By Maurice Hewlett. 2nd ed. rev. 7½x5½in., xix.+182 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 4s. 6d. n.

Literature

Edited by H. D. Traill.

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NONCONFORMITY IN FICTION.

No critic of Dickens has, we think, quite satisfactorily accounted for Mr. Chadband and Mr. Stiggins. Ministers of religion outside the pale of the Establishment did not in Dickens' day—any more than now—all talk the twaddle of the former, or share the latter's weakness for grog. Yet Chadband and Stiggins practically exhaust his statement of religious Nonconformity. Their characteristics are so familiar, the influence of Dickens so great, and his aversion to the class they represent so obvious, that if one tries to piece together the Dissenter of fiction one may very likely draw a hasty conclusion. A savour of unctuousity is unavoidable; we hear of moral pocket-handkerchiefs and the Light of Terewth; there is a fat smile, and a distinct aroma of rum and water. But first impressions are not always trustworthy, and we are inclined to think that a writer in the *Puritan* of this month has let Dickens influence his judgment unduly. He finds in this particular perversion of the best instincts of Dickens—as many other religious people have found since the first appearance of "Pickwick" and "Bleak

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House"—a very just cause of offence. But the irritation naturally caused by the contemplation of Mr. Chadband, Mr. Stiggins, and the Rev. Melchisedech Howler leads him to say in his haste that "Dissent in imaginative literature generally is normally treated with dislike and contempt." As a matter of fact, Dickens' conception of Dissent is, when we remember his main qualities as a novelist, so extraordinary that we should expect to find his case much rather an exceptional than a typical one. And when we are asked, "Is there a decent portrait of a clergyman or a minister in Dickens?" we reply, yes, there certainly is. There was a certain good-humoured, benevolent-looking clergyman at Dingley Dell, and there was the Rev. Frank Milvey, a capital type of Anglican parson. This makes the case all the more strange. Dickens was a Churchman, it is true, but he was a lover of humanity first; and the one clear note which sounds consistently through every page he wrote is his revolt against conventional judgments, his ready sympathy with what is socially deemed despicable, his contempt for appearances in the search for what was good in his fellow-men. More than that, where he had prejudices—prejudices which grew out of his hatred of privilege and of those who oppress the poor—he could curb them at will, and let his humanity put them to shame. Hence it is that both Cousin Feenix and Sir Leicester Dedlock, when they are put to the test, behave like gentlemen. Yet for the representatives of that large body of men which fought like himself against class tyranny and intolerance he has absolutely no mercy. Possibly the explanation is that Dickens was not interested in the religious side of the society which he depicts; that his pastoral types only come in with other examples of hypocrisy, a vice he was never tired of castigating, and that he found more examples of it outside than inside the Established Church. But we do not propose to examine Dickens' behaviour in this matter: only to point out that it does not supply a basis for any general conclusion on the subject of the treatment of Nonconformity in fiction.

One sufficiently obvious circumstance may have contributed to the charge of prejudice on the part of our novelists against a particular class of society. A little further analysis resolves it, in a great degree, into a charge, not of dislike or contempt, but of neglect. Whatever his treatment of the ministers of religion, Dickens formed no exception among English novelists in his avoidance of the religious side of life. To the Evangelical mind, no doubt, this is regrettable; and we must equally allow that if life be regarded with an unflinching realism, its portrayal is incomplete and superficial without some recognition of its spiritual activities. There is, of course, a school of fiction in which this recognition finds a place, but as a rule neither author nor reader concern themselves

with the question whether the characters which interest them attend church or chapel. But the Anglican cleric is too prominent and ubiquitous a character to be excluded from the *dramatis personæ*. His social position and family connexions, his pleasant country rectory, his anticipated bishopric render him indispensable to a writer painting the virtues or satirizing the foibles of the upper strata of society. And when he rises from the ranks to the giddy eminence of a residence in the Cathedral Close or at the Episcopal Palace, he qualifies for the social set which lives in the pages of Anthony Trollope, and may even aspire to be recognized by those exclusive circles which formed the entire world for the author of "Lothair." But Disraeli could not have brooked a Dissenting minister. That exemplary person has, or at any rate had, as compared with the Anglican, no advantages of rank or picturesque surroundings to attract the novelist with an eye for colour, and no "introductions" influential enough to give him the *entrée* into the good society of fiction. The "wistfulness" with which the new minister in "The Chronicles of Carlingford" regards the perpetual curate of St. Roques is perfectly natural; and is a veracious touch in a very sympathetic portrait of a Nonconformist. He recognized inevitably a social cleavage; and the novelist recognized just as inevitably that for her readers there was far more interest and variety on one side of the line than on the other. We cannot, then, perhaps be surprised to find that, until recently, Dissent has been largely ignored in fiction. But in the few cases of novelists who do not ignore it, chief among whom are George Eliot, George MacDonald, and the author of "Mark Rutherford," to say nothing of the later artists of Free Church life in Scotland, it is certainly not treated with dislike and contempt.

Such a complaint is becoming every day less and less justified, chiefly because the literary attitude of Nonconformists has very much changed during the last quarter of a century. In the realm of literature pure and simple, other causes besides those we have mentioned have hindered any true incisive portrait of Dissent. We have, fortunately perhaps, not borrowed from across the Channel the traditions of a school of realism which finds its ideal of art solely in minute observation and laborious record, and no English Huysmans is likely to chronicle with minute learning and conscientious introspection the stages of his progress through the Congregationalist, the Baptist, and the Wesleyan Churches. A still greater hindrance to the artistic presentment of Nonconformity may be found in the fact that the whole current of Nonconformist traditions has been against it. It is the fashion nowadays to paint the Puritan when he first appears on the stage of national life as a man with a distinct leaning towards art, literature, music, and gaiety. Among the more highly-educated Puritans no doubt there were many whom such a picture truly represents. But, for all that, the gulf between Puritanism and the literary spirit was a broad one. The Puritan never forgot that he was a citizen of God's Kingdom on earth, a warrior in the Divine army. He would paint only what tended to God's service: and "no

more of body than shows soul." The literary artist follows his instincts, and paints things "just as they are, careless what comes of it." Thus the serious and ethical spirit of Nonconformity, profoundly as it has influenced for good our social life and political progress, has not, on the whole, been favourable to the higher flights of imaginative literature, and has certainly not tended to encourage any literary treatment of its own spiritual and social life in a manner that did not directly tend to edification.

But the narrowness of this literary outlook is becoming a thing of the past. The last two or three generations have seen an immense growth of culture among Nonconformists of all sections. They have for a long time had representatives among leading exponents of the most advanced schools of theological research. They share freely in the literary movements of the time, and the best of their special organs recognize, as fully as any secular journals, the independent claims of literature and art. Among living poets, essayists, critics and scholars, many are Nonconformist by birth and training. The poet whose struggle with disease has lately been anxiously watched by two continents is closely connected by birth with Methodism. Two or three of the most popular novelists of the day are Nonconformist ministers. The natural result of all this is that Dissent is no longer, if it ever was, the pariah of fiction. Chadband and Stiggins would not be tolerated now for a moment. Many recently published works of fiction—we reviewed one a fortnight ago—show signs of the change. One, particularly, published last year by Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, has run into many editions. The novel of manners, in fact, cannot now afford to ignore the Dissenter, and its sympathetic treatment of him will not only help it to a true picture of contemporary life, but do a good deal to break up class prejudice and religious animosity.

Sympathy with Mr. Kipling on the sad loss he has sustained in the death of his daughter before he was himself well enough to be informed of her illness will be as general as the satisfaction at his own wonderful recovery. His illness showed in a remarkable way the extent of his influence both in the Western and Eastern hemispheres. He gained it by singing of the power of the white man: he doubled it by pointing to the duties that power implied. The Americans evidently regard him as almost as much theirs as ours; he has inspired the German Emperor to speak of "the deeds of our great common race"; and he has had the compliment of receiving more discriminating praise from French critics than from any others.

We published the other day a very acute appreciation of "the Poet of Energy," written by a young French journalist: and in the current *Revue de Paris* there is a brilliant study of his writings from the pen of M. André Cherillon. He finds in Kipling, as a story-teller, a conciseness peculiarly French. "He is crisp, powerful, compact, and keen like *Merimée*"—we quote from a translation in the *Daily News*—"but much more sinewy, instantaneous, and cruel." He tells of the East

Not like our Loti, with a passive and semi-neurasthenic melancholy, a shudder of pain and voluptuousness at the thought of death and the great eternal forces, but like a man of action who sees in those forces only obstacles to exercise his activities,

whet his will, fortify his personality, define and harden his self-respect.

Of his technical knowledge M. Cherillon speaks with the true, lucid incisiveness of a Frenchman:—

In all Kipling's tales one finds the short, measured gesture of a strong man relating great things in a calm, cool tone. What adds to the decisive superiority of his manner is the comprehensiveness and minuteness of his impeccable information—the stolidity of his universal knowledge. . . . He speaks of the navigation of the Hooghly like a Calcutta pilot; of elephants like a cornac; of the jungle, wild boars, and the nilghai—of the hours and reasons of their migrations—like a hunter; of the misery and crime of the East-end like a superintendent of police or the president of a charitable society; and of beer and gin like an intelligent drunkard. He is omniscient and imperturbable.

What a gulf between this poetry of action at close quarters with the facts of life and the poetry of romance and sentiment which held the field a quarter of a century ago! Tennyson could not fire the blood or draw the individual out of himself as Kipling does. But Kipling, on the other hand, cannot sing the music which touches to pathos or regret, or arouses some memory sweet and evanescent like the scent of a flower. The comparison suggests itself as we read the speech made by Prof. Sandys as Public Orator on the presentation of the present Lord Tennyson for an honorary degree at Cambridge. He quoted (in a Latin rendering) that magnificent line in "The Brook"—in itself an object-lesson in poetic style—"By the long wash of Australasian seas," and also the passage from "The Princess," beginning, "Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail." The mere recollection of such lines takes us at once into a wholly different world of emotion, and in some respects to a higher level of poetry than that attained by Kipling.

The Public Orator was very happy in his references to the antecedents of the new Governor of South Australia, and the appropriateness of his appointment—though it is worth while to point out that it was not a mere complimentary or sentimental appointment, as most of those who commented upon it when the announcement was first made seemed to think, but was greatly due to a recognition in high quarters of the new Governor's administrative talents. We quote an extract from the Public Orator's speech. Readers will, we think, recognize in the last sentence an unconscious reminiscence of Kipling:—

Laetatur nominis tanti heredi tam digno Australiae provinciam quandam esse destinatum, quae talium virorum auxilio non modo cum aliis utrumque Australiae partibus sed etiam cum ipsa patria vinculis (ut speramus) indies artioribus erit in posterum coniuncta. Ergo, muneri tam magno designatus, alumnus noster propediem ad Oceanum illum longinquum proficiscetur, ubi Australasiae litus resonante longe tunditur unda. Ibi sidera nova contemplabitur, interque anni tempora nostris contraria versabitur; sed, caelo quidem mutato, animum in suos numquam mutabit. Ibi domum suam paternam insulamque Vectem et navium carbasa aut hinc aut illinc Britanniae litora praetereuntium fortasse nonnumquam requireret.

The death of the Rev. A. K. H. Boyd will certainly leave a gap in the pleasant academic and literary circle in which the minister of the Collegiate Church of St. Andrews was so well known and popular. That the loss will be sensibly felt in the larger outside world of letters it might be too much to say. Still, it is interesting to reflect that its impression, wherever it is felt, will be of a totally different kind from what it would have been if Mr. Boyd had passed away in the early years of what afterwards proved to be his long ministry at St. Andrews; and the change which has taken place in this respect may be taken as concurrent with a gradual transformation of the relations between literature and the critical journals.

When, in 1865, Mr. Boyd was appointed to the incumbency which he held till his death, the signature A. K. H. B. was not only widely and favourably known to magazine readers but possessed a familiarity, less agreeable to its owner, as that of one of the standing targets of the still comparatively youthful *Saturday Review*. In the days of its early exuberance that journal could not, it will be remembered, exist without a butt, or rather without two or three, and its satirical attentions during the first ten years or so of its life were divided pretty equally between Mr. Martin Tupper, Mr. G. A. Sala, and the author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson."

Not that even in those days there was much material for merited satire in the essays of "A. K. H. B.," while, on the other hand, there was much excellent stuff in them which will be found, by any one curious enough to turn back to them, to have preserved its quality to the present day. What the malicious reviewer seized upon in Mr. Boyd's writing was its manner, which was certainly somewhat in advance of its age. It was of that cheery, chatty, egotistical kind which has become so common a trick of the present day that no one thinks of noticing it, unless when carried to a particularly offensive point, but which in the early sixties found many critics old-fashioned enough to resent it. They even showed signs of chafing under it in the hands of the great author of the "Round about Papers" himself; and when ventured upon by any one of lesser mark and powers, they vowed to have no mercy upon it. Nowadays, however, no one would think of denying the privilege of its use to a writer who had so much to say worth listening to as the "Country Parson"; for nowadays, alas! the button-hole of the patient critic is worn threadbare by the forefingers, and his back smarts under the friendly slaps, of a score of literary gossips who have infinitely less claim to a hearing than "A. K. H. B."

Reviews.

A History of British India. By Sir William Hunter, K.C.S.I., M.A., LL.D. Vol. I., 9×5½ in., 475 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 18/-

The want of a good history of British rule in India has often been deplored. Of biographies—with their inevitable distortion of perspective—we have had more than enough; studies of particular incidents, of particular periods, or of particular provinces have not been wanting; even summaries of the whole have been attempted, though only in one case—that of Sir Alfred Lyall's brilliant and suggestive "British Dominion in India"—with any remarkable success. But we have long been waiting for a writer with sufficient time and energy to master the formidable literature of the subject, to test afresh the assertions of his predecessors, to examine the enormous bulk of unsearched records, and with sufficient literary skill to weave an interesting narrative out of material that is at once complicated and unfamiliar.

The effort now made to meet this want is by a writer whose past record points him out as specially fitted for the work. In his introduction, Sir William Hunter says that the task is one which has occupied a great part of his life. From the time when, early in his Indian career, he examined the contents of the Calcutta record rooms, the collection of materials has gone slowly but steadily on; exceptional opportunities were afforded by his work as director of the statistical survey which produced the "Imperial Gazetteer"; and when in 1887 his retirement

from the public service gave him the necessary leisure, it was his fixed intention to write without delay a complete history of India from the early Aryan period onwards. At this juncture occurred a misfortune which would have daunted most men. The main part of his materials and manuscripts went down in the *Nepal* on their way home, and the labour of collection had largely to be undertaken afresh. With persevering energy Sir William Hunter set himself to the task, though he found it necessary to modify his original plan by omitting his proposed account in detail of the early history of India, beginning instead at a time when the nations of modern Europe came first into contact with the peoples of the East. One portion of his task is now completed by the publication of the first of the five volumes which are to be devoted to the subject.

An interchange of Eastern and Western products has always formed the main current of the world's trade. Sir William Hunter sketches the old commercial routes (illustrated by a map specially drawn by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole), their value, and the consequent struggles for the possession of them. The early attempts of European travellers to reach Cathay overland, and then the Portuguese quest of the sea-route to the East, the ideals that animated the explorers, the materials at their command, their patient and persistent efforts, crowned at last by well-deserved success, are here told with an enthusiasm which lends freshness to a subject that is somewhat worn. And in his review of Indo-Portuguese history Sir William has done well to rely largely on Portuguese records. There is real sympathy with England's ancient ally in his sketch of the rapid building-up of a dominion in the Indian Ocean by Almeida and Albuquerque, its triumphant defence against the attacks of Arabs and Turks, the exhaustion of the mother country and her entanglement with Spain, the consequent enfeeblement and decay of the colonies, hastened by the profligacy and corruption of the laity and the bigotry of the priesthood. The various English and Dutch attempts to reach India, by land through Syria or through Russia, by sea first by the north-east route round Europe and Asia, then by the north-west round America, and finally, in defiance of the Portuguese monopoly, by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, culminated, after the successful expeditions of Lancaster and Houtman, in the establishment, at the close of the sixteenth century, of the English and Dutch East India Companies. The chapters devoted to the former body are among the most striking in the book. Certainly nowhere else can we find so careful and so clear an account of the company's early ventures.

With the two sea-fights against the Portuguese by which Best (1612) and Downton (1614) made good the English footing in Indian waters, we again for a time join the stream of Indo-Portuguese history. As Portugal yielded to fate and retired from the contest, a still more formidable competitor engaged the attention of the English. England and Holland had long been engaged in a struggle for the exclusive acquisition of the trade of further India and the Spice Islands. For the first time, we believe, in any English work, we are given an account of this episode—so important alike in Asiatic and in European history—based on a careful comparison of both the English and the Dutch accounts, and written with an evident desire to hold the balance impartially between them. The failure of our nation to maintain its position was due, in the first place, to the limited means employed, and in the second to the political influence of the Dutch Company, which

was practically a national concern, whereas its English rival was purely a private corporation, feebly supported, or not supported at all, by the English Government and nation. Gradually the disagreements developed from insults into downright fighting; then came the temporary lull due to the abortive treaty of 1619, soon followed, however, by manœuvres—not over-scrupulous—which drove the English slowly to the wall, until by the beginning of 1623 the Dutch had mastered the Clove and Nutmeg Archipelago. At this point, however, matters took a dramatic turn. The cruel torture and execution of the English factors at Amboyna roused a resentment in this country which, but for the apparent imminence of war with Spain and the consequent necessity for a good understanding with Holland, would probably have led to a rupture between the two Powers. Practically this piece of iniquity consummated the ruin of the English position in the Malay Archipelago; but for the Dutch the blunder was worse than the crime. The pathetic sufferings of Towerson and his comrades were never forgotten in England; whenever feeling ran high against Holland, the story of "Amboyna usage" was revived; and when, thirty years after, Cromwell dictated peace to the Dutch, the latter were forced not only to cede Pulo Rhun and to pay a large sum as compensation for the wrong which had been done, but also to accept in explicit terms the English declaration that the "fact of Amboyna" was a "massacre."

All this, however, is not the main subject of Sir William Hunter's book. He has still to deal with the gradual establishment of English trade, and finally of English dominion, upon the Indian peninsula; and his progress in this task will be watched with interest. He is aware that to yield the whole of the first volume to events which bring us merely to 1623—only fifteen years after the first arrival of an English ship on the coast of India—might appear disproportionate:—

It may seem, perhaps [he says], that I have allotted too much space to this threefold struggle—of Christendom against Islam, of the Protestant North against the Catholic South, and of the two Protestant sea Powers of the Atlantic—for the Asiatic trade. But a different law of proportion applies to Indian history, as I have conceived it, from that which sufficed for a melodrama of British triumphs. . . . Characteristic features of our present Indian polity date from that early time. . . . In one sense, indeed, England is the residuary legatee of an inheritance painfully amassed by Europe in Asia during the past four centuries. In that long labour, now one Christian nation, then another, came to the front. But their progress, as a whole, was continuous.

Students of Anglo-Indian history will have little inclination to quarrel with this course. There is nothing we would willingly spare in this first instalment of a work which promises to be a standard comprehensive history of our Asiatic Empire.

Khartoum Campaign, 1898. By Bennet Burleigh. Illustrated, with Maps and Plans. 9½ x 5½ in., xii. + 340 pp. London, 1899. Chapman & Hall. 12/-

Though rapid publication and the lightning habits of the modern journalist have somewhat spoilt us for the delay even of a few months, Mr. Bennet Burleigh has done wisely in waiting to bring out his continuation of the story of the Sudan until he could round it off with some decent approach to completion of subject if not maturity of judgment. His pages are, of course, rather the material for a future and more critical historian than the standard and final work upon the series of operations whose close he has described. But his book has a distinct

value of its own, in spite of anything that his predecessors have produced, for he gathers up in one coherent whole the progress of events from the advance after the Atbara to the initiation of the Gordon Memorial College and the conclusion of the Fashoda incident. With most of his own description of all he saw during the campaign—and Mr. Burleigh may be trusted to have missed very little—we are already to some extent familiar in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, the paper which he represented as special correspondent at the front. But the campaign itself was worthy of a more permanent record from the same pen which gave us so many vivid scenes while it was actually in progress, and Mr. Burleigh has considerably increased the value of his original work by revisions and additions, and more especially by incorporating with it many papers and letters from official sources, which are here very conveniently placed beside the record of the events to which they refer. Mr. Burleigh's volume may not have much more than temporary value, for he is still too near the events he chronicles to be quite impartial in his award of praise or blame, though his errors of judgment are more those of omission than of commission. But it will be of evident interest to a generation which does not care to wait for real history. One more general comment is unavoidable. It is suggested by the final Note, in which the Author once more belabours the already thrice-crushed Mr. E. N. Bennett. We trust that this is the last time that any one will think it worth while to bring Mr. Bennett out of his academic recesses for the purpose of hammering him. He was so unwise as to follow up an amusing and perfectly innocuous little book with the ill-considered and unfounded charges of a magazine article. Any further statements he may make about Egyptian battlefields have already been sufficiently discredited by himself.

Apart from this, Mr. Burleigh touches on the question of the wounded on three occasions; he describes the arrangements of Surgeon-General Taylor for the comfort of the British Division, and of Surgeon-Colonel Gallwey for the Egyptian troops, on page 69; he tells on page 233 how the Sirdar sent out food and water to the wounded Dervishes after the battle of Omdurman; and on page 268 he describes the admirable system organized by the Red Cross Society on board their special hospital-steamer the "Mayflower." That Society had offered their services, through Lieut.-Col. Young, as early as June, 1898, intimating a desire to assist, entirely at their own expense, in the expedition. After a refusal, their subsequent appeal was only granted by the Foreign Office in August, and instead of three hospital ships (enough to transport every sick soldier by water) they could only get one ready in time, with a crew and a complement of nurses. It is by no means clear why the first offer was refused; for apart from all the jolting of land-transport as far as Railhead, the horrors of a railway journey, in "an opaque atmosphere of grit mixed with the sweepings of the ages," are hardly calculated to soothe the sufferings of a wounded soldier. Nor could the lot of those who had to stay in hospital camps, among the "dust devils of the desert," have been much better. Several cases of enteric fever which ended fatally could certainly have been saved had sufficient water-transport been ready in time. When at last the "Mayflower" was allowed to be put in active service, with all expenses of transport and of a *cuisine* managed by a French "chef" paid by the society, she made no less than three round trips, and provided every patient with pyjamas, socks, and other necessities, free.

Mr. Burleigh's book suggests yet another timely

commentary on one of those subjects connected with the campaign which have lately come before the public, and somewhat taken the place of immediate interest in the fighting. On page 238 the author records what happened at the Mahdi's tomb. The brass and iron grille round the catafalque had been much injured by the damage done in shelling the roof. After the woodwork and the lettered panels had been "smashed or carried off by relic-hunters," two huge blocks of stone were seen, beneath which lay Mohamed Achmed's body.

To destroy utterly [writes Mr. Burleigh] the legend of his mission, when the British troops had returned to Cairo the Mahdi's body was disinterred. It had been roughly embalmed, and the features were said to be recognisable. . . . Perhaps it may be deplored that Mohamed Achmed's remains were broken up, part being cast into the Nile, while the head and other portions of the body were retained for presentation, it was said, to medical colleges. There were those who thought that the wisest course would have been to expose the remains for all to see them who cared to, and then to hand them over to the natives to bury in one of their cemeteries, as if he had been an ordinary man. But the Sudan is not Europe, nor are its inhabitants amenable to measures eminently satisfactory to civilized northern races. The tomb was subsequently levelled to the ground by an explosion of gun-cotton, and the debris was cleared away.

Comment upon all this, however justifiable, may not be equally expedient. But it can only be a subject for regret that, if such measures were indeed necessary, British officers should have had to carry them out.

Mr. Burleigh's pages are, of course, full of all those details of the army on the march and in action of which we have heard a good deal before, both from himself and from other sources. But his memories of the battlefield of Abu Kru in 1885 enable him to make far more useful and enlightening comparisons than many of his colleagues have afforded us, and all he has to say on the question of the Sirdar's relations to the Press (pages 66 and 108) are of interest to a public far wider than the professional, especially when considered by the light of the fact that upon the hearty acquiescence and co-operation of the Press depended in large measure the success of the Sirdar's scheme for the Memorial College, now happily inaugurated. As to the great battle itself, Mr. Burleigh's newer contributions to our knowledge will chiefly be found in Chapter XII., where the value of the artillery is clearly brought out, and the precise vision secured by the use of smokeless powder is very rightly emphasized. The effect of the Lyddite shells and of the new bullets is also described. On page 204 an account is given of a wounded Dervish who attacked the camp-followers, which is by no means convincing, and we should like to hear what the A.D.C., who finally killed him, has to say on the matter.

But the keynote of the whole book is supplied by the frontispiece, an excellent portrait of Major-General H. A. MacDonald, C.B., D.S.O., who has been made an extra A.D.C. to the Queen. The magnificent way in which this gallant officer handled his troops is fully told on pages 190 and 207; and Mr. Burleigh thinks that "if the public are in search of the real hero of the battle of Omdurman, there he is, ready-made." There is no need to recapitulate here how MacDonald fought his single-handed battle against tremendous odds at a grave and unexpected crisis, but it is rather too evident that, in his natural admiration for a heroic action which passed before his eyes, Mr. Burleigh has somewhat lost the true perspective of events and personalities. As an example of this want of balance, we may point out that Major General Sir Archibald Hunter, in command of four brigades of the Khedivial troops, is only mentioned very casually, on occasions when it was impossible to omit his name. Yet he was with

MacDonald's brigade at the critical moment, and himself brought Wauchope's brigade at the double to its assistance, after galloping to the headquarters staff to ask for help. Nor does the warm tribute to his merits in the Sirdar's despatch seem to justify Mr. Burleigh's strange silence. "Khartoum Campaign" is well written and well put together, but it is by no means the "last word" on these important operations.

Notes from a Diary Kept Chiefly in Southern India by **The Right Hon. Sir M. E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I.** 2 vols. 7½ x 5¼ in., xii. + 373 + 370 pp. London, 1899. **Murray.** 18/-

The two new volumes of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's "Notes from a Diary" are of much the same composition as the two preceding volumes. That is to say, they are made up, in unequal quantities, of botany, anecdotes, and small beer. Perhaps the botany is not quite so obtrusive as it was in the "Notes" of 1851-81; but on the other hand the small beer is perhaps even smaller, and the percentage of inferior anecdotes larger. We are not sure that this derangement of the original proportions of the various ingredients is an unmixed advantage; for the botany can "easily be skipped," as the author points out in his preface, "by those who have no interest in plants," whereas one must read an anecdote in order to find out whether it is worth reading. The "chestnut" differs from the other botanical specimens treated of in the diary, in that it cannot be skipped; while even the small beer is again and again inadvertently sipped, its tenuity not being always discernible by the eye. Both of these drawbacks, however, might have been overlooked, if the promise of the preface in regard to the anecdotes had been faithfully kept. "Such of my readers," says the diarist, "as care for good stories will, I think, find a reasonable number of them, though not so many as I may have to offer at some future period, when I may be dealing with my life after I had returned to Europe." What should be considered a "reasonable number" of good stories it is difficult to say; but, of course, in the space of two volumes, amounting between them to over 700 pages carrying an average of, say, a couple of stories apiece, it would be hard indeed if one could not find a few score specimens deserving to be described as good. But there can be no such thing as a "reasonable" number of stories not deserving this adjective, because there is no reason for admitting stale or foolish anecdotes at all, the taste to discern and the firmness to exclude them being precisely the prime qualifications which we look for in a diarist who undertakes to make a selection of "Notes" from his diary.

There are other defects or rather superfluities in the volumes which it would have been still easier to avoid. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff is too apt to mistake his diary for a commonplace book—which, of course, he is quite at liberty to do, so long as it remains unpublished—and to transcribe into it passages of considerable length, but not always of equal value, from his recent reading or from the letters of his correspondents. For a man who is so easy a prey of the pretentious aphorism as he is, the practice is a particularly dangerous one. It was with some apprehension that we noted the name of Joubert on one or two of these pages, but the author, though evidently an admirer of that philosopher, has not quoted him. In revenge, however, we get the following:—

Vauvenargues says: "Il est faux que l'égalité soit une loi de la nature. La nature n'a rien fait d'égal. Sa loi souveraine est la subordination et la dépendance."

It is really astonishing, when one comes to think of it,

that men and women of intelligence, nay often of high intellectual power, should be impressed by this sort of thing. For it is not as if the flatness of the platitude were disguised by any particular brilliancy of form. The truisms of the aphorist do not reach us amid such a blaze of eloquence that, as Johnson caustically said of Pope's "Essay on Man," the reader is dazzled, and "when he meets with it in its new array no longer knows the talk of his mother and his nurse." Even when the saying is more than mere common-place, the diarist shows signs of overrating its profundity:—

It is exactly two years and a half this morning since I took my seal as Governor. As to public affairs, it will be for others to say, after making themselves acquainted with the fact, whether I have or have not remembered the saying, "L'homme d'état est un messenger à qui le temps présent est remis en dépôt pour être rendu tel qu'il est ou meilleur au temps à venir."

Here, too, the quality of the quotation is curiously in keeping with that of the reflection. The Governorship of Madras is an important post, and the then Governor was a man of great ability and high political distinction. Still one cannot help feeling that the solemnity of tone, more appropriate, perhaps, to the "legacy" of a Richelieu or a Napoleon, is just a little bit in excess of the occasion. It is the more disconcerting to the reader who has been lightly skimming the "good stories," because of the author's claim in his preface to have excluded "business, politics, and the graver interests of a Governor from these pages." It is a mistake, we think, to have established any such hard and fast rule. The very charm of a diary, surely, is that it represents all aspects of the diarist's life. It was certainly the charm that Horace found in the poetry of Lucilius, in which "votivâ patuit veluti descripta tabella, Vita . . ." We cannot finish the quotation in its exact terms without applying so inappropriate a word as "senex" to the distinguished diarist; but it is apposite in all other respects, and the "Notes from the Diary" would, we venture to think, have gained considerably in interest if they had been made to give a more complete picture of their author's daily life, in its official as well as its unofficial aspects. Their tendency is, as we have said, to resolve themselves into a more or less loosely strung rosary of unequal anecdotes, varied now and then by a botanical excursion such as:—

On reaching Government House at Madras the first thing I observed was that the faithful clump of *Plumeria alba* was, as usual, in full bloom. That of *Lagerstrœmia Regina* must have been at its best three or four weeks ago. Only a few spikes are still out, but I see the grand flower on the tree for the first time.

or by such chroniclings of small beer (with reverence be it said) as—

We had as many people at dinner as we could manage, except on Sunday, the 10th, when we had a quiet little party of twenty-eight. On the 9th, 11th, and 12th respectively we sat down fifty-one, fifty-three, and fifty-one. A large number of persons also came to breakfast on several of these days.

It is time, however, to give some specimens of what Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff evidently regards as the chief attraction of his book—the good stories, of which he has supplied us with a "reasonable number." As we have already said, we do not complain of the number of such stories as being of less than of reasonable magnitude; it is of the proportion of stories not at all deserving this description that we complain. We must protest, for one thing, against the reproduction in "book-form" of what may be called the "family" or breakfast table conundrum: as, for instance, "What is the difference between temptation and eternity? One is a wife of the devil and the other is a devil of a while." These products of the human

intellect should disappear with the tea-urn, never again to present themselves even orally—and most certainly not in print. And, generally speaking, the diarist is too fond of recording puns—a form of verbal wit which, nowadays, will only very rarely, and with much difficulty, pass muster in conversation, and will almost never bear to be reproduced. This, of the chemical lecturer who drank off a deadly potion by mistake, and, as he lost consciousness, said to those who were supporting him, “Write upon my tomb, it’s *iodide* of mercury”—does not exhilarate. The very sight of those pathetic italics which, *ex abundanti cautela*, the narrator has insisted upon, has a depressing effect.

It is rare to find a University story which is at once good and new, and we are therefore indebted to the diarist for that of the undergraduate who, being asked what is a “final cause,” replied “It is the last straw that breaks the camel’s back.” Some of the best, too, of the stories, are those which announce themselves with least ceremony, and with a delightful touch of the unexpected. There is something very charming in the reply of the Texan Bishop to whom Lady Gregory was expressing her disapproval of charitable bazaars. “Yes,” he said, “I am strongly opposed to bazaars. The worst thing about them is the amount of duelling and bloodshed by which they are followed.” The following, too, has much of the magic of the *imprévu*:—

A correspondent tells me that Kinglake was recently startled by a lunatic who came to say that his late wife had appeared to him in a dream, and directed him to find and convert William Alexander Kinglake to Catholicism at once.

Kinglake replied that even in Heaven he would expect accuracy, and that his name was Alexander William Kinglake. This, and a steady gaze, so froze his visitor that he withdrew.

Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff’s letters from friends in England—though here, too, the book suffers from a too lenient censorship—contain not a little that is interesting, hidden away, however, in a good deal of what is the reverse, and showing somewhat tantalizing signs of containing more interesting matter than has been allowed to appear. One or two of his correspondents, however, are almost invariably good reading, and we wish for more of them than is given us. But, indeed, the whole two volumes suffer from the twofold fault of giving us less than we could wish of what we like, and more than enough of what we could spare.

THE LAWS OF ENGLAND.

The completion of the publication of the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF THE LAWS OF ENGLAND*, edited by Mr. A. Wood Renton, in twelve volumes (Sweet and Maxwell, 1898), is an interesting and important event, not only in connexion with legal literature, but with English law. It marks a change which has been noticeable in the character of law-books for some years past. The day of the production of important standard works, which may almost be called monumental and which continue in edition after edition to hold a place as recognized authorities, has come to an end. The new works now being produced are chiefly commentaries in some form or another on recent statutes, or small and unimportant books on branches of law already contained in treatises which have an established reputation. Thus, the stage at which our legal literature has arrived is one at which it is natural that English law as a complete body should be presented in a single and complete work. The evolution of new principles, the amplification of those which, while well recognized, have to be applied to changed conditions of society at the end of the nineteenth century has, broadly speaking, ceased. Case law is now concerned more with details than with principles, with the construction of the numerous statutes which the industry and the un-

systematic efforts of Parliament have placed in confusion on the statute-book. There could not, therefore, be a more fitting time to put into the hands of all who are concerned with English law, whether in Great Britain or abroad, a work which embodies the changes which have been accomplished in recent times, and enables it to be regarded as a whole.

Whether this work will mark the beginning of a new epoch of which the consolidation and the more systematic presentation of English law will be the chief feature may be doubtful. We are inclined, however, to think that events are tending slowly, but with some sureness, in that direction. And in another way this *Encyclopædia* is noticeable. In no other country in the world would so important a work as this, which contains in brief, yet sufficiently ample, space the whole law of England, have been carried out by individual enterprise. It would have been published by the State at the public expense. It is a striking object-lesson. For while Mr. Renton and his colleagues have successfully completed this large work, the attempt of the Judges to simplify and revise the rules which govern the procedure and practice of the High Court has been abandoned. The success of those who are responsible for the *Encyclopædia* and the failure of the Judges—the most inefficient organizing body of Great Britain—show clearly that the only way in which English law can be reduced to a systematic form will be by means of a permanent commission of lawyers with a free hand, whose work will be revised neither by Parliament nor by the Bench.

And, whilst we are touching on form, we may allude to two shortcomings in this work which might have been avoided. The headings are in some instances too numerous and not sufficiently capital. As one instance there is this:—“Excess of Jurisdiction.” We doubt if any one who wished to know something of what may happen if a Court of law exceeds its jurisdiction would ever seek for it under the head of “Excess.” Nor, indeed, can it be said that this particular branch of law should be noticed by itself. Another criticism which should be stated is that the editor, in his desire to make this *Encyclopædia* comprehensive, has included in it some unnecessary terms. We take two as examples—one is “Excellency.” This, it is explained, is a title of honour, and then follows a description, very proper in a general dictionary, which fills nearly half a page. Another is “Thalweg,” a term which is at the very most merely a foreign word which has found its way into some diplomatic documents. We might give other instances, but these suffice to show that the editor has been rather too liberal in his inclusions.

Of course, the future of this work must be affected by the tendency of English law to which we have already alluded—namely, the increase of judicial decisions on statutes, of which an instance may be seen by any one who will take up the last January number of the *Law Reports* for the Queen’s Bench Division. Here he will find that twenty out of the twenty-five reported decisions turn on the interpretation of statutes. On the one hand its value is increased as a compendium of non-statute decisions; on the other, it is ephemeral when we consider the constant change which modern social conditions cause in the statute law, and the many decisions on these points which must continue to increase and to overwhelm, both in law books and in reports, the slenderer number of statements of legal principles. We may see this well illustrated under the two important heads of “Water-way” and “Water Supply.” Under the first hardly any modern cases are referred to. We find the old common law and decisions up to about twenty years ago are the bases on which this branch of law rests. We are sent to such well known and almost picturesque cases as *Gann v. The Free Fishers of Whitstable* (1865) and *Winch v. The Conservators of the Thames* (1872), which latter decided that a towing path is *prima facie* only for the purpose of towing barges and vessels. When we turn to “Water Supply,” we find the law rests on numerous modern statutes, we lose the air of the old Court of Common Pleas and breathe that of the Committee Rooms. Every case turns on the construction of an Act of Parliament, not on legal principles. The same characteristic, in a different form, is to be found in the decisions

on commercial law. They are concerned with single words in commercial documents, often almost with special facts; the main principles of commercial law were long ago expounded, before the present generation of Judges came to the Bench. It is easy enough, therefore, when we peruse the various headings of the Encyclopædia to understand how the present trend of matters which require judicial decisions must in one sense weaken the character of judgments. It is impossible to deliver luminous statements of legal principles upon two words in a charterparty or an obscure section in a statute. Ingenuity rather than breadth is required of the modern Judge; the learning of a Willes is of less use than a knowledge of business and a capacity to make some kind of sense out of antagonistic portions of two Acts of Parliament. It is useless to regret this fact. It is a necessity of the time, and therefore it is all the more desirable that there should be placed more especially before the student a work which will enable him to find the governing decisions of earlier days stated in clear terms. For in the mass of modern decisions and statutes we are apt to lose sight of those primary legal principles which are now more valuable than ever—since they are the only certain guides in the midst of a wilderness of legal decisions which would tax even the memory of a Macaulay or a Blackburn. Whether it will ever be possible that those portions of the law of England which may be described as stereotyped shall be included in some work similar to, but more limited in its scope than, this Encyclopædia is one of those points upon which we may have hopes and hopes only. Whether or not Mr. Renton's work will help towards this desirable event remains to be seen. That he has shown both the desirability and the feasibility of including in one work, at any rate, large portions of the law of England cannot be doubted. And no one can doubt that, as things are, this Encyclopædia is a most valuable addition to our legal literature, for as we have already said it presents English law to us as a whole. Specialization in these days is a necessity of the legal profession as of the man of business, but its tendency is to narrow the jurisprudence of a country. A work which enables the lawyer to survey the entire field of English law must necessarily have a broadening and educative influence as well as a practical use.

THE NEW THACKERAY.

The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. With Biographical Introductions by his Daughter, **Anne Ritchie**. Vol. XI.—"Philip." 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., xlv. + 640 pp. London, 1899. **Smith, Elder.** 6/-

In the introduction to this present volume Mrs. Ritchie draws upon the inexhaustible well of her own recollections for incidents connected with the foundation and development of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and of the years '59 and '60 generally. We have long since learned something of the difficulties that Thackeray encountered in his new adventure, of the many thorns that beset his editorial chair—Trollope's notes on the subject alone give a vivid picture—but naturally Thackeray's daughter has much more to tell.

The *Cornhill* was first planned and talked of in the spring of 1859. Hitherto magazines had stood at five shillings or half-a-crown, but publishers were evidently awakening to the value of a shilling periodical. *Macmillan* was published two months before the *Cornhill*, and *Temple Bar* about a year later. We gather that Thackeray invented the title for the magazine. "It has," he said, "a sound of jollity and abundance about it."

In an early letter (November 1, 1859) on the subject of the coming periodical, Thackeray sketches the general idea, and adds, "At our social table we shall suppose the ladies and children always present." This "domestic note" appears to have been insisted on by the new editor. It led to his returning a story to so valued and discreet a contributor as Anthony Trollope with a little sermon on the text of *virginibus puerisque*; it also brought about some of the most interesting correspondence quoted in the present introduction, showing the way

in which the editor refuses his friend Mrs. Browning's poem, "Lord Walter's Wife," and how Mrs. Browning defends her point with great tenderness and spirit. Other letters from Milnes, from Carlyle on the story which he could not write about the *Garde française* and the English at Fontenoy, from Sir Henry Thompson about his article called "Under Chloroform," from Motley, Dr. John Brown, the author of "Rab and His Friends," and from Landseer, with illustrations, all help to give this introduction biographical value.

"A Shabby Genteel Story" is included in this volume, and although Mrs. Ritchie tells us nothing of the sad circumstances which attended the writing of the story, she gives with regard to "Philip" many of those touching incidents which seem to linger about all Thackeray's work. In one letter he says:—

Philip is unfortunately going into poverty and struggle, but this can't be helped; and as he will, *entre nous*, take pretty much the career of W. M. T. in the first years of his ruin and absurdly unprudent marriage, at least the portrait will be faithful.

He hardly knew, we suppose, how much of himself he really managed to put into his books. At length "*Finis Philippi*" is noted in the diary.

"Philip" was finished [says Mrs. Ritchie] on a Thursday, and on Friday we made holiday. That Friday was a red-letter day for us all, and how well I can remember it! The sun shone, the shadows lay soft upon the lanes and commons as we drove out with our ponies from London towards the open country to Orleans House, where there was a garden party. The gardens were in their prime, and those of Orleans House one glow of beautiful, bright colour. Along the walls were garlands of flowers, and then more flowers everywhere. A theatre stood in the centre of the lawn, where some well-known actor from Paris, a jocrisse in shirt sleeves, was beguiling fallen Kings and Queens and causing them to forget their troubles in a roar of laughter. Beautiful ladies, music, fun, charming weather, all combined for this festival. There was something exhilarating in the dignified and cordial hospitality of the Duke in exile, making everybody glad to be there and proud to attend his sylvan court.

So Mrs. Ritchie's picture goes on—Mrs. Norton in shabby clothes, but looking more like a Queen than anybody else, is talking to Thackeray, who says of the Duke, "He has everything for him, looks, noble manners, birth, learning, fortune—and misfortune."

Most people who care for the more serious side of Thackeray's writings will regret that "Philip" did not have the success it deserved, and agree with Mrs. Ritchie when she says, "To me it seems to contain some of the wisest and most beautiful things my father ever wrote."

Frederick Walker's illustrations, despite all the praise they have received, do not show to advantage, especially as regards characterisation. Mrs. Ritchie writes in a delicately reminiscent vein about one of them:—

The picture of Philip in church always seems to me to be a picture of our pew in St. Mary Abbott's as it was in my youth, full of peaceful organ notes and hopes which have been unfulfilled. But I think the realities, and even many of the disappointments of life, have been better than ever were the childish dreams of those early days.

In every page of this interesting introduction there is some subtle suggestion of "peaceful organ notes and hopes which have been unfulfilled," which is one of the charming characteristics of Mrs. Ritchie's style.

THE MIRROR OF PERFECTION.

St. Francis of Assisi, The Mirror of Perfection. By **Brother Leo of Assisi**. Edited by Paul Sabatier. Translated by Sebastian Evans. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., xvi. + 232 pp. London, 1898. **Nutt.** 2/-

The English-reading public have now before them a translation of the biography of the most remarkable religious reformer of the Middle Ages, written down within six months of his death, by his bosom friend, Leo the Friar, and finished "at the most holy place of

St. Mary of the Little Portion on the fifth of the ides of May in the year of our Lord 1228." In this "Mirror of Perfection of a brother minor, to wit, of the Blessed Francis," we may, as the biographer Leo quaintly puts it, "most sufficiently behold as in a glass the perfection of his calling and profession." We are indebted to both publisher and translator, but we confess to thinking that such good printing and paper were worthy of a better cover. It is a disappointment to take up so precious a life's history as this is for lovers of St. Francis and to find that it is enshrined in a cover of unsuggestive design and unworthy workmanship. But the disappointment of the binding finds an echo in the preface. It might have been hoped that it would explain how it came about that Paul Sabatier had unearthed from the various manuscripts of a later and larger life these veritable fragments of the original biography by Brother Leo; by what process of sifting he was led to conclude that in them, when pieced together, he had the consecutive biography of "The little poor man," by St. Francis' bosom friend and confessor; how the Mazarin Manuscript had helped Sabatier to date the life; and, generally, one expected something of the lucid explanatory notes, preface, and appendix, of the French edition. Of course, the French publisher, Fishbacher, may have put some prohibitive tariff upon the translator for rights of translation, or may have forbidden anything but the use of the bare text. Be that as it may, any one who has that French edition in hand and then turns to this English translation will feel a little like the possessor of a picture without a frame, or a Della Robbia without its garland of wreathed fruits and flowers.

But our quarrel is not alone with either get up of cover or poverty of preface. The teller of the "Legend," the biographer, is, as Mr. Sebastian Evans tells us in the preface, "a simple-minded brother of Assisi." His language is a piece of cloth from a provincial loom, grey and coarse as the first Franciscan Habit itself, just such as best suits Brother Francis." What, then, could have induced the translator to depart from this double pattern of simplicity to indulge his nineteenth century readers with archaic English of the Elizabethan time? Some of his readers will probably be so simple as not to know what "sihence," "eftsoon," "uneath" mean, and will wonder why Mr. Sebastian Evans prefers the constant use of the phrase "make him be heal," for the phrase "make himself whole," or "cure himself"; or why, when he speaks of St. Francis being vexed to see a man with a doleful countenance, he must needs write "and therefore did it irk him to see sadness in the cheer." All this is pure affectation, certainly out of place in an attempt to render into modern English mediæval Latin; and it is the more regrettable in that with some few blunders and mistranslations, and here and there some slight omission of an important word, the translator has entered thoroughly into the spirit of the biography, and gives a very sufficient and literal rendering of the original. To take one or two instances—Chapter 90, "*conversari*" is clearly the technical term in monkish latinity for the profession of Monasticism, for the leading of the monkish lives, the profession of monkhood, and has nothing to do with our idea of communion or converse in the ordinary sense. In chapter 92 "*conversio*" again must mean the taking of the monkish habit; in chapter 93 "*suspendebatur ad coelum*" must mean only that he stood as one in a trance, rapt upward into Heaven, and cannot by any possibility be translated, as Mr. Sebastian Evans has done, "hang suspended from Heaven." In chapter 100 "*curialis doctor cantorum*" cannot well mean "right courteous doctor of singers," but probably means the court teacher of singing, or the official singing master. These are, it is true, insignificant mistranslations, but they tend to shake confidence in Mr. Evans' knowledge of Monkish Latinity.

Meanwhile we have much to be thankful for, for it is clear that the translator has taken pains in many ways to give us the literal meaning of Brother Leo's narrative, and to English ears that can get rid of the affectations of archaisms, this little volume, that brings us face to face with the Poverello, lays us under deep obligation to translator and publisher alike.

Not before it was in urgent request by English readers has the second English edition of Sabatier's *LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI* (9s. n.) made its appearance. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are to be congratulated on having produced it in less bulky form and at less cost. Mrs. Houghton's translation is most praiseworthy, and, though the lucidity and picturesqueness of Paul Sabatier's French is wanting, the English reader will find in this volume a quite sufficient rendering of the Huguenot ex-clergyman's interesting and scholarly life of his friend Saint Francis.

The volume is worth obtaining for its introduction alone, and its concluding chapter, "The Critical Study of the Sources," while, to the student of the cross currents of history and tradition, the appendix, with its critical study of the stigmata and the indulgence of August 2nd, will always be of deep interest. Devotion to a cause and its hero, untiring industry, a rare scholarship, an abundant sense of humour, and a power of good-fellowship with the peasant life whose leader he has so faithfully delineated; this, combined with the deep feeling for a purer religion for the people, makes Sabatier specially fitted for his task. It is to the lasting credit of the townsmen of Assisi that they have recognized in their literary guest a real helper of their commonweal, and have granted Sabatier the freedom of the city. The scholarly brilliance of this book has won for it the honour of being crowned by the French Academy, and though, in our insularity, no single University has thought it worth their while to honour the chronicler of one of the greatest religious reformers of the middle ages, in Europe this book is already a classic, and loved by all students of St. Francis throughout the Continent.

FINNISH POETRY.

The Traditional Poetry of the Finns. By Domenico Comparetti. Translated by Isabella M. Anderton. With Introduction by Andrew Lang. 9x6in., xxvii.+350 pp. London, 1898. Longmans. 16/-

We welcome with keen pleasure this English version of Comparetti's masterly treatise, and cordially congratulate the careful translator on the successful accomplishment of her arduous task. For the English lover of folk-lore, or student of comparative mythology, the book is of the highest importance. No fragile structure reared on the quicksand of theory or the barren waste of pedantry, Comparetti's work is a sound fabric built on the solid foundation of the comparative method and of well-attested facts—facts, too, that could be obtained only from actual intercourse with Finns, an intimate acquaintance with the literature, both in Finnish and Swedish, of Finland itself, and a knowledge of the living native language of that country. Not without reason does Mr. Andrew Lang, in his scholarly Introduction, say: "The learned will be obliged to reckon with Comparetti. It is not in vain that he has four times visited the blameless Hyperboreans, and minutely studied the popular and scientific literature of a difficult language." Comparetti himself, in alluding to "the remoteness and uncommonness of a subject known and familiar to few outside Finland," frankly admits that he learned much from scholars there that was useful for the purposes of his study. Indeed, the great number of references to the writings of Finns may astonish a reader who is unaware of the large amount of literature bearing on the subject of our author's book that had been already evolved by native writers. The wide extent of the vista presented, the minute elaboration of its various parts, and the multifarious aspects depicted render it impossible for us adequately to describe the whole in the limited space at our disposal. We must, however, draw attention to one particular phase, the importance of the Magic Song or Magic Rune, which is much insisted on by Comparetti, but which has been too often ignored.

As the author maintains this to be the earliest form of the Finnic rune, he holds that we cannot understand or define the nature or origin of the epic rune of the "Kalevala," except

by starting from the study of the magic rune. This rune, he tells us—

is the rune *par excellence*; it is imbued with the life of the people, with its religious past, with its memories, with its ideals. The part which magic action plays in the "Kalevala" and the numerous magic runes introduced into the poem in their entirety by Lönnrot afford excellent proof of its reality and importance, as well as of its epic function among the Finns. The magic song is conspicuous enough among many peoples, but its poetical value is generally small, and it holds but an unimportant place in the history of their poetry. Here, on the contrary, it plays a principal part: with it appears and develops not only poetry of word and conception, but also the poetical myth.

As Comparetti does not fail to remind us, it was long ago observed by Porthan, in his "De Poesi Fennica" ("Op. selecta," III., p. 373), that the rune was, in the beginning, magic. As an essential part of the national poetry the magic runes reveal its antiquity, and are, moreover, a useful source of knowledge as regards the ancient mythology of the Finns. Further, the epic runes, having sprung from the magic, are largely indebted to them for their peculiarities.

Comparetti has divided his work into two parts. In the first chapter of the first part, which is explanatory, we find general definitions and information about Finnish folk-song, *e.g.*, an account of the various stores of Finnish traditional poetry, especially those brought together by Lönnrot; a full description of the old verse-form or rune of the Finns; notices of the poetry of other Ugro-Finnic peoples, particularly the Lapps and Estonians; and a description of the manner in which the runes are sung. The second chapter consists of an epitome of the "Kalevala," whilst the third is devoted to a study of its composition. The second part of the book is theoretical, and endeavours to explain the original sources, development, and life of Finnish traditional poetry in both the dæmonic and heroic aspects of its mythic creations. The third chapter of the second part is a dissertation on and a history of the "rune," and points out how Finnic myth and poetry were influenced by contact with Germanic and Lithu-Slav races, and how the ancient Shamanism of the Finns was gradually modified by this means. In a final survey of the whole subject of the book, the "Kalevala" is contrasted with the national epics of other peoples, and general deductions are made as regards their origin. It is perhaps in this final survey that the special merit of Comparetti, that of applying the comparative method to solve the problem of the development of national epics, is most conspicuous. Such a method may indeed be destructive of many a long-cherished hypothesis, but it is the only one that is sound. Our author's work being of a studious and scientific character, he does not dilate much on the beauty and charm of Finnish folk-song. He is far more concerned with its origin, development, and composition than with its æsthetic qualities. One singular excellence of the book, *i.e.*, the accuracy of the Finnish quotations, will probably be appreciated by few English readers; but one unfortunate defect, the absence of an index, will certainly be felt by all.

AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

Following upon "The Eulogy" of Beardsley by Mr. Robert Ross, published in the illustrated edition of "Volpone," and shortly preceding A SECOND BOOK OF FIFTY DRAWINGS (Smithers, 10s. 6d.), Mr. Arthur Symons' well-weighed essay, AUBREY BEARDSLEY (Unicorn Press, 2s. 6d.), read in conjunction with these volumes, will be of service in enabling the reader to form a just estimate of the value of this artist's remarkable work.

He had [writes Mr. Symons] the fatal speed of those who are to die young; that disquieting completeness and extent of knowledge, that absorption of a lifetime in an hour, which we find in those who hasten to have done their work before noon, knowing that they will not see the evening.

This foreknowledge of an early end may account for much of Beardsley's more incomplete and, as it were, furtive work, and perhaps

for much of that "mere gaminerie" which at one time prevented his drawings from being generally appreciated. Much of his work was always a mystery to the public and even to some other men of his profession. On this point Mr. Symons writes—somewhat cynically perhaps:—

Every artist has his own secret, beyond the obvious one, of why he works. So far as it is not the mere need of earning one's living, it is generally some unhappiness, some dissatisfaction with the things about one, some too desperate or too contemptuous sense of the meaning of existence. At one period of his life a man works at his art to please a woman; then he works because he has not pleased a woman; and then because he is tired of pleasing her. Work for the work's sake it always must be, in a profound sense; and with Beardsley, not less certainly than with Blake or with Rossetti. But that other, that accidental, insidious, significant motive was, with Beardsley, the desire to fill his few working years with the immediate echo of a great notoriety.

Mr. Symons speaks of Beardsley as "the satirist of an age without convictions," a description supported by some of the illustrations given in the Unicorn Press volume and in the "Second Book of Fifty Drawings." The latter collection contains much immature work which, although far from beautiful, is of value in that it gives some idea of the links between Beardsley's ever varying styles. Among the many hitherto unpublished drawings in this volume perhaps the most interesting is one lent for reproduction by Mr. Joseph Pennell. This is an unfinished drawing of a robed figure entitled "A Suggested Reform in Ballet Costume"; it is in the manner in which Beardsley illustrated "The Rape of the Lock," a style likely to have made the artist as much appreciated by the general public as he now is by the men who work in his own particular medium.

Immediately after the publication of the books we have mentioned comes THE EARLY WORK OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY (John Lane, 31s. 6d.), with some two hundred reproductions of Beardsley's pictures from the *Yellow Book*, and designs and decorations of other published books already well known to all interested in the artist's work. But Mr. Lane's collection also includes a host of hitherto unpublished drawings which are of great value to the student. There is the first drawing of "The Toilette of Salome," decoratively speaking, of far greater merit than that which appeared in the volume. There is a wonderful portrait of Miss Letty Lind in *The Artist's Model* which is not generally known, and a title-page to "Venus and Tannhäuser." An excellent portrait of Mr. Harland as a young man reminds us that it is already some years since the *Yellow Book* came and went. Some of the drawings noted in this book as "unpublished" have already appeared in Mr. Smithers' volume of "Fifty Drawings"; for example, the present book has a "Title-page ornament," "hitherto unpublished," which appears in the "Fifty Drawings" as a portrait—and a very clever one, too—of Madame Réjane; the Messalina is in both collections as well as many others. In spite of an inclination to pad out the volume with the reproduction of the whole series of title-pages for the "Keynote" books, and the inclusion of some early work utterly without distinction, Mr. Lane's volume is a remarkable monument to the gifts and powers with which Beardsley was endowed. This work contains, too, reproductions of portrait studies of Beardsley which are certainly the best that have been published. Mr. Marillier, who writes the introduction, does not appear to possess the intimate knowledge of Mr. Ross, nor the sensitivity and happy knack of phrase of Mr. Symons, but his view is a fairly just one, and his article full of information and criticism which is sound, as far as its limitations will permit. He closes his introduction by saying: "His death has removed a quaint and amiable personality from among us; a butterfly who played at being serious, and yet a busy worker who played at being a butterfly. Outwardly he lived in the sunshine, airing bright wings. Inwardly no one can tell how he suffered or strove. It is well to avoid self-righteousness in judging him. As the wise pastry-cook says in *Cyrano*:—

'Fourmi, n'insulte pas ces divines cigales.'"

We, however, desire only to consider him as an artist, and these books demonstrate his right to praise.

A REAL MAHÂTMAN.

Ramakrishna: his Life and Sayings. By the Rt. Hon. F. Max Müller, K.M. 7½ x 5 in., xi. + 200 pp. London, 1898. Longmans. 5/-

This sympathetic study of a celebrated modern Indian saint has been prompted to some extent by the desire to correct certain popular misconceptions on the subject of Indian asceticism. It is, in fact, a continuation of the much-debated article on "A Real Mahâtmán" which Professor Max Müller wrote for the *Nineteenth Century* a couple of years ago. His object, then and now, is at once "to protest against the wild and overcharged accounts of Saints and Sages, living and teaching at present in India, which had been published and scattered broadcast in Indian, American, and English papers," and at the same time to show that "behind such strange names as Indian Theosophy, and Esoteric Buddhism, and all the rest, there was something real, something worth knowing." His main point, of course, is familiar to all students of Indian religion—that these saints, Mahâtmanas, Samnyâsins, Yogins were no new invention, but a recognized phase of Brahmanical ascetism for centuries upon centuries. They are not, indeed, at the present day, precisely what they were intended to be. The men who now call themselves Samnyâsins and whom the people call Sâdhus do not go through the strict studentship, or pass the stage of the married householder, or dwell for years in the seclusion of a forest, as they should according to the laws of Manu. "They seem free at any time of their life to throw off all restraints, if need be their very clothing, and begin to preach and teach whenever and wherever they can find people willing to listen to them." In this they resemble the ancient Vratyas, and have something in common with the Buddhists, as Professor Max Müller remarks:—

It is curious to observe how the Buddhist revolt was mainly based on the argument that if emancipation or spiritual freedom, as enjoyed in the third and more particularly in the fourth stage, was the highest goal of our life on earth, it was a mistake to wait for it till the very end of life. The Buddhists were in one sense Vratyas who declined to pass through the long and tedious discipline of a pupil, who considered the performance of the duties of a householder, including marriage and endless sacrifices, not only as unprofitable but as mischievous.

Ramakrishna's marriage certainly did not entail "endless sacrifices" (though this is not the Professor's meaning), for he "forgot entirely that he had been married," and when after many years his wife recalled herself to his memory, he only allowed her the privileges of a cook. She was a woman of large soul, however, and tended her saint nobly until cancer ended his devoted career some twelve years ago. His miraculous or Yoga powers seem to resolve themselves into hypnotic influence, thought-reading, and second sight, but he laid no stress upon them, and, even in the little that is here recorded about his will-power, it is possible to recognize the traces of that "dialogic process" by which the recorders of all religions tend towards the miraculous. One of Ramakrishna's disciples has furnished much of the material for his master's biography, and though he was warned not to supply fables and tales of apparitions of goddesses and the like—

Yet even his unvarnished description of his Master discloses here and there the clear traces of what I call the Dialogic Process and the irrepressible miraculizing tendencies of devoted disciples. And I am really glad that it does so, if only it helps to teach us that no historian can ever pretend to do more than to show us what a man or a fact seemed to be to him or to the authorities whom he has to follow, and not what he or it actually was.

This sound historical axiom may be borne in mind when we read the following passage:—

No doubt it is difficult to believe all the things which the ancient Yogins are credited with, and the achievements of modern Yogins also are often very startling. I confess I find it equally difficult to believe them or not to believe them. We

are told by eye-witnesses and trustworthy witnesses that these Yogins go without food for weeks and months, that they can sit unmoved for any length of time, that they feel no pain, that they can mesmerize with their eyes and read people's thoughts. All this I can believe; but if the same authorities tell us that Yogins can see the forms of Gods and Goddesses moving in the sky, or that the ideal God appears before them, that they hear voices from the sky, perceive a divine fragrance, and lastly that they have been seen to sit in the air without any support, I must claim the privilege of St. Thomas a little longer, though I am bound to say that the evidence that has come to me in support of the last achievement is most startling.

We had rather Professor Max Müller had not written the words we have italicized. His "evidence," after all, only comes to "showing us what a fact seemed to be, not what it was," according to his own doctrine, and we would carry the privilege of St. Thomas to the last extreme if the "evidence" sought to show us that a Yogin seemed to be sitting up aloft in the air. But the marvellous is not the essential thing in this book. The life of Ramakrishna is interesting and instructive in a mere human way, and his spiritual and ideal aphorisms, albeit trite and monotonous, have their value as a modern application of the Vedânta philosophy to the needs of everyday life. The professor's very sympathetic exposition of Vedânta is peculiarly attractive, and one wishes for more of it. If philosophy is to be studied historically, as it should be, it is impossible to ignore this most ancient of all the world's systems, which has still a wide influence in India. The study has a practical bearing too; for "a country permeated by such thoughts as were uttered by Ramakrishna cannot possibly be looked upon as a country of ignorant idolators to be converted by the same methods which are applicable to the races of Central Africa."

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

Sir George Pomeroy-Colley. By Lieut.-General Sir W. F. Butler, K.C.B. 9 x 6 in., 431 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 21/-

An Empire such as ours offers the most varied careers to its citizens, and the life of Sir George Colley is a striking instance of the wide range of action and of influence which is open to an able soldier. Colley, who was descended from the same Irish stock as the Duke of Wellington, joined the dépôt of the 2nd Queen's at Kinsale in 1852. He passed a brilliant examination as a cadet, and later, at the Staff College, achieved almost unique success. As a young subaltern in South Africa, he attracted the notice of Sir George Grey, and after the little Transkei Expedition he was employed as border magistrate on the Bashee river. Excessively ambitious and disappointed at missing the opportunities of the Crimean War and the Mutiny, he contemplated seeking an entry into the Prussian service where, as he said, "I believe every one is allowed a fair chance and, indeed, encouraged to show what he has in him."

Returning to his regiment, after a long absence, he took part in the China Expedition of 1860 and gained his first experience of war. A five years' staff appointment at Devonport gave ample opportunities for study, and in the autumn of 1870 Major Colley was brought to the notice of Lord Northbrook by Sir Thomas Dyke Acland as an officer well fitted to assist in the impending reorganization of the Army. "In an official paper of Colley's," writes Sir W. Butler, "I find the entire scheme of infantry organization, militia and reserve organization, recruiting, and appointment of officers laid down in clearest detail, almost precisely as those departments of army system stand to-day." The principles of the so-called Cardwell organization had, however, been previously proposed by another officer, and amidst much that was excellent the scheme contained objectionable features which justify the "growls of a still active discontent." Colley's experience and knowledge of the old regimental system was slight, and his German studies were not sufficiently qualified by an adequate appreciation of the special and peculiar military requirements of Great Britain. The brief Ashanti operations of 1874 turned mainly upon the question of transport, and

Colley's experience in handling African natives proved invaluable. The successful result of the expedition was largely due to his unflinching energy in managing the line of communications. Advancement and honours followed, and at the age of 38 he was "well on the road to the highest grades in his profession." An interesting political mission to Natal with Sir Garnet Wolseley brought him into contact with the Boers, and he significantly wrote that, in Pretoria,

"As in most of the Transvaal towns, the bulk of the population, and all the principal merchants are English, and looking forward to the country coming under English rule in some form or other."

The towns, however, did not really represent the popular feeling, and Colley in his report on the Transvaal failed, as did others, to fathom the character and the sentiments of the Boer farmers.

In 1876 Lord Lytton was sent to India to inaugurate a new policy, and selected Colley as his military secretary. The time was charged with important events, and the post "was fraught with issues and possibilities of greater consequence than had perhaps ever before been attached to it." Sir W. Butler sketches in outline the views of the conflicting schools with admirable impartiality; but Colley's opinions unfortunately cannot be given, and it is not possible to ascertain precisely the direction in which his great influence with the Viceroy was employed. He is said to have been one of those "whose views of desired extension did not reach beyond possession and command of the three principal passes . . . leading from India to Afghanistan." He accompanied Captain Sandeman's mission to Khelat, and played a personal part in securing the occupation of Quetta. After the first Afghan War, he opposed the retention of Kandahar; but, in regard to several of the burning questions of this period, his views cannot be deduced from the papers here published. When Cavagnari's party was massacred at Kabul, Colley was in South Africa for the fourth time, having been summoned from India to act as Chief of the Staff to Sir Garnet Wolseley. The Zulu War was over; but the Transvaal troubles were beginning, and Colley notes that Joubert "spoke well and earnestly; maintained his unchangeable opinion that the annexation was unjust and unnecessary," and frankly avowed his opposition. In November, 1879, Colley returned to India for a few months and was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief in Natal and the Transvaal shortly before the dissolution which overturned Lord Beaconsfield's Government. Sir W. Butler tells the story of the disastrous campaign which ended at Majuba Hill as it has never been told before. Colley had little or no experience in handling troops, and found himself in a position of great difficulty. It is easy to criticize the military operations; but no general in similar circumstances has shown a loftier spirit than Sir G. Colley. After the actions of Lang's Nek and the Ingogo, when unreflecting censure was rife, he seems to have been anxious only for the reputations of others. "I search in vain among these papers," writes Sir W. Butler, "for a single sentence of fault-finding, of censure upon subordinates, or of ungenerous language towards his enemies." This could not be said of many commanders to whom fortune has been kind. The book is exceedingly interesting throughout, and the author has succeeded in presenting a striking picture of a singularly attractive personality and of a notable career.

A Sailor's Life under Four Sovereigns. By Admiral the Hon. Sir Henry Keppel, G.C.B. 84 x 5 1/2 in., 340 + 339 + 350 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 30/- n.

The reading of the three volumes of autobiography which Admiral Keppel publishes under the name of a Sailor's Life leaves us with one regret. It is that the Admiral's memoirs were not prepared for the press by some such judicious friend as that Richard Sympson who edited the Travels of his cousin, Captain Lemuel Gulliver. Mr. Sympson, we remember, has told us in his brief preface to the reader, that "this volume would have been at least twice as large, if I had not made bold to strike out innumerable passages relating to" various matters not necessary to be recorded. These three volumes would have been about

half their size if they had passed under the supervision of some Richard Sympson. There is much of the kind of matter which was undoubtedly suppressed in the voyages of Captain Gulliver—as, for instance, "Off the Dogger Bank we caught a lot of cod-fish. On August 4 we came into Peggy's Hole, North Shields." Other passages have not even the excuse that they are "in the style of sailors." "I read," so the Admiral records, "that in the beginning of 1818 the following Whigs dined together in compliment to Mr. Coke, at Wyndham, near Quidenham." A string of names follows. In another place Admiral Keppel notes that an American Presbyterian service heard in China was not at all like the service of the Church of England; while there are "innumerable passages" like this:—"Having been invited by Sir Charles and Lady Mary Fox to dinner at Addison Road, sent to Greenwich for clothes. Wife dining with the Dalrymple's." It is also to be kept in mind that parts of these memoirs cover ground already occupied by the Admiral's published account of his services against the Malay pirates, when he was captain first of the Dido, and then of the Moander. In short, there is a great deal of "skip" in these three volumes.

Yet for the reader who has some understanding of the art of skipping, and who also has some interest in the history of the Navy, there is not a little which will be both new and interesting. Admiral Keppel is one of the very few survivors of the old service, and, unlike many veterans, he has a singularly vivid memory for those details of daily life, and even of dress, about which it is commonly so difficult to get information. When he left the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth, the old school founded early in the last century by the elder Byng, and joined the Tweed, the Navy was exactly what it had been under Rodney, Howe, and Nelson. His chief at the College, Captain Loring, was a veteran of the war time who had made himself famous by suppressing a desperate mutiny in the Syren frigate in the West Indies. She had come out from Bantry Bay "in a thoroughly demoralized and mutinous state," being, no doubt, full of United Irishmen pressed into the Fleet. They laid a characteristic plot "to secure their new captain and officers, and join the pirates, who were then to be found in most parts of the West Indies," but were fairly beaten by the resolution of Loring. In Admiral Keppel's first years of service he had among his messmates some less fortunate survivors of the great war. These were the

Masters' mates whom the Admiralty did not promote, but gave them the option of serving on. The duties of these elderly gentlemen were mostly nominal; they were styled mates of the hold, of stores, &c. They seldom appeared on deck except on Sundays, when they took their week's exercise. Their uniform was a blue coat in shape like our now plain evening dress, anchor buttons, and a small white cord edging, white pantaloons, Hessian boots, cocked hat, and sword.

Details of this kind may not attract many readers; but they do give glimpses of the old vanished life of the Navy. Others there are of a grimmer kind, as when the Admiral records that he attended a Court-martial in 1826. It was on the captain of the Ariadne. He was tried for having purchased a slave negress at Zanzibar and taken her to sea. "She mysteriously disappeared off the coast of Africa." He was dismissed the service. This officer appears to have executed the scheme of the wicked captain in Shadwell's "Fair Quaker of Deal," who plotted to abduct a young lady, reflecting that he could always throw her overboard if he was tired of her, and say she destroyed herself "in a calenture."

We need hardly add that there is a great deal more in "A Sailor's Life" than these reminiscences of the Old World, yet it is, perhaps, they which give its chief value to the book. The Admiral's later services are recorded elsewhere by himself, and others, and the newer times are familiar enough. And there is this to be said, that his memoirs do thoroughly deserve to be called "a sailor's life." Even in their most pillar-to-post and jolty passages they do convey by many and unconscious touches a picture of the type called "sailor" as he was seen, studied, and adapted to the stage by T. P. Cooke—who, by the way, was one of Admiral Keppel's acquaintances.

A Boy in the Peninsular War. The Services, Adventures, and Experiences of Robert Blakeney, 28th Regiment. Ed. by Julian Sturgis. 9x6in., 300 pp. London, 1898.

Murray. 16/-

Memoirs of the days of the Peninsular War are not too common, and Mr. Sturgis has done good service in giving to the public this fascinating "autobiography." Robert Blakeney joined the 28th Regiment from his Galway home in 1804 at the age of fifteen, and in the next ten years saw enough campaigning for a lifetime. In 1828 he left the army, married a Venetian lady, and settled down to a peaceful career in the beautiful Ionian islands where he wrote the story of his fighting days. His experiences of war were rich and various. The inglorious attack on Copenhagen in 1807, the disastrous retreat under Sir John Moore ending with the wonderful battle of Corunna, Tarifa, and the too-little remembered action of Barossa, Moya, Molinos, and the terrific storming of Badajos, the Pyrenees, and the Nivelle—such were the scenes in which the young Irishman played a gallant part. From such sources as these reminiscences Lever drew his inspiration. The original of Charles O'Malley must have been another Robert Blakeney. The charm of the book lies in its simple, boyish style, in the little bursts of enthusiasm for some military hero, and in the "natural gaiety of heart" which rose superior to hardships.

War to Blakeney was a game serious and engrossing, plunging at times into tragedy, but brightened by amusing interludes, and by good comradeship. The vivid account of the retreat to Corunna recalls the reminiscences of "Riflemen Harris," and shows how the shaken discipline was restored so that the sorely pressed troops were able to inflict a heavy defeat upon their pursuers. There is not in history a finer instance of the reassertion of full fighting power by an army occupying a bad position and numerically far inferior to the enemy before whose advance it had been compelled to undertake a demoralizing retreat. The memoirs contain a stirring account of General Graham's brief Andalusian campaign in which La Peña and his Spaniards signally failed to distinguish themselves. The 28th Regiment suffered very severely at Barossa, and Blakeney tells a charming story of a young drummer who, at a critical moment when it was necessary to collect a few men to capture a howitzer, "said that were he not afraid of being obliged to pay for his drum, he also would take a musket." As is justly remarked, it was natural that the boy should be willing to join in the excitement of a charge, "but that he should stand calmly calculating the price of a drum when hundreds of balls were passing close to his body is scarcely credible." After witnessing the horrors of Badajos, and returning for a short time to England, Blakeney joined the 36th Regiment and fought through the campaign in the Pyrenees, ultimately receiving a severe wound in the attack of a redoubt above the Nivelle. This ended his war experiences; but he had later adventures, and there is an interesting account of the grand review of the allied armies in Paris after Waterloo.

These were not the days of Victoria Crosses and newspaper correspondents. Blakeney had frequently distinguished himself by acts of gallantry which he treats as ordinary incidents; but although he received from the Horse Guards the promise of a brevet majority as soon as "a favourable opportunity offered," he remained a captain after 24 years' service. Disappointment pressed heavily upon him. A pension for the loss of an eye was granted and revoked; but the hardest fate of all was to be ordered at Mullingar "to fall in with a squad of young officers" to re-learn the goose step under the tuition of a sergeant "armed with a colossal pair of widely yawning compasses." This, after hard fighting over half Spain and carrying a musket ball in the leg for fourteen years, proved the last straw, and Blakeney determined to retire. The old order was changing; the heroes of the Peninsula were quickly forgotten, and "a crowd of Green Park martinets rushed into the service, who, looking upon every distinction gained by others as a reflection on themselves," began to tamper with old customs. This, like many another bright and promising military career, ended prematurely and with a sense of ingratitude. The memoirs are throughout

delightfully fresh and vivid, while one great lesson is deeply graven upon their pages. The British Army owes its real glories to the old regimental *esprit de corps* which inspired officers and men, which made a British battalion the most formidable of fighting units, and which modern reformers have frequently chosen to ignore.

AN AMATEUR HERALD.

The Right to Bear Arms. By "X" of the *Saturday Review*. 8x5½in., xvi.+183 pp. London, 1899.

Elliot Stock. 6/-

The anonymous author of this sprightly little volume is one of those useful critics who have, within the last eight or ten years, done much to draw the attention of the general public—whose interest in the matter has been considerably quickened by the "Book Plate" collecting craze, genealogical and antiquarian societies, and other kindred means—to the principles which underlie the whole question of Armorial Bearings, and their use and abuse, in the present day.

Hitherto it has been nearly impossible for even the interested amateur in heraldic or genealogical matters to obtain a plain and detailed statement of what constitutes the right to bear Arms, how it comes that such a right can be substantiated, and by what means the authority for dealing with such matters comes into the hands of the officials of the Colleges or Offices of Arms of the three Kingdoms. By the publication of this treatise these difficulties have been swept away. In the plainest possible language, at each step appealing to original documents, which are usually quoted in full—both Latin and English being given when a translation is necessary—the writer demonstrates that the right to bear Arms can be derived only from the Crown; that the Crown has directly delegated the exercise of much of its powers in these matters to various officials in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin; and that none but these officials can or do legally exercise any authority in the matter of Armorial Bearings or heraldic honours; and that, furthermore, such authority is exercised within strictly defined limits, which the Sovereign alone can override. These facts cited cannot be gainsaid, and most of the ever-recurring trouble as to such matters has its root in ignorance of them. Few people are so constituted as to derive pleasure from the use and display of badges of honour, to which they know they cannot show a title; but many are content to accept what has been done by their parents as being unquestionably correct. Thus through carelessness or indolence, a fictitious claim to Armorial Bearings becomes, in many families, a sort of family tradition, to be fought for as strenuously as if the honour claimed had a regular and legal origin. Some of the so-called "heraldic stationers" or "heraldic offices" are much to blame in producing the state of affairs which, in "X's" eyes, calls for such a work as this. The temptation to mix up the office and work of a herald or King of Arms with the office and work of a herald painter or engraver is evidently a strong one, and until the law steps in to enforce the difference—which it is not, probably, likely to do—the unscrupulous "heraldic offices" will continue to do a more or less flourishing trade in "finding" Arms and Crests for all sorts of people who have no genuine claim to Armorial insignia. But, with this trade "X's" little work will certainly interfere; and even those who—as the old phrase runs—are "in contempt" of heraldry in every shape and form cannot but agree that this is as it should be.

"X" disclaims all official recognition or authority, but in spite of this—or, perhaps, because of this—he has certainly managed to discover and array a very formidable series of documents on which to base his conclusions. The Record Office yields some of its most interesting treasures. A grant of a crest by Richard II., and the celebrated "Agincourt Grant" of Henry V. are set out in full; as well as the "Flodden Augmentation," and the Letters Patent of Charles II., by which respectively the Howard descendants of the victor of Flodden bear the mutilated shield of Scotland on their own Arms, and the Duke of Norfolk inherits the right to the office of Earl Marshal of England. Each successive Duke is also personally invested with

this right by the Sovereign who, on his succession, hands to each Earl Marshal the baton or staff, which is the outward symbol of his office—a circumstance which has escaped our author's notice. The formalities of a heralds' "visitation" are also described, and illustrated by transcripts of the various documents incidental to these inquisitorial progresses, and the volume concludes with a brief recapitulation of the powers and privileges of the Scottish and Irish Offices of Arms. "The Right to Bear Arms" is certainly a book to be read and studied. It is briskly written and, in spite of its subject-matter, nowhere dull, while the facts and conclusions dealt with and arrived at are marshalled with skill and, in places, even with brilliancy. "X" has done much to unveil the truth as to matters Armorial, and will receive the thanks of all who genuinely care about these and kindred matters.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Now that the "new humour" has become *passé* there is a cry for a new humourist. The latest attempt to fill this long-felt want comes from America, where the advent of "Mr. Dooley" in the Chicago papers has been welcomed far and wide. We understand that MR. DOOLEY IN PEACE AND WAR (Grant Richards, 2s.) is written by Mr. F. P. Dumme, the editor of the Chicago Journal. Coming freshly week by week, these papers, giving in quaint fashion the point of view of an acute observer who poses for the occasion as an Irish-American saloon keeper, must certainly have been extremely entertaining. But, transplanted to our shores, and ceasing, by the hurried flight of time, to be intensely topical, we doubt if these papers will obtain a very wide vogue in England.

Martin Dooley is described by the author as "a doctor of philosophy" who lives in Archey-road "fornish th' gashouse and beyant Healey's slough, and not far from the polis station." To illustrate his manner let us listen to him in the article, "On our Cuban Allies."

Gin'ral Shafter [says Mr. Dooley, who is nothing if not personal] is a big, coorse two-fisted man fr'm Mitchigan, an' whin he see Gin'ral Garshy an' his twenty-five gallant followers, "Fr-ront," says he. "This way," he says, "step lively," he says, "an' move some iv these things," he says. "Sir," says Gin'ral Garshy, "d'ye take me f'r a dl ray?" he says. "I'm a sojer," he says, "not a baggage car," he says. "I'm a Cuban patbrite, an' I'd lay down me life an' the lives iv ivry wan iv th' eighteen brave men iv me devoted ar-rmy," he says "but I'll be dam'd if I carry a thrunk," he says. "I'll fight whiniver 'tis cool," he says, "an' they ain't wan iv these twelve men here that wudden't follow me to hell if they were awake at th' time," he says, "but," he says, "if t'was wurrk we were lookin' f'r, we cud have found it long ago," he says. "They se a lot iv it in this counthrey that nobody's usin'," he says. "What we want," he says "is freedom," he says, "an' if ye think we have been in th' woods dodgin' th' savage corrypondint f'r two year," he says, "f'r the sake iv r-rushin' yer laundbry home," he says, "'tis no wondher," he says, "that th' r-roads fr'm Marinette to Kalamazoo is paved with goold bricks bought be th' people iv ye'er native state," he says.

And so on in a vein of humour that, although fleeting, is very real. "On Diplomacy," "On War Preparations," on "A Letter from the Front," Mr. Dooley is very funny, and he deals out many a home truth such as can only come from the observer who stays at home. In the pages devoted to the affairs of peace Mr. Dooley expresses himself on every kind of subject, from the Currency Question to Golf, in a style that will make many readers laugh and an unsympathetic minority yawn.

One clearly has no right to express dissatisfaction with a book because its author has not achieved a result at which he was not aiming. Yet in reviewing Mr. Salisbury's translation of Dr. Karl Dändliker's *SHORT HISTORY OF SWITZERLAND* (Swan Sonnenschein, 7s. 6d.) one is faced by a difficulty. The public to which Dr. Dändliker was addressing himself hardly exists out of Switzerland. He wrote for schools, and his book has all the qualities and all the defects of a school book. It is complete,

accurate, well arranged. It contains synoptical and chronological tables, sub-headings in black type, and other aids to memory useful to those who are preparing themselves for examinations. It is a book to "get up" laboriously, section by section, in readiness for such emergencies. In England, however, the emergency of having to pass an examination in Swiss history is one which a practical man is justified in neglecting; and what is wanted here is a history of Switzerland so written that we could read it for our pleasure, as we read our Gibbon, our Motley, and our Macaulay. It would be a difficult book to write. The constant shuffling of the Cantons introduces complications which impose a terrible strain upon the memory; to remember them all would be almost as trying as to remember the tabulated results of a month's play at Monte Carlo. Yet a master of the art, allowing himself space to turn round in, would find plenty of picturesque material to manipulate, and might produce a volume as fascinating as the "Rise and Fall of the Dutch Republic."

This element of the picturesque is what one misses from the beginning to the end of Dr. Dändliker's books. He has crowded his pages with facts and names and dates, but he has drawn no impressive picture of any striking scene, and no lifelike portrait of any historical character. He proves at great length—and very properly—that there was no such person as William Tell. But he makes nothing of Calvin—though there was a great chance here; the inimitable Scheuchzer, who proved that there were dragons in the Alps, is only a name to him; he notes Konrad Gessner as a naturalist, but does not mention that he invented mountaineering in the sixteenth century; de Saussure is dismissed in a line; the name of Escher von der Linth only occurs in connexion with his canal and there is no word of his connexion with *Alpina*, that interesting pioneer among Alpine journals which flourished at the time of the Napoleonic wars. "The lofty peaks of the Alps were scaled, measured, and described" is the only sentence that takes notice of the extensive mountain explorations that began in the middle of the eighteenth century and occupied the energies of the best men of science of the period; Fatio de Duillier, Altmann, Gruner, Jean André de Luc, and Bourrit are not so much as named. From the point of view of students whose only ambition is to satisfy examiners, the omissions may be of no particular consequence—though, of course, we cannot be sure of that without having the papers in front of us; but the enumeration of them shows that, from the point of view of the general reader, Dr. Dändliker's history of Switzerland leaves a great deal to be desired. For the purposes of such a reader, the history of Switzerland still remains to be written.

Of the many people who are interested in Blue-books comparatively few have the time to read them, the money to buy them, or the space in which to store them. To such, the *POLITICIAN'S HAND-BOOK* (Vacher, 6s.) will be eminently useful. It is a digest of the year's diplomatic correspondence, Parliamentary papers, treaties, consular reports, and other official documents "arranged alphabetically and, where possible, grouped under a general heading." Consultation is facilitated by a sufficiency of cross references, such as "Fashoda: see Egypt Valley of the Nile," "Flash Point: see Petroleum (Select Committee)," and "Usury (Committee on): see Money Lending." The compiler is Mr. H. Whates.

There may be a few people who wish to read about the water supply of the metropolis for their pleasure; there certainly are a good many who require to read about it for their instruction. Both classes of students will find their wants provided for in *THE LONDON WATER SUPPLY* (Longmans, 6s.), by Mr. Arthur Shadwell—a book full of facts lucidly and attractively presented. The earlier chapters relate the history of the water companies from the year 1682 when Peter Morrys, the Dutchman, "obtained permission from the Corporation to pump water from the Thames into the City by means of water-wheels placed in the first arch of London Bridge and driven by the Tide." The later chapters discuss the questions at issue between companies and ratepayers (county councils intervening). On the whole, Mr. Shadwell seems to hold a brief for the companies, though his admiration for them is very properly tempered by his solicitude for the public health. His book is a valuable compendium of information on the subject of which it treats.

Miss Beatrix F. Cresswell's *DARTMOOR AND ITS SURROUNDINGS* (Beechings, 6d.) is a notable little guide-book. It contains a good deal more than sixpennyworth of useful information, pleasantly put, with a great number of photographs and a large and lucid map, and is, in fact, a perfect marvel of cheapness.

THE MONK.

I, Stephen Garth, of Orne,
Though bred of fighting folk,
By craven priests was sworn
To bear the monkish yoke.

God built me straight and true,
Lithe sinew and strong limb;
I strive to draw and hew,
And toil my toil for Him;

To labour and to pray,—
Though heart and spirit bleed,
Held bound from day to day
With chain of craft and creed.

At cease of evensong
I pace the chancel's gloom,
And pause, where shadows throng
About my kinsmen's tomb.

Beneath the carven stone,
Rest warrior sire and son:
Death gathered in his own
Through siege and sally won.

I, last of all their name,
The heir of all their might,
Must still the lust of fame
And quench the fire of fight.

The man within me cries—
"Wrench thou thy bonds apart!
In sudden strength arise
And free thy bursting heart.

"Who fight with tongue and pen
Know not the end of strife:
Go! take thy place with men,
And grasp the sword of life.

"Without thy cloister wall,
The nations rise and reel;
And empires tower and fall
Beneath the stroke of steel.

"Without thy prison bars
The tide of battle rolls,
And flings to burning stars
The red unshriven souls.

"Better to live and strive
About the sounding world,
Than tread thy tomb alive—
Thy father's banner furled.

"Better in sudden fray
To yield the panting breath,
That falter day by day
Before the siege of death.

"God built thee straight and true,
Lithe sinew and strong limb;
Go! win thy life anew,
And wield thy sword for Him!"

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

Among my Books.

POETRY.

"Among my books" I count, I think, my poets highest. Not that they are the oftenest consulted, or that this their high appraisal lowers the value of their lesser rivals. Row upon row I have of philosophies,

sciences, histories—dictionaries of facts, by which to spell out the book of fate. But these are my arms, weapons with which to fight my way through life. When I can doff my armour, when the Quadi are defeated or the Marcomanni destroyed, like the immortal Emperor, I can retire to my tent and commune with myself or hold high converse with the mighty dead.

And of poetry there is for this high appraisal high precedent. Few will feel disinclined to agree with Matthew Arnold: "In poetry . . . our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay"; or with Wordsworth, who saw in poetry "the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science." Are these the *ex parte* statements of poets, and are less interested witnesses desired? They are in court. "Poetry is more philosophical than history," said Aristotle, the analyst; and Schopenhauer, the philosopher, agrees with him. "Historic unity," says Hegel, "is something less profound than the philosophic or the poetic." "L'idée est plus réelle que le fait," avers the thoughtful Amiel, more critic and philosopher than poet.

Why?

Is it not because the poets, too, used these philosophies, sciences, histories as dictionaries for the book of fate, as weapons for the fight of life, then—summed up the results of the lesson and the struggle? It is the results that we seek. How they fought, what they fought, with what armour they were indued, what turned the day in their favour—all the great poets we take to be victors—this is what we like to know. And the poet tells us; for he, of all men, opens his heart to us—his heart, and, accordingly, all hearts, for there is in each man something of all men—in the great man, much. No other writer opens his heart to us. The historian narrates; the philosopher evolves; the man of science investigates. The poet "sees into the life of things"—himself among the rest.

This introspectiveness differentiates the poet. But there is another thing which also differentiates him—spontaneity. He is constrained to speak. An inward force impels him. He is *εἰθεός*, the "God-intoxicated" one; and, to raise the hackneyed phrase to a higher plane, when he is under this Divine influence he utters truth, *ἔκφρων* though he be. And may we not query whether there is not hidden here some sort of mystic answer to the question, now so vexed, as to the morality or immorality of certain tendencies of so-called art—namely, that only that is true art which is the outcome of a "frenzy" that is "fine," an afflatus that is Divine, an *ἐκφροσύνη* that is essentially *εἰθεός*?

But the poet does more than see into the life of things. He creates. He is the *ποιήτης*, the maker. It is this which supereminently differentiates him from the historian, the philosopher, the man of science. These record; he fashions. He knows all science, all philosophy, all history, and from these he makes a new synthesis. He is above and beyond them all. They are of the earth, earthy. He rises to "those eternal regions where the owl-winged faculty of calculation dares not ever soar"; he

"breathes in worlds to which the heaven of heavens is but a veil."

And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts.

What science will explore that presence; what philosophy probe that perturbation; what history evaluate that attitude?

I kiss your cheek.
Catch your soul's warmth. I pluck the rose
And love it more than tongue can speak.

What science will explain this? Poetry has at least done its best to write out feebly, and it may be vainly, the score of that "still sad music of humanity"; science can only count the number of vibrations per second.

What proves to us the existence of beauty, harmony, sympathy, friendship, love? Not reason, or intellect, or ratiocination, or research; but, surely, imagination, emotion, feeling, faith. We do not love, or worship, or admire, or sacrifice by means of science or philosophy; these are the functions of poetry, religion, art; and poetry, religion, art are forms of imagination, emotion, feeling, faith.

The essence of the poet's fashioning is form. The most mysterious truth in this tide of mystery is that the most stable thing in this fleeting phantasmagoria is form—the most evanescent, the most subtle, the most delicate, the most intangible, the thing furthest removed from what goes by the name of solid fact. Of the wrecks and shards of the ancient world, what has come down to us? That only which possessed perfection of form—epics, torsos, friezes, lyrics, dramas—the works of artists, of those who gave form to matter and fact, beautiful form and therefore permanent form. It is form that lives. The old adage should be altered: it is form that is great and will prevail.

For only by Eye-gate and Ear-gate is the city of Mansoul to be assailed. It is impregnable save by these portals. Fast immured on this whirling world, speeding through space we know not whither, sits each of us poor human folk; bound to this petty planet, yet conceiving things whereof eye hath not seen nor ear heard. We live, each, in solitary confinement; crouching in lonely gloom, yet dreaming an "incommunicable dream." Soul gropes after soul—in vain. No human being ever got at the inmost soul of another, were that other the spouse upon his breast, the child upon his knee. But, let come there one who knows how subtly to enter, to conquer, to release, to console: who knows how to whisper his dream; him we worship, him we love. And he is the poet.

The mind of man is peopled [writes the latest and most delightful descender on Style] like some silent city, with a sleeping company of reminiscences, associations, impressions, attitudes, emotions, to be awakened into fierce activity at the touch of words. By one way or other, with a fanfaronnade of marching trumpets, or stealthily, by noiseless passages and dark posterns, the troop of suggesters enters the citadel to do its work within. The procession of beautiful sounds that is a poem passes in through the main gate, and forthwith the by-ways resound to the hurry of ghostly feet, until the small company of adventurers is hell-nigh lost and overwhelmed in that throng of insurgent spirits.

Most often, however, these insurgent spirits make friends with the suggesters. It is as if mankind warred against some common, unseen, unknown, and spectral foe, yet found no way to league against it. Huge and ghostly forces hedge us round, cloud our view, damp our hope, scatter pain and anguish, poignant grief and lasting sorrow, like hail-stones from the seeming beneficent blue. A propinquitous and sympathetic brother-in-arms is a welcome ally indeed. To him we listen, if so be he has aught to tell. Well, to communicate aught, recourse must be had to form. Therefore it is that form is all in all.

And necessarily and naturally. We know of things only through their appearances. No thing-in-itself can ever be known to us. Truth cannot exist until it is enunciated. Inchoate idea is not communicable till, in a phrase of Amiel's, it is *épaissi*, "coarsened" into speech.

And, deeper mystery among mysteries, only if the coarsening be beautiful does it last. Who shall resolve that riddle?

Why is it that "the eternal idea of beauty has haunted the human race," as Hegel held? It is vain to ask. True, a tree blooms, brings forth its fairest flowers to produce seed. But why, for what ultimate purpose, should it at all live, produce, propagate? What, of all life, is the ultimate goal? When we can answer that, we shall be able to say why man seeks beauty and truth; why he evolves; why he develops; why he aspires; what made him emerge from the ape; what makes him love, marry, fight for hearth and home, form communities, make laws, and try, poor soul, to abide by them.

And of form in this sense neither science nor philosophy nor history knows anything. Science may investigate the ends of the earth and give us in a single generalization the key to the universe; we put it in our mental pocket and forget how it was fashioned. Philosophy may unravel the meshwork of thought, and cut by a creed the riddle of existence; we learn the trick and do not recollect how it was arrived at. History may ransack the course of emergent nations and hit upon a clue to human progress; we peruse the ingenious inquiry and neglect to apply the rule. The poet—the poet soars above things and thoughts and men, surveys them, views them *sub specie æternitatis*. Philosophy and history and science deal with the finite and the relative. Poetry is unconfined, illimitable. She concerns not herself with thoughts or things or men. She deals with Man: plumbs the depth of his passion, ascends to the height of his aspiration, weighs his weal and his woe. It is not her mission to investigate phenomena or concoct theory. Her mission . . .

But here I find myself stopped. Who has defined poetry? No one. The poets themselves, as was to have been presumed, have failed us here. Of what avail is Matthew Arnold's "criticism of life"? or Wordsworth's to—

arouse the sensual from their sleep
Of Death, and win the vacant and the vain
To noble raptures?

or Shelley's "to familiarize the highly refined imagination . . . with beautiful idealisms of moral excellence"? These take us but little on our way. Better almost is William Watson's simple acquiescence in ignorance:

I follow Beauty, of her train am I.

He who would determine the mission of poetry must first determine the mission of man, of man sitting here on this speck in space, dreaming the incommunicable dream.

What if the mission of poetry be—the attempt to communicate that dream, to believe in it, to prove it true!

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

Toronto.

LOVE IN THE LIBRARY.

[A BROWN STUDY.]

The Man of Books sat alone in his study. A literary litter lay around him. But one other chair besides that on which he sat was unburdened with it, and that was pushed in a corner as if, its recent work being suspended, its emptiness was now a reproach against it. The Man of Books was uneasy, and on his knee lay a neglected volume. He glanced up at a row of books above the empty chair, and it seemed to him as if a well-known form was again there, for was there not something golden and glinting just by where her hair would have been? It was so, indeed, yet the golden thing was but the gilding on an old book's back, as he acknowledged to himself presently when the letters became clear to his searching eyes and he read the words, "Hypnetoromachia di Polifilio." It was the famous dream of love.

"Bah!" was the exclamation of the Bookworm, and the echo had a metallic ring in the corners of the room.

His eyes wandered to the table, where two books lay open, as if they had been placed there in the owner's moody restlessness. By a curious chance the two volumes were a little vellum volume of Michael de Montaigne and the "Confessions of Jean-Jacques."

What brought them there? he wondered grumpily. Then it seemed to him that the pages of one of the volumes moved rustlingly, bearing the while a look of greater intelligence than mere paper and pasteboard usually do. What was it gave the inanimate leaves this curious appearance, or was it but fancy? But before the Book-lover could answer himself the little volume was again as still as dead sheepskin should be.

But who shall limit the mute sympathy which a man may awaken among those truest of friends on his library shelves? The Bookworm was thinking, and he continued aloud, as if to the rows of tomes that lined the walls.

"Why should I not follow their examples," he said, "and make a confidant of blessed paper? Yet do I not wish, like Montaigne or Rousseau, to impart all my griefs and joys to the vulgar world; and if I speak only to printed paper it will not give away my secrets. It will take no more impressions.

"When she was here—"

A guttural sound of "Ugh!"—or as who should say "Who?"—was distinctly heard from among a row of fat duodecimos. The Bookworm suspected Aristophanes or one of the German metaphysicians, but the question, if such it was, was absurd, and, as silence followed, he continued his strain:—

"When she was here! Ah, I tell you, best of friends and most lovable of comrades, you are nothing without her. You—"

Crack! Something split somewhere in one of the rows of volumes. Apparently the air was very dry to-night, and the Bookworm thought with regret of some damage, perhaps, to an early Elzevir. He proceeded, however, with more confidence now, for he was warned to his subject.

"Ah, yes; I say it to your faces. How feeble and futile is, after all, the hold which books have upon the heart compared

with that of a woman's love. Great as ye are, ministers of wisdom, ye are but dead and dark things. She was life and light personified. Ye need the key of knowledge often to solve your enigmas. She was clear as a day in June. Ye are dumb until the eyes search your hidden meanings. In her every movement was music—though it is true that the eyes followed her as the fount of their refreshment. Great as are the things ye have taught me, I have learned more wisdom from her innocent babble than from reams of scriptures, and more love from her bright eyes than from centuries of sonnets and canzonets. And, as I watched her deft arms and fingers among the pots and pannikins, the line of grace and beauty became to me a thing revealed and manifest. Only such matters as lie between your two covers, each of you, do ye know; and of the world beyond that pool ye are innocent as the babe unweaned. But as to that fair and open book, her soul, albeit I had read so oft in it, yet was it still full of uncut pages, into whose virgin sweetness and fair illustrations I had not yet dipped. She was a very *Mirror for Majestie*, a *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, upon whose fair and broad margins no stain had come. Then what a binding! Her every act was an Emblem of sweetness. She was Beatrice and Heloise in one. Never was book written that could compare with her!

"Still it must be confessed that she was not loving or patient of a library, and sometimes in the matter of you, my treasures, she was somewhat of a trial to me. She did not appreciate, nor even understand, what was within you—her admiration was, as a rule, restricted to those of you who had pretty covers, especially if they looked new. She was never stirred by my favourite poets, and she never dallied with the most exquisite of the essayists. I believe that Marlowe's mighty line was as indifferent to her as Tupper; she knew no difference between Lamb and Epictetus, Jonson and the Jansenists, Horace and Augustine. Petrarca might sing his sweetest, and Walton chat his pleasantest, and still she was capable of going on, like Werther's Charlotte, cutting bread and butter. The Passionate Pilgrim was no more a matter of enthusiasm to her than Little Bo-Peep. At the sight of one of Grolier's superb bindings she has exclaimed that it would make a fine 'stuff' for some base use or other; while she has taken up that treasure, the 'De Veritate,' gingerly between forefinger and thumb and, sniffing at it from afar off, has commented on its 'mustiness.'

"Nay, I verily believe that had I suddenly sprung upon her the information that I had found in an old binding half the lost Alexandrian library, or had unearthed an example of pre-Noachian copper-plate, she would not have met me with laughing incredulity, she would not have sustained the too sudden shock naturally attending so mighty a revelation; it would have made no difference to her, and she would have continued discussing to herself—for I believe she never did anything else—her laces and frills. Ever subordinating folios to frocks and fripperies, Stottards to stockings, first editions to fancy embroideries, catalogues to cates, plates to puddings! No; she was no *bas bleu*, Babette.

"Even in my own modest ventures up the steep hillside of poesy or on the wide campaign of prose—I speak in this august presence with, I hope, becoming modesty"—and here the speaker bowed his head, half fearing some demonstration; but the books only listened attentively, with an occasional rustle like that of a lady's dress; and so he looked up and continued—"in my own small efforts she showed no more absorbed interest. She wondered why I wasted so much paper; she deemed it a weariness of the flesh to keep on building up in a commonwealth that was already so overcrowded; she thought with commiseration and almost with impatience, as of a self-inflicted fever, of my traffickings with those grim people, editors and publishers, at the mere mention of whose names her dimpled mouth pouted.

"Yet was she often enough my only reader, and upon her I would watch the effect of my productions (even as Molière did with his housekeeper) in an endeavour to learn—as do seldom we do—whether that which I had attempted I had achieved. As thus—if the smile that never left her face (and now never leaves

my heart) grew a trifle more pronounced than was its wont, then should I know that I had made some point in humour for which I had striven ; if, on the other hand, I noticed her look down her nose and blink twice or thrice, then it was evident to me that some pathetic passage 'told.' It was on account of this sensitiveness of hers to the slightest impression that I never revealed to her my more powerful writings—"

Here it seemed as if the room shook a little ; but the Man of Books continued ;—

"—fearing that they would have too great an effect upon her. Ah ! I may have been altogether mistaken.

"At other times, however, as I have hinted, all was lost upon her, and she would ask me to explain—and what more dreary task than dissecting one's witticism ? Or she would say that she 'must not waste any more time'—forsooth—or 'would it not do on another occasion' ; but the smile that accompanied such remarks disarmed resentment. Ah, if she were here now !"

Thus again the solitary man, as he glanced at the rows of books, that now seemed almost alive. Then he heard plainly a harsh, cracked voice, a trifle smothered :—

"To love her was a liberal education—like loving Prue."

It was the "Tatler" speaking ; but this, which on another occasion would have delighted, now served merely to irritate him, and he said, "Bother Prue !"

Whereat there was a half suppressed giggle from a row of modern yellow-backs on a top shelf—mostly novels by authors with pseudonyms, that had once been the flippant companions of days and nights of travelling, and were there now only on sufferance. He looked at the shelf reprovingly, but straightway another remark followed—

"She is better with the angels," said the first volume of Adelaide Ann Proctor.

This was very much like a reflection, and he contradicted it ; "She is not with the angels."

"Then has some other man — ?" broke in an elderly, modern voice, but was immediately cut short. The voice issued from a shelf where lay a set of Thackeray in an *édition de luxe*, and it occurred to the Man of Books that the great novelist, whom some accuse of "being hard" on women, was uttering some cynicism.

The speech that interrupted this remark was declaimed in a quaint, old-fashioned style. It came from Ann Radcliffe, and was, "Hath some villain then bewrayed her ?"

There was another titter from the modern novel shelf, above which was heard a Scotch voice muttering :—

"He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O !"

This was too much, and the Man of Books was about to jump up when another remark reached him in very old crabbed speech :—

"Peradventure patience then were better, for assuredly will she come back."

It came from an ancient dusty, parchment-covered pamphlet entitled "Ye Goode Manne hys Comforte."

He reached down the work, and as he did so the volume that was on his knees fell to the floor with a thud. It was the "Vita Nuova."

Hastily rubbing his eyes, and looking around with reassurance at the grave and silent books, the dreamer dusted his pamphlet and sat down to read it.

FRANKFORT SOMMERVILLE.

Notes.

In the fifth of his series of lectures on "Law in Taste," in which the Oxford Professor of Poetry endeavours to lay down rules which may help us to recognize good English poetry, he proceeds partly by negatives. For instance, it is wrong to conclude that "If a poem is popular it must necessarily contain the element of the universal." Nor, on the other hand, is it permissible to insist that "singularity in expression is an indication of that

character which is the sign of genius." Singularity of expression may, of course, be accidentally associated with genius, as it was with the genius of Robert Browning. But it can not be the differentia ; or we should be obliged to find genius in Ossian and Festus no less than in the obscurities of Mr. Meredith.

Professor Courthope bases his standard on the complexity of the factors which make up our national character and on the interaction of the principles of Catholicism, the Reformation, and the Renaissance. He measures a given poem "in its relation to English poetry as a whole," and considers whether it leaves us the impression that "if Chaucer, or Shakespeare, or Milton, or Tennyson had been dealing with the same subject, they would have conceived it in the same spirit and with the same broad view of the hereditary conflict between the principles of ideal thought." It is probably (in spite of its vagueness) as good a rule as we could have. It is, in fact, an analysis of the methods which the best critics always do, however unconsciously, adopt. But the idiosyncrasies of the individual temperament will always prevent a rigid application of it. As Carlyle has pointed out, the first feeling aroused by the contemplation of a work of genius is more often one of repugnance than of pleasure. We have to get used to it before we can judge it truly, and then we judge it truly by instinct, only referring to the canons to prove that instinct has guided us aright. But the critic of a new work, having to make up his mind in a hurry, easily falls into the mistakes which afterwards become a byword. One suggestive corollary, by the way, from the Professor's dictum is that a work which does not contain complex elements—which is, for instance, purely pagan, or purely devotional—cannot be ranked as a classic.

The interest in Mr. Rudyard Kipling's works in France has been very noticeable of late. M. Henry Davray's edition of his first Jungle Book, translated by M. Louis Fabulet and Le Vicomte Robert d'Humières, has been received by French critics with something like enthusiasm and has had a considerable sale. The same translators are at work on a version of the second Jungle Book, which is to be published serially in the *Revue de Paris*, and afterwards in book form by the *Mercure de France*. We refer elsewhere to M. André Chevrillon's study of Kipling's works. Translations of other contemporary English books are also giving rise to considerable comment in Paris, notably that of Mr. Wells' "Time Machine." The scientific possibility of such a machine was discussed at length in the February issue of the *Mercure de France*.

The Newspaper Society's *Monthly Circular* for March contains an interesting discussion of the subject of copyright in news. News, it is pointed out, is protected in New Zealand and in Western Australia ; and it might have been added that, as we lately mentioned, the attempt is now being made to protect news in Ceylon. What means are feasible for giving it adequate protection in England ? The suggestion offered by the *Circular* is that the subject should be treated quite apart from the question of copyright, and that news should simply be brought "within the common law which prevents any person from unfairly appropriating to his own use that which is the property of another." Against this proposal the principles of abstract justice have nothing to say ; but in practice it would probably lead to a good deal of unprofitable litigation. In a country like England, with its numerous concurrent organizations for the dissemination of news, the difficulty of deciding whether a given person, at a given moment, had or had not exclusive property in a particular statement of fact would generally be enormous, and would often be insuperable.

We have spoken before of the unfair advantage which papers which are registered as newspapers have over papers not so registered, in the matter of postal rates. A pamphlet on "Unjust Postal Rates Affecting Periodicals," reprinted from the *People's Friend*, of Dundee, illustrates the grievance by some rather striking figures :—

The weight of, say, 18,000 copies of the *Friend* is almost

exactly one ton, and to send these copies by post even in Britain would require £37 10s. Taking one of the sixpenny weeklies as a standard of comparison, the weight of 18,000 copies of an ordinary issue, considering each copy only 18 ounces, is nine tons, and this goes through the post in Britain also for £37 10s. or at the rate of £4 3s. 4d. a ton. Thus the poor man is charged for postage £37 10s. for carrying one ton, whereas the rich man gets nine tons carried for the same money.

Without going so far as to accuse anybody of the crime of setting class against class, we certainly feel that the facts cited indicate the desirability of further and speedy postal reforms.

Judging from the extracts published in the French newspapers, the metrical version of *Othello*, furnished by M. Jean Aicard for the recent representation of the tragedy, has, at least, the merit of strict and often most ingeniously achieved fidelity. Whether, however, it will convince any hitherto unbelieving English reader that the French Alexandrine is an adequate vehicle for the poetry of Shakespeare is doubtful. No one, of course, could expect the passion of the third act or the terror of the fifth to be capable of transference to any other language from that in which the jealous agony and the sombre resolve of the deluded Moor are immortally enshrined. But in a passage of pure rhetoric, such as the address to the Senate, one would have hoped for somewhat more impressive results than M. Aicard has succeeded in compassing.

Take, for instance, the passage—no doubt the most difficult in the speech, but still containing no insurmountable barrier for the translator—in which Othello refers to his "travel's history."

Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak. . . .
And of the Cannibals that each other eat;
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

Here, where the rude vigour of the original saves its quaintness from declining into the absolutely grotesque, it is disconcerting to meet with a rendering like this:—

Alors j'eus à parler d'antres sur les rivages,
De stériles déserts, de carrières sauvages,
Et de monts qui touchaient de leur cimes le ciel.
Et je parlais encore de ce pays cruel
Où l'homme se nourrit avec la chair humaine
Et de ces gens lointains de taille herculéenne;
Dont l'épaule remonte au dessus de leur front.

The close of the speech is certainly rendered with much felicity:—

She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.

could not be more neatly turned than by

Elle m'aima pour les périls qui j'ai couru,
Et moi, moi, je l'aimai pour avoir vu ses larmes,
C'est tout: voilà, seigneurs, ma magie et mes charmes.

Only the intensely matter-of-fact character of the earlier lines makes the "witchcraft" seem as mysterious to us as it did to Brabantio. John Wellington Wells, who travelled "in magic and spells," was hardly a more prosaic sorcerer.

Tolstoi's new novel, "Résurrection," which is translated from the original manuscript by M. Teodor de Wyzewa, at the author's request, and is to appear simultaneously in Russian in a necessarily incomplete form owing to the censorship, will be published without abridgment by the *Echo de Paris*, the first instalment being announced for March 25. For the first time in twenty years Count Tolstoi has decided to become simply an artist unaffected by any "moral" preoccupations. The novel in question belongs, indeed, to what he calls to-day "bad art," since it is nothing but a story, and "too literary in its form," as he recently wrote to a friend, "to be a work of truly good and useful art." He has been keeping it by him for some time in manuscript, and now decides to publish it for the profit of the

Christian colony of the Dukhobortsi, the Russian Brook Farm sect now experimenting in Canada. A Russian paper, the *Niva*, paid 15,000 roubles for the right of publishing even the truncated edition of the novel. During the past year Tolstoi has spent almost all his time on this work, becoming once more absorbed in the problems of artistic creation which so many years ago gave us "War and Peace." He must feel that he has been tempted of the devil, but contents himself with the thought that, after all, he has been doing evil that good may come.

M. Maurice Barrès, the appearance of whose recent publications, "Amateur d'Ames" and "Stanialas de Guaita," *Literature* recorded the other day, has brought out in *Le Journal* a sort of belated preface to these two experiments in style which is a curious illustration of the dangers which beset an ambitious artist whose work is not yet, and, indeed, never can be, popular. He says complacently, "I have written nothing which better corresponds to my conception of a work of art than this 'Amateur d'Ames.'" The author of the "Déracinés," however, has not the self-confidence which either civic courage or artistic probity require, for he reveals, further on, that the famous "Appel au Soldat" and "Appel au Juge," which the admirers of the "Déracinés" awaited, cannot now see the light. Why? Simply because another novelist, M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, has, in his new rôle of *délateur national*, begun to publish revelations on the Panama episode, which, with Boulangism, was to be the subject-matter of these sequels of the "Déracinés"; or, in other words, because M. de Beaurepaire, after having been castigated in M. Barrès' book, has now become his coadjutor—the French Government would call him his accomplice—in the League of the Patrie Française. After all, much of the "Déracinés" was pamphleteering, and if recent events are likely to restore to us Barrès and Lemaitre, the writer and artist, we need not complain.

Theatrical partisanship is becoming so fierce in Vienna that the appearance of the author of a new piece in response to "calls" has lately proved the signal for unseemly demonstrations. Herr Hermann Bahr, himself a dramatist, the brilliant literary editor of *Die Zeit*, proposes to abolish the custom of calling the author altogether, on the ground that it prejudices the sober judgment of the public on his play. Several leading dramatic authors have entered into a solemn compact with Herr Bahr never again to show themselves to the audience at a *première*, among others Paul Lindau and Ernst von Wildenbruch. The latter is of opinion that the ordeal must be a positive torture to all sensitive artists, and points out that nothing destroys the illusion of a historical play so much as the appearance among Greeks, Romans, or Medieval Knights of the "painfully-modern black-coated author, anxious, dazzled by the lights, awkwardly bowing his acknowledgment of applause." In support of the view that even the most distinguished dramatists do not appear to advantage on such occasions Ludwig Ganghofer recalls the first performance of Fulda's *Das Verlorene Paradies* at the Burg Theater, a serious piece received with due gravity, till the author appeared before the curtain in *Heller Hose* (light trousers), when all Vienna forgot to take Fulda's drama seriously any longer in laughing at his trousers.

The various small but valuable collections which Messrs. Sotheby sold last week served to mark the increasing demand there is for early printed English books and first editions. Amongst the chief books sold were "Through the Looking Glass," Lewis Carroll, first edition, in sheets, author's own copy, £14 10s.; "A Decree of Starre-Chamber, concerning printing," the excessively rare first edition of 1637, £20. This decree was reprinted in America for the Grolier Club in 1884, and copies of it have been sold in that country for nearly 200 dollars. It has also been reprinted in this country, in Professor Arber's excellent reprint of Milton's "Areopagitica," and copies of it may often be secured here at prices much lower than those paid in America. Forster's "Life of Dickens," 1872-74, three volumes extended to six by extra illustration and the insertion of 205

autograph letters, £202; the scarce first edition, 1850, of the Poems of J(ohn) R(uskin), £22; Herrick's "*Hesperides*," fine copy of the first edition, 1648, £50; "*Tales of My Landlord*," by Sir Walter Scott, first edition, 1816, £25. Included in the week's sale was also a fine series of eighty-three autograph letters, for the most part unpublished, by Sir Walter Scott, which fetched £305. Earlier in the week a series of ten letters from General Gordon, relating chiefly to Egyptian affairs, sold for £31, a very satisfactory figure. The finest books, however, came in the lots sold on Friday and Saturday, the most important being Goldsmith's "*Deserted Village*," first edition, 1770, slightly imperfect, £13 15s.; Milton's "*Paradise Lost*," first edition, 1667, £43 10s.—this was a copy with the second title page, and it secured a record price, though copies with the first title pages have been sold for £80—Gervase Markham's "*The Gentleman's Academie*," 1595, a reprint of the "*Books of St. Albans*," £16; Rudyard Kipling's "*Echoes by Two Writers*," first edition, 1884, £21 10s., and "*Departmental Ditties*," first edition, 1886, £8. The latter illustrated the fact that it often takes but two persons to make an auction, for earlier in the week, on Wednesday, a similar copy of the same book fetched as much as £14 15s.

Amongst the books from foreign presses the chief was a magnificent Verard, "*Heures de Nostre Dame*," circa 1488, which sold for £188. This is a high figure, but the demand for good copies of the work of the first French printers is stronger now than it was at the time of the Asburnham sale, when we first drew attention to the subject. There were also some good specimens from the early English presses, the most notable being Caxton's "*Caton*," usually assigned to 1484, £360. Of perfect and imperfect copies of this book only thirteen are known. It is a book of only 80 leaves, and, therefore, the price was high, considering that the copy was slightly imperfect. Lettoun and Machlinia's "*Vieux Abrégement des Statutes*," 1481, fetched £107. The chief interest in the books of these printers is their rarity. A whole decade often passes without one being seen in the auction room. The "*Shephardes' Calendar*," the rare print by Pynson, fetched £67; while among modern books came a good copy of the first edition of Walton's "*Compleat Angler*," first edition, in the original binding, £161, and an excellent copy of Shakespeare, the third folio, £260.

American Letter.

SUGGESTIONS OF A PATRIOTIC PLAY.

The other night I sat through a play which I wished so much to find better than it was that I had a sense of personal injury in the failure of my benevolence. It was the work of a dramatist whom I had always hoped good things from, and who is not yet too old to do them, but who had handled one of the most exalted episodes of American history with a very suppressed feeling for its sublimity and beauty.

It was an incident of the War of Independence, and had the measure of noble tragedy in the fate of the young rebel, who, when he came to be hanged as a spy by the British, regretted that he "had only one life to give to his country." But in compliance with the theory of the American playgoer that he goes to the theatre to be amused, the dramatist had provided so many reliefs to the tragic motive that one was not sure at all times that the motive was not comic. In these circumstances I did not find sufficient compensation in the strong patriotism with which the different sides were unmistakably characterized. The virtues were all in blue turned up with buff, and the vices were in scarlet coats; though once, when one of the enemy spoke with an Irish accent, in pity of the American prisoner, I saw that the British uniform might sometimes be buttoned round a feeling heart.

The time was when this would have gone farther with me than it did; but what interested me more than its comparatively

faint effect with myself was its apparently inadequacy with the audience generally. I wondered how much or how little a change in the popular mood toward England might have to do with the result. I have had my doubts whether there is any such change; but I could not help thinking that it might be an unfavourable moment for a play dealing with an American hero hanged by the British as a spy, now when there has been so much talk, at least, about a *rapprochement* of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations for the exploitation of weaker peoples. I fancied that the time had been, not more remotely than the time of the Venezuelan difficulty, when its patriotic appeals would have stirred certainly the galleries more; and I had to ask myself whether the old grudge was really beginning to die out. As such grudges go it is rather early for it to die, but, perhaps, not too early. You really never can be sure about the end of such a grudge. There was a very curious and interesting psychological moment after the defeat of the South in the Civil War, when the two sections seemed to draw near each other in the common memories and the mutual respect of the men who had met in battle, and the grudge between them seemed dead. Then there came another psychological moment, a generation later, when it appeared that the grudge had been merely waiting to get its second wind in the animosity of the belated non-combatants; and then this, too, passed in the patriotic effusion evoked by the recent war with Spain. Both of the first moments are long past for Englishmen and Americans, and yet, according to the expectation of life in a grudge between hereditary enemies, ours should be still in its prime. If we continued to fall upon one another's necks in mere sentiment, its end might be hastened, but it would certainly be hastened much more if we were to be united in war against a common enemy; though there would always be the question whether the game was worth the candle. I suppose it is still doubtful whether it was worth it in the case of France and England when they sank a grudge which had lasted some six centuries in their alliance against Russia. What is certain is that this grudge seems really gone; Frenchmen and Englishmen may still heartily despise one another, but they no longer hate in the old way. In favourable circumstances it might come to some such effect between America and England. We might sink our old grudge in a common cause against a common enemy, and come out no longer hating, but merely despising one another. I do not deny that this would be difficult; Englishmen lend themselves readily enough to the hatred of others, but it is not easy to despise them. Something might be done to bring them into contempt by the fondness of our upper classes, but how far this would go one really could not say; I doubt if it would tend largely to produce a psychological situation.

In the meantime we seem to have a present condition in which we can no longer appeal confidently to the old Revolutionary ardour of the popular audiences. During the past year they have become so used to seeing the American and English colours blended, and the portraits of the Queen and the President shown side by side in the cinematograph, and to hearing "*God Save the Queen*" and "*Yankee Doodle*" played together by the orchestras, that they are not so secure of their emotions as they once were. At any rate, I think that the day of the patriotic drama is past, and I am not altogether sorry. I have a fancy, which it might be better not to own, that in its literary expression patriotism has never been very interesting. Patriotic song, patriotic fiction, even patriotic oratory, are each distinctly inferior to things in that sort which appeal to us not as Americans, or Englishmen, or Frenchmen, or Russians, or Spaniards, but as civilized men.

For my own part, I confess that patriotism in people of other nationalities is extremely distasteful to me. I cannot rejoice in their victories, which they make such a din about, and I find most of their monuments ridiculous; their material prosperity and territorial expansion are matters of indifference. I suppose this is the case with some aliens regarding their own national self-love and its modest proclamations; they may not think our Americanism is the best thing in us; they may put our common humanity before that, and expect greater things from it; and

from their point of view I was able to console myself the other night, when our rancour against the English no longer seemed as great as it had been. The test was not very searching, but the result—unless it was mostly an illusion of mine—was suggestive. If the reunion of the Anglo-Saxon peoples were to replace the old grudge with memories of good done together for the whole race—say, work given to every man that needed it, instead of war, which no man needs—that would be fine. But if in the malice of destiny a double jingoism threatened to substitute itself for the old grudge—well, one might yet regret the old grudge.

W. D. HOWELLS.

FROM THE MAGAZINES.

The public which feeds upon periodicals is as greedy of some new thing as the Athenians of old ; and every magazine editor knows the value of an article boldly sounding a discordant note in the concert of praise with which some new book is greeted. One or two such reviews of "Aylwin," which appeared some little time after that book had appeared, savoured rather of the desire for originality than of any real criticism, and although a good many readers who like a story that "carries you on" undoubtedly "stuck" here and there in "Aylwin," the consensus as to the fine quality of the work remained unshaken. There is something of the same bid for novelty in the remark of a writer in *Blackwood*, that Sir George Trevelyan's first volume on the American Revolution "contains in every chapter and almost on every page a wrong view of every important event in one of the most interesting and most familiar periods of our national history." This thesis is cleverly supported in an article headed "Sir George Trevelyan as an Historian." The points at issue are, to some extent, matters of opinion—but there are also points of detail on which Sir George is certainly unsatisfactory. The truth of the matter seems to be, as we pointed out when we reviewed the book, that Sir George Trevelyan is essentially a biographer, and a brilliant one, rather than a historian, and that in turning his *Life of Fox* into a history of the American revolution he adopted a course of very doubtful wisdom. Mrs. Charles Bagot, whose father served with Nelson, and whose uncle brought to London the news of Waterloo, gives us, under the title "Bygone Days," some of those personal reminiscences about historical events which are always welcome. Here are two anecdotes of the so-called "Iron" Duke :—

Lady Mornington told me that when she went to see the Duke of Wellington after the battle of Waterloo, and congratulated him, he put his hands before his face and sobbed, saying, "Oh, don't congratulate me ! I have lost all my best friends."

Lady Westmorland, my husband's aunt, asked me one night to go with her to her box at the opera, as my husband was on guard that night. The Duke came with us, and Lady Westmorland told him that I was very frightened of him, so he took my hand and held it throughout the first act of the opera, which only made me still more shy !

"The Sins of Education" is an amusing dissertation on the familiar theme of the "illiterate literature" read by "the hastily educated." The heirs of the Education Act of 1870 are, of course, not all they were expected to be, and the periodicals and books which attract them are not ideal ; but there is a good deal to be said on the other side, and we would rather see this clever writer level his spear at the so-called "Society" papers studied by classes who were well educated long before the days of school boards. There is in *Blackwood's* also a good paper on Hodson of "Hodson's Horse," putting forward the most favourable view of his chequered career.

Mr. W. H. Hudson, F.Z.S., whose delightful book "Birds in London," we reviewed last spring, has an article in *Longman's*, bearing the same title, which brings his observations up to last November, and the article forms a supplementary chapter to his book. Wood pigeons have fully acquired town habits. There is a good-sized beam tree on the island at the

east end of St. James' Park and the wood pigeons, having discovered that its orange-coloured fruit is very eatable,

Flocked to the tree in numbers to feast on it ; but the long, slender boughs, bent down with the weight of the terminal bunches of fruit, made it impossible for them to perch in the usual way to feed ; and they were forced to suspend themselves heads down, like parrots or tits, while picking the berries. A prettier or stranger sight than this tree, laden with its brilliantly coloured fruit and a score or two of dove-acrobats clinging to its drooping branches, could not well be imagined.

Miss Foxcroft has an article of some interest on Catherine of Braganza, the wife of Charles II., whose name is still revered in Portuguese annals as a capable and successful Regent ; for she was called as a widow to play a more important part in life on the illness of her brother, the reigning Sovereign, than she had played as the neglected wife of an English King. Mr. Rider Haggard's "Farmer's Year" keeps up its interesting character and deals with May, the month in which our forefathers used to picnic in the open and dance about poles wreathed with flowers.

March will sarch ye ;

April will try ;

May will tell ye

Whether ye'll live or die.

he thinks is now an appropriate rhyme for the month.

In the *Pall Mall Magazine* Mr. G. S. Layard continues his series of articles on "Suppressed Plates." He deals chiefly with the suppressed "Fireside Scene" in "Oliver Twist." It has been generally thought that when Dickens rejected it Cruikshank at once began to etch a new one. An impression of the picture, however, which belonged to Mr. Bruton of Gloucester, showed that a good deal of added work was put into it after all the impressions which had displeased Dickens were struck off. And here is an interesting point about the Plate of "Rose Maylie and Oliver at Agnes' Tomb" which was substituted for it. In the 1845 edition Rose has a light dress, and in the 1846 edition a black dress, though clearly it is the old plate used over again. But at the Bruton sale

There was sold a proof of this plate with Rose Maylie in the black dress, and this is a *proof before letters*, an impossible nut for the amateur to crack who does not know that the lettering of plates may be stopped-out or burnished away or covered up for the striking off of misleading impressions ; from which the moral may be drawn that it is better to believe in proof impressions after letters where they are well authenticated, than to presume that a proof is before letters merely because those letters do not appear.

Mr. C. D. Gibson gives us sketches in Egypt illustrated in his usual masterly way, and among other interesting and well illustrated articles are "Puviss de Chavannes," by Marie L. Van Vorst, and Mr. T. A. Cook's "Among the Pines at Arcachon." Mr. A. T. Quiller Couch brings to a close his meditations "from a Cornish window," and will be succeeded by Mr. W. E. Henley, who is to contribute a monthly *Causerie* under the title of "Ex Libris."

The latest of the magazines of the United States to make a home in England is the *American Critic*, an illustrated monthly review of literature, art, and life, which Messrs. Putnam's publish in New York, where the current issue is No. 860. The first of the English edition of this periodical is full of interest to all readers on this side of the Atlantic ; indeed, the contents deal largely with English subjects. "Thackeray at Charterhouse" gives a number of reproductions of the novelist's very early sketches, some queer manuscripts and some lively details as to the fight with Venables when Thackeray's nose was broken. There is to be more Thackerayana in the next number. There is an article on Lewis Carroll ; a paper on Mr. Lee's "Shakespeare" by Dr. W. J. Rolfe, and an admirable review of "The Open Question"—with dozens of other interesting notes and articles and reviews. Among the latter is the only piece of work in the number which seems to us to be foolish and uninformed ; this is a criticism of Mr. Kenneth Grahame's "Pagan Papers"—which we presume has just been republished in New York by Mr. Lane.

The first edition bears the date 1894, and from the title page it appears that it was published by Stone and Kimball of Chicago at the same time. The writer of the review, however, approaches Mr. Grahame as a new man "who," as he elegantly expresses it, "was not behind the door when cleverness was being doled out to the rising generation of Scotchmen." But the critic speaks cheerfully of the future of this writer and ends on a hopeful note:—"Let him turn the gods out to grass, and go, himself, into the shafts. Then we shall see what we shall see." Can it be that in New York they have not heard of "The Golden Age" or "Dream Days?" Hardly, as we see Mr. Lane advertises these books in the present issue, where, by the way, Mr. F. B. Money-Coutts is mentioned as the author of "The Revolution of St. Love the Divine." The drama is dealt with very fully in the "American Critic" and there are poets; among them Mr. Robert Loneman, who sings of us:—

IN ENGLAND.

This is the England, this is the earth,
That gave majestic Milton birth;
This is the olden golden clime
Of lofty prose, of lilting rhyme;
Here Poesy's pure soul was won
By the sweet strains of Tennyson;
For him her eyes knew no eclipse,
And he might kiss her lyric lips;
This is great England; here was wrought
The noblest monument of thought,
That man e'er builded up to God
Out of his bosom's sacred sod,
For this the soil, and this the clime,
That gave a Shakespeare to all time.

We welcome the new magazine, which is sure to prove of interest to all bookish persons.

In the *Sunday Magazine* Dr. Wells has one of the most interesting of his sketches of the East in "Child Life in Ancient Egypt," excellently illustrated. He says:—

Egypt stood midway between Christianity and classical Paganism. If any one essayed to portray child-life in ancient Greece or Rome, he would find that a very few pages could contain all the references to his theme. Their poets, painters, sculptors, do not notice the child; or, if they do, it is not for his own sake. Scholars assure us that not one book for children was ever written by a Greek or Latin author. They had fairy tales, but these were for old people. The "classics" therefore scarcely deserve the title of "humanity" or *litteræ humaniores*: classical culture was childless. Love of, and reference for, the child are among the most beneficent of the "Gesta Christi." The outcast child has been found by the handmaids of modern literature; but he was never neglected by those who carved Egypt's monuments and wrote its books of papyrus.

The reverence for childhood in Egypt had in it something akin to the Christian feeling. Isis and her child Horus were the chief of all the gods of Egypt. Their worship lingered in the "Holy Island of Philæ" down to 453 A.D., though the worship of their other gods had disappeared long before that date. Isis and Horus represented the sacredness of motherhood and childhood.

Unlike the practice of Sparta, Athens, and Rome, child-murder was almost unknown in Egypt. The illustrations showing children's toys and pictures are of great interest.

The most notable thing in *Temple Bar* is Mr. Fraser Rae's article on "Sheridan's Sons," which is by way of being an appendix to that writer's "Sheridan: a Biography," and gives some particulars which he has learnt since the publication of that work. He gives an interesting and delightful picture of the relations between the sons and their father, and illustrates it by a good many extracts from letters, some of which are now printed for the first time.

The *Butterfly*, a tastefully printed monthly, starts on its new career under good auspices and in an elegant yellow cover. Its contents are light—almost slight—but distinctly readable, and among the contributors of some very interesting pictures are Mr. Raven Hill, Mr. M. Greiffenhagen, Mr. Manuel, Mr. Joseph Pennell, and Mr. Edgar Wilson.

Obituary.

"A. K. H. B."

All who are interested in letters will have noted with deep regret the sudden death, through the accidental taking of poison, of Dr. Boyd, sometime Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, known to literature by his initials "A. K. H. B." He was a pupil at King's College, London, of Frederick Denison Maurice and, after being called to the Bar, took orders. The main part of his life was spent in the important incumbency of the collegiate church of St. Andrews. He began his literary career as a contributor to *Fraser's Magazine*, and soon became one of the most popular, if not one of the greatest, of the English essayists. He was best known, perhaps, by "The Recreations of a Country Parson," followed by "The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson." It was felt to be proper, if unusual, for a country parson to think; and when investigations proved that Dr. Boyd thought justly, and could express his thoughts with propriety, and an air of freshness which excused the absence of profundity, his reputation was assured. He was never over the heads of his readers, but he expressed the ideas of the average man far better than the average man could express them for himself; and he had a pleasant, cheery, anecdotal manner by which criticism, was, as a rule, disarmed. Carlyle, it is true, pointed out his limitations sardonically, saying "You may pour and pour but you will only get one cup"; but then in Carlyle's view to be entertaining was no excuse for being shallow.

In his later years, Dr. Boyd wrote several volumes of reminiscences, "Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews," "St. Andrews and Elsewhere," and "The Last Years of St. Andrews." These achieved much popularity, and deserved it by reason of their anecdotal contents. The author was a good raconteur and had plenty of good stories to tell. The tone may occasionally have been tart; but where is the volume of literary reminiscences of which this cannot be said? In all Dr. Boyd published about thirty volumes. His literary talents are inherited by two of his four sons—by Mr. Frank Boyd, who edits a theatrical paper, and by Mr. Charles Boyd, who was lately acting as Cape Town Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, and is now private secretary to Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

MISS SARA SOPHIA HENNELL.

The death of Miss Sara Sophia Hennell on Tuesday, at the age of 86, revives interesting memories of the literary history of the century. Her brother, Charles Christian Hennell, wrote an "Inquiry Concerning the Origin of Christianity," which set the excellent example of stating the sceptical position without acrimony, and was translated into German with a preface by Strauss; her sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles Hennell, began the translation of the *Leben Jesu*, which George Eliot completed. Her eldest sister, Mary Hennell, contributed to Knight's "Penny Cyclopædia." Another sister, Caroline, married Charles Bray, the author of "The Philosophy of Necessity." She herself, after winning a prize offered for an essay on "Christianity and Infidelity," undertook the task of analysing Butler's "Analogy" from the rationalist point of view. Her contention was that that great work made for scepticism rather than for faith, and her arguments made so much impression that when, thirty-seven years after their appearance, Mr. Gladstone wrote his "Studies Subsidiary to Butler's Work," he judged it necessary to reply to them at length.

Most of Miss Hennell's life was passed at Coventry, where she died. Here, through Mr. Charles Bray, who was a merchant of the town, she made the acquaintance of George Eliot, then Miss Evans, and an intimate and lasting friendship sprang up between them. The friendship is understood to have had an important influence on Miss Evans' religious beliefs, which were at that date reasonably orthodox. It is noticeable, however, that Miss Evans did not inform Miss Hennell that she was the

author of "Adam Bede." On the contrary, she wrote to her to ask whether she was aware that "the author is Mr. Liggins, the son of a baker, of no mark at all in the town."

Miss Hennell has left a book, not quite finished, about her brother Charles.

M. XAU, the founder and editor of the *French Journal*, died at the end of last week. As a writer he had made no particular mark, but he had great talents for organization. Summoning to his aid such collaborators as François Coppée, Catulle Mendès, Armand Silvestre, Georges d'Espèrès, and Léon Daudet, he produced the brightest and most literary, if not also the best informed, of the French halfpenny papers. Though a Jew, he sided, like Arthur Meyer, against Dreyfus; and, though an Anglophobe, he persuaded his readers to invest their money in English securities. Many of M. Zola's later novels ran serially in his columns.

The death is also announced of M. ALBERT BATAILLE, of the *Figaro*, as the result of a chill caught at Rome, where, in his capacity of Vice-President of the Association of Parisian Journalists, he was making arrangements for the forthcoming Press Congress.

Correspondence.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF TRUTH.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Dr. Gairdner, if I understand him rightly, holds that there is always satisfaction in knowing the truth, even where the truth is painful; and that we know truth from falsehood only by this satisfaction. I, on the other hand, deny the first proposition, and contend that we know truth from falsehood only by sense and reasoning.

I admit that to know the truth is usually satisfactory. There seem to be at least three cases in which this is so. The first is where there is a pure intellectual pleasure without any evil results; as when Newton found that the moon gravitates to the earth like a stone or a ball. The second is where the truth informs us of a means to some desirable end; for example, it is satisfactory to know that there are still some kitchens in which meat is roasted before the fire. The third is where the knowledge of the truth gives immediate pain, with the expectation of better results; and it is with such knowledge that any man will have a tooth out for the sake of his health, and a hero or a martyr will die in a good cause. But there is yet another case of knowing the truth which is not at all satisfactory, either as an end or a means. There are other ends in life besides truth, and to know a truth is not satisfactory when it interferes with some greater satisfaction. It is not satisfactory to know that you are in momentary danger of shipwreck, or that you are in a railway accident, or that you are sliding down a mountain with a precipice beneath, or that you have just taken poison instead of medicine, or, if you are a murderer, that the jury has found you guilty and the judge is putting on the black cap. I confess I cannot understand what satisfaction wretched men can have in knowing such evil truths, or how they can be strengthened by knowing them, or what obligation there is to face such knowledge if they can avoid it. In fact, the love of truth is limited by the other ends of man.

As, then, the knowledge of truth is usually, but not universally, satisfactory, I concluded in my previous letter that satisfaction is not, as Dr. Gairdner supposes, the criterion of truth, and I urged that the criteria of truth are sense and reasoning from sense. Dr. Gairdner, in his letter of last week, objects that these criteria are

inadequate. My reply is that, properly understood, sense and reason are adequate to all we know, that is, to all we judge to be real with certainty sensible, mathematical, or moral. By sense I did not mean merely the five external senses, as Dr. Gairdner supposes when he takes me to refer only to the "bodily senses." In conformity with philosophical usage, I included internal sense, or consciousness, the sense of one's own operations, and the instance I gave, the feeling of being ill, belongs to this internal sense. I mean by sense any direct perception, without inference, of anything real; and in this meaning the old theory holds, *omnes sensus veri sunt*. Fallacy lies not in sense, but in inference. Under reasoning from sense I meant to include all inferences—fallacious, probable, or certain; but I also meant to contend that, when we infer logically from sense, reason is the source of all our knowledge beyond sense.

Dr. Gairdner objects that "a flash of inspiration has often revealed to the scientific inquirer some great truth." If by inspiration he means hypothesis, I freely admit its use; but rejoin that a scientific hypothesis to account for facts is only a result of probable reasoning from those facts; and, secondly, that, so long as it is a hypothesis, we only suppose a truth, and do not know it till we make reasoning certain without hypothesis. Moreover, science, in its most fundamental and surest parts, contains much reasoned knowledge without hypothesis. For this and many other reasons I am glad to call, or recall, the attention of your readers to that beautiful example of a literary scientific style—the *Sidereus Nuncius* of Galileo. When that great observer excogitated his telescope, from the impressions it conveyed to his senses he was able by his reason to infer, first, that the number of fixed stars is far more than had appeared to the naked eye; secondly, that the moon has not a smooth surface, but is rough and uneven like the earth; thirdly, that the Galaxy is not a milky way but a crowd of stars; fourthly, that the nature of nebulous stars is different from what had hitherto been believed; and fifthly—*quod omnem admirationem longe superat*—that the planet Jupiter is accompanied by satellites, of which he found four—without any hypothesis.

Here is a great example of scientific discovery, which gave the highest satisfaction to an ardent lover of truth. But am I not right in saying that Galileo knew that it was all true, not because he was satisfied, but because his reason could make no other inferences from his senses assisted by the newly invented telescope?

I remain, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

6 March, 1899.

THOMAS CASE.

"THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I hope I may be permitted to reply to one or two points in your elaborate criticism of my work on the literature of the fourteenth century. I do not complain of this criticism as unfair. I am sure you do not mean to be unfair. Put in another form there is hardly a sentence that I am not prepared to accept. I fear, however, that, great as may be your good will, it would not be in accord with precedent to suffer an author to recast a notice of his work.

You say that my book is neither science nor literature, but amorphous. Granted; but it would have been more acceptable to my feelings, more "gracious," if you had spoken of it as a manual of instruction with a literary flavour. That was my aim, and I should have been glad to think that I had succeeded. As to the value of the book as an authority, wherever information has been obtained at second-hand, every effort has been made to draw from the latest and best sources. Of course, as

has been conceded in my preface, an attempt of this sort, even if successful, is not the kind of thing on which it is possible, save for the Freemans, to found a reputation.

I am flattered by your remarks on my "Dante" section. But I ask to be allowed to make one correction. When I wrote *rhapsody*, I assuredly did not mean *rapture*, but the lyrical element, where it exists, in epic composition. The context shows that quite clearly. *Rhapsody*, however, is so often, nearly always necessarily, used in a bad sense that this employment of the term amounts to an innovation. Not an unconscious innovation, but, in the circumstances, I ought perhaps to have defined and illustrated more than I did. It would have been easy. Perhaps, if the publishers give me a chance, I may show that my inexperience is not so profound as to confuse *rapture* and *rhapsody*.

With reference to my "dreadful little vulgarisms," they prove, what I knew before, that it is perilous to jest. Your reviewer is not only just but humane. Let him reflect on the burden of a whole century of European art and non-art compressed into a small volume, and then, as he has already done in the main, he will excuse blemishes—and even "dreadful little vulgarisms," if they make for cheerfulness. I intend no disrespect to my able, and probably distinguished, critic, when I add—if it is not too *cliché*—

"Let the galled jade wince; our withers are unwrung."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Tiverton, North Devon, March 6.

F. J. SNELL.

Authors and Publishers.

The promoters of the Alfred Memorial have agreed upon the issue of a book upon the Life and Work of the King, to be issued early this spring, when the committee will appeal to the public for support in this national object. The book will be probably entitled "Alfred the Great." It will be edited by Mr. Alfred Bowker, the ex-mayor of Winchester, by whom the movement was originated. The introductory chapter will be the address delivered by Sir Walter Besant at the first meeting held at Winchester. It will also contain chapters on the Saxon Laws, by Sir Frederick Pollock; on Alfred as King, by Mr. Frederic Harrison; on Alfred as Educationist, by the Lord Bishop of Bristol; on Alfred as Captain, by Professor Oman; on Alfred as Writer, by the Rev. Professor Earle; on Alfred as Geographer, by Sir Clements Markham; and on Saxon Art, by the Rev. W. J. Loftie. It is hoped to get the book ready soon after Easter. It will be published by Messrs. A. and C. Black.

"Jonathan Wild," which has now been published in Messrs. Constable's luxurious edition of Fielding, completes the issue as far as the novels are concerned, though there are still two volumes of miscellanea to follow. Judged by the number of reprints, it is the least popular of all Fielding's romances. The present edition seems only to be the third, whereas there have been eight editions of "Amelia," twenty-two of "Joseph Andrews," and twenty-four (to say nothing of fifteen translations) of "Tom Jones." After Fielding, the same publishers will reprint the works of Smollett, and probably also those of Sterne.

Mr. Stephen Gwynn contributes the new volume to the Highways and Byways Series, published by Messrs. Macmillan, and in it will conduct his readers to Donegal, Derry, and Antrim. He will be seconded in his literary tour by Mr. Hugh Thomson, who, on this occasion, appears for the first time as an illustrator of landscape.

Mr. J. M. Robertson is about to publish "A Short History of Freethought, Ancient and Modern," the subject-matter of a course of lectures delivered by him at South-place Institute.

"A History of the Chateau de Versailles and Trianon," by M. Pierre de Nolhac, Conservateur du Chateau de Versailles,

the author of the two well-known works on Marie Antoinette, is in preparation. It will be illustrated with 240 photographic plates and many smaller illustrations. The complete work will form two large volumes, but it will appear in monthly parts, the first of which is about to be published.

A new edition of some of the more popular volumes of the collection known as "Bentley's Favourite Novels" is being brought out by Messrs. Macmillan at the price of two shillings a volume. Two of Miss Broughton's earlier stories and two by Miss Fothergill have been issued. Other volumes of the series and also of some novels selected from Messrs. Macmillan's own list will be published in couples twice a month.

A declaration of policy from the libraries strikes a blow at the proposal to publish novels first in the sixpenny and then in the six-shilling format. If this is done, the publishers have been informed, they must not expect six-shilling copies to be taken by the libraries, as the libraries propose to buy the sixpenny copies and bind them for themselves.

Mr. S. T. Freemantle, formerly with Messrs. George Routledge, and latterly with Mr. John C. Nimmo and Messrs. Skeffington, has commenced business as a publisher on his own account at 217, Piccadilly, W.

Mr. Augustine Birrell, M.P., will take the chair at the annual dinner of the Incorporated Society of Authors, which is to be held on May 4th.

Messrs. Longmans announce "England in the Age of Wycliffe," by G. M. Trevelyan, Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, for publication next week.

Messrs. Horace Marshall and Son announce a new volume of Dr. Joseph Parker's "Studies in Texts," forming the third of a series of six volumes.

Mr. Arrowsmith has in the press a "Life of Robert Raikes," the founder of Sunday schools, by J. Henry Harris. It will contain a photogravure plate of Raikes and other portraits.

The quarterly to be edited by Lady Randolph Churchill has not yet been given a name. It is understood that this new adventure, which is to cost one guinea net, will be first published by Mr. John Lane in June.

On the ashes of the defunct trilingual review *Cosmopolis* a new bilingual periodical has arisen, entitled *Deutsche-Französische Rundschau* (Revue Franco-Allemande). It is published in Munich.

A Russian revolutionary paper, called "On the Eve," has appeared in London, founded by a group headed by an ex-naval officer who distinguished himself in the Servo-Bulgarian war, M. Hesper Serebriakoff. Its object is to combat the domestic policy of the Tsar's Government.

A translation into English verse of Wagner's *Parsifal* will shortly be issued to subscribers. The translator is Mr. A. Forman.

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier have secured the British copyright of Mr. Sheldon's latest book, "One of the Two," and they also announce a presentation edition of "In His Steps."

A monograph on the ancient topography of Troy, by Professor Placido Bianco, of the Italian School of Smyrna, will be shortly published in Florence. The title will be "Schliemann et Homère."

The Cambridge University Press is publishing a new work on fermentation from the pen of Prof. Reynolds Green, forming a volume of the Biological Series now appearing under the editorship of Mr. A. E. Shipley, of Christ's College.

We understand that Mr. W. J. Stillman's "Union of Italy" is just going into a second edition.

Mr. J. Eveleigh Nash has written a theological work bearing the striking title, "Adam's Grandfather."

Sir Harry Johnston and Mr. F. C. Selous are among the contributors to the volume on the "Great and Small Game of Africa," shortly to be published, at five guineas, by Mr. Rowland Ward. Mr. H. A. Bryden will edit the volume.

Mr. Tegetmeier has in the press a work on the "House Sparrow," considered in relation to agriculture and gardening. The work, which will be published by Messrs. Vinton, contains the opinions of all the most important ornithologists and agriculturists on the importance of this bird, and concludes with practical suggestions for lessening its numbers.

Mr. Arlo Bates, the author of "The Puritans," which has recently been published here by Messrs. Constable, has a volume of verse now in the press which will be published by Messrs. Houghton during the spring, and is called "Under the Beech

Tree." A few of the poems have been published in *Harpers* and the *Century*, but for the most part they are new.

Messrs. Putnams have now in preparation a "Commemoration Edition" of Mr. Samuel Harden Church's "Life of Cromwell." This edition—the fifth—will be got out in connexion with the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Cromwell, April 25, 1899, and will be copiously illustrated with portraits.

Messrs. Putnams also announce the following books for the spring:—"History of the Territorial Expansion of the United States," by Mr. Charles Henry Butler; a second volume of the "History of the People of the Netherlands," by Professor P. J. Blok, of the University of Leyden, translated by Miss Ruth Putnam; "Bismarck and the New German Empire," by Mr. J. V. Headlam, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; and "Oliver Cromwell and the Rule of the English Puritan," by Mr. Charles Firth—both in the Heroes of the Nations Series; "A Life of Paul Jones," fully illustrated, and embodying material not before presented, by Mr. James Barnes; and "A Century of American Statesmen; a Biographical Survey of American Politics from the Inauguration of Jefferson to the close of the Nineteenth Century," by Dr. Moses Coit Tyler, in four volumes.

A work on "The History of the Parish of Preston" will shortly be published for subscribers by Mr. James Clegg, of Rochdale. The author, Lieut.-Colonel Fishwick, F.S.A., has made use of much unpublished matter in the Record Office, the British Museum, and the Diocesan registries of Chester and Richmond, as well as of local material. The town of Preston was of great importance during the Civil War and the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, and its history provides a curious study in the development of local justice and parliamentary representation, and in the social and economic importance of the Convent and the Guild.

M. Felix Alcan announces for publication between the 15th March and the end of April, in his "Library of Contemporary Philosophy," "La Justice par l'état," by M. P. Lapié; "Tolstoi, penseur Moraliste," by M. Ossip Lourié; "Principes d'une sociologie objective," by M. Ad. Coste; and "L'Instabilité Mentale," by M. Duprat; in his "Library of Contemporary History," a volume by M. Vallaux, entitled "Les Campagnes des armées françaises;" in his "Scientific International Library," "La Nature Tropicale," by Costantin, and "La Géologie Expérimentale," by Stanislas Meunier; in his "General Library of Social Sciences," "Les Transformations du pouvoir," by M. G. Tarde.

Two more notable novels of which sixpenny reprints are in course of preparation are "Adam Bede," published by Blackwood, and "Esther Waters," published by Mr. Walter Scott.

Mr. Crockett's new novel, "The Black Douglas," will be published shortly by Messrs. Smith and Elder.

Messrs. Longmans are publishing a novel by Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, to be called "One Poor Scruple."

"The Realist: a modern Romance," is to be the title of Mr. Herbert Flowerdew's new novel, which will shortly be issued by Mr. John Lane.

A second series of Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's Captain Kettle stories will be published by Messrs. Pearson in the Autumn. Mr. Hyne has also completed a novel dealing with the Island of Atlantis, and the Universal Deluge. The name of the hero of this romance is Deucalion, but the name of the heroine is not Pyrrha; and the story is said to have been suggested to the author by certain geological studies which he pursued at the University of Cambridge.

"Through a Keyhole," overheard by Cosmo Hamilton, is the title of the new book which the author of "The Glamour of the Impossible" is now completing.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.
The Early Work of Aubrey Beardsley. With a Preface and Note by H. C. Marillier. 11½ x 8½ in., 157 pp. London, 1899. Lane. 31s. 6d. n.

The Nature of Gothic. By John Ruskin. 7½ x 5½ in., x. + 80 pp. London, 1899. G. Allen. 1s. n.

BIOGRAPHY.
Some Norfolk Worthies. By the late Mrs. H. Jones. 7½ x 5½ in., 331 pp. London, 1899. Jarrold. 3s. 6d.
Adam Smith. (Famous Scots Series.) By H. C. Macpherson. 7½ x 5½ in., 160 pp. London, 1899. Oliphant. 1s. 6d.

DRAMA.
The Plays of Gerhart Hauptmann. Vol. II., *Lonely Lives*. Vol. III., *The Weavers*. 7 x 5½ in., 179 x 143 pp. London, 1899. Heinemann. 1s. 6d. each vol.

The Triumph of the Philistines. A Comedy in Three Acts, by Henry Arthur Jones. 7 x 4½ in., xl. + 110 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.
The Students' Gibbon. Part I. By R. H. J. Greenidge, M.A. 7½ x 5½ in., xvii. + 422 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 5s.

FICTION.
The Capsina. By E. F. Benson. 7½ x 5½ in., 343 pp. London, 1899. Methuen. 6s.

Knave of Diamonds. By George Griffith. 7½ x 5½ in., xvi. + 272 pp. London, 1899. Pearson. 3s. 6d.
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The Rapin. By Henry de Vere Stacpoole. 7½ x 5½ in., 246 pp. London, 1899. Heinemann. 6s.

One of the Grenvilles. By Sidney R. Lysaght. 7½ x 5½ in., 490 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 6s.

A Fluttered Dovecot. By G. Manville Fenn. 7½ x 5½ in., 284 pp. London, 1899. Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.

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Depopulation. A Romance of the Unlikely. By Henry Wright. 8½ x 4½ in., 166 pp. London, 1899. G. Allen. 2s.

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Through the Storm. By Aetis Nacarbek. Translated by Mrs. L. M. Elton. 8½ x 5½ in., xxvii. + 322 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 6s.

La Machine à Explorer le Temps. Par H. G. Wells. Traduit de l'Anglais par Henry Davray. 7½ x 5½ in., 237 pp. Paris, 1899. Mercure de France. Fr. 3.50.

L'Anneau d'Améthyste. By Anatole France. 7½ x 4½ in., 419 pp. Paris, 1899. Calmann Lévy. Fr. 3.50.

Le Double. By Edouard Schuré. 7½ x 4½ in., 285 pp. Paris, 1899. Perrin. Fr. 3.50.

HISTORY.
A History of British India. By Sir W. W. Hunter, K.C.S.I. Vol. I. 9 x 5½ in., 475 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 18s.

History of Scotland. Vol. I. (Cambridge Historical Series.) By P. Hume Brown, M.A., LL.D. 7½ x 5½ in., xviii. + 498 pp. Cambridge, 1899. University Press. 6s.

The History of South America. From its Discovery to the Present Time. By An American. Translated from the Spanish by A. D. Jones. 9½ x 5½ in., 345 pp. London, 1899. Sonnenschein. 10s. 6d.

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Literature

Edited by **H. D. Traill.**

Published by **The Times.**

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THE SENSE OF HUMOUR.

There is perhaps no deadlier affront which can be offered to a man of intelligence and education than to deny him the possession of a "sense of humour." Such a man will confess more readily to almost any other form of intellectual or even moral shortcoming. He will admit that art says little or nothing to him; that he has no appreciation of poetry; that the mystical element in religion, or even that the spiritual side of life in general imperfectly appeals to him. In other words, he can easily resign himself to being regarded as suffering from total or partial blindness to some of the most beautiful objects of man's inward vision, so long as you will not charge him with being unable to "see a joke." It is not necessary just now to attempt any complete analysis of this psychological peculiarity. Possibly it arises from the revolt of the human sense of dignity against any accusation which tends to make the object of it ridiculous. A man without a sense of humour becomes himself provocative of the mirth

of his fellows; whereas most other deficiencies excite only the pity, or it may be the repugnance, of one's fellow men, either of which is easier to bear than their derision. But, be the explanation what it may, the fact at any rate is a thoroughly well observed one. The charge in question is universally and indignantly repudiated by men, though women have been always expected, and hitherto have for the most part meekly consented, to plead guilty to it. At last, however, in the current number of a monthly magazine, a sufficiently wrathful protest has been raised against it by two writers of the latter sex, who indeed have had the spirit to carry the war into the enemy's country, and boldly to head their article "The Sense of Humour in Men." It must have cost them some self-restraint not to point the obvious innuendo of this title with the "epigram" of a note of interrogation.

It is far from our intention to enter the lists with these two lady contributors to the *Cornhill*. Perhaps, however, we may be forgiven for incidentally pointing out to them that their insensibility to any element of the comic in the mere fact of their collaboration, and their unconsciousness of the still more patent absurdity of an attempt to repel the charge of a deficient sense of humour with so desperately serious a weapon as that of angry diatribe, are in themselves indicative of precisely those limitations which have given colour to the calumny. But the two most notable points in this highly acidulated essay—as indeed in most discussions of the same subject—are, first, the neglect to distinguish between intellectual apprehension and emotional enjoyment of the humorous, and, secondly, the singularly narrow construction which they place upon the word itself. They write as if "jokes," in the sense of verbal pleasantries, were the sole expression and embodiment of the quality of humour, and as if all the articulate utterances of man could be sharply and definitively divided into "jokes" and "not-jokes." And they persistently confound the ability to "see" jokes with the capacity of being amused by them. The latter capacity, of course, is quite accidental and irrelevant to the particular question we are now considering. That one hearer may be moved to laughter by a sally which leaves another hearer unamused does not necessarily prove any inequality of appreciative power between the two. It is as often as not a mere matter of temperament or even of passing mood. Or, again, it is, no doubt, perfectly true—to take a point which our two essayists labour with somewhat superfluous persistence—that some forms of the humorous excite in some natures and not in others emotions antagonistic to, and victorious over, any tendency to mirth. Thus there is nothing at all anomalous, though they seem to think so, in the existence of the "man's jokes" at which women feel no inclination to laugh. "I see what amuses him," the ladies put it, "but you don't really expect us to laugh at that." Well, if they do see what amuses him,

that is all that is required to prove their sense of the humorous. The organs through which that sense is exercised are no doubt intimately connected with the nerve-centres which govern the "reflex action" of laughter; but there is no ground for absolutely identifying the two.

The physical response to humour, however, is not of the essence of the matter, and hence the degree of amusement, as measured by such physical response, which we derive from one another's jokes, is hardly worth serious investigation. Moreover, the inadequacy of the conception of what is included under the word humour detracts largely, as we have pointed out, from the value of most such discussions. As long as humour is considered solely as an affair of "jokes," or, in other words, as the distinctive quality of sayings or writings deliberately designed by the speaker or writer to exhibit that quality, a perception of its existence is no great test of the hearer's or the reader's sensibility to the humorous. The emission of a joke either by the tongue or the pen is usually to be recognized by other signs than its intrinsic facetiousness. Its recognition in print is sometimes facilitated by typographical aids, and in conversation it is often, so to speak, italicized by the circumstances of its utterance. But humour in its truer and wider significance is not a sort of "extract" distilled from the products of thought and observation; it is a pervading ingredient in phenomena which is apt to be precipitated in the most unexpected ways—an aspect of the relations of things to each other which, at one moment invisible, may at the next be brought into view with all the suddenness of the sun-ray which, at the slightest change in the spectator's attitude, is flashed back upon him from some light-reflecting point in a landscape. It is in the instant perception of this new object of mental vision that the true sense of humour consists; and the presence of that power of perception in some persons, its total absence in others, and the widely differing degrees of rapidity and keenness with which it manifests itself in different people, are continually being illustrated in the daily converse of life. We use the word "perception" advisedly, and as intended to include the process of intellectual recognition which here, as in the case of the physical vision, has to follow and complete the mere sensorial impression. And, just as the unobservant man continually "fails to see"—as people loosely say for "fails to notice"—objects which are nevertheless perfectly pictured on his retina, so on the brain-tablets of the humourless man do the comic relations of objects and ideas depict themselves without being recognized for what they are.

The inability to recognize them is, of course, not absolute in any one. There are certain simple rudimentary incongruities of thought and thing which leap to the view almost of the child. They could hardly miss being "seen," these jokes of Nature or accident, any more than some huge and grotesque object could escape notice in the foreground of a landscape. But once we get away from these "gross-as-a-mountain, open, palpable" specimens of the humorous, and pass to those finer and subtler examples of it with

which, for such as possess the power of perceiving them, the world abounds, we do undoubtedly find the faculty in question distinguished as between individuals by infinite gradations of efficiency, and ranging from the lowest point of dulness to the highest point of acuteness. At what level on the scale the two sexes respectively stand is a question which we gladly resign to the two indignant essayists above referred to, merely remarking that, if they wish to convince rather than to rebuke, they will have to set about their work in a different way. There is, however, one remark which it is obvious to make, and which is founded upon universal experience—namely, that, of the two sexes, women are, in appearance at any rate, very much the unreadier to recognize the existence of the humorous side of serious things. Possibly their inability—or, if not their inability, their obstinate refusal—to effect the almost instantaneous mental readjustment which it is necessary to make in passing from the serious to the humorous side of things has been misconstrued; and women have in consequence been taxed with not "seeing" elements of the comic which in fact they do see but decline to notice. It is not improbable that an error of this kind forms the original basis of the venerable gibe at the Scotch on their supposed lack of humour. The Scottish mind refuses to readjust itself at a moment's notice to the lighter view of any subject upon which it is seriously bent; sometimes it impatiently resents even the demand for readjustment. But this defect at bottom, if we come to examine it, is not mental but temperamental. In the Scot, as in the woman, it merely argues a certain inelasticity of mood, but in neither case does it call for anything so serious as a surgical operation to correct it.

It has long been known that the British Museum contains the best collection in the world of tracts and pamphlets bearing on the French Revolution; and it is satisfactory to learn that the whole 48,579 of them have now been classified and catalogued by the indefatigable energy of Mr. G. K. Fortescue. The satisfaction, however, is, to a certain extent, tempered by the feeling that the Museum authorities have been an unreasonably long time in setting about, and putting through, this important bibliographical task. They acquired the great bulk of the pamphlets as long ago as 1817; the two supplementary collections came into their hands in 1831 and 1856. The first lot, at any rate, might therefore have very well been ready for Carlyle, who, indeed, complained of their inaccessibility in his evidence before the Royal Commission in 1849. As a matter of fact no student has yet had proper facilities for taking a bird's-eye view of them. Knowing this, we cannot wonder that Mr. Herbert Spencer once pointed to the operations of the British Museum to illustrate his theory of the invariable inferiority of public to private enterprise. The reasons for this slow progress are, no doubt, mainly of a financial order; and it really seems a pity that the State cannot be more liberal to the Museum. A niggardly policy is the less justifiable because the amount needed is quite small. In the case of such things as Naval Estimates a few thousands a year are neither here nor there. In the case of a library they may make all the difference between absolute and only comparative efficiency.

Whilst the German Emperor is talking of our "great common race," and recognizing the possibility of co-operating with England in the task of civilizing Africa, it is a pity that there should be no closer literary *rapprochement* between the two nations. The publication of English translations of Hauptmann's plays by Mr. Heinemann, of which two more, *The Weavers* and *Lonesome Lives*, have just appeared, is, we hope, a sign of a growing curiosity about living German writers, for whom the drama is at present the chief vehicle of expression. But Englishmen undoubtedly take much less interest in German than they do in French and Scandinavian current literature. Perhaps one explanation is that German does not flourish in the school class-room. Taught properly, it is quite as easy to learn as French, and both on commercial and literary grounds there is a good deal to be said for giving it a place before French in the school curriculum.

The want of sympathy is reciprocal, but we are not sure that the Germans—although they did think, or, at any rate, spoke as if they thought, that Mr. Kipling was an American—do not know more about our literature than we do about theirs. Herr Paul Heichen's biography of Dickens, just published, is, for instance, a remarkable production. Dickens has revived a good deal of late in his native country. Two or three new editions of his novels and sketches are in course of publication; the history of the illustrations to them has been well threshed out; and the one plot which he conceived as a consistent and dramatic whole has once more found its way on to the boards in the extremely well staged and acted performance now running at the Lyceum under the title of *The Only Way*. But Herr Heichen's book shows that Dickens is quite as much alive in Germany. It follows upon a complete translation of the novels; and it contains, in a bibliographical appendix, some striking facts about the vast mass of Dickens' matter in German books and periodicals, and about German "Dickens Societies." One chapter on "Mit Dickens durch London" is a very creditable piece of topography to have emanated from a foreigner.

The news from Canada makes it clear that the real Canadian authors have no wish to see copyright proposals made in their name by the alleged Canadian Society of Authors. In particular, they protest against the suggestion that the Canadian Minister of Justice should embody the views of the Society in a despatch to the Colonial Office as an authorized exposition of the wishes of Canadian writers; and they demonstrate, in letters to the Canadian newspapers, that the Society is far from being such a representative association as it claims to be. The Canadian authors with whose names the world is most familiar—such authors as Mr. Gilbert Parker, Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. James Barr, and Mr. Robert Barr—are not connected with it; while the men who are most prominent in its counsels have, in most cases, only an indirect or remote connexion with literature. The Chairman, for example, is primarily a politician. Another prominent "author" is the Canadian agent of an American publishing house, and a publisher, in a small way, on his own account. A third is a librarian. Others are school-masters or professors. It is to be hoped that the Colonial Office will make a note of these facts in case the threatened despatch should ever reach them.

In order to do justice to every one, we will admit that there is one real grievance from which Canadian printers and

publishers suffer. As the law at present stands, an English reprint of a book first issued in Canada might be imported into the Dominion to their detriment. It is not a very actual grievance, for the reason that the number of books worth reprinting which make their first appearance in Canada is not very large. Still, there the grievance is, and there is no denying that it ought to be removed. Authors (whether English or Canadian) are not responsible for its existence, and would be the last people in the world to put obstacles in the way of its removal.

Reviews.

Life, Writings, and Correspondence of George Borrow. Derived from Official and other Authentic Sources. By **William I. Knapp, Ph.D., LL.D.**, late of Yale and Chicago Universities. With Portrait and Illustrations. 2 vols. 9 x 5½ in., xviii. + 402 + 406 pp. 1899. London: **John Murray**. New York: **Putnam**. 32/-

The peculiar people called Borrowians, who in ever increasing numbers and with no decrease of enthusiasm continue to keep up the cult of George Borrow, have found their *vates sacer* at last. Hitherto this unique and fascinating personality has been seen through a glass darkly, or rather has been swathed about in a mist of *mythos*—for rarely has any man been more lied about—and, in the absence of evidence that could be verified, his career has been assumed to be such an enigma as to warrant the use of constructive fiction in dealing with his life's story. But, thanks to the great National Dictionary and its influence, we live in the age of severe biographical science, and, accordingly, Professor Knapp has presented us in these two volumes with a life picture of his hero such as only literary portraiture can supply—inasmuch as the pen, far more completely than the brush, enables us to see a man from all sides and stript of all disguises.

Of Professor Knapp it is not enough to say that he is by nature and temperament a Hero-worshipper, and that he has thrown his whole heart—we might almost say his whole life—into this extraordinary book. He is something more than any ordinary critic could describe him. How can we speak adequately of a man who is at once an Idealist almost to the point of mysticism, and as stern and cold and pitiless a critic as ever set himself to edit a scarcely decipherable palimpsest? For well-nigh fifty years this American scholar and teacher—a master of many tongues, himself a wanderer, *qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes*—has been possessed by the conviction that he had a mission in life, and that that mission was to make George Borrow known unto men. It is really quite a pathetic story that he tells us;—"how the enthusiasm for linguistic and gipsy studies with which he (Borrow) inspired my youth has never suffered any decline these fifty years, or allowed my love for his memory to grow dim"; how, "during a long residence in the Peninsula, his lines of travel were trodden over by me many times"; how "eventually I secured his papers, the correspondence of half a century and more, his notebooks of travels, his manuscripts, and the scattered remains of his library"; how finally he crossed the Atlantic, giving up a lucrative appointment in the University of Chicago because

It came to be more and more patent to my mind that the life could only be written in Norfolk, and that, too, after a considerable sojourn in its metropolitan centre. There would be something in the atmosphere of Norwich that would disclose Borrow.

Three years in Norwich—collecting, inquiring, follow-

ing indefatigably the smallest clues, spending money freely in journeying to and fro, accumulating a mass of documentary evidence regardless of cost, till one wonders how any purse could have borne the drain. At last, putting what must have been a painful restraint upon himself in withholding so much and saying so much less than he would have loved to say, he has produced these two volumes, of which it is no exaggeration to say that they constitute one of the oddest curiosities of which the history of authorship can tell.

You may call this monomania if you like. But if so, are there not some who, in view of the rarity of such absorption by an idea, and the value of the results arrived at, will be inclined to say, "Then *Vive la manie!*" The outcome of all this devotion of a life-time to a self-imposed task is the publication of two volumes containing such a monograph on Borrow as his most ardent worshippers could desire to possess, and by the help of which we are able to follow every step in his romantic career from his birth in 1803 to his lonely death in 1881.

George Henry Borrow was sprung from a Cornish family of the yeoman class. His father, when a mere lad, got into a scrape at Menheniot Fair by knocking down the headborough of the town during a free fight that was going on; and, finding it advisable to make himself scarce, he enlisted in the Coldstream Guards in 1783, turned out an excellent soldier, was transferred to the West Norfolk Militia as Sergeant-Major of the regiment in 1793, and found himself stationed at East Dereham, where he married the daughter of a small farmer, Ann Perfrement by name, a descendant of one of those Huguenot families who migrated to East Anglia after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The regiment was continually moving from place to place, and in 1803 the sergeant-major had become adjutant with the rank of captain, and was settled for a while at Dereham again, where George Borrow was born. Captain Borrow's duties were concerned with recruiting for the Army; he never saw foreign service, but his wanderings up and down Great Britain and Ireland were incessant. Professor Knapp has followed the track of these nomads from place to place till they finally took up their abode at Norwich in 1816: the captain, his wife, and two sons, of whom George was the younger. During a boyhood singularly resembling that of Sterne the mysterious George had, literally, been picking up his education as he could get it. The father never omitted to send his boys to school wherever he was stationed; and we find them at one time at the Grammar School of Huddersfield, at Edinburgh High School in 1813, then at Clonmel, in Tipperary, where George "began the study of Greek" and learnt to speak Irish. Finally he entered at the Norwich Grammar School under a scholar of some eminence in his day, the Rev. Edward Valpy, and here he had among his schoolfellows a number of lads whose names are written on the roll of fame; among them Sir James Brooke Rajah of Sarawak, Sir Archdale Wilson of Delhi, Professor Lindley the botanist, and, in some respects the most illustrious of them all, the venerable sage, Dr. James Martineau, who still survives. Borrow could never have been high in the school. In fact he appears to have been nowhere. How could a lad with such antecedents have been anything but *erratic*? Such boys settle to nothing. He had a memory which was extraordinary, and could pile up all sorts of scraps of information; they were always ready at call, but it mattered little whether they were pulled out for use by the heads or the tails. There were gipsies on Mousehold-heath. Young Borrow prowled about among their tents,

learnt to talk Romany, sang the Romany songs, spent his spare afternoons with them and his very few spare pence—for that exceedingly frugal father of his was not likely to give his younger son too much pocket-money to squander—and soon became an expert (as we phrase it now) in gipsy lore. One day in 1819 the lad of sixteen took it into his head to do what in those days was no uncommon thing for a youth to do—he ran away from school. He was brought back, flogged, then removed by his father, and articled with an attorney at Norwich for five years. During these years he was an omnivorous reader, dabbled in Anglo-Saxon, Welsh, and Danish, and apparently really learnt German of William Taylor, who by this time was sinking into a wicked old sot, but who has left his testimony to the fact that Borrow never forgot anything and never needed to be told anything twice. Just as he completed his articles, Borrow's father died. There was a small provision for the widow; there was nothing for the sons. George was left to his own resources. He was just twenty-one. Standing six foot three in his stockings, big of bone, subtle of brain, ready of speech, quick of eye, perfectly fearless, passionless, and unemotional; what was to become of the young Hercules? The answer might have been guessed from a review of Professor Knapp's microscopic scrutiny of his boyhood. For "the boy is father of the man," and from such juvenile antecedents as his it would have been odd indeed if there had not been evolved a character and a career at once *bizarre*, provokingly out of the common, and yet nothing more than was to be expected.

The youth made a plunge and started for London; he would live by literature! Unhappy lad! He made the horrible mistake of thinking he was a poet. He always believed he was. He never could have earned ten shillings a week by writing doggerel for a blacking merchant. He narrowly missed Chatterton's fate; but he earned a trifle by writing a tale. Then he fairly turned gipsy. It was a mere passing freak, however, and no more. In 1826 he is at Norwich again, printing his Romantic Ballads—poor stuff, but bringing grist to the mill. The craze for acquiring new tongues never ceasing, his fame as an extraordinary linguist began to spread. But how he lived during the next few years not even Professor Knapp can discover quite to his own satisfaction.

At the end of 1832 Borrow's connexion with the Bible Society begins. He fell among the Evangelicals; and certain good people in Norfolk took him up. Among them was Mrs. Clarke of Oulton, a widow of thirty-six or thereabouts, whom he afterwards married. The Society wanted a "Polyglott gentleman" who would engage to learn the Manchou-Tartar language in six months and then proceed to Russia and bring out a translation of the New Testament. Borrow offered himself, was accepted after a week's examination "in various Eastern languages," and found his *métier* at last. In little more than two years from this time—which years he spent in Russia—he had not only learnt Manchou but had actually printed the four Gospels in that language. The critics, and some of them very competent critics too, pronounced the work a wonderful performance, and Borrow's name became known all over Europe. At this time he was capable of translating at least thirty languages. In 1836 he was doing work for the Bible Society in Spain, where he was piling up materials for his two memorable books, "The Bible in Spain" and the "Gypsies in Spain." His wanderings in the Peninsula Professor Knapp has followed almost step by step, tracking him about as a detective tracks the rogue he is sent to "shadow." It is an exciting

romance in its way, this Spanish experience. Borrow had much to complain of at the hands of the Bible Society. On the whole it seems pretty clear that he was not fairly treated. The evidence laid before us in the first volume justifies the biographer's verdict that "No man ever had a cleaner portfolio." On the 23rd April, 1840, his seven years' connexion with the society came to an end, and on that day he married Mrs. Clarke at St. Peter's, Cornhill—getting with her a small landed estate of four or five hundred a year.

Professor Knapp has made a mistake in not ending his first volume with this incident, for with it the romance of Borrow's life closes. The remaining forty years were spent in writing books, and publishing them, and earning the solid fame which has been bestowed upon him ungrudgingly. The second volume is the chronicle of a fairly industrious, and certainly a brilliant, literary career, with an elaborate commentary and a mass of illustrative matter which all true Borrowians will delight in and be grateful for.

As for the second volume, the general reader will hardly find it excitingly attractive. Borrow's literary and domestic life offered very little that his biographer could make exceptionally interesting; it was relieved by very few incidents that were not trivial and commonplace. His books did not improve as their author grew older. He fiercely resented any criticism that was not laudatory. He shrank from the gaze of the public—rather preferred to pose as a mysterious sage, had very few friends, and apparently did not improve upon acquaintance; though upon some of those who consorted with him he produced a profound impression. Among these were FitzGerald, who wrote him an occasional letter, and Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, who has celebrated in a fine sonnet his last meeting with his friend on Blackfriars Bridge in 1874.

Professor Knapp has not ventured on more than a bare recital of facts and discoveries. He leaves to others—and perhaps wisely—anything like a critical examination of Borrow's place in English literature. During the next few months we shall hear enough of that from those who are not likely to claim too little for the author of "Lavengro."

Aspects of Religious and Scientific Thought. By the late Richard Holt Hutton. Selected from the *Spectator*, and Edited by his Niece, Elizabeth M. Roscoe. 7½ x 5 in., 415 pp. Macmillan. 5/-

Readers of many kinds, and of many varieties of theological and philosophical opinion, will welcome this volume of selections from the articles contributed over a long series of years to the *Spectator* by the late Mr. R. H. Hutton. There was probably no English writer of our day, not being himself a divine or a professor of divinity, whose essays on religious subjects, and especially on that branch of them which comes into closest contact with scientific thought and inquiry, were read with more attention than those which, amid the continual pre-occupations of editorship and political controversy, this earnest thinker and accomplished writer contributed week by week to that review which for so many strenuous and successful years he assisted to conduct. Of a deeply religious temperament, Mr. Hutton was at the same time a man of fearless speculative habit, and one who never shrank before any of the difficulties with which that habit brought him face to face; nor perhaps was there ever a seeker after truth who in every line of his writings gave stronger

evidence of his firm conviction that the truth would make him whole. His niece, Miss Elizabeth M. Roscoe, who has edited the volume, has been assisted in her pious work by Mr. Hutton's co-editor and intimate friend, Mr. Meredith; and the papers which they have selected for publication are certainly among the most characteristic writings of their author. We confess that we do not quite comprehend the principle upon which, after selection, the essays contained in "Aspects of Religious and Scientific Thought" have been arranged. Their arrangement is defiant of chronology—we pass from 1875 to 1889, and back again to 1873, in the first half-dozen essays—yet without conforming to any discernible rule of classification by way of subject. For many theologians, as perhaps for still more philosophers, this disregard of dates might have disconcerting results; but Mr. Hutton's opinions were calculated to stand it as well as any man's. They underwent no—or no transforming—developments from first to last, and the author of "The Materialist's Stronghold" in 1874 addresses us unchanged alike in convictions and in method in "The Great Agnostic"—the searching but sympathetic criticism, written shortly after Professor Huxley's death, of his intellectual character and scientific writings.

This is, indeed, a typical piece of the author's work, marked with all the precision of reasoning and decision of tone that distinguished his theological criticism, yet full also of that curious and rather pathetic wistfulness which seldom fails to reveal its presence here and there in all Mr. Hutton's writings. His analysis of that famous apologue of Professor Huxley's in which the life of man was likened to a game of chess played against an unseen antagonist, relentless, but "always fair, just, and patient," is most effective; and his exposure of the inconsistencies of language and thought into which the Agnostic fatalist is betrayed by the exigencies of his allegory could hardly have been better done. "There," he writes:—

you see Professor Huxley in his full force. But whence was that force derived? At least as much from the want of logic, with which his emotions coloured his conceptions, as from the courageous scepticism in which the passage abounds. Professor Huxley professed to know that the hidden antagonist who does not even hesitate to checkmate his human opponent for not knowing the rules of a game which he has generally had no opportunity of learning is "always just, fair, and patient." How could Professor Huxley be an "Agnostic" if he knew as much as that? Is it true Agnosticism to assume anything of the kind? What can be less like Agnosticism than to depict the unseen antagonist as "an angel who plays for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win?" The whole idealism of the picture would have vanished if Professor Huxley had held to his Agnosticism, and had told us that we do not know whether the hidden player is a fair player or even a player at all, or only an automaton without a mind and without a purpose—perhaps fair, just, and patient, but quite as probably incapable of so much as thought or feeling of its own—a thing to which fairness, justice, and patience are qualities as inapplicable as they would be to the stone wall against which a man breaks his head, or the prussic acid by which he stops the action of his heart. Nothing seems to me clearer than that Professor Huxley borrowed from a religion which he thought wholly unproved his description of the unseen player in the great game of life.

To how many elaborate philosophies of negation, constructed quite unconsciously out of the materials of affirmative creeds, would this admirable analysis apply!

The volume is perhaps a little overweighted with the eternal controversy between Faith and Scientific Materialism. The latter word, in fact, or one of its derivatives, actually enters into the titles of no fewer than four distinct essays in the volume, and is of the stuff and substance of at least half of the remaining fifty. That circumstance, however, is not to be regretted, as the

borderland between religion and science is undoubtedly the region in which Mr. Hutton's dialectic appears to the best advantage. Unlike many upholders of the Spiritualist as against the Materialist theory, he had a thorough grasp of his opponents' principles and an exceptional power of imaginatively realizing their conceptions; and this lends a breadth to his reasonings which favourably distinguish them from those of the polemical theologian who has devoted no more study to the scientific position than will enable him to apprehend it, as it were, from the outside. As an advocate of Theism, in the everlasting cause of Theist versus Agnostic, Mr. Hutton is one of the best equipped and most effective of disputants; as a champion of Anglicanism, especially against so redoubtable a representative of Nonconformity as Dr. Martineau, he appears to less advantage. The rôle of a defender of the principle of authority against that of private judgment does not sit quite easily on him; and the paper in which he discusses and combats the great Unitarian's book on "The Seat of Authority in Religion" distinctly strikes one as "protesting too much." It impresses us rather as the work of a man who, having formerly held and subsequently abandoned the opinions he is now opposing, is still haunted by a suspicion that they are perhaps sound, and attempts to make emphasis of manner do duty for firmness of conviction. This disquietude is less noticeable in his criticism of Dr. Martineau's address to the students of Manchester New College in 1881, where, too, he earns our warmest gratitude by the quotations which he has made from it. There is no admirer of great literature who will not be glad to be reminded of the magnificent passage cited by Mr. Hutton on pp. 197-199, one of the noblest that ever came from the pen of a writer, who, so far as a Classic can be compared with a Romantic, stands side by side with Mr. Ruskin as one of the two greatest living masters of English prose.

Of poetry Mr. Hutton was, as we all remember, an almost too appreciative critic, his prompt and perpetual recognition of new poets exposing him at times to the good-humoured raillery of his literary brethren. But if his standard of poetic importance was, perhaps, not sufficiently exacting, his sense of poetic quality was fine and true. In his generous eagerness for the discernment of early promise, he may have ranked many young poets somewhat higher than their merits or their power warranted; but we cannot recall an instance of his classing any one as a poet who had not a genuine title to the name. He was perhaps a better judge of the matter of poetry than of its form, and, naturally enough, the poetry of thought appealed to him more strongly than that of passion or imagination; but, within the limits imposed upon him by temperament and mental habit, his eye and hand were very sure. It is perhaps a pity that the scope of this volume was not so extended as to admit some of Mr. Hutton's papers on strictly literary themes; for those actually contained in it, such as the essays on "The Modern Poetry of Doubt" and the theology of Tennyson and Browning, deal only with the religious aspect of their respective subjects. Even, however, as so restricted, they are highly interesting and testify eloquently to their author's penetrating insight into the tendencies of modern poetry as regards its treatment of the religious instinct in man. It is when he exchanges the function of criticism for that of speculative prophecy—and of prophecy unsupported by any of the prophet's unquestioning force of conviction—that he becomes here, as elsewhere, in like circumstances, so pathetically futile. Thus, after dwelling justly enough on "the consensus of the higher poets of

our day in a frank and sad confession of doubt, with an undertone of faith," he concludes:—

It seems to me to show one of two things—either that we are on the eve of a long and uncertain era of spiritual suspense—scepticism qualified by a yearning hope—or that the way is preparing for a day of clearer and more solid trust than the world has yet known.

The prophet, that is to say, is prepared to stake his prophetic reputation on the prevision of one of two things: either that we shall continue to be as sceptical as ever, or that we shall not. "If the jury thought the witnesses worthy of credit, they would believe them; and if they didn't, why then they wouldn't." It may seem unpardonably flippant to quote this parallel passage from the charge of Mr. Justice Stareleigh in the memorable case of "*Bardell v. Pickwick*"; but the comparison irresistibly suggests itself. Nearly thirty years have passed since this "prediction in the alternative" was delivered, and certainly the poetry of the day, from that of Mr. Watson downwards, shows much more distinct signs of a scepticism not always "qualified by a yearning hope" than of a "clearer and more solid trust." But Mr. Hutton, it will be seen, has so made up his book that on either event he "stands to win."

BIRDS.

Birds. By A. H. EVANS, M.A., Clare College, Cambridge. Being a volume of the "Cambridge Natural History." 9x6½ in., xvi. + 635 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 17s. n.

It was, we suppose, inevitable that the "Cambridge Natural History" should include a volume on Birds. This, frankly, presents itself to us as the only *raison d'être* of the book before us. Mr. Evans, in his preface, tells us that "he has essayed the difficult and apparently unattempted task of including in some six hundred pages a short description of the majority of the forms in many of the Families, and of the most typical or important of the innumerable species included in the large Passerine Order. Prefixed to each group is a brief summary of the Structure and Habits, a few further particulars of the same nature being subsequently added where necessary, with a statement of the main Fossil forms as yet recorded." Further, this book represents its author's attempt "to meet a need which he believes to be somewhat widely felt"; he hopes "that the work may be of real use not only to the tyro in ornithology, but also to the traveller or resident in foreign parts," who may need "the aid of a concise account of the species likely to cross his path." We fear these hopes will not be realized.

It must be obvious at the very outset that the author has addressed himself not to a "difficult," but to a hopeless task. There is either no need for a book of "short descriptions," or, if there is, it had better be left unsatisfied; for short descriptions are very apt to end in fog. This book is either too large or not large enough. You cannot push a scientific work up to the verge of the popular and leave it there. You must needs go further or do less. Mr. Evans might either have expanded his volume into two, and made an attractive book, or have condensed it into smaller space and given us a book exhaustively instructive if rigidly exact.

The weak point—a point in the very premiss it seems to us—lies in that idea, *description*. Not description but differentiation is, surely, what we look for in an ostensible guide to determination of forms. Your differentiation may turn upon structure, or habits, or distribution, or all three, but differentiate you must, as far as may be, and a hundred times so if you are writing for the "tyro" or the "traveller in foreign parts." Absolute differentiation is often impossible. Had our author's description been even narrowed down to such characteristics as more or less closely tended to identification, the work would

have had a distinct claim to usefulness ; but what is the case ? Take the Pigeons :—

Omitting the abnormal Didine Birds, the habits of the members of this group (*sic*) are fairly uniform. . . . Wood Pigeons towards winter and Passenger Pigeons when nesting—not to mention other instances—gather in large flocks ; in some cases, however, the parties only number about half a dozen, and more solitary habits are by no means uncommon. The flight is strong, rapid, and direct, though the Ground Pigeons remain a comparatively short time upon the wing, and some species prefer to run unless forced to rise, *Oena* being an especially good walker. . . . Every member of the Family perches, and many delight to bask in the sun.

Perhaps we are hypercritical, but is it careful to use the word *group* (even with a small "g") of a Family ? Again, "delight to bask in the sun." Is this to separate them from *Apteryx* or from what ? Is it worth while, when every fraction of space is precious, to waste it over generalisms which tell nothing distinctive and to omit characteristics (such as, in the case of the pigeons, methods of drinking and of feeding young) which are far more definitive ? Or, again, of the three predicates of the mocking bird, "the movements are energetic but graceful, the flight thrush-like," one is an exact comparison, one demands an unexpressed standard of relation, while the other is clearly a question of taste.

Take the Great Bustard (*Otis tarda*):—"In spring the pugnacious cocks strut around the hens, swelling out their plumage, and inflating the gular pouch when it is present ; the head meanwhile is thrown backwards, the wings droop, the tail is usually erected and outspread, and booming or crooning utterances with leaps diversify the performance." But most of this would do just as well for a turkey cock or a male capercaillie, to mention no other birds. Yet the male great bustard, at these periods of display, changes its form into one which is absolutely unrecognizable when seen for the first time. It actually *reverses* certain feathers, so that we might more fairly cite an analogy in the spring-bok antelope. Nor under the account of *Syrnhaptes paradoxus* (Pallas's Sand-grouse) is even so much as a hint given of a habit so unexpected, so unique, that there is, as far as is known, nothing at all like it in the whole range of bird-life. When the young are hatched the male bird twice a day grinds his breast against the ground until the feathers are all crumpled, and then dips it into water. The young satisfy their thirst by sipping the water off the old bird's breast feathers. One can quite understand how, in the arid regions where these birds breed, such a means of conveying water to the young may be most necessary. Why not mention the fact ? It is perfectly well ascertained. Of the Sub-family *Viduinæ* we read, "The former group (*sic*) includes the long-tailed Widow birds, the red-beaked Waxbills, and so forth" (the italics are ours). "And so forth !" Just so ; but the book is not written for customers of Mr. Cross, of Liverpool, but—well, it is issued, at any rate, under the ægis of Cambridge.

But, having said thus much, it is a pleasure to turn to comment which, if less dissatisfied, is not less convinced and sincere. The classification—in the main that of Dr. Hans Gadow—is admirable, and proceeds so far as the divisions up to Families are concerned, from the Ratite Birds upwards, in correct morphological sequence. We should have preferred the *Corvidæ* put at the summit of the *Oscines*, but Mr. Evans has here followed Dr. Stejneger, and has otherwise quite fairly disarmed criticism. The general account prefixed to the Orders and Sub-Orders is excellent ; the illustrations, drawn for the greater part by Mr. Lodge, are admirably characteristic. In a serviceable introduction the author has shortly dealt with feathers, colour, moult, structure, and the leading facts of migration. The book, as a whole, is a reflection of conscientious and accurate labour, and to have worked through the provinces of so many specialists, must have left its author a veritable encyclopedia of ornithological lore. The accuracy of the work is beyond all challenge ; we have not been able to find in any part of its subject which falls within our own experience or information a single slip or misstatement of fact ; and this,

when the area and detail of such a book is considered, is in itself no limited tribute. All we do feel is that, in the face of such works as those of Professor Newton's "Dictionary of Birds," of Mr. Bedard's "Structure and Classification," of Professor Fürbringer's "*Untersuchungen zur Morphologie und Systematik der Vögel*," and of Dr. Stejneger's volume of the "Standard Natural History," this work was not necessary, and that, while there was, and is, room for a bird book on quite different lines, that chance has been missed. This work is too obvious, so to say, and too little suggestive. Beyond all doubt that book of which Mr. Evans speaks has yet to be written—the book which shall serve as a guide and hand-book to the tyro and the worker in foreign lands. In our judgment two things are required of such a work—first, that it shall be suggestive and shall point to definite and clear lines of inquiry upon variations in plumage from region to region ; upon eggs and their colouring (which Mr. Evans has practically left out) ; upon nestling plumage ; upon migration ; upon changes of plumage, not only by moult, but by loss of the tips (the barbicels) of the feathers ; upon island forms and kindred phenomena. Secondly, that it shall contain characters, in a compressed and tabulated form ; on the model, for example, of Colonel Irby's excellent little Key List of British Birds, giving recognizable and, so far as may be, eliminative distinctions. All this should be accompanied by a key to distribution in its main features, and it might be printed in the smallest diamond type. Such a book would serve the double purpose of a guide to observation and of a reliable key to determination of forms, and should be accompanied by maps of geographical distribution and charts of migration lines.

Popular books on the wonders of bird life are common enough, but they are not often written by so learned an ornithologist as Mr. Bowdler Sharpe, and they too often treat the subject only as a storehouse of curious tit-bits to tickle the fancy of the dabbler in natural history. Mr. Sharpe's *WONDERS OF THE BIRD WORLD* (Wells Gardner, 6s.) is thoroughly popular in style, but it is conceived in a scientific spirit. It lays great stress on method, and on accuracy of completeness and observation, and indicates the lines on which further investigation might be made, such as the difficult question of migration, in which Mr. Sharpe, together with the late Mr. Seebohm, made many original observations in Heligoland. Much of the matter, such as the chapters on gigantic birds, on wonderful nests, on mimicry, and on the cuckoo, is familiar enough to those who have paid any attention to birds, but both here and elsewhere the author keeps in close touch with the scientific principles of classification, of anatomy, &c., and is conversant with the latest results of observation. The book is well illustrated by Mr. A. T. Elwes.

Mr. Sharpe is also responsible for a *SKETCH-BOOK OF BRITISH BIRDS* (14s.), a large-sized volume (10×7½ in.), with the text printed on very shiny paper, and published by the S.P.C.K. The letterpress is described by the author as "a few notes as a running commentary" on little highly-coloured pictures of the birds, accurate but not artistic, drawn by Messrs. A. F. and C. Lydon. The information, especially as to the song and flight of birds, is necessarily very scanty.

REPRINTS.

The Tatler. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by George A. Aitken. Four Vols. 8½×5½ in. London, 1898. Duckworth. 7/6 each Vol.

One is always glad to welcome an old friend, more especially if he comes to us so well introduced and so respectably clad as on this occasion. In this new edition of "The Tatler" Mr. Aitken has gone for the foundation of his text to the duodecimo edition issued in 1710-11, "revised and corrected by the author." At the same time it is not a mere reprint of that issue which is here furnished, since, as Mr. Aitken explains in the preface,

constant use has been made of the original folio sheets (published between the dates April 12, 1709, and January 2, 1711) of the "Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff." The notes, if not so full as those given in the editions of Nichols (1786) and Chalmers (1822), are quite to the point. Many of them, of course, owe their existence to these earlier annotators; but Mr. Aitken has shown himself a judicious selector, and all his own notes are valuable. The introduction is good and furnishes a succinct account of the origin of the journal, with a fairly acute estimate of the merits of the contributions by Steele and Addison. It is pleasant to read once more, as may be done in Steele's preface, of that writer's high opinion of Swift's literary genius and of its peculiar quality, especially of "Dr. Swift's pleasant writings, in the name of Bickerstaff," meaning by that the funny Partridge pamphlets. It was not very many years after this preface was written that Steele had another tale to tell about his friend. We notice that Mr. Aitken speaks of a "shoemaker's shop" as the place where Swift first saw the name of Bickerstaff. We had always thought that it was obtained from the sign of a blacksmith's or locksmith's. Partridge himself was a shoemaker. The portraits prefixed to each volume are excellently reproduced, although we are of opinion that the one of Swift would have gained by being photographed from the original painting by Jervas rather than from the print by Fourdrinier. The index completing the fourth volume is a capital example of what an index should be. Altogether, both the editor and publisher may be complimented on having produced an edition of "The Tatler" which is likely to remain the standard edition.

Eighteenth Century Letters—Johnson, Lord Chesterfield. Edited by R. Brimley Johnson. With an Introduction by George Birkbeck-Hill. 7½ x 5¼ in., xl. + 244 pp. London, 1898. Innes. 6/-

We wonder what Johnson would have said had he been told that a selection from his letters would, towards the beginning of the twentieth century, be issued in a volume with one from those by Lord Chesterfield. If there possibly could be an attitude towards life which the writer of the "Rambles" detested more than any other it was that assumed by the author of the so-called "Chesterfield's Letters to his Son." Dr. Birkbeck-Hill has the sense of humour to be himself tickled by this untoward combination. "What a coalition!" he exclaims, as did Garrick when he heard that Johnson and the dissipated Beauclerk were companions. And we echo the exclamation. And yet, different as were the points of view of the two writers, they were both alike in their sincerity and in the earnestness which characterized their expressions of what appealed to them as truth. But to say this is to speak of them as workers in literature—not as letter-writers. In the latter sphere Chesterfield was incomparably Johnson's superior. We must confess that we are not sorry to have this combination, and our negative appreciation is made a positive pleasure by Dr. Birkbeck-Hill's very charming Introduction. It is lengthy, but brightly written and with a fund of information excellently suited to the readers for whom the selection is intended. The selection itself is fairly representative and will give a good impression of Chesterfield's power, at any rate. Perhaps it was not quite fair to Johnson to make him stand this test.

Many people, who have been interested in the Browning letters just published, will be glad to refresh their memory with AURORA LEIGH, just published as one of the Temple Classics (Dent, 1s. 6d. n. each), under the editorship of Mr. Buxton Forman, which has a fit companion in MEN AND WOMEN, by Robert Browning, another new volume of the same series. The first two of ten volumes of NORTH'S PLUTARCH, edited by Mr. W. H. D. Rouse, are also published. In the "Temple Scott" Series (Dent, 1s. 6d. n. each), come ST. RONAN'S WELL and RED GAUNTLET, with "Bibliographical Notes" by Mr. Clement Shorter, who calls attention to the light thrown upon the period of the latter romance by Mr. Lang's recent books, "Pickle the Spy," and "The Companions of Pickle"; and in the "Border Waverley"

(Nimmo, 3s. 6d. n. each) we have QUENTIN DURWARD, ST. RONAN'S WELL, and PEVERIL OF THE PEAK, the illustrations to the two latter being, we think, the best in the series. Messrs. Dent's "Temple Edition" of Dickens is continued by NICHOLAS NICKLEBY in three volumes (4s. 6d. n.), with a bibliographical note by Mrs. Walter Jerrold.

Messrs. W. Thacker begin a new edition of Whyte Melville's works with RIDING RECOLLECTIONS (10s. 6d. n.), a book never likely to lose its interest for horsemen. The volume is well printed and is bound either in cloth or calf, and in the latter case with gilt edges to the pages which, when bent over on the hand, reveal a coloured picture of a landscape with riders. Sir Herbert Maxwell has been very wisely selected as the editor of the series. He contributes a short biographical introduction to the present volume, in which he expresses a regret which every one must share, that John Leech never illustrated Whyte Melville. Perhaps Mr. Hugh Thomson, who has drawn twelve illustrations for "Riding Recollections," is as good a modern substitute for Leech as could be procured. Sir Herbert Maxwell points out the essentially wholesome character of Whyte Melville's novels, admitting that they do not rank high in the class which the cant phraseology of the day calls "human documents," a term applied, to quote Sir Herbert's definition, "to stories of the failure of energy and commonsense to steer a character through ordinary temptation and the results of puzzle-headedness." That these novels are not losing their popularity is shown by the simultaneous publication of Messrs. Ward Lock's Whyte Melville novels which has now reached its fifth volume with MARKET HARBOROUGH AND INSIDE THE BAR (3s. 6d.), illustrated by Mr. John Charlton.

Herman Melville is an undeservedly neglected writer. His descriptions of whalers and South Sea Islanders have a very genuine ring. We welcome, therefore, a reprint of his TYPES in Blackie's School and Home Library (1s.), and hope that "Omoo" and "Moby Dick"—the classic of whaling—are to follow. Another addition to the same series is SELECTIONS FROM ADDISON'S "SPECTATOR." The selection adopted is that made by the estimable Mrs. Barbauld in 1804, and the volume is announced as "with an introduction by Mrs. Barbauld," though, as a matter of fact, it only contains a portion of that lady's introduction, incorporated in a preface by Mrs. Herbert Martin. The general get-up of the School and Home Library is wonderful for the price.

We have received the first three volumes of a new edition of the works of Francis Parkman (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. n. each). Like that other great American historian, William Prescott, Mr. Parkman accomplished his self-imposed task in the face of great difficulties arising from weak eyesight. For a long period he could not read or write continuously for more than five minutes. Yet, by diligence and perseverance, he wrote twelve volumes (of which the first appeared in 1865) on the relations of France and England in North America, and his books are not likely to be soon superseded. The volumes before us are PIONEERS OF FRANCE IN THE NEW WORLD, THE JESUITS IN NORTH AMERICA, and LA SALLE AND THE DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT WEST. The others are to follow shortly. In their new format—enriched in some cases by the addition of fresh matter—they will be a welcome accession to our libraries.

The second volume of the "Eversley Shakespeare" (Macmillan, 5s.) contains *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Twelfth Night*, and *As You Like It*. Professor Herford's introductions hit the happy mean between excess and defect of erudition.

Messrs. Constable's "Whitehall Shakespeare" is continued with Volume X., containing *Julius Caesar*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*, and Volume XI. with *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Timon*, and *Pericles*.

We have received a reprint of the second edition of the MEMORIES OF FATHER HEALY (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.). It is a book full of entertaining stories, and well deserves this proof of its popularity.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Pictures in the National Gallery, London. With Descriptive and Critical Notes. By **Charles L. Eastlake**, late Keeper and Secretary. Illustrated in photogravure, &c., by **Franz Hanfstaengl**. 16x12in. Munich, London, and New York, 1899. **Franz Hanfstaengl. £9 9/-**

The volume for which Mr. Charles Locke Eastlake has written the descriptive text, and Mr. Franz Hanfstaengl prepared more than two hundred gravure reproductions of the leading pictures in the National Gallery, will be welcome to all interested in the history and progress of Art. So far as we are aware, no work of importance illustrating our national collection has been published since Jones' "National Gallery" sixty years ago; and during the last fifty years the gallery has nearly doubled its structural area and multiplied its contents eightfold.

Since the spring of 1896, parts of the present work have been issued from time to time, but it is only on looking over the collected volume that an appreciation of the permanent value of the work can be gained. Each school of painting, with the exception of the English, is here dealt with chronologically, and the reproductions of the pictures chosen to illustrate each school and period are so arranged as to enable the student to judge of both the wealth of the collection and its lacunæ. It is generally admitted that it lacks some examples of notable masters, especially of the Umbrian and Lombard Schools, and also of modern Continental masterpieces, but, except in Venice itself, no European gallery contains so many treasures of Venetian art.

The high standard of excellence hitherto maintained, with a few unlucky exceptions, in the choice of pictures acquired for the National Gallery makes it difficult to select typical specimens for special notice. The author's notes are limited to the "Foreign Schools," and of some 900 examples in the Gallery nearly 200 have been reproduced in photogravure and collotype. To have exceeded that number would have been impossible in a single volume even of this portly size; and the result, as a whole, shows, we think, a wise eclecticism. The volume is divided into twelve parts, and care is taken to maintain the classified order in which the pictures themselves were arranged—with so much advantage from an educational point of view—some years ago, beginning with the earliest examples of each school of painting, and presenting them, as far as possible, in chronological sequence. In the literary part of his work Mr. Eastlake has avoided controversial questions as to authenticity. We gather that he has accepted the latest "attribution" of each work as given in the official catalogue, except in those cases which are manifestly open to doubt. Biographical notices have been omitted as beyond the purpose of the work, save where the incidents of a painter's career or his habits of life have tended to influence his choice of subject or mode of treating it. Mr. Eastlake has clearly condensed his text as much as possible, each picture rarely occupying more than half a page. His comments may here and there seem a little obvious; but a book of this class is not intended for cognoscenti. For the non-professional general reader we can hardly conceive a more satisfactory and pleasant volume, and both Mr. Eastlake and Mr. Hanfstaengl are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts to produce a selection of pictures which shall give a general idea of the national collection.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

MUSIC.

Mr. H. E. Krehbiel's book, **MUSIC AND MANNERS FROM PERGOLESE TO BEETHOVEN** (Constable, 6s.), adds to our knowledge of such opposite artists as the poet Gray and the librettist Da Ponte. With the help of an autobiographical pamphlet written by the librettist of *Don Juan*, and hitherto "unmentioned by all who have written on Da Ponte so far as can be learned," Mr. Krehbiel sheds some fresh light on the vagabond life of the Italian in America, struggling with his creditors, as a musician, a professor of Italian literature, a distiller, a bookseller, and a

tobacconist. The author also gives us some amusing selections from the well-known diary kept by Haydn when in England. But perhaps the most attractive of Mr. Krehbiel's curiosities is the notebook of MS. music compiled by the poet Gray while travelling in Italy with Horace Walpole. Mr. Austin Dobson in his essay on Gray's library in "Eighteenth Century Vignettes" alludes casually to this notebook, the contents of which are now carefully described by Mr. Krehbiel. "The music (he says) consists almost exclusively of operatic airs from the composers who were the chief glory of the Italian schools of the eighteenth century." The notebook in which these songs are elaborately scored is perhaps chiefly remarkable as illustrating the immense capacity of a genius for taking pains upon a holiday. It is even a little ironical that the author of "The Elegy" should have undergone so much labour lest he should forget music of so transitory a kind as much that is contained in this collection. The really great opera writer of the time—Handel—is not mentioned. Mr. Krehbiel has not in every case done justice to his materials. In his reminiscences of the Mozart festival at Salzburg, of the Beethoven museum at Bonn, and of Goethe's theatre at Weimar he omits much that might have been said as to the bearing of these places upon the history of art, in his anxiety as to the size and the financial regulations of the theatres of Goethe and Mozart. Nor is the ascertainment of the exact moment when Da Ponte set foot in America a matter of breathless interest. In short Mr. Krehbiel's book, though it is stuffed with information, and evinces some critical discrimination, might have been still more attractive in the light of such copious material.

IN **VOICE AND VIOLIN** (Chatto and Winchus, 5s.) Dr. T. L. Philipson's reminiscences of Italian opera and the virtuosos of a bygone age carry the reader back to a time when singers ruled over composers, when opera was Italian, and stage contrivances were far more elementary than they are now. Madame Malibran bitterly complains because Balfe refuses to transfer the chief baritone song in *The Maid of Artois*, "The Light of Other Days," to her own part. Rossini insists upon reading the score of one of Wagner's operas upside down. The bass in *Robert le Diable*, being annoyed with the tenor because he will not sing fast enough, stamps—unfortunately upon the trap-door—and passes prematurely to the nether regions. Dr. Philipson's book is full of stories of this kind. They are seldom hackneyed, and on one of the few occasions where he tells an old tale, he modestly omits the end. But here the whole is better than the half:—

An organ-grinder was murdering an air from *La Cenerentola* when Rossini (the composer of the opera) and a friend happened to pass. He stepped off the boulevard, went up to the man, seized the handle of the organ, and turned it to the proper time the air should be played. Then slipping a five-franc piece into the man's hand, he told him never to forget to play the air slowly just as he had heard it.

Dr. Philipson omits to add that for ever afterwards the organ-grinder had the words "Pupil of Rossini" written large upon his instrument.

Our author, whose opinions date back as far as his reminiscences, naively extols the *bête noires* of the modern musician. To point out the beauties of *La Sonnambula*, "the most beautiful by far of all lyric dramas," would, in his opinion, be as superfluous as to "eulogize the poems of Dante or the plays of Shakespeare." This, of course, is absurd; but fortunately Dr. Philipson does not often allow the temptation to dogmatize to interfere with his gift of story-telling.

IN **OLD SCORES AND NEW READINGS** (The Unicorn Press, 5s. n.), so many and utterly different artists in turn press Mr. J. F. Runciman for a place in his new Elysium that the strictest impartiality is necessary. Mr. Runciman, with his essentially twentieth-century way of looking at things, is, perhaps, the last person to take a calm survey of musical history. Impatient of old authorities, such as Burney, and restless with reticent composers, such as Spohr and Brahms, he is, in fact, a Siegfried among critics. His treatment of some composers of great genius, whose works, being little performed at this moment, cannot speak for themselves, is highly misleading. He has not caught the spirit of those delicate composers who kept their individuality

while following in the footsteps of Mozart. Of Spohr he only notes the "pedagogic gravity" and the fact that he is "very old." In Weber he, indeed, discovers the picturesque, but he fails to appreciate the note of humanity and the dramatic instinct. His music, he says, "never moves in step with the drama" of his operas. Surely "The Power of Sound" and the symphony in D minor show Spohr to have been as much a poet as a pedagogue, while the greatness of Weber's *Der Freischütz* rests even more upon the subtle play of varying human emotion in the music than upon its pictorial beauty. But Mr. Runciman is more trustworthy in dealing with composers such as Wagner and Tchaikowsky, who suit his own temperament. His criticism of Gounod is full of individual thought. Still even here his unhistoric mind shows itself in his tendency to take the modern theory of dramatic music as a touchstone in historical criticism. It is, after all, a very open question whether the Wagnerian device for securing dramatic unity in stage music by weaving the drama together in a web of "leit-motiv" is an advance upon the Mozartean method. Perhaps some future Siegfried may arise, equally confident in the devices of his own generation, and trample upon the "leit-motiv" itself as an elaborate convention. We only trust he will be as amusing as Mr. Runciman.

SCIENCE.

Mrs. Awdry's *EARLY CHAPTERS IN SCIENCE* (Murray, 6s.), despite the number of popular scientific books in the market, deserves a warm welcome from all teachers of the young. Mrs. Awdry, when she joined her husband, Bishop Awdry, in Japan, gave her manuscript to Professor Barrett, of the Royal College of Science for Ireland, who has edited and in some parts rewritten it; and the different portions of the book have been revised by other well-known authorities. It is designed to fill in England something like the place occupied in France by M. Paul Bert's well-known "First Year of Scientific Knowledge," but it is far less technical than that work. English scientists have long ago learnt how to present their learning in an attractive form, and so far, of course, Mrs. Awdry breaks no new ground. What is valuable about her book is its comprehensiveness. She divides it into two parts, "The World of Life" and "The World of Experiment," in the first leading the student from simple illustrations to a knowledge of the main facts about the classification, the reproduction, and leading characteristics of animals and plants, and in the second, within the compass of 140 pages, setting forth with great lucidity the laws which govern the forces of nature, and giving an insight into physics, chemistry, and electricity. The illustrations are models of clear, careful, and unconventional work. The book is quite elementary and does not, for instance, in the first part, even get so far as to include a reference to the phenomena of evolution. But we know of no work so likely to be useful as an introduction to science for quite young people. We only hope that Mrs. Awdry may eventually be able to utilize her faculty for simple exposition by adding chapters on astronomy and geology.

VOLCANOES, by Professor T. G. Bonney (Murray, 6s.), is the latest addition to the Progressive Science Series. Any reader who, attracted by the title, expects the volume to prove a satisfactory substitute for fiction is destined to be disappointed. Of Vesuvius, of Krakatoa, of Kilauea—no less than of the Puy de Dome, the Riesengebirge, and the Eifel—Mr. Bonney writes with the passionless composure of the man of science, whose business is to state and investigate facts, not to draw lurid pictures of horrible catastrophes. From this point of view, the loose and inaccurate Michelet is far better reading. But, though Mr. Bonney's style is bald, his book is a valuable repository of encyclopædic information. It tells us all that it is strictly necessary to know about every volcano, extinct or active, in the world, and those who wish to know more are referred to the best authorities in footnotes for which they will be grateful. Those who already know the facts and wish to learn Professor Bonney's theories may confine their attention to Chapter VI. There, the part which water plays in eruptions, and the means by which it may be supposed to get access to the subterranean furnaces which

turn it into steam, is discussed, together with other problems. The magnitude of the field which still awaits investigation is well explained on the last page:—

He who would evolve order out of our present mental chaos on this branch of the subject must be at once an accomplished chemist and a mineralogist, a physicist, and a mathematician, a practised worker with the microscope, and a field geologist of unusually wide experience; in fact, he must, I fear, be an impossible creature, for there are questions, and this is one of them, which cannot be solved by the most diligent student of books, or by the most industrious worker in a laboratory; they demand far more toil than can be crowded into the three score and ten years of human life.

The book is a valuable one, though, as we have suggested, it is too closely packed with facts to be very easily readable by any but deliberate students.

IN THE DISCHARGE OF ELECTRICITY THROUGH GASES (Constable) Professor J. J. Thomson has given us one of the best books of the kind we have yet seen. Although not professedly "popular" in his treatment of it, Professor J. J. Thomson deals in a straightforward and intelligible manner with a subject which has ever possessed a great attraction for amateurs—the Geissler or vacuum tube. In these days of huge mathematical treatises, full of ill-arranged matter, it is a relief to find that at least one of our leading exponents of science can imitate Faraday in his judicious blending of bold generalization with beautiful experimentation, and in his lucidity, conciseness, and method. Professor Thomson is not content merely to collect facts; he loves to theorize thereon, and in doing so he leaves upon the reader's mind the feeling that his inductions are those of a man who has so long lived among and pondered over the phenomena described that he has attained a sort of scientific second sight.

From the most *blasé* attendant at popular science lectures the weird glow of the vacuum-tube in the darkened room evokes at least a passing spasm of admiration and curiosity. For the scientific investigator vacuum-tube work has all the charm that an unknown continent possesses for the explorer. Matter in the vacuum-tube is not only vastly simplified but very communicative. The cathode rays, Lenard rays, and Röntgen rays that are generated in or by a rarefied gas exposed to the electric discharge tantalize and torment the philosopher with vivid glimpses into the very constitution of matter. The student of yesterday was taught to regard the "atom" as one and indivisible. To-day, Professor Thomson can conclude his monograph with the revolutionary dictum that "the results of this investigation thus support the view that in the corpuscles in the cathode rays we have matter in a finer state of subdivision than the ordinary atom." In other words, we have in the vacuum tube when it is exposed to the electric discharge the very material out of which the atom or elementary body can be manufactured, and thus we are led by way of Prout, Norman-Lockyer, Mendeleëf, Crookes, and J. J. Thomson back again to Hermes Trismegistus, Roger Bacon, and something which bears a striking resemblance to the universal solvent and the transmutation of metals.

SOUND: A Text-Book of Physics, by J. H. Poynting and J. J. Thomson (Griffin, 8s. 6d.). Notwithstanding the epoch-making discoveries of von Helmholtz, embodied in his well-known work "Sensations of Tone," and the painstaking researches of Lord Rayleigh, which are to be found, for the most part, in his treatise on "Sound," the science of Acoustics still remains in a somewhat unsatisfactory state. The general principles and fundamental laws are known and have long been known, but their detailed application to the explanation of many every-day phenomena is beset with difficulties. This, no doubt, is due in a large measure to the fact that in acoustics we are concerned in nine cases out of ten not merely with bare sound, but with musical sounds. Now, our perception of light, as distinct from that of colour, is a comparatively simple sensation, and as colour phenomena form but a subsidiary section of the science of Optics, the science as a whole is not seriously hampered by the backward state of our knowledge with regard to sensations of colour. Moreover, Light is closely allied to the still more

beautiful science of Electricity and Magnetism, and, both on its own account and through these allies, a study of Optics offers to the investigator a vast field of profitable practical application. Acoustics, on the other hand, is mainly concerned with musical sounds, and the perception of these, like the perception of colour, varies so widely from individual to individual as to render the formation of reliable general opinions almost impossible. Again, Sound stands somewhat apart from and out of the beaten track of general physics; its study does not visibly lead either to fame or fortune. The effect of all this is very noticeable on passing from a good modern text-book dealing with Light or with Electricity and Magnetism to a good modern text-book on Sound, such as the present one. The authors state that their work is intended chiefly for students who wish to study the subject experimentally, and who are not equal to much in the way of mathematics. This admirable aim has been fulfilled. The authors are not content merely to state a given law in the shape of an academic formula, but they state it clause by clause, instancing as they go appropriate practical examples, so that when they finally sum it all up in an algebraical equation the symbols have gained a real meaning. Whenever an everyday phenomenon can be quoted by way of proof, it is quoted in preference to a laboratory experiment. The work is not intended for popular consumption, but it may, nevertheless, be recommended to any one desirous of possessing an easy, up-to-date standard treatise on Acoustics.

IN THE LAST LINK: OUR PRESENT KNOWLEDGE OF THE DESCENT OF MAN (Black, 2s. 6d.) Professor Haeckel confidently looks forward to the twentieth century for the universal acceptance of the theory of transformism enunciated by Lamarck in 1809, and fostered and matured by Charles Darwin about fifty years later. Meanwhile, under the editorship of Dr. Gadow, he gives us a pleasing little volume containing the subject-matter of his address at the International Congress of Zoology at Cambridge. In it he does not profess to deal with the whole theory of descent, but concerns himself with a critical examination of "our scientific knowledge of the descent of man, and of the different stages of his animal pedigree."

Adopting the Huxleyan thesis that the structural differences which separate man from the gorilla are not so great as those which separate the gorilla and the lower apes, he lays before us a clear *résumé* of the accumulated evidences of modern science in its support. The objection of anti-Darwinians that palæontology does not furnish fossil organisms to fill the structural gaps between living species is met in the second chapter. Although the author considers the objection capable of a simple answer we are not sure his explanation will satisfy opponents like Professor Virchow. The feature which invests the book with a popular interest is the description of the "missing link"—an ideal constructed from three fossils discovered in Java by Dr. Dubois in 1894. Evolutionists are naturally exultant over the exhumation of fossil remains pointing to the existence, during the Pliocene period, of a group of catarrhines which supplies the long-sought link in their theory of man's descent. The book also contains a series of biographical sketches of German scientists whose energies have been devoted to the subject. This admirable synopsis of the most interesting question in biological science will be specially welcomed by those who have neither time nor patience to grapple with the enormous literature treating of evolution.

EDUCATIONAL.

New school-books fall thick as autumn leaves. They all, or nearly all, seem better than the books of our youth; but it is just a question whether some of them are not too good—too concise and too scientific—to produce the best results. The question particularly obtrudes itself in connexion with Mr. G. W. C. Oman's *ELEMENTARY HISTORY OF GREECE* (Rivingtons, 2s.). It has facts enough to satisfy Mr. Gradgrind himself; in a very brief compass it lucidly presents all that is essential in Greek history; it is evidently written with a keen eye to the satisfaction of examiners. But boys cannot possibly be interested in it, and it is hard to believe that they will remember it as some of them

used to remember the more discursive Greek histories of old time. Still, it is a short and thoroughly safe summary, and invaluable for reference.

For "cram" purposes, also, the third part of Mr. G. Carter's *HISTORY OF ENGLAND* (Relfe, 2s.), embracing the period from 1689 to the Diamond Jubilee, will be found clear, concise, well-arranged, and generally accurate. But surely an examination candidate would be expected to know the method adopted for the passing of the Army Purchase Bill in 1871, which is not explained by Mr. Carter? And who is "Lord Cavendish," who became Irish Secretary in 1882?

Mr. L. W. Lyde adds to the three volumes he has already published in "Black's School Geography" a *GEOGRAPHY OF AFRICA* (A. and C. Black, 1s.)—a neat and concise volume based on the principle, which we think sound, of including no map in the volume, and of avoiding an excessive variety of type. Maps, especially if they are larger than the page, are very awkward, and necessitate keeping the book open in two places at once. They lead, moreover, to a neglect of the atlas, which is regrettable. It is a pity, by the way, that in his necessarily brief reference to the antiquities of Egypt, Mr. Lyde does not refer to the papyri, the discovery of which is in some districts the chief feature of interest. Papyrus manuscripts might almost be ranked amongst "products" of the Fayum.

Miss Nellie Dale's *ON THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH READING* (Dent, 2s. 6d.) is a very lucid and intelligent practical hand-book for those whose pupils are quite young children. Miss Dale has had much experience with the best methods of interesting children in their reading lessons, and other teachers will certainly profit by going carefully through the exposition of her methods—her appeal to children's love of colour by the new and ingenious use of colour to indicate the distinction between letters, and to their love of movement by continual action of some kind on the part of the child at different points in the lesson; the encouragement she gives the children to personify the sounds and the words they learn and regard them as "friends" with human characteristics answering to the importance and the irregularity of their use; and her insistence on the children themselves forming words from letters, and then stories to bring in the words. The prettily illustrated "Walter Crane Readers," "Steps to Reading," "First Primer," "Second Primer," and "Infant Reader" (Dent) are intended to be used with Miss Dale's book.

Mr. E. E. Speight continues his "New English Series" with a *WORDSWORTH* (6d.) and Charles Lamb's *ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES* (Horace Marshall, 10d.). The object of this series is to interest teachers in elementary schools in the teaching of English literature, and the "Temple Reader," first published a year and a half ago, has proved admirably suited to its purpose. That was a miscellaneous collection; the later volumes take some special author, or book, or class of poetry—"Tales from the Northern Sagas," for instance, is to be the next volume of the series. Board school teachers labour under many disadvantages in their attempt to teach English literature, particularly the difficulty of time and the rigid system of examinations. And even Mr. Speight's assistance cannot make a schoolmaster teach it to profit, if he has not the requisite knowledge and intelligence to start with. But the plan of these books is, to our thinking, as good a one as can be devised. Besides being well printed, cheap, and with the matter well selected, they differ from many other books of the kind in being absolutely without notes. All teachers know how fatal notes may be when put into the hands of the pupil; and their absence will also stimulate the teacher to rely on his own researches. Besides the text, there are only illustrations—wisely confined to reproductions from well-known pictures and portraits, or from drawings on vases, &c.—and in the case of the "Temple Reader" a few well chosen quotations from well-known writers bearing on the authors from whose works examples are given; with introductions by well-known men of letters, as Professor Dowden, Dr. Caird, Sir George Birdwood, all of whom have shown much interest in Mr. Speight's undertaking. The "Wordsworth," to which Dr.

Caird writes an introduction, is a very judicious selection, but we hope that in future volumes of selections Mr. Speight will supply an index or a table of contents. We feel sure the teacher will find the want of it. These little volumes should certainly be widely known, and might well be used not only in elementary schools, but in high schools and "preparatory" schools.

Mr. J. C. Nesfield's *MANUAL OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR AND COMPOSITION* (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.) is for advanced students. It might serve as a text-book for that course of "Rhetoric" which Sir Walter Besant recently prescribed as an important part of the "preparation" of the literary aspirant. The earlier pages deal fully with such subjects as parsing and analysis; a later section shows us how to write a good prose style appropriate to the matter in hand. The reporter who has mastered its precepts will see that he must reconsider his position about many things. The precept *Simple facts to be told in simple terms* will warn him against speaking of the fire as the "devouring element," or of an elephant running amok as a "devastating pachyderm." He will also learn exactly what is wrong with his grammar when, describing a trial trip on a Thames steamboat, he writes "Still forging ahead, the sun set behind the chimneys," and why he should not say, "The French Government has our heart-felt sympathy, and which is also extended to the French people." The book is one that should be of great service, provided that the people who most need it can be got to study it.

Several new editions of the Greek and Latin classics deserve a word of mention. Mr. T. E. Page's edition of *ÆNEID XI.* (Macmillan, 1s. 6d.) is, perhaps, the best of them. Mr. Page's notes are always suggestive, and he does not commit the fault of giving more of them than an intelligent boy can conveniently digest. The brief introduction is admirable, and includes, by permission, Tennyson's Ode on the Nineteenth Centenary of Virgil's death. In the Cambridge Series for Schools and Training Colleges we have *ÆNEID XII.*, *XENOPHON ANABASIS IV.*, *CÆSAR DE BELLO GALLICO III.*, and *CÆSAR DE BELLO GALLICO IV.* (Cambridge University Press, 1s. 6d. each). *Cæsar* is edited by Mr. E. S. Schuchburgh, *Xenophon* by Mr. G. M. Edwards, and *Virgil* by Mr. Arthur Sidgwick. Mr. Sidgwick, of course, is a brilliant scholar, but he hardly shows here Mr. Page's powers of attractive presentation, and Mr. Page's introduction is not less learned than his. In the matter of notes Mr. Sidgwick approaches the irreducible *minimum*. Mr. P. B. Halcombe's edition of the *MEDEA* (Blackie, 1s. 6d.) is arranged on a new principle. It gives the iambs in Greek and the choruses in English—a plan which is likely to commend itself to those who are teaching Euripides to beginners. There is a vocabulary, and there are notes. Mr. A. F. Hort's edition of the *HERCULES FURRUS* (Rivingtons, 1s. 6d.) is also intended for juniors. To meet their views the editor has omitted, "besides the choric songs, part of the prologue, most of the concluding dialogue between Hercules and Theseus, and a few other short passages." Thus helped, the juniors will be able to get through the play in a term.

The Cambridge University Press publishes annotated editions of *RICHARD II.*, edited by Mr. A. W. Verity, and of the *LAYS OF ANCIENT ROMÉ*, edited by Mr. J. H. Flather (1s. 6d. each). The former is not quite such a monument of erudition as were the Clarendon Press Shakespeares; but, for that reason, the excellent notes given are more likely to receive the distinguished consideration of students. With regard to the latter, we doubt the necessity of an introduction explaining that the stories told in the lays are absolutely untrue. *Maxima debetur, &c.*; the beautiful illusions of the young should be respected. An edition of Book V. of *THE FAERIE QUEENE* (1s. 6d. n.), is published by Messrs. Constable. It contains an introduction and a glossary by Kate M. Warren. *CHILDE HAROLD* (two vols., 1s. 9d. each) is added to Messrs. Macmillan's "English Classics." The introduction and notes are by Mr. Morris, of the Melbourne University, and explain everything that needs explanation, as well as a good deal that does not need it. Such annotations, for instance, as "Note the alliteration" strike us as supererogatory.

In the modern language department we have Dent's *SECOND FRENCH BOOK* (Dent, 1s. 6d. n.), by S. Alge and Walter Rippmann. It contains easy reading exercises, and an easy consecutive story, "La Tâche du petit Pierre," by Madame Bigot. The story is illustrated.

Mr. Walter Rippmann's *HINTS ON TEACHING GERMAN* (Dent, 1s. 6d.) is intended to be used with "Dent's First German Book," to which it contains a running commentary. A further "German Reader" will be published about Easter, and a commentary to it will be included in the "Hints." More than half the present book, however, is devoted to an exposition of the "Reform" method of teaching German, the method which does not make grammar or even translation the centre of instruction, but endeavours to make the pupil think in German, by connecting in his mind with German words not the English equivalents, but the ideas they represent, and for this purpose pictures are largely used. Those who seek guidance in the method will derive much help from Mr. Rippmann's little book.

A batch of cheap educational books, in the "Rapid" Series, comes from the house of Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons. *GERMAN SHORTHAND* (1s. 6d.) is the most expensive of them—no doubt because German shorthand is a branch of study which leaves a good many earnest seekers after knowledge cold. *FRENCH BUSINESS LETTERS* (6d.), with copious marginal notes in English, will be useful to nearly every one. Many of us who read our Zola, and even our Mallarmé, without difficulty, do not know that *notre honorée* is French for "your esteemed favour," that an "overdrawn" account should be rendered à *découvert*, or even that obligations are the same things as "debentures." *GERMAN BUSINESS INTERVIEWS* (1s.) supplies analogous information to students of commercial German; while *TIT BITS IN GERMAN* (6d.) shows, in a rough-and-ready way, how jokes may be made in a language which is not generally believed to lend itself very readily to the purposes of the humourist. A literal as well as a free translation is given of each joke treated, and it not infrequently happens that the literal translation is the more entertaining of the two. As, for example:—

Stranger (to the barber-apprentice): Thunder-weather, now cut you me already for-the-second-time. If you not better shave can, will from you your customers soon away-stay.

Apprentice: Oh, no, the customers dare I indeed not yet at-all shave, but only the strangers.

Messrs. Pitman also issue annotated editions of *LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME* (1s.) and *DER NEFFE ALS ONKEL* (6d.).

In the Siepmann Series, designed to widen the range of French authors studied in English schools, the editors issue a work representative of the French Romanticism of the early part of the century in Alfred de Vigny's *CINQ MARS* (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.), or, rather, an abridgment of the second part of that romance, edited by Mr. G. G. Loane.

THE OFFICIAL YEAR-BOOK OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND (S.P.C.K., 3s.) contains a preface optimistic in tone, but, perhaps, not unduly so, and, as usual, a mass of tabulated and statistical information concerning the work of the Church. Figures are quoted showing the amount of voluntary contributions to Church work in 1897. The grand total was £5,919,701 9s. 10d., of which sum the salaries of lay helpers and church expenses swallowed up £1,200,271 8s. 7d., while foreign missions got £280,702 14s., home missions £137,164 15s. 3d., and the poor £527,868 13s. 9d. The very exhaustive and complete character of this publication is well known. There is only one point we should like to see more completely dealt with, and that is the list of religious societies. There are, undoubtedly, some societies existing for devotional and other purposes which do not here find a place; and the reason, we presume, is that facilities are not given for obtaining information about them.

THE CLERGY DIRECTORY (Phillips, 4s. 6d.), of which the twenty-ninth annual issue now appears, has not suffered by a change of editorship. It does not, of course, lay itself out for the full personal information supplied by Crockford, but it contrives to pack into small compass an immense amount of information as to the clergy, the parishes, and the patrons. We cannot help thinking it a pity that, while it gives a list of American Bishops, it does not provide also a list of the Bishops of the Colonial Church.

SYRINX.

Twin fringes round the lake are seen,
Above, below, of brown and green,
'Twixt sluggish leaves is lifted up
The water-lily's argent cup;
The unquiet willow leaves hang low,
Fretting the image of the skies,
And the tall reeds stand all arow
Where Syrinx lies, where Syrinx lies.

The wild fowl's note rings loud and harsh,
The water bubbles in the marsh.
With lance and horn ablow goes by
The emerald-mailed dragon-fly;
The ripples lap about the weeds,
The buzzing gnat-clouds sink and rise,
The low wind rustles in the reeds
Where Syrinx lies, where Syrinx lies.

But her no eye of any man
Has seen since lusty goat-hooved Pan,
Her voice within the reeds has slept
Since in the god's embrace she wept,
The god whose chanted sorrows dwell—
Grief's memory under sunny eyes—
About the lake, about the dell
Where Syrinx lies, where Syrinx lies.

Yet when the dawn peers forth in bud,
Yet when the dead sun drips with blood,
The still lake is a trembling eye
The reed-bed's secret to espy—
Is this the glint of shining limbs
The shadowy hair, the breast of sighs,
Or the grey twilight mist that swims
Where Syrinx lies, where Syrinx lies?

WALTER HOGG.

Among my Books.

LA POÉSIE DE MR. GEORGE MEREDITH.

On ne peut se défendre, en approchant pour la première fois Mr. George Meredith, d'éprouver un sentiment assez complexe, fait d'une certaine crainte et de beaucoup de respect; puis, peu à peu, on se sent gagné: l'antagonisme que suscitent toujours les premiers moments d'acointance avec des personnalités puissantes, Balzac, Tolstoi, Ibsen, par exemple, disparaît pour faire place à une large et ardente admiration.

Mr. George Meredith est une de ces personnalités. Il y a dans son œuvre entier la perpétuelle présence d'une force supérieure, coercitive un peu, mais qui vainc rapidement, et quoi que l'on puisse objecter aux moyens et à la forme par lesquels se manifeste sa pensée, nul ne peut nier qu'il ait cette puissance occulte qui se laisse apercevoir par *flashes of lightning*, et que l'on sent chez seulement ceux de génie. Cette puissance se fait sentir beaucoup plus fréquemment dans ses œuvres en poésie que dans ses œuvres en prose, parce que, malgré le contrôle qu'il subit, l'esprit du poète peut s'élever au dessus de la réalité plus facilement, plus souvent, et plus longtemps, que l'esprit du romancier, et se manifester d'une façon plus simple et plus directe. Faut-il inférer de là que Mr. George Meredith soit essentiellement, même

dans ses œuvres en prose, un poète, qui se manifeste pleinement et sans entraves dans *Modern Love* ou *The Joy of Earth*? Je ne le crois pas; à moins que l'on n'entende par poète, l'homme à l'esprit puissant assez pour assumer toute l'humanité, toute la vie, et faire, avec cette vie qui passe à travers lui, des œuvres qui, quelle qu'en soit la forme, sont pour les esprits des hommes le reflet lumineux, la révélation radieuse de la réalité. Avec cette acception, Mr. Meredith est un poète.

Si déconcertante que soit parfois la forme sous laquelle il nous présente sa pensée, Mr. Meredith ne manque jamais d'y imprimer fortement sa personnalité. *His published verse*, dit Mr. Arthur Symonds, *shows him as a poet who is not in the English tradition*, et cette opinion d'un des fervents admirateurs du poète confirme encore ma conviction que non seulement Mr. Meredith est en dehors de la tradition anglaise, mais qu'il est en dehors de toute tradition, un des génies qui appartiennent à l'humanité, parce que leur vision s'étend au delà des ressemblances et des rapports qu'on peut leur attribuer avec d'autres esprits et d'autres époques. Et c'est la gloire de l'Angleterre d'ajouter un nom de plus à ceux qu'elle a déjà donnés à l'humanité.

Pourtant, combien peu de gens veulent consentir à connaître intimement Mr. Meredith. Lui-même, il y a une dizaine d'années écrivait: *In England, I am encouraged but by a few enthusiasts*. Je sais bien que depuis lors il a été apprécié à sa juste valeur par tous ceux de pensée noble et haute, sans avoir jamais recherché la moindre approbation: *my mind looks elsewhere*, a-t-il dit superbement. Mais ses admirateurs ne seront jamais qu'une minorité; des esprits distingués qui l'ont à peine lu et ne connaissent ni *The Egoist* ni *Modern Love*, se risquent à des jugements prématurément catégoriques. Et le plus grand nombre en est là. Il est évidemment vexant, pour quelqu'un qui se croit quelque valeur intellectuelle, de ne pas comprendre intégralement et à première vue une œuvre d'art. Chacun se croit doué des aptitudes critiques les plus universelles, alors que pour la plus simple opération arithmétique, il faut avoir appris à compter, et pour obtenir le moindre objet en un pays étranger il faut savoir au moins quelques mots de la langue; mais pour juger irrémisiblement une œuvre d'art: la *Danse de Carpeaux* ou le *Balzac* de Rodin, il n'est besoin d'aucune préalable notion, d'aucune éducation du goût; à première vue, l'opinion indéracinable est faite. A cause de cela, Mr. Meredith fut pendant de longues années mécompris et mal apprécié, et la plupart de ceux qui osèrent le critiquer ne firent de ses œuvres que des études fort superficielles; cette conviction ne s'impose-t-elle pas que, même en supposant une longue intimité avec son œuvre, ce n'est pas encore maintenant que l'on peut comprendre et juger Mr. George Meredith.

Nous affirmons donc la personnalité inséparable de Mr. Meredith, en nous refusant à louer le poète au dépens du prosateur, ou le prosateur au dépens du poète. Le moyen d'expression est secondaire puisque Mr. Meredith le subordonne à ce qu'il exprime, et que grâce à un don artistique admirable la forme s'adapte exactement à l'idée.

Il l'a dit lui-même ; le roman, *exposing and illustrating the natural history of man*, est le résultat d'une *close knowledge of our fellows, discernment of the laws of existence*, avec pour caractère essentiel : le comique, tel qu'il est analysé et défini dans l'*Essay on Comedy*. Mais toutes choses ne peuvent se ramener exclusivement à la comédie, et malgré des *Odes to the Comic Spirit* Mr. Meredith semble avoir surtout exprimé dans ses œuvres poétiques le tragique de la vie, *the tragic life*. Sans doute pour pouvoir être exactement fixé, sur ce nouvel aspect de la vie, faudrait-il que Mr. Meredith consentît à écrire un *Essay on Tragedy*, encore que ce sujet soit incidemment traité dans l'*Essay on Comedy* et au cours d'autres œuvres.

Les passages les plus poétiques des romans n'ont pas cette subtile note pathétique qui dans les poèmes s'ajoute au tragique particulier de l'ironie ou de la joie ; et dans cette œuvre unique, qui s'appelle *Modern Love*, le poète a su transmuier en substance éternelle de vie, quelques souffrances humaines, une douleur profondément tragique ; il a confondu sa douleur particulière dans l'immense douleur de la vie ; de sa douleur d'homme il fait la douleur humaine. Non seulement le poète associe le monde à sa souffrance, mais dans ce magnifique poème, l'humanité s'exalte au point de se confondre avec la nature :—

. . . In the largeness of the evening earth
Our spirits grew as we went side by side—
The hour became her husband and my bride.

Et pendant vingt ans cette sublime compréhension de la vie s'affirme dans d'admirables romans, et elle se révèle encore sous la forme poétique en 1883 avec les *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth*, parmi lesquels se trouvent ces pièces superbes : *the Woods of Westermain* et *Love in the Valley*.

Pour Mr. Meredith, la Nature est bonne et belle : *the soul of things is sweet* ; pour lui, toutes choses ont la même signification de force et de vie, l'opulente splendeur de l'été comme la rudesse sauvage de l'hiver. Il lit dans la nature, *A Reading of Earth*, les choses que tous devraient y voir, et il accepte avec une foi virile et sans restriction tout ce qu'elle enseigne : *never is earth misread by brain*. N'y a-t-il pas le même tragique charme dans les tendresses comme dans les cruautés de la nature, dans le jour et la nuit, la lumière et l'ombre, la vie et la mort des choses. Tout cela c'est la Joie de la Terre, et il s'écrie dans son enthousiasme lyrique pour la Nature : *Behold, she does all things well*.

Après avoir si puissamment embrassé l'humanité et la nature, Mr. Meredith s'élève à des hauteurs d'où il aperçoit, non plus seulement ce qu'ont d'éternel et de permanent l'humanité et la nature, mais le drame immense des destinées des nations. Laissant de côté toutes les objections possibles à la technique et aux qualités de cette poésie, il faut considérer les *Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History* comme un poème symbolique, dans lequel le poète a représenté l'éternelle lutte des races, se servant du fragment de drame historique qui commença avec la Révolution Française, se continua par les Napoléon et Sedan, et se terminera, comme l'indique le poète en une

magnifique vision prophétique, dans une ère de dignité et de paix, acheminement vers la fin des contestations des peuples.

Seul, le gigantesque intellect de Mr. Meredith pouvait parcourir cette carrière. Dans un immense effort, il comprit l'humanité avec ses douleurs et ses grandeurs ; la nature avec sa joie superbe et tragique ; le drame majestueux et sublime des destinées universelles. Mr. George Meredith est le génial poète qui a absorbé la vie, l'a recréée suivant sa foi et qui, parti de son humanité intime, parvient à travers l'exaltation intellectuelle jusqu'à la nature et son rythme ordonnateur, fin des incompréhensions et harmonie du monde.

HENRY D. DAVRAY.

RUDYARD KIPLING AS JOURNALIST.

It was in the winter of 1884-85 that I first struck Kipling's trail. I had gone to India as assistant editor of the *Pioneer*, of Allahabad, while he had been installed for some years in the same capacity on the *Civil and Military Gazette*, of Lahore. Shortly after arrival I wrote some Limerick verses in dog Latin for my paper, signing them "K. R.," and received a letter a few days later from one Rudyard Kipling, saying that as he was in the habit of writing verses signed "R. K." he was, owing to the similarity of signatures, receiving congratulations upon "breaking out in Latin spots," which belonged to me.

This led to my looking out for "R. K." verses, and when I had seen them, I said to all and sundry :—"This is genius !" But it was not the fashion there to admit that Kipling had genius. To those who had official cognisance of his work—and everything in India is official—he was "a clever young pup," or "a smart youth." That was all.

I wrote to Kipling soon after, telling him that a man who could write as he could should go home to England, to London, where fame could be won ; but he replied, in a characteristic letter which may be published some day :—

"You ought to know better at your time o' life than to knock a youngster off his legs in this way. How do you expect any one will be able to hold me after your letter ?"

"Would you be astonished if I told you that I look forward to nothing but an Indian journalist's career ? Why should I ? My home's out here ; my people are out here ; all the friends I know are out here ; and all the interests I have are out here. Why should I go home ? Any fool can put up rhymes, and the market is full of boys who could undersell me as soon as I put foot in it."

Such is the effect of judicious depreciation upon juvenile modesty.

"Let us," he wrote further, "depart our several ways in amity. You to Fleet Street (where I shall come when I die if I'm good) and I to my own place where I find heat and smells of oil and spices, and puffs of temple incense, and sweat, and darkness, and dirt, and lust, and cruelty, and—above all—things wonderful and fascinating innumerable. Give me time, give me seven years and three added to them and abide the publishment of 'Mother Maturin.'"

"Mother Maturin" is the great work by which for many years Kipling purposed to make his name. In 1886 he had 350 foolscap pages of its manuscript—which means much in his neat writing, though it was not so small in those days as it is now—lying at the bottom of a "bruised, tin teabox." It was, he said, "the novel which is always being written and yet gets no further."

My first sight of Kipling was at an uninteresting stage, when he was a short, square, dark youth, who unfortunately wore spectacles instead of eyeglasses and had an unlucky eye for colour in the selection of his clothes. He had a weakness apparently, for brown cloth with just that suggestion of ruddiness or purple in it which makes some browns so curiously conspicuous. The charm of his manner, however, made you forget what he looked like in half a minute.

From his father Rudyard Kipling has inherited the artistic tendency which leads him to fill any odd scrap of paper near his hand with some grotesque sketch of the incident or idea uppermost in his mind. Quaint and uncanny faces almost always adorned the edges of his writing blocks in the newspaper office at Lahore, and many hundreds of drawings which the autograph-hunter would now value have gone the way of the waste paper basket. He illustrated, too, the connexion between music and poetry in the fact that before composing verses he hummed a tune to fit them to, and in reading his finished verses he delivers them, sometimes at any rate, in recitative. The thought may be worth following up how far the conjunctions of sketching with prose and singing with poetry suggest the natural relations of those arts to literature.

Among Kipling's early journalistic experiences was his involuntary assumption "for this occasion only" of the rôle of the fighting editor. He was essentially a man of peace, and would always prefer making an angry man laugh to fighting with him, but one day there called at the office a very furious photographer. What the paper may have said about him or his photographs has been forgotten, but never will those who witnessed it forget the rough-and-tumble all over the floor in which Kipling and he indulged. The libel, or whatever it was, which had infuriated the photographer, was not Kipling's work, but the quarrel was forced upon him; and although he was handicapped by his spectacles and smaller stature he made a very fine draw of it, and then the photographer—who, it may be remarked, was very drunk—was ejected. And Kipling wiped his glasses and buttoned his collar. That trick of wiping his spectacles is one which Kipling indulges more frequently than any man I have ever met, for the simple reason that he is always laughing; and when you laugh till you nearly cry your glasses get misty. Kipling, shaking all over with laughter and wiping his spectacles at the same time with his handkerchief, is the picture which always comes to mind as most characteristic of him in the old days when even our hardest work on "The Rag"—for fate soon took me to Lahore to be his editor—was as full of jokes as a pomegranate of pips. The "high collar" days, when there were no telegrams, and editorial matter had to be forthcoming to fill the space right up to the top of the columns; the "patent seamless" leader of emergency; the "stringing" of selected extracts; the fitting of "whip lashes" to notes; and the manufacture of "scraps" all gave a mixed bag of sport; but the ecstasy of literary composition was reached in the joint composition of *repartees* to the attacks of our dear contemporaries.

There was one Anglo-Indian magazine which arrogated to its second-rate self the title of the "Cream of Reviews," and for reasons which do not matter it fell foul of "The Rag"—by which affectionate title we knew our own *C. and M. Gazette*. So we put our heads together and concocted an article "Concerning Some Sour Cream," which moved the enemy to wrath so nearly speechless that in its next issue it refused to argue further with a "hireling organ which shoots out its wooden head and mocks." "Shoot out your wooden head and mock!" became thenceforth the office exhortation whenever there was journalistic warfare toward, which was often: for "The Rag" was distinctly militant in those days. "Longs and Shorts" was another merry jape; but of all journalistic feats we had most reason to be proud of our earthquake.

This earthquake occurred at about 2.30 a.m. one Sunday morning. In those days the Saturday paper, dated Monday, according to Anglo-Indian practice—for at the stations the native newsboys offer you always "To-morrow's paper, Sahib"—used to go to press in the small hours of Sunday morning to catch the Bombay and Calcutta mail trains. It was always practically finished by midnight, and only one page remained "open" for telegrams. On this occasion we had spent the hours from midnight till half-past 2 at the club, which was emptied by that time of revellers, and returned to the bungalow, when we both noticed a slight tremor as of an earthquake. To verify the matter we looked at a hanging hook on a door; yes, it was swinging, so in went a brief paragraph in the paper, among the

very latest news, announcing a "slight earthquake" at Lahore. Not another soul in Lahore or in any part of the Punjab or India felt that earthquake, and the Government observatory knew nothing of it. It was our own private and special earthquake, and we treasure its memory. After the last English earthquake, he wrote to me:—

"This here English journalism isn't what it's cracked up to be. They can't have an earthquake in England without taking up two cols. of *The Times* to describe the effects and to verify the direction and nature of the shock. This does not give scope for invention. Now, I remember the time when you and I could just make an earthquake, same as the Almighty, slip it into the "local" at 3 a.m. of a Sunday morning, and go to bed with the consciousness we'd done our duty by the proprietors. Wonder what they'd say on the *Globe* to so strictly local an earthquake as ours?"

Surprise is generally expressed at the mastery possessed by Kipling of the technicalities of so many professions. As a rule the soldier, sailor, sportsman, engineer, or naturalist will detect the erring hand of the lay writer in almost every paragraph; but the peculiarity of Rudyard Kipling's work is that just when it is most technical it appeals most strongly to the admiration of the men with whose craft it deals. Many regard the power as an almost uncanny adjunct of his genius. Yet it is in truth the result of the most prosaic of all the attributes of genius—namely, the infinite capacity for taking pains. To learn to write as soldiers think he spent long hours loafing with the genuine article. He watched them at work and at play and at prayer from the points of view of all his confidants—the combatant officer, the doctor, the chaplain, the drill sergeant, and the private himself. With the Navy, with every branch of sport and with natural history, he has never wearied in seeking to learn all that man may learn at first hand, or the very best second hand, at any rate. Hence he can write of Esquimaux as though he had lived for years among them, and of the jungle beasts in the very echoes of the jungle. But most wonderful is his insight into the strangely mixed manners of life and thought of the natives of India. He knew them all through their horizontal divisions of rank and their vertical sections of caste; their ramifications of race and blood; their antagonisms and blendings of creed; and their hereditary streaks of calling or handicraft. Show him a native, and he would tell you his rank, caste, race, origin, habitat, creed, and calling. He would speak to the man in his own fashion, using familiar, homely figures which brightened the other's surprised eyes with recognition of brotherhood and opened a straight way into his confidence. In two minutes the man—perhaps a wild hawk from the Afghan hills—would be pouring out into the ear of this Sahib with heaven-sent knowledge and sympathy the weird tale of the blood-feud and litigation, the border fray, and the usurer's iniquity, which had driven him so far afield as Lahore from Bajaur. To Kipling even the most suspected and suspicious of classes, the religious mendicants, would open their mouths freely.

By the road, thick with the dust of camels and thousands of cattle and goats, which winds from Lahore Fort across the River Ravi, there are walled caravanserais, the distant smell of which more than suffices for most of the Europeans who pass; but sitting with the travellers from Bokhara or Badakshan, in the reeking interior Kipling heard weird tales and gathered much knowledge. Under a spreading peepul tree overhanging a well by the same road squatted daily a ring of almost naked fakirs, smeared with ashes, who scowled at the European driving by, but for Kipling there was, if he wished it, an opening in the squatting circle and much to be learned from the unsavoury talkers. That is how his finished word pictures take the life-like aspect of instantaneous photographs. When, moreover, any man acquired a reputation for special skill in his calling, to him Kipling always went for knowledge. From men like Warburton of the Police, J. R. Bell of the Civil Engineers, Mulroney of the Medical, Henderson of the Secret Service, and others—mostly dead now—he learned the secrets of life and work and crime on the large and often lurid scale that fits the colouring of an Eastern canvas.

That Kipling, given health and strength, will return to India I am sure. His pen is a magnet to draw him thither; and, as he has already done once since fame was his, he will sit again in a chair in the office of the old Rag, ask after the old native hands by name, and try to recall the aroma of the days when the waste paper basket under the editor's table used to receive some of his rejected MSS. It is not fashionable to reject Kipling's MSS. now.

E. KAY ROBINSON.

Notes.

Formal application has been made to the Treasury for a Civil List pension for the widow and children of the late Mr. Gleeson White. It is no mere phrase to speak of Mr. Gleeson White's "services to art and literature," in consideration of which the pension is asked for. He did much to improve the artistic taste of his generation, and a longer lease of life would probably have brought him a more substantial reward than his many years of hard work had yet won. We hope that the petition of Mrs. Gleeson White's friends may not go unheeded.

The Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising continues, under the more manageable name of "Scapa," "to exert itself vigorously for the protection of our eyes from the outrages which affront them in street and field for the benefit, or supposed benefit, of the vendors of certain "eatables, drinkables, and drugs"; and to the current number of the *Westminster Review* Mr. Richardson Evans, who may almost be called the father of the Society, contributes an article commending it and its aims to public support. Publicly and privately, with the pen and by his organizing labours, Mr. Evans has done more than any man living to promote the cause; and, what is no less important, no one has done more to guide the work of promotion aright, and to direct it on the proper lines. The average Englishman is very difficult to move in a matter of this kind, and the Society are only making way slowly with him; but if the movement had fallen into the hands of Mr. Bunthorne and Mr. Archibald Grosvenor, and the average Englishman had been approached in the spirit of those "too too" passionately artistic gentlemen, the difficult would have become the impossible.

In this article, as formerly and elsewhere, Mr. Evans approaches him in a wholly different spirit. His appeal is eminently good-humoured and temperate in tone, and thoroughly practical and business-like in suggestion. Moreover, it puts the case for restraint of the disfiguring advertisers in a novel and striking way. "Vision," as Mr. Evans points out, "is almost the only sense which has been excluded from the scope of paternal legislation." Cleanliness has been made compulsory in our thoroughfares, lest our nostrils should be offended or our shoes soiled. The ear has been—in theory, at any rate—protected from organ-grinders and bawling hawkers. Even the palate has not been deemed unworthy the attention of a Legislature which has passed a series of Adulteration Acts. Why should the eye alone be at the mercy of any one who chooses to annoy it? The analogy is unassailable, and even the most anarchically-minded of "free" Britons may be induced by Mr. Evans to ponder it, perhaps to ultimate advantage.

We comment elsewhere on the cataloguing of the collection of French Revolutionary tracts in the British Museum. It is a magnificent collection—larger even than that in the Bibliothèque Nationale, at Paris. The greater part of it was acquired from, or at the instance of, John Wilson Croker, who, when in Paris shortly after Waterloo, bought up every pamphlet of the kind that he could lay his hands on. They will be found to throw fresh light upon many obscure and interesting points; among other things, we believe, they determine the precise date at which Robespierre dropped the aristocratic prefix "de." Though they are now for the first time properly sorted and listed, it

must not, however, be assumed that modern scholars are absolutely unacquainted with them. It was his knowledge of this branch of revolutionary literature—as well as of the revolutionary annals of the various provincial towns—that enabled Mr. H. Morse Stephens to whitewash Marat, and revise many of the judgments of Carlyle, who declared that "for all practical purposes this collection of ours might just as well have been locked up in water-tight chests and sunk on the Dogger Bank as put into the British Museum."

Our Cambridge Correspondent writes:—

The storm which arose during the discussion as to the Classical Tripos has ceased now that the Senate has decisively rejected the proposals for reform. The voting was contrary to the expectations excited by the very clear, authoritative, and widespread expressions of discontent with the present state of things.

The rejection of the proposal to insist on men who have taken Part I. passing some other examination before they can get a degree was probably due to a fear which, in certain quarters, became increasingly acute, that the teaching staff in some of the smaller colleges would prove unable to cope with the fresh burden imposed on them; they would have to prepare their men for two examinations instead of one, and they would have to provide instruction in a number of new subjects. The colleges would have to provide almost all the teaching for themselves; there is no University Professor, Reader, or Lecturer in Greek or Roman Philosophy or Literature. There is no Professor of Classical Archaeology, but only a Reader, and he would have to cope, single-handed, with the whole range of subjects included under this head, for it is a mere accident that the present Disney Professor is a Classical man who has devoted himself with great enthusiasm and success to the teaching of Greek Archaeology. As to Ancient History, it is only within the last few weeks that Cambridge has done anything for that study beyond establishing a Readership in Roman History with a stipend of £50. It is true that we now have Dr. Reid as Professor of Ancient History, but he will probably lecture exclusively on Roman History, and his appointment is so recent that we have not had time to realize that Roman History is at last going to be taught at Cambridge.

Literature, in fact, is starved at Cambridge, and will die of inanition unless steps are taken to re-endow it. There is a movement on foot for counteracting by fresh benefactions the disastrous effects of agricultural depression. But, though the Duke of Devonshire and Messrs. Rothschild have set such a generous example, and though others will, no doubt, follow suit, Cambridge is so strongly in favour of what is immediately useful that, unless benefactors earmark their donations, those studies which most need help will perish for want of funds. As it is, such money as is given for a special purpose is devoted to what is technical and materially productive. Owing to the liberality of Sir Walter Gilbey and the Drapers' Company, the Cambridge and Counties Agricultural Education Scheme has now developed into a full-blown University department, funds to support which are guaranteed for ten years. It is ungracious to look a gift horse in the mouth, and flattering to find that practical people look to us for help in practical things; but, after all, our main duty is to promote "useless" knowledge, and we cannot and ought not to turn ourselves into a commercial University. That should be left to Birmingham or some other new foundation unhampered by our medieval traditions. We shall probably never become really practical, and if we do, the success will be more than counterbalanced by the loss it will cause to unproductive learning. At present, of course, the new department will be no burden, but we do not know that an equal amount of money will be forthcoming ten years hence, nor if it were, that it would then be adequate, nor that it would not be accompanied by conditions (e.g., that we should give a Degree in Agriculture) with which we might be unable to comply. In that case, supposing the school were flourishing, we should feel compelled to continue it ourselves, and our proper academic studies would suffer. Moreover, the constitution of the Agricultural Board, which is to regulate this study, is such that the majority need not be members of the University at all, which seems a step in the wrong direction.

There is, however, one consolation—the very modest scheme for improving the Library, hitherto scandalously understaffed, underpaid, and cramped for room, has passed without opposition.

We have received a letter signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Stamford, Lord Bessborough, the Bishop of Durham, and others, appealing to the public on behalf of the Codrington College, Barbados. It is the University of the major part of the West Indies, and, unless by the 1st of May next a sum of £5,000 is forthcoming, it will be closed on June 29 of this year.

This college, established in 1710 by General Codrington, soldier, administrator, man of letters, and a native of the West Indies, provides "an adequate education for such of the West Indian youths as should be disposed to devote themselves to the Christian Ministry in their native islands, without the expense and trouble of seeking the necessary qualifications in Europe, at a distance from their friends and relations," and has, with one interval, continued to fulfil the intentions of the Founder.

Contributions can be sent immediately to Messrs. Drummond's Bank, 49, Charing-cross, S.W. Cheques should be made payable to "The Trustees of Codrington College or Bearer," and crossed "Messrs. Drummond."

A further extract from Windham's tour in France and Italy is printed in this month's *Antiquary*. It has a special interest because it shows us the discoverer of Chamounix once more in Alpine scenery. But the energy which was so conspicuous in the Windham of 1741 is no longer discernible in the Windham of 1769. At Novalesa it never occurred to him to make the ascent of the Roche Melon, though we know from the works of the Seigneur de Villamont that a tourist got to the top of that mountain as early as 1688. Nor is his account of the passage of the Mont Cenis at all in keeping with his earlier expeditions to the Montanvert and the Mer de Glace. "About two miles from this place" the writer says, "the plain ends and the descent begins on this side of the mountain, and here you will very willingly quit your mule in order to be carried down in a little light chair, by two men, accompanied by four or six others, by way of relays, according to your size and weight." It is a sad falling off.

Climbers seem to agree with us that, in an age when so many classics are being reprinted, the classics of mountaineering ought not to be forgotten. Let us make a little list, to which we will draw the attention of the publishers. These are:—

John Auldjo's "Narrative of an Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc" (1828).

T. G. Bonney's "High Alps of Dauphiné" (1865).

Edward T. Coleman's "Scenes from the Snowfields" (1859).

James D. Forbes' "Travels Through the Alps of Savoy" (1843).

John Forbes' "Physician's Holiday" (1849).

A. G. Girdlestone's "High Alps Without Guides" (1870).

Thomas W. Hinchliff's "Summer Months Among the Alps" (1857).

Hudson's "Where There's a Will There's a Way" (1856).

S. W. King's "Italian Valleys of the Pennine Alps" (1858).

Tyndall's "Mountaineering in 1861" (1862).

Wills' "The Eagle's Nest in the Valley of Sixt" (1860).

Wills' "Wanderings in the High Alps" (1856).

It is not claimed that this list is exhaustive; but it contains the name of no book that is not at present at a high premium in the second-hand book shops.

We have received a copy of the Encyclopædic Catalogue of the Guille-Allès Library in the Island of Guernsey, compiled under the direction of Mr. Alfred Cotgreave. There are 40,000 volumes in the Lending Library and 20,000 in the Reference Library. The most interesting feature of the catalogue is unquestionably the bold attempt which Mr. Cotgreave has made to subject-index fiction. So far as historical novels are concerned readers may well find this classification useful. If they wish to read a novel about a particular period, it will save time to turn up *Second Century*, and be referred to "Day Break in Britain," by A. L. O. E.; or *Reformation*, and be sent to "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family." Novels which are not historical are, however, more difficult to classify. *Volcanic*, see "Phantom

City"; *Vice*, see "Diary of a Late Physician"; *Sacrifice*, see "Moloch"; *Necklaces*, see "Diamond Necklace"; *Mystery*, see "Mrs. Matthews"; *Boats*, see "Three Men in a Boat," are entries of rather questionable utility. On the other hand, the entry *Robinson Crusoe*, see "Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," does not seem to belong to subject-indexing, in the strict sense of the word: while the fact that, out of 60,000 volumes, only nineteen are subject-indexed under *Love*, is a truly startling one.

The office of the *Mercure de France* seems to be the only place in Paris where they really know something about English literature, and the plebiscite lately taken by the *Gaulois* to ascertain which English authors are best liked by French men of letters has elicited ironical remarks from the editor of that excellent review. He writes:—

Il s'agit, je suppose, d'hommes entre quarante-cinq et soixante ans, allant de la génération de M. Bourget à celle de M. Sully-Prudhomme, et au delà. . . . En général leur connaissance de la littérature anglaise commence et finit à Shakespeare. Ceux qui se sont hasardés un peu moins loin l'ont fait avec une prudence vraiment académique, ou avec une indifférence comme bouseuse et affligée.

There follows a plea for the recognition of Defoe and Swift, and a just appreciation of the latter writer. It is a pity that the issue containing such an excellent criticism should also, in citing the contents of *Littérature*, abbreviate Canon Rawnsley as "C. Rawnsley"; but this is one of those little accidents against which the foreign critic can seldom be absolutely secure.

That, on the whole, the *Mercure de France* is up to date is proved by the fact that it has just issued a translation, by M. Henry D. Davray, of Mr. H. G. Wells' "The Time Machine," under the title of "Le Machine à Explorer le Temps." M. Davray's biographical and critical introduction contains some luminous remarks. As, for example:—

Il semble que Mr. Wells passe sa vie à sans cesse s'imaginer ce qui arriverait si les lois de la Nature se trouvaient soudain ou progressivement bouleversées, et toujours avec une tendance à des visions terrifiantes ou sinistres. Si ses méthodes parfois rappellent M. Jules Verne, il faut avouer néanmoins qu'il se rapproche beaucoup plus d'Edgar Poe, et de Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. . . . Plus souvent que Poe et Villiers il se sert de l'"humour," de cette sorte d'"humour" malicieux qui permet sous un tour léger de phrase de dissimuler une pensée plus profonde sur laquelle l'esprit peut méditer. Il suppose une perturbation quelconque des lois naturelles, et cela lui permet d'indiquer, dans le développement logique de son problème, les faiblesses et les insuffisances de l'organisation humaine, le leur très probable d'une civilisation allant de progrès en progrès, l'incertitude même de ce progrès, de la science, de toutes les affirmations et de tous les fondements sur lesquels repose la vie moderne.

The desire which has shown itself lately both in France and Germany to perpetuate the memory of a writer in stone does not seem to have taken root in England. Some months back we had occasion to allude to the unveiling of busts of Michelet and Chateaubriand in France. In Germany six beautiful *colonnes hermatiques* have just been added to the literary monuments of Berlin. The poets honoured—Arndt, Körner, Max von Schenkendorf, Uhland, Rückert, and Heinrich von Kleist—are all connected with the *Freiheits Kriege* of 1813-15. The tragic death of Körner on the field of battle lends a special interest to his statue by Wenck, who represents the poet pressing a sabre and a scroll to his breast. Why should we not have a monument of a similar kind to Sidney?

Nietzsche's correspondence with the art-historian Jacob Burckhardt, between 1881-88, edited by Frau Förster-Nietzsche, is being published in the *Neue Deutsche Rundschau*. Like Wagner, Burckhardt was many years Nietzsche's senior, but the friendship between the two distinguished Basle professors was instantaneous and warm. It sprang up, Nietzsche writes, on the ground of their "mutual æsthetic paradoxes." In 1871 they rushed to each other's rooms to wring their hands in unison over

the burning of the Louvre, the news being regarded by both as a personal misfortune, and as mournful evidence of the futility of all present-day art and culture. To Burckhardt Nietzsche owed his copious and accurate knowledge of the Renaissance, while the historian on his side was so impressed by Nietzsche's theories with regard to the Greek drama, exemplified in his "Birth of Tragedy," that he altered and amended his lectures on Hellenism after reading the work of his younger colleague.

No more interesting book about books could be compiled than a catalogue *raisonné* of the contents of Petrarch's library. There are some in Rome, some in Paris, and although many of those which he gave to Venice have "crumbled into powder," or were "glued into shapeless masses by the damp," owing to the neglect of succeeding official custodians, there are yet some to be found in the Ducal Palace. Those, however, who cannot examine these books *in situ* will have an opportunity of seeing a collection of twenty-four manuscripts from Petrarch's library which will come up for sale at Messrs. Sotheby's on April 14. Many of these volumes have annotations which are said to be in the poet's own handwriting, and, so far as a comparison with lithographed facsimiles in the Codex Virgilianus in the Ambrosian Library show, the writing is clearly that of Petrarch. The earliest of the MSS. is a twelfth century "Evangelia quatuor" on 117 leaves quarto, but wanting the beginning, the text written in clear gothic letter, the glosses in a smaller hand interlinear and in the margins. Another early twelfth-thirteenth MS. is a work of St. Augustine, "Contra Epistolam Parmeniani Donatistarum," &c.

The most notable of the thirteenth-century MSS. is St. Ambrosius, "Commentarii in Epistolas S. Pauli," extending to 148 leaves folio, the text in large and the commentary in small gothic letter, with ornamental initials and a large wood-cut shield of arms surmounted by a Bishop's mitre, bearing, like many other MSS., the inscription "Fragmentum Bibliothecæ Petrarchæ." At the end of this volume is a copy of the two leaves of Rovillus' advertisement relating to Petrarch and his library at Arquà. The other thirteenth-century MSS. include "Clastrum Solitudinis: Sermones Dominicales"; Clemens, "Recognitionum"; Hugo de S. Clara "Commentarii in Ecclesiastici librum," and a copy of Richardus de Mediavilla (Middleton), "In Secundum Librum Sententiarum," on 260 leaves folio, "Gulielmus Rovillus in Libro Annotationum impresso Lugduni anno 1576."

There are two fourteenth-century MSS. of that profound schoolman, Ægidius de Colonna, "In Libros Posteriorum Aristotelis Commentaria," written in a contracted, cursive hand, with a large copper-plate engraving of a female, symbolical of "Logica" in front, and one of "Astronomia" at end. The second work is "In Secundum librum Sententiarum," written in small gothic letter, and with ornamental letters in red and blue. The copy of Joannes de Balbus, "Catholicon," is especially interesting for the printed edition of 1460 is one of the few indubitable productions of Gutenberg's press. Other fourteenth-century MSS. are the "Commentaria in libros Ethicorum et Economie Aristotelis," of Buridanus; S. Bonaventura, "In Librum tertium Sententiarum"; Gregorius Arminiensis "In Secundum Librum Sententiarum," and "Linterni Lectio pro Spiritualibus advenis" (Sermones Dominicales ad Carthusianos). There is also a copy of Lombardus, "Sententiarum, lib. IV., cum commentario," 128 leaves folio. One of the more interesting volumes has this title:—"Philosophicæ Discussiones. Dritton [John, Anglus of Drypool, Co. York] Glossæ in Aristotelis libros Metheorum de Generatione et corruptione, de Vegetabilibus et Plantis," &c. It seems a pity that no history whatever is given of these Petrarch volumes, and even the name of the present owner is not stated. The little collection is obviously one which has been formed only after long and assiduous research; and it will be offered in one lot at an "upset" price of £200; if that sum is not reached the MSS. will be sold singly in lots.

A curious and rare book, entitled "The Transcendent Virtue of the true Spirit of Salt," a copy of which was recently sold by auction, has a close connexion with the history of London. Its author was "one Constantine, a Grecian" Constantine Rhodotavakis—whose name, curiously enough, appears to have been almost entirely overlooked by the chroniclers. The Grecian coffee-house in Devereux-court, Strand, was established by him, though his chief claim to recognition is associated with the great plague of 1665, which served his ends so well that he is said to have amassed a fortune of £30,000 during its continuance. The "True Spirit of Salt" asserted by Constantine to be an absolute specific against bubonic plague if applied in time was, in fact, muriatic acid. He appears to have invented, or, at any rate, adopted, a theory that the plague was caused by invisible organisms in the blood, and claimed that his treatment destroyed these without injuring the patient.

It was with mixed feelings that collectors viewed the application of the "reserve" system and the *en bloc* method to some of the best lots in the collection of Mr. Egerton H. Clarke which Messrs. Sotheby sold last week. A typical case occurred in regard to the Dickens books, all first editions, in excellent condition, splendidly bound, and stated by the auctioneer as the finest set he had ever had to sell. The forty items, comprising sixty-three volumes, were put up *en bloc*. The bidding went to £172, but, as the reserve of £200 was not reached, the books were withdrawn. It would have been better to have sold them separately, for Dickens is such a popular author with collectors that even his ordinary books command high prices if their condition is good. There are, however, few who care to buy a whole set to begin with. Such a practice does away with "the ardour of the chase," a fascinating recreation which has very much to be reckoned with in book collecting. Included in the Dickens set were many books known to be wanted to complete collections already begun, and there were several "unlimited" commissions in the room. The failure to reach the reserves, which were in reality not high, caused the following sets also to be withdrawn:—Lever's Works, 34 items, 54 vols., £105 offered; George Meredith's Works, 24 items, 48 vols., £73 offered; Stevenson's Works, 41 items, 42 vols., £140 offered; Thackeray's Works, 47 items, 54 vols., £180 offered.

The remaining lots included some scarce examples of modern authors, and the competition for them was keen. Amongst the most prominent were the following:—"Lorna Doone," first edition, £11 10s.; Poems by "Carrer, Ellis, and Acton Bell," 1846, first edition, the rare first issue, by Aylott and Jones, £28. The demand on publication for these poems was so small that the majority of the sheets were not bound up. They were subsequently handed over to Smith, Elder, who issued them with the same date, 1846, but under their own name. A copy of this last issue also occurred in the sale, but it fetched only £1 6s.; Brontë (Sisters) Works, first editions, 22 vols., £60; Grimm's "German Popular Stories," 2 vols., first edition, etchings by George Cruikshank, £37; Dickens' "Pickwick Papers," first edition, in original parts, illustrations by Seymour and Phiz, a fine copy and in spotless condition, £22; George Eliot's Works, first editions, 29 vols., £30 10s.; Hardy's Works, first editions, 38 vols., £40; Charles Kingsley's Works, first editions, 15 vols., £20; Lamb's "Tale of Rosamund Gray," first edition, £30; Captain Marryat's Works, first editions, 80 vols., £111; Charles Reade's Works, first editions, 37 vols., £40; Ruskin's Poems (1850), and "Salsette and Elephanta," £21 10s.; Sir Walter Scott's Works, first editions, 74 vols., £226. Included in this lot was a fine copy of the rare first edition of Waverley. A separate copy of the first Waverley in cloth, cut, fetched only £5 15s.—there is a wide difference between this and the £78 paid for Lord Ashburnham's uncut copy—Swinburne's Works, first editions, 39 vols., £64; Tennyson's "Poems by Two Brothers," the scarce first edition as published and in much finer condition than usual, £30; Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," first edition in original parts, £32.

Foreign Letter.

FRANCE.*

THE LATIN ENERGY.

One of the leaders among French writers of the younger school, M. Paul Adam, in a copy which he was good enough to send me of his latest volume, "*La Force*"—which is unquestionably, since "*Paris*," the novel of the year—wrote these words descriptive of his effort: *cette image de l'énergie latine*. The phrase reflects a common French illusion. The movement of the Napoleonic *épopée*, which succeeded the upheaval of the Revolution, you find interpreted in France as a repetition of the expansion of Rome, and the journalists who talk of the contrasts between Anglo-Saxon and Latin civilization are of one mind as to the necessity of cultivating this error as the surest hope of the revival of French national self-consciousness. M. Gachot, in his new and erudite history of Napoleon's second Italian campaign, records a significant proclamation by the First Consul, found by him in a note-book of an officer of the general staff, which suggests, perhaps, the origin of this illusion. The army was already in the Alps, and the future Emperor, before descending upon Italy, thus encouraged his troops:—

"Soldiers," said he, "march fearlessly on. Nothing can withstand you. And do not forget that you are sowing liberty broadcast through the Old World. If Europe persists in refusing to acknowledge our right to live free men, I will lead you victorious to every capital. Soldiers, remain always obedient to discipline. Thus will you render yourselves immortal in Italy, and deliver from the German yoke a nation of our race which honours itself in having our ideal aspirations."

Here, evidently, is M. Paul Adam's excuse. And there is much truth mixed with the cheap generalization as to the "Anglo-Saxon" and the "Latin." Nothing is more characteristic of the literary drift in France than the extraordinary persistence of the Napoleonic legend, and M. Paul Adam's success is a notable sign of the times. Readers of Sainte-Beuve had long ago noted the prophecy upon which he ventured in his article *à propos* of the letters of Sir Henry Bulwer upon Talleyrand:—

The private memoirs on the Empire have not yet appeared. The contemporaries who knew are no longer living [this was in 1869]; the sons, their descendants, have thus far held in check posthumous revelations. All this history, however, will finally see the light.

Yet even Sainte-Beuve would have been surprised if he could have foreseen the breadth of the stream which was shortly to begin its course over the broad territory marked France in the Republic of Letters.

The interest shown in France for unpublished documents relating to the Napoleonic period remains unabated, and if it flagged, the talent and activity of the Massons, the Houssayes, and the Chuquets, would resuscitate it. The other cause for the renaissance of the Napoleonic legend—namely, the abundance of memoirs which the last ten years have evoked from the garrets of

country houses where for three generations they have been slumbering—seems as vigorous as ever. The most interesting of these memoirs, such as those of Coignet, Marbot, or Bourgoigne, have already seen the light. General Baron Desvernois, whose memoirs are now added to the long list, certainly did not possess humble Sergeant Bourgoigne's native art of narration. Yet his memoirs are worth noting for the information they give us of a period hitherto all but unknown.

Desvernois was born in Eastern France in 1771, and began life as a clerk in the employ of the farmers general, being transferred to the head office in Paris in 1791. He was set down by some jealous clubmen as a "suspect," and would no doubt have met the fate of so many "aristocrats" and "bourgeois" if he had not enlisted in the "hussars of Liberty." When the September massacres began he was at the Eastern frontier. By 1795 he had become a non-commissioned officer, and he was sent with his regiment to Italy to serve under Bonaparte, who had just been appointed by the Directory Commander-in-Chief. In the campaign that ensued Desvernois speedily rose in rank. He deserved it, moreover, if his account of the capture of Cremona with three hussars is true. He was taken prisoner before Mantua, and, led before the Austrian officer, told that Bonaparte would soon share his fate. No one, in fact, believed in Bonaparte's military genius, and even Desvernois never came under his spell. He always puts Kléber above him. After the Egyptian campaign we find Desvernois in Italy again. Bonaparte has become Emperor, his brother Joseph is King of Naples, and Desvernois is an "aide-de-camp" of the new King's Minister of War. But from a brilliant cavalry officer he has become once more an administrator, spending his time in auditing accounts, discovering frauds, threatening dishonest contractors. He recalls complacently, moreover, the executions of brigands for which he was responsible; all Napoleon's officers had something of the bloodthirsty revolutionist about them. After the disasters of 1814-1815 Desvernois turns up in Marseilles, which is in full insurrection, and discovers that a general's life is hardly safe in the Valley of the Rhone so long as the White Terror lasts. He had to return to his native town practically penniless. The July Monarchy in 1830 made him some amends. He was appointed military governor of Rochefort. He died in 1859, without apparently showing any enthusiasm for the restored Napoleonic fortune.

This, as I said, is the memoir-type, and in interesting contrast we have every few weeks as a result of M. Désiré Lacroix's careful editing some fresh publication in the famous collection of historical and military memoirs on the Revolution the Consulate, and the Empire bearing the seal of Garnier. The latest are "*Les Derniers Moments de Napoléon*," by Antommarchi, and the "*Bonaparte en Egypte*," which is an original work worthy of the scholarship of this former member of the Government Commission of Napoleon the First's Correspondence. Among the most curious things noted by Dr. Antommarchi is Napoleon's extreme desire to read Mme. de Staël's work on Germany. No one, however, was rash enough to send it to him. There at St. Helena Napoleon's favourite subjects of conversation were his son, the King of Rome, and his native land. Antommarchi affirms that at St. Helena it was the climate that killed Napoleon. At St. Helena he dreamed of his old home and of his boy, just as at Rome, in her old age—as the Comtesse Potocka relates in her "*Voyage d'Italie*" just published by M. Stryienski—Napoleon's mother, Mme. Letitia, dreamed of him. The portrait of this venerable lady is the most curious thing in the manuscript left by the Countess. When she called upon Mme. Letitia, she found there the Duke of Hamilton, but he immediately left. She says:

Her great age . . . does not appear to have destroyed her moral faculties. You still see she must have been beautiful. She is simply and nobly dressed. She speaks little and appears to understand French with difficulty. She likes to talk of her son. . . . She showed us a little ring she wears which her son gave her when a child. In her bed room we saw a number of souvenirs of the great man, among which was the little bust of the King of Rome sent to Napoleon at St. Helena, and the

* "*La Force*." By Paul Adam. Paris, 1899. Ollendorff. Fr. 3.50.
 "La Deuxième Campagne d'Italie (1800)." By Edouard Gachot. Paris, 1898. Perrin. Fr. 3.50.
 "Mémoires du Général Baron Desvernois." Edited by Albert Dufoureaq. Paris, 1898. Plon. Fr. 7.50.
 "Les Derniers Moments de Napoléon." By Antommarchi. 2 vols. Paris, 1898. Garnier. Fr. 7.
 "Bonaparte en Egypte (1798-1799)." By Désiré Lacroix. 3 cartes. Paris, 1899. Garnier. Fr. 3.50.
 "Voyage d'Italie (1826-1827)." Publié by Casimir Stryienski. By Comtesse Anne Potocka. Paris, 1899. Plon. Fr. 3.50.
 "Josephine de Beauharnais." "Josephine, Impératrice et Reine." By Frédéric Masson. Paris, 1899. Ollendorff. Fr. 7.50 each.
 "La Jeunesse de Napoléon." Vols. II., III., La Revolution. By Arthur Chuquet. Paris, 1898. Colin. Fr. 7.50 each.
 "1815. Waterloo." By Henry Houssaye, de l'Académie Française. Paris, 1899. Perrin. Fr. 3.50.
 "Le Treize Vendémiaire An IV." By Henry Zivy. Bibliothèque de la Faculté des Lettres. Paris, 1898. Alcan. Fr. 4.
 "Souvenirs et Anecdotes de l'île d'Elbe." By Pons de l'Herault. Paris, 1898. Plon. Fr. 7.50.

night-lamp which lighted his room when he died. Several times he had directed that these objects should be sent to his mother, appearing to attach to them a philosophic and consoling idea. . . . She made and remade her will. Extremely close as she was she never refused to give money to those whom the Emperor sent to her for sums which were often considerable.

It is this intimate note of "souvenir" which characterizes the work of the writer, who has obtained perhaps an even greater popularity than M. Arthur Chuquet. The third volume, entitled "Toulon," of M. Chuquet's "The Youth of Napoleon," has just appeared. He has uprooted a mass of material, the existence of which no one suspected, and is at once lucid and scientific in his treatment of it.

The new volumes of M. Frédéric Masson are among his best, and among recent additions to the rich literature of Napoleon far the most readable. The most recently published of them comes to us at an opportune moment, when the *château* of Malmaison, nestling in the meadows by the Seine, under the battlefield of Buzenval, is being thrown open to the public, restored by the liberality of M. Osiris. The historian of "Napoléon et les Femmes" is a writer of such charm that he risks alienating the scientific readers who have the *cultus* of the document and an ingrained distrust of an agreeable narrative style. Moreover, with a coquetry which of itself betrays the predominance in him of the artist seeking "effect," he refuses to encumber his pages with footnotes and references. But it should be added that if one takes the pains to verify his statements, the result is a complete triumph and justification for M. Masson.

His appreciation of Josephine has something of the quickly changing chameleonic graces of his model, assuming quite naturally, it would seem, something of her purring creole charm. It is a portrait differing in a hundred delicate touches from that which historians have hitherto offered us, and the verisimilitude of which no one can doubt. We have not as yet the finished picture. This volume is the first of three, and the second is called: "Josephine Impératrice et Reine." But here we have Josephine the girl and the young woman, carried to the point when first, active little *intriguante* that she is, she knocks one day at the door of General Bonaparte on a simple matter of business, and then and there so captivates the young officer that within 48 hours he is at her feet, making love to her in the house rented for her by Barras, writing to her as *mio dolce amor*, and irrevocably hers, not for life but for fourteen years in which she shared his grandeur. M. Masson has done well to find out what manner of woman Josephine really was. Clearly she is no longer the Josephine of the David picture; but she is pre-eminently human, intelligibly *femme*. The Bonapartists, many of them, have manifested indignation at these revelations, but their protests have in no wise affected M. Masson. Moreover, as he says, this woman held the largest place in the life of the General, the Consul, and the Emperor. M. Masson has substituted for the mass of legends, blunders, and interested apologies, of which Josephine has been the object, an intelligible, simple tale of Josephine's childhood in the "Islands"; her marriage with the priggish but successful young General Beauharnais, who always had pompous phrases on his lips which, as the French say, must have "left" Josephine "cold"; the difficulties of the "young ménage," the separation, with Josephine's entrance into a convent, which was her first introduction to the real world of good manners, her retirement to Fontainebleau, where she seems to have been gayer than M. Masson's Bonapartist critics like to admit, her sudden inexplicable departure for Martinique, then her return to share her separated husband's fate amidst the vicissitudes of the Revolution, and then the rôle of Hoche and Barras and the rest until her tact and grace and initiative created for her suddenly the "situation" in which alone she existed for us to-day almost until M. Masson's book appeared. This tale is destined to an immense publicity, and it deserves it. No French historian is at once such an erudite student and such a master of seductive narrative.

Josephine carries us a long way from M. Paul Adam and the "Latin energy." She is the indolent incarnation of just the

reverse of the qualities which surprise us in the anapaestic measures of the Napoleonic writers. But they go on discoursing about the grand figure to which she was attached; and M. Paul Adam and MM. Margueritte and M. Barrès dip their quills in red ink which evokes the battle-field, just because, after all, there is such a thing as "Latin energy"—and just because this energy differs essentially, and we may add not ingloriously, from the Anglo-Saxon energy which, according to M. Démolins, is ousting it all over the globe.

W.M.F.

P.S.—In a third publication which M. Alcan has inserted in his "Library of the Faculty of Letters of the University of Paris," treating of the episode of *Le Treize Vendémiaire An IV.* which revealed the name of Bonaparte, and marked the beginning of his rapid fortune, M. Henry Zivy, the author, has produced a model of the scrupulous work now being turned out daily by the French University, although necessarily the method adopted does not concern itself with artistic presentation. And also the curious *Souvenirs et Anecdotes de l'Île d'Elbe* left by Pons de l'Hérault, a Spaniard who chanced to be manager of the mines at Elba when Napoleon arrived there. Both Napoleon and Pons liked the Marseillaise national dish of *bouillabaisse*, and this made them such friends that, during the "Hundred Days," Napoleon appointed Pons Prefect of Lyons. Never forgiven by the Restoration, Pons spent the last years of his life in writing his memoirs. They were discovered at the Montpellier library by a professor at the University, M. Pellissier, and it is to him we owe their publication. The picture Pons gives of Napoleon is curious in that it recalls the portrait cited above from the Comtesse Potocka of his mother, and gives one or two touching traits of character revealed in the enforced moments of repose between the mad explosions of his "Latin energy."

LITERATURE IN THE COMMONS.

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SURVEY.

The article in *Literature* on the literary aspect of Parliament has prompted a correspondent, possessed of "Who's Who" and other works of reference, to take a bibliographical survey of the present House of Commons. The following list, which, of course, does not claim to be exhaustive, testifies to the wide range of interests and the literary activity of members of Parliament.

Mr. W. Allan—*Gordon and Sunset Songs*. Mr. Joseph Arch—*Autobiography*.

Mr. A. J. Balfour—*A Defence of Philosophic Doubt, Essays and Addresses, The Foundations of Belief*. Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett—*The Battlefields of Thessaly*. Mr. Bartley—*The Seven Ages of a Village Pauper, The Parish Net, Schools for the People, &c.* Lord C. Beresford—*Nelson and his Times*, and numerous Essays on Naval Matters in Egypt. Sir M. Bohnagregre—*History of the Constitution of the East India Company, and a Gujarati Translation of Her Majesty's Life in the Highlands*. Mr. A. Birrell—*Obiter Dicta, Res Judicatae, Life of Charlotte Brontë, Sir Frank Lockwood, &c.*, and author of several Legal Works. Mr. T. G. Bowles—*The Defence of Paris, Maritime Warfare, Flotsam and Jetsam, Log of the Nereid*. Mr. Broadhurst—*Leasehold Emfranchisement*. Mr. Brookfield—*Post Mortem, The Speaker's A. B. C.* Sir J. T. Brunner—*Books on Education in Cheshire and on the Eight Hours Question*. Mr. Bryce—*The Holy Roman Empire, The American Commonwealth, The Trade Marks Registration Act, and some Books of Travel*. Mr. T. Bucknill—*Editor of Cunningham's Reports and of Sir S. Cook's Common Pleas Reports*. Mr. Butcher—*Books on Fluids*. Mr. S. Buxton, *Finance and Politics, a Political Manual, and Handbook to Death Duties*; also editor of the Imperial Parliament Series.

Mr. Channing—*Instinct, Greek Orators as Historical Authorities, &c.* Sir E. Clarke—*Laws of Extradition*. Sir J. C. R. Colomb—*Works on Naval and Military Matters*. Mr. Radcliffe-Cooke—*Four Years in Parliament with Hard Labour, Thoughts on Men and Things by Angelina Gushington, &c.* Mr. Corbett—*Songs of My Summer-Time, What is Home Rule? &c.* Mr. Crilly—*In the Bye-Ways with Young Ireland, The "Felon" Literature of Ireland, The Celt at Westminster*. Mr. Cripps—*Principles of Compensation, Laws of Church and Clergy*. Mr. Crombie—*Some Poets of the People in Foreign Lands*.

Major Dalbiac—*Dictionary of Quotations*. Mr. M. Davitt—*Leaves from a Prison Diary, A Defence of the Land League*. Sir C. Dilke—*The Fall of Prince Florestan of Morocco, Greater Britain, and Problems of Greater Britain*, and some Works on Naval Subjects. Mr. Drage—*Cyril, a novel, Eton and the Empire*, Works on Economic Questions. Mr. A. Drucker—*A Translation of The Evolution of the Aryan*.

Hon. A. R. Elliott—*The State and the Church, Criminal Procedure in England and Scotland*. Sir T. Esmonde—*Works of Travel*. Mr. T. E. Ellis—*Works on Public Education*.

Dr. Farquharson—*A Guide to Therapeutics, School of Hygiene*. Mr. Farrell—*Works on County Longford*. Mr. W. Field—*Inoculation as a Preventive of Pleuro-Pneumonia, and Works on Irish Political Questions*. Lord E. Fitzmaurice—*Lives of William, Earl of Shelburne, and of Sir W. Pettie; Letters of Gavin Hamilton, the art collector*. Sir F. W. FitzWygram—*Horses and Stables, Parochial Life Incumbencies, &c.* Mr. Arnold Forster—*The Citizen Reader, In a Conning Tower, Things New and Old, A History of England, The Coming of the Kilogram, &c.* Sir B. W. Foster—*Medical publications*. Mr. H. S. Foster—*Bimetallism*.

Mr. Giles—*Editor of Cunningham on Elections*. Mr. Goschen—*Theory of the Foreign Exchanges*. Mr. W. D. Green—*The Political Career of George Canning*.

Mr. Haldane—*Essays in Philosophical Criticism, Life of Adam Smith, Translations of Schopenhauer*. Sir F. Dixon Hartland—*Chronological Dictionary of the Royal Families, &c.* Mr. G. Harwood—*The Coming Democracy, From Within, a work on Disestablishment, &c.* Mr. Henniker Heaton—*Works on Australian Matters*. Mr. Hedderwick—*A Translation of Faust, The Law of Parliamentary Elections, &c.* Sir A. Hickman—*Water Communication*. Mr. Staveley Hill—*From Home to Home*. Mr. Samuel Hoare—*Papers on Co-operative Farming, &c., in Denmark and Holland*. Mr. H. Hobhouse—*A County Councillors' Guide, a work on Local Government and Local Taxation in England and Wales, &c.* Mr. Hogan—*Robert Love, Viscount Sherbrooke; works on Australia, and some novels*. Sir H. Howorth—*History of the Mongols, The Mammoth and the Flood, The Glacial Nightmare and the Flood, &c.* Mr. Hubbard—*The Rupee Difficulty, and articles on Bear Hunting*. Mr. Hutton—*Works on Farming*.

Prof. Jebb—*Editor and Translator of various Greek Texts*. Mr. Johnston—*Nightshade, Freshfield, Under Which King?* Mr. Brynmor Jones—*Welsh History in the Light of Recent Research, some Essays, editor of Sermons, &c.*

Sir John Kennaway—*On Sherman's Track*. Mr. Knowles—*Joint Editor of Greenwood's Real Property Statutes*.

Sir E. D. Lawrance—*History of Lighting, The Age of Iron and Steam*. Mr. Lecky—*Histories of Rationalism and of European Morals, History of England in the Eighteenth Century, Democracy and Liberty, Poems, &c.* Mr. Leighton—*Records of Oscestry, Papers of General Mytton during the Civil Wars*. Sir J. Leng—*Works on Political and Economic Questions and a few on Travel*. The Marquis of Lorne—*Imperial Federation, The United States after the War, A Life of Palmerston, Adventures in Legend, Tales and Poems, and the Psalms in English Verse*. Mr. T. Lough—*Glimpses of Early Ireland, England's Wealth Ireland's Poverty*. Sir John Lubbock—a great number of Scientific Works, *The Pleasures of Life, The Scenery of Switzerland, &c.*

Mr. M'Arthur—*Evidences of Natural Religion, Works on Insurance*. Mr. Justin M'Carthy—*A History of Our Own Times, &c., novels*. Mr. Macdonald—*Across the Andes*. Mr. Maclean—*Guide to Bombay*. Mr. MacNeill—*The Irish Parliament, How the Union was Carried, &c.* Sir J. W. Maclure—*Reports and Returns*. Mr. Marks—*Leaves from a Reporter's Note-Book, The Metropolitan Board of Works*. Sir H. E. Maxwell—*Works on Natural History, History, Biography, and Novels*. Mr. Monk—*The Golden Horn*. Mr. More—*Under the Balkans*. Mr. J. Morley—*Lives of Burke and Cobden, Works on Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, &c.* Mr. Moss—*English Land Laws*.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor—*Life of Lord Beaconsfield, The Parnell Movement, Gladstone's House of Commons, Napoleon, &c.* Mr. Oswald—*Contempt of Court*.

Mr. A. E. Pease—*Hunting Memories, The Badger, Bishra and Oases of the Zibans, &c.* Mr. Pickard—*Life of John Dickson, Works on Mining and Miners*. Earl Percy—*Notes from a Diary in Asiatic Turkey*. Sir W. O. Priestley—*various publications on Natural History and Medical Science*.

Sir J. Rankin—*Papers on Scientific Subjects and Social Questions*. Mr. W. H. K. Redmond—*A Shooting Trip in the Australian Bush*. Major Raech—*Short Speeches and Bores*. Mr. Richards—*Handbooks on Public Questions*. Mr. J. C. Rickett—*The Christ that is to be, &c.* Mr. E. Robertson—*American Home Rule, and numerous Articles on Legal and Constitutional Subjects in the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."* Major-

General Russell—*Russian Wars with Turkey, Memoir of the Earl of Peterborough*.

Sir A. R. Scoble—*Translations of Mignet's History of Mary, Queen of Scots, and of Guizot's History of the English Revolution*. Sir U. Kay Shuttleworth—*First Principles of Modern Chemistry*. Mr. Souttar—*Glimpses of Our Empire, &c.* Mr. Stevenson—*Historic Personality, &c.* Mr. H. M. Stanley—*Congo and its Free State, How I Found Livingstone, In Darkest Africa, Through the Dark Continent, Through South Africa, &c.* Mr. J. B. Stone—*Lichfield Cathedral; Books of Travel, and Articles on Various Scientific Subjects*. Mr. T. D. Sullivan—*Prison Poems, &c.*

Mr. P. M. Thornton—*The Brunswick Accession, Foreign Secretaries of the Nineteenth Century, The Stuart Dynasty, &c.*

Colonel Sir H. Vincent—*Police Code and Manual of Criminal Law; several Works on Legal and Military Matters*.

Mr. R. Wallace—*Church Tendencies in Scotland, &c.* Mr. R. G. Webster—*The Trade of the World*. Mr. W. Woodall—*Paris after Two Sieges*. Mr. G. Wyndham—*North's Plutarch, Shakespeare's Poems, &c.* Mr. A. Wylie—*Labour, Leisure, and Luxury*.

Mr. J. H. Yoxall—*Novels, Stories for Children, &c.*

Upwards of a score of members not included in this list have won distinction as contributors to literary journals and the Press, or have at least published pamphlets—Mr. John Burns, Mr. Burt, Sir C. Cameron, Mr. R. Cameron, Sir T. G. Carmichael, Mr. Clancy, Mr. Leonard Courtney, Mr. Gedge, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. L. R. Holland (at one time editor of the *English Illustrated Magazine*), Mr. Seton-Karr, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Lowles, Mr. M'Kenna, Sir S. Montagu, Mr. T. W. Russell, Mr. T. C. E. Shaw, Mr. A. Spicer, Mr. J. Stuart, Mr. R. Wallace, Sir W. Wedderburn, Mr. T. P. Whittaker, Mr. J. Carvell Williams, Mr. J. Powell Williams, Sir J. A. Willcox, Mr. Woodall, and Mr. R. A. Yerburgh.

FICTION.

The Capsina. By E. F. Benson. Illustrated by G. P. Jacomb-Hood. 7½ x 5 in. London, 1899. Methuen. 6/-

"The Capsina" is a companion picture to "The Vintage." That is to say, it is a second story of the Greek War of Independence, consecutive in time and identical in motive with the former tale, and recording the patriotic "vintage of the sea," as the other recorded the vintage of the land. The heroine, who was about the same age as the century, was the orphan daughter of a Hydriot shipbuilder, whose work she carried on with energy and skill, turning out deep-keeled, narrow-prowed ships, quick to the helm, and ready (at her guidance) to fly almost into the teeth of a gale. Her father had been head of the clan of Capsas, and his authority passed on to her. The fame of the Capsina spread far and wide; she felt vaguely that there was a great work before her, and repudiated with scorn her betrothal to her cousin Christos, into which she had been hurried in her girlhood. The Capsina was strong-minded, self-willed, and capable of any effort of heroism; she was also an enthusiast, and full of ideals, vowing amongst other things that she would never give her hand in marriage until "some one, I know not who, comes from the sea, all sea and sun, some one not familiar, but strange to me and stronger than I." Mr. Benson has been at greater pains with the character of Sophia Capsas than he was with his sketch of Suleima, the wife of Mitsos the Mainat; and naturally, for the Capsina is a heroine of action, who, when her career opened before her, and she took command of her best ship and sailed her against the Turk, "felt as if her life had suddenly burst into blossom, and the blossom thereof was red."

Red, indeed, is the prevailing colour of Mr. Benson's historical romance. Many English writers have been attracted—"fascinated" would scarcely be too strong a word—by the Greek revolutionary movement of eighty years ago. The cruelties of the Turks, the revenges of the Greeks, the alternation of victory and defeat, the final intervention of the Powers on behalf of the weaker side, have dwelt vividly in the imagination of Western Philhellenes, and stirred up a recurrent enthusiasm which, to be candid, has occasionally touched the fringe of

hysteria. This picture of the Capsina, stung to the quick by the tales of Kanaris, devoured by hate and the lust for vengeance, devoting herself and all her resources to a ruthless war against the Moslem, slaying her hundreds and thousands of the enemy, and all but unsexing herself to do it, is doubtless in some respects true to life. Plenty of Greek women fought heroically at that crisis for their hearths and homes, though, perhaps, none of them gathered such a vintage as is here set to the credit of Sophia Capsas. The tale of blood may pall upon a fastidious reader; but Mr. Benson has the advantage (for a novel-writer) of being fired by the enthusiasm which he attributes to the Capsina. He hates the Turk with a holy hatred, and counts up the victims of his heroine with manifest satisfaction. Moreover, the Capsina is not always fighting her ship, or rescuing a Greek village from a Moslem raid. Part of her time she is more or less consciously making love to her second-in-command, the "some one from the sea" to whom she had pledged herself by anticipation. This is Little Mitsos, the sunny young giant who had burnt the Turkish ship from Kalamata. She took him on board at Nauplia, and, not knowing that he was married, let her heart go out to him, and so determined the tragedy of her life, which, with such a nature, and at such a time, was in one form or another inevitable.

In short, this is a pathetic as well as an exciting romance, and Mr. Benson has added to his claims on the gratitude of the reader of novels. His ideas are elevated and his writing is picturesque; none the less so because he cannot be said to aim at the grand style. He delights in strange vocables. A building is "tottery"; troops are "plunderous"; one of his characters admits that he is "disquiet"; another looks "puzzledly." Mr. Benson does not even shun the use of an absolute phrase with its participle in grammatical agreement with the subject. "Forcing him along, the girth snapped" is not meant to imply that the girth was forcing the animal. But to tell a good story and to write impeccable English are faculties not invariably combined in one and the same person.

THE DAUGHTERS OF BABYLON (Macqueen, 6s.) is the latest example of a comparatively modern form of literary enterprise. Popular novels have been dramatized from the days of Scott downwards, to go no further back; it has been reserved for our own generation to try the effect of "novelizing" popular dramas. Of this invention Mr. Wilson Barrett is, if not the patentee, an early exploiter. Having brought the playgoing public in large numbers to see that ingenious compost of romance and religiosity, *The Sign of the Cross*, the dexterous author-actor presented it, in book form, to the reading public, by whom, it is understood, it was favourably received. In repeating this experiment with the less popular "Daughters of Babylon" Mr. Barrett has deemed it advisable to enlist the services of a collaborator; and the selection made by him is in itself a testimony to his skill as a purveyor of popular entertainments. No combination could have seemed more likely to "draw" than one which associates the name and record of Mr. Wilson Barrett with those of Mr. Robert Hichens. Collaboration has always been a mystery to the uninitiated, and a mystery deepened by the fact that collaborations vary indefinitely with the character of the work and the differing aptitudes of the workers. In the present case, however, we are not left without what looks like distinct—though, of course, it may be really delusive—guidance. It is natural, that is to say, for a reader to assume that the dialogue is, as, of course, the plot is known to be, the work of Mr. Barrett, and that Mr. Hichens has been engaged—like that sculptor's "ghost," who was conjured up, and with difficulty exorcised, in a certain *cause célèbre* some years ago—to "invest" the play "with artistic merit" as literature. Roughly speaking, no doubt, this does represent the division of labour, but it will not do to press the theory too far, for the descriptive and narrative passages are not, at least to our thinking, quite such genuine Hichens as the sentiment and conversations are characteristic Barrett. The former read rather like excerpts from "The Imaginative Man" retouched by the scene-painter's brush;

while occasional dashes of modern realism break the flow of historical word-painting with a somewhat comical shock. On the other hand the story adheres more consistently to the Barrettian type, which is that of the penny novelette adapted to the Sunday reading of serious families of the lower middle-class; while the dialogue, if we except a few inadvertent borrowings from the vocabulary and style of the contemporary newspaper, achieves local colour by a liberal infusion of Biblical phraseology into the ordinary dialect of Wardour-street. Let it in fairness be added that the mixture is artfully compounded and quite adequately serves its purpose. Only the natural division of labour between the two authors is obvious enough to disappoint those who may have hoped that their partnership would yield results as curious as might have been expected to follow from a collaboration between, say, Edgar Poe and Eliza Cook.

Obituary.

SIR JULIUS VOGEL, who died last Sunday, was best known and did his best work in politics; but he also ranks, with Mr. B. L. Farjeon and Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, among the few men of letters who have come from the colony of New Zealand. Born in 1836, in London, he studied at the School of Mines in order to qualify himself for the pursuit of the precious metals in Australia, but the *cacoethes scribendi* proved an even stronger passion with him than the *auri sacra fames*. In Victoria he edited the *Maryborough and Dunolly Advertiser*. Moving to Dunedin, New Zealand, in 1861, he purchased a half share in the *Otago Witness*, and shortly afterwards founded and edited the *Otago Daily Times*, the first daily paper in the colony. His sub-editor, who afterwards became his partner, was, it is interesting to note, Mr. Farjeon, the novelist. Like the majority of Australasian journalists, he entered upon a political career, and held several high offices which need not be here enumerated. In 1887, on the defeat of the Stout-Vogel Administration, in which he held several offices simultaneously, he returned to England. In 1888 he published a novel, entitled "Anno Domini, 2000," which had a certain, though not a startling, success. He was also known as a contributor to the reviews, mainly on the subject of Imperial federation of which he was one of the earliest advocates. What is known in England of New Zealand politics was, until the publication of "The Long White Cloud," mainly due to his expositions. Sir Julius Vogel leaves a son who has made a reputation in New Zealand as a poet.

DR. CHARLES EDWARD DRURY FORTNUM, whose death in his 80th year was announced last week, began his literary work by cataloguing the Majolica and bronzes at the South Kensington Museum. But he also published, as recently as 1896, a large octavo volume entitled "Majolica: A Historical Treatise," followed by a Descriptive Catalogue of Majolica, reviewed in our columns on May 21, 1898. In his earlier days Mr. Fortnum had pursued examples of the various Italian fabriques across Europe, and his books treated, authoritatively and exhaustively, of the ceramics of the Renaissance, and their sequents, including, as well as Majolica, the Persian, Damascus, Rhodian, Hispano-Moresque, French, and other wares. He was not only a diligent collector, but also a generous benefactor of the public collections of his country. The British Museum is indebted to him for a collection of insects, birds, and reptiles made in Australia, and the University of Oxford for a collection of classical and Renaissance works of art, as well as for an endowment of £15,000 for the Ashmolean Museum.

Our Paris Correspondent writes:—

A telegram from Lunéville on Tuesday night brought to the boulevards the news of the death of the novelist ECKMANN, the associate of his compatriot Chatrian, who had died some nine years ago. The extraordinary pact between these two writers had, however, been broken before death came to render the separation irrevocable. In 1889 the two friends quarrelled, no one seems to know exactly why or how, and a year later Chatrian died broken-hearted, while Eckmann lived on nine

years longer suffering constant regret, it is said, at the painful memory of having let his old friend die without "making it up" with him. The companionship had dated from 1848. It is difficult to determine what each owed to the other, for the two temperaments blended marvellously, seeming both to be the natural product of the Alsatian soil and the fine flower of the rich part of that little ducal province. They were, both of them, just the opposite of what M. Barrès means by *déracinées*, and they conquered for French literature a fresh domain. Their most characteristic works were, no doubt, "L'Ami Fritz" and the "Deux Frères," for here they were absolutely themselves, racy of the soil, historians of their province, the creators of types which the "Ile de France" could not parallel. But the series of "Romans Nationaux"—"Le Fou Yérof, épisode de l'Invasion," "Mme. Therese ou les Volontaires de '92," "L'histoire d'un Conscrit de 1813," and "Waterloo"—attained an even wider fame. Their "Histoire d'un Paysan" attests the reality of their devotion to liberty as the outcome of the Revolution. Erckmann wrote more or less alone after his friend's death. Only recently the *Temps* had published short stories by him. But his voice seemed to come up out of the past; it had the strange muffled quality of a friend's familiar accents heard through a telephone. It is to be hoped that the authors of the "Deux Frères" have now at last "made it up."

Correspondence.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF TRUTH.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—It is a good deal to admit, as Professor Case does, that "to know the truth is usually satisfactory." I think it ought always to be so—that is to say, to know the whole truth on any subject, for truth with some material point left out is truth in great part hidden. But not to extend the present controversy too far, I will ask your readers simply to consider the instances brought forward by Professor Case himself in opposition to my view. Truth, he insists, is not always satisfactory; and thereupon he gives a set of five examples, in every one of which the thing that is unsatisfactory is not truth but error! "It is not satisfactory," he says, "to know that you are in momentary danger of shipwreck"—quite true; but you wouldn't be unless "some one had blundered"—"or that you are in a railway accident"—but how came that about, except through error?—"or that you are sliding down a mountain, with a precipice beneath"—due to error again—"or that you have just taken poison instead of medicine"—a most serious error—"or, if you are a murderer, that the jury has found you guilty, and the Judge is putting on the black cap." That last is but the consequence of very malignant error; and yet even the unhappy criminal is not beyond the reach of "the consolations of truth," if he look his own acts in the face and prepare to expiate them with a feeling that the errors of his life were far worse than their expiation. There have certainly been criminals who have felt this.

In short, Sir, I hold that truth ought always to be satisfactory, except where we ourselves have unhappily neglected it, or failed to find it until it was too late. For truth in itself is always wholesome, if we could but take it rightly.

I remain, Sir,

Faithfully yours,

Pinner, 11th March.

JAMES GAIRDNER.

NONCONFORMITY IN FICTION.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I be permitted to say a few words with reference to the excellent article on "Nonconformity in Fiction" in the last number of *Literature*? I do not wish to touch on the main

point—i.e., whether "Dissent in imaginative literature generally is normally treated with dislike and contempt," but only on the side issue of Dickens' attitude towards ministers of religion. I would submit that, by portraying two extremely repellent specimens of the Nonconformist minister, Dickens no more lays himself open to the charge of implying that those two specimens are typical of the whole class than Charles Reade, who, in his novel, "Never too late to Mend," drew a picture of a ruffianly governor of a goal, need be credited with the opinion that all governors of goals are brutal.

It would be hard, indeed, if every novelist who depicts a bad or ridiculous man or woman should be held to have thereby insulted a whole class. You reply to the question:—"Is there a decent portrait of a clergyman or minister in Dickens?" with two examples, one from "Pickwick" and one from "Our Mutual Friend." May I add one from "The Mystery of Edwin Drood"—Mr. Crisparkle, Minor Canon of Cloisterham, a capital embodiment of that school of "muscular Christianity," which we are supposed, rightly or wrongly, to owe to the influence of Charles Kingsley?

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

F. M. RAMSAY.

AN AMATEUR HERALD.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—As an amateur herald of many years' standing may I enter a vigorous protest against the point of view your critic takes in his review of "The Right to Bear Arms, by X."; and, as I have a perfect legal claim to arms myself, I cannot be suspected of a personal interest in supporting the claims of people whose right is more shadowy than my own?

In the first place, there is no necessity to prove a claim to arms in order to use them, it having been ruled in a Court of law many years ago that any man has the right to adopt any heraldic device he likes, and that after using it for a certain time it becomes *bona fide* his own.

Secondly, I have it on the authority of the greatest living Herald that grants of arms were not recorded in the *Heralds' College* from the time of the foundation of the College until the Commonwealth. That is to say, thousands of grants of arms were made during a period of a century and a half, no record of which has been kept by the authorities. As a matter of fact, almost every family in England has the old-fashioned legal right to bear arms if they could prove it. The *Heralds' College* (very properly) will not recognize this right unless a perfect claim is made out; but it is slightly absurd on the strength of this fact to brand every man as an impostor who may not be able to produce *Heralds' College* proof of the arms he, and very likely his ancestors for centuries, have used, and to which his claim in the eyes of commonsense may surpass that of many of our proudest nobles. Thousands of our best families (from the heraldic point of view) have pedigrees which, owing to some little flaw in the records which time or carelessness has made, are defective. Any number of families, including quite six of our old historic nobility, are bearing arms, with the full consent of the *Heralds' College*, to which they have no moral right at all. For the *Heralds* of old time were often venal fellows, and overlooked and buried many skeletons. As a matter of fact, the using of arms nowadays is simply a matter of conscience. No man who respects himself would wilfully use arms to which he knows he has no claim. Every man who is created a Peer or a Baronet must either prove his claim or take out a new grant. But to condemn a man, as so many of the foolish and snobbish works on Heraldry with which the press has teemed for the last few years, do, for using arms to which his title is imperfect, is about as sensible as to condemn him for holding landed property in the deeds of which there is, possibly ages back, some slight flaw. Surely the onus of proof in such cases, in the eyes of charity and commonsense, lies not with those who use the arms but rather with those who would question their right to do so?

Heraldry is a charming, romantic, and picturesque way of

differencing one family from another, and this in the present day is all the use it has.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,
March 11, 1899. Y. Z.

[*.* The above letter does not, we think, call for any lengthy reply, since it is evidently written under a misapprehension as to the nature of the book which formed the subject of the review. Moreover, almost every direct statement in the letter is incorrect. Grants of arms, prior to the Commonwealth, were recorded in the Herald's College; no man who is created a Peer *must* prove his right to arms or take a new grant—he can do so or not, exactly as he pleases—while the statement that a man may *legally* appropriate the arms of another person, and, after using them for “a certain time”—which our correspondent, by-the-by, does not specify—acquire a *bona fide* right thereto, is not only incorrect, but, from the point of view of “charity and commonsense,” slightly absurd. In the book under consideration, no single person is either branded as an impostor or even held up to ridicule. It claims to be merely an attempt to prove—for what it may be worth, and for the information of those who desire to know—that the ultimate authority in all these matters is the Crown; and that it is a successful attempt to do so is certainly our opinion.]

THE REVIEWING OF NOVELS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In reference to the recent protest of a member of the Society of Authors against the custom of “those reviewers who tell the whole story of a book when criticizing it,” the method is by no means modern. A strong appeal on the subject was made by Wilkie Collins in his preface to “The Woman in White,” on the occasion of the publication of his fascinating story in book form. This appeal puts the case so tersely and so forcibly that it may be of interest at the present moment. The preface is dated “Harley-street, London, August 3, 1860.”

Before I conclude, I am desirous of addressing one or two questions, of the most harmless and innocent kind, to the Critics.

In the event of this book being reviewed, I venture to ask whether it is possible to praise the writer, or to blame him, without opening the proceedings by telling his story at second-hand? As that story is written by me—with the inevitable suppressions which the periodical system of publication forces on the novelist—the telling it fills more than a thousand closely-printed pages. No small portion of this space is occupied by hundreds of little “connecting links,” of trifling value in themselves but of the utmost importance in maintaining the smoothness, the reality, and the probability of the entire narrative. If the critic tells the story *with* these, can he do it in his allotted page, or column, as the case may be? If he tells it *without* these, is he doing a fellow-labourer in another form of Art the justice which writers owe one to another? And lastly, if he tells it at all, in any way whatever, is he doing a service to the reader by destroying, beforehand, two main elements in the attraction of all stories—the interest of curiosity, and the excitement of surprise?

Yours faithfully,

AUSTIN BRERETON.

13, York-chambers, Adelphi, W.C., March 13.

AN EXPLANATION.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I have been asked by Mr. Alfred E. T. Watson to explain that a volume of collected pieces published by me last autumn under the title of “Huntingcrop Hall” and other stories, by Alfred E. T. Watson and other sporting writers, and lettered outside “Huntingcrop Hall, A. E. T. Watson,” was not prepared nor edited by that gentleman and that he had nothing to do with the publication.

The two stories by Mr. Watson included in the volume were republished from “London Society,” of 1872, by arrangement made by me with Mr. James Hogg, the proprietor of the copyrights, and not by permission of Mr. Watson, the writer of the stories.

GEORGE REDWAY.

Authors and Publishers.

There is nothing very striking in the publishers' announcements for the rest of the spring publishing season. More than half the books that will make up the season's output are already in the hands of the public. Among the biographies to come are those of William Morris (Longmans); Sir J. E. Millais (Methuen); John, Marquis of Granby, Commander-in-Chief (Macmillan); the late Duchess of Teck (Murray); Sir Philip Sidney and the Sidney Family (Unwin); Signor Crispi, by Mr. W. J. Stillman (Grant Richards); George Müller of Bristol, (Nisbet); the late Empress of Austria and the King of Roumania (Hutchinson). Autobiography and “recollections” seem to be exhausted—every one who has anything worth recollecting has recollecting it already. Mr. Justin McCarthy is an exception, however, and his “Reminiscences” (Chatto & Windus) ought to be an interesting couple of volumes.

There seem to be as many novels as usual, but the autumn lists may show a decrease—they probably will. The publishers seem determined to go in for cheap fiction, and cheap fiction means large sales. There is more likely to be a large sale of a book that is already popular than for a new story, even by a fairly prospering writer, and publishers are not under any illusions on this point. So it looks as if the latest development would carry further the effect of the abolition of three volumes. The very few authors who can count upon selling a large number of copies will do better. The many who have just found it worth while to write will do worse. For the moment the outlook to the many is not cheerful, but, perhaps, their turn will come again later on.

An American book of which the manuscript has just reached England is “The Choate Jest Book,” by Mr. Will. M. Clemens, who is, we understand, a relative of that other Clemens who is better known as Mark Twain. It contains an account of the life of the Hon. Joseph Hodges Choate, U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James', together with a collection of new quips and cranks designed to make the name of “Joe Choate” as famous as that of the other illustrious “Joe”—Joe Miller. The book will be published in England, in April, by Messrs. Sands.

The author of “Studies in Little Known Subjects,” Miss Constance E. Plumptre, is editing an edition of that very rare work “The Tragedy,” by Bernadus Ochino, for Mr. Grant Richards, who intends to bring out a reprint of the play, probably during the autumn. Like the Book of Job, Milton's “Paradise Lost,” and Goethe's “Faust,” this book is one of the finer dramas suggested by the problem of evil. Superstition is the keynote of Ochino's “Tragedy.” The only modern work dealing at any length with this drama seems to be Karl Benrath's “Life of Ochino.” Dr. Garnett in his “Life of Milton” has drawn attention to the parallelism between the “Tragedy” and “Paradise Lost.” In an article on the subject published about a year ago, Miss Plumptre closed her paper by saying:—“As a terrible indictment against the wickedness of Papacy in the sixteenth century, written by one who was for years in the closest communion with it, it is, I think, without parallel. . . . Written, as it is, strictly from the Protestant and orthodox point of view, it might fitly form a companion volume to other books of the same tendency and written about the same period—such, for instance, as Luther's ‘Table Talk.’”

Messrs. Macmillan are about to issue a new work by Major G. J. Younghusband, the author of “On Short Leave to Japan,” and joint author of “The Relief of Chitral.” It will be entitled “The Philippines and Round About,” and will give some account of British interests in these waters.

“The Cipher in the Plays and on the Tombstone” is to be the title of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's new book now in the press. Mr. Donnelly hopes that this work will finally settle the contro-

very as to the authorship of the so-called Shakespeare Plays. Having disposed of them, Mr. Donnelly will publish about three months later another book entitled "The Cipher in the Ben Jonson Plays," in which he will show that the Jonson Plays were also written by Francis Bacon, and which will contain a cipher-narrative setting forth that fact. The author is so confident of the success of these books that he will print them at his own expense and retain the copyright, both in America and England.

Lord Overton is to contribute an introduction to Dr. Elmslie's work "Among the Wild Ngoni" which recounts the experiences of a medical missionary in Livingstonia. This volume will be published by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier this spring. A second book on somewhat the same subject will also be published by Messrs. Oliphant—viz., the second volume of Dr. Dennis' "Christian Missions and Social Progress," the first volume of which was published in 1897. It was originally intended that the book should be complete in two volumes, but the material has proved so abundant that it will be extended to three.

We understand that Mr. Budgett Meakin, who was fifteen years in Morocco, will publish three volumes on the Moors, through Messrs. Sonnenschein—"The Moorish Empire," "The Moors," and "The Land of the Moors." The first is to be issued next month.

Mr. Barry Pain is publishing, through Mr. John Lane, a selection of the amusing verses he has contributed for a long time past to the *Daily Chronicle* on Saturday mornings, in the character of Tompkins. They were so neatly attuned to the feelings of the moment that it is almost a pity to re-publish them. But everything is republished now. Mr. Clarence Rook is also bringing out in a book (with Mr. Grant Richards) the series of Hooligan sketches which appeared recently in the same journal, and which are founded on a close acquaintanceship with Hooligans. These will be called "The Hooligan Nights," and will set forth "the life and opinions of a young and unrepentant criminal." As studies in juvenile callousness and depravity they have much grim humour.

Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, whose forthcoming work on the art of Velasquez we have already mentioned, will write the introduction to a volume published in the autumn by Messrs. T. R. Annan and Sons, of Glasgow, containing sixty or seventy photographs of the best among Sir Henry Raeburn's pictures. There will be biographical notes on each picture by Mr. J. L. Caw, Curator of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery.

Mr. Henry Clifton Sorby, who has written largely on microscopical structures of crystals indicating the origin of minerals and rocks, has of late carried out many inquiries as to the preparation of specimens of marine animals for museum purposes, which will be communicated to the Linnean Society. Another paper of interest which Mr. Sorby has in hand is on the production of artificial pseudomorphs of minerals and on the effects of long continued weak chemical reactions on minerals and rocks. Some of these experiments have been carried on continuously for 37 years with interesting results.

Messrs. Macmillan will publish shortly after Easter a complete edition of Tennyson's poetical works (exclusive of the dramas) in their well-known Globe Library at three shillings and sixpence, the cheapest complete Tennyson that has ever been offered to the public.

The Scottish History Society will publish shortly an important volume to be entitled "Scotland and the Protectorate." It has been edited by Mr. C. H. Firth, and is in continuation of Mr. Firth's "Scotland and the Commonwealth"—a collection of letters and papers relating to the military government of Scotland from August, 1651, to December, 1653, which was published by the Scottish History Society in 1896.

The papers in that collection were derived from four sources—the bulk from the Clarke collection now in the library of Worcester College, Oxford, a few from the Tanner MSS. in the Bodleian Library, some from the Leith *Mercurius Scoticus*, and others from the Clarendon collection in the Bodleian Library. Those in the volume about to be issued are from the Clarke and Clarendon collections, and will complete the subject of the military occupation of Scotland during the time of Cromwell.

The American Historical Association held its fourteenth annual meeting at New Haven, Conn., December 28, 29, and 30. The association virtually adopted the *American Historical Review*, agreeing to send it to all its members, and to make in return a large subvention to the *Review*. A Bibliographical Committee was formed to deal with such portion of the publications of the association as are bibliographical in their character. The report of the Committee of Seven on the teaching of history in secondary schools was laid before the association in elaborate form, and is to be printed as a separate book this spring. The association appointed a committee on the historical study of colonial dependencies.

Mr. Alfred Lubbock is preparing a volume of "Memories of Eton and Etonians," dealing mainly with cricket and sport. Mr. Lubbock was captain of the Eton eleven in 1863.

"The Church's Message to Men," a volume of sermons by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Canon Gore, Dean Hole, and others will be published by Messrs. Skeffington.

Canon Girdlestone is about to issue a new translation of Deuteronomy; with notes on the peculiar words and the references to the earlier and later Books printed in full, so as to assist the student in determining its true position.

The new edition of the "Babylonian Talmud in English," by Dr. Michael L. Rodkinson, is to be published in about twenty volumes, at the rate of four volumes per year. Five volumes are now ready. There will also be a carefully-prepared edition of the Hebrew text by the same author.

Edward FitzGerald's "Rubaiyat" is to be added to the Golden Treasury Series of Messrs. Macmillan.

The April number of the *American Historical Review* will contain an article by Professor W. M. Sloane on Napoleon's plans for French colonies in Spanish America, and one by Professor George L. Burr, of Cornell University, on the search for the Venezuela-Guiana boundary. Professor Burr was the leading historical expert employed in that search by the United States Commission.

With the March number, the *Annals of Botany* begins its thirteenth volume and the thirteenth year of its existence. It is a matter of congratulation for the science of botany in English-speaking countries that a periodical of this character, unlike so many of its predecessors, should have survived so long, with every prospect, under the editorship of Professor Sydney H. Vines, of becoming a permanent institution.

The originators of a new journal called the *Conference of Contemporary Thought*, to be published in January, 1900, in England and America by Messrs. Macmillan, have conceived an attack upon knowledge in a highly strategic spirit. Four essays by specialists, on each of twelve departments of knowledge, ranging from fine art to geography, will appear in a year. The casual reader might expect that each month would see an essay on each department dealt with. But in two months of the year the journal will not be issued; and some feeling of anxiety will be aroused by the statement that "when some of the regular essays cannot be secured in time for a certain month's issue extra material will be substituted." At the end of the year the forty-eight essays accumulated will be divided into twelve

volumes, and the professors will then recommence their attack. Will the essayists or the departments of knowledge hold out the longer? At any rate the prospectus is a capital essay in mathematics. The American members of the advisory board consist almost entirely of professors from the universities.

Mr. J. W. Mackail, whose "Life of William Morris" is announced, is a Newdigate prize-man and a former Fellow of Balliol, now in the Education of Office. His literary work, which includes his "Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology," with a valuable introduction, shows much sympathetic appreciation of poets so different as Virgil and Mæterlinck.

The *doyen* of all South Sea mariners and explorers—Captain Roger Turpie—has returned to England after thirty-eight years' continuous service as mate and master of the London Missionary Society's four successive ships. He is the one man competent to tell a thrilling story of a life in the South Seas, and may yet give the world the story of his adventurous and honourable career. The field, as we know, is already occupied by Mr. Louis Becke, of whose writings Captain Turpie has a high opinion. No one, he thinks, ever has depicted or will again depict South Sea life so vividly and accurately.

The *Revue de Paris* has commenced "Notes sur la Vie," by Alphonse Daudet. These notes were jotted down by the great novelist from day to day, and would probably have been used by him in his future works had his life been spared.

M. Pierre Loti has changed his plans. He had arranged to go to Persia, but, being reinstated in his active functions as lieutenant, he now awaits orders and will pass the time at Hendaye. He is said to be engaged on a volume, the subject of which is "Ile de Pâques," a small island in the Pacific Ocean, which was discovered in 1686 by Davis, and explored on a certain Easter day, 1722, by Roggervœen. Some twenty-five years ago M. Pierre Loti happened to stop there on one of his voyages, and was struck by the intelligence and originality of the inhabitants.

Messrs. Methuen will probably begin to issue their sixpenny series of novels next week with a book by Mr. E. W. Hornung.

"The Drones Must Die," Dr. Max Nordau's new novel, will be published by Mr. Heinemann this month.

"The Countess Tekla" is being dramatised by its author, Mr. Robert Barr, in collaboration with Mr. Cosmo Hamilton.

Next week Mr. Percy White's new novel, "A Millionaire's Daughter," will be published by Messrs. Pearson, who are also issuing "Spies of the Wight," by Mr. Headon Hill, who lives in the island, and knows its history.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Life, Writings, and Correspondence of George Borrow. By William I. Knapp, Ph.D. LL.D. 2 vols. 9x5½in., xviii.+402+406 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 32s.

Life of Danton. By A. H. Bevely. 9x5½in., xxv.+335 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

Danton. A Study. By Hilaire Belloc. B.A. 9x5½in., xiii.+440 pp. London, 1899. Nisbet. 16s.

James and Horace Smith. A Family Narrative. By Arthur H. Beavan. 7½x5½in., xii.+312 pp. London, 1899. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

A Diary of St. Helena. (1816-1817.) The Journal of Lady Malcolm. Ed. by Sir A. Wilson, K.C.I.E. 7½x5½in., 168 pp. London, 1899. Innes. 5s.

Francis Turner Palgrave. His Journals, and Memories of His Life. By Gwenllian F. Palgrave. 9x6in., ix.+276 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

Fragments of an Autobiography. By Felix Moscheles. 9x5½in., viii.+304 pp. London, 1899. Nisbet. 10s. 6d.

Life of Henry Benedict Stuart. Cardinal Duke of York. By Bernard W. Kelly. 7½x5in., 146 pp. London, 1899. Washbourne.

Spinoza. His Life and Philosophy. By Sir Frederick Pollock, Bt. 2nd Ed. 9x6in., xxiv.+427 pp. London, 1899. Duckworth. 8s. n.

CLASSICAL.

Longinus on the Sublime. The Greek Text Ed. after the Paris MS. By W. Rhys Roberts, M.A. 9x6in., 288 pp. Cambridge, 1899. University Press. 9s.

Cambridge Compositions. Greek and Latin. Ed. by R. D. Archer-Hind, M.A., and R. D. Hicks, M.A. 7½x5½in., 496 pp. Cambridge, 1899. University Press. 10s.

EDUCATIONAL.

German Higher Schools. By J. E. Russell, Ph.D. 8½x5½in., xii.+455 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

A Primer of Latin Accidence. By William Maden, M.A. 2nd Ed. 7½x5in., viii.+115 pp. London, 1899. Rivington. 1s.

Cinq Mars. Par Alfred De Vigny. (Simpson's French Series.) Ed. by G. G. Loane, M.A. 7x4½in., 157 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.

A Practical Arithmetic. By J. Jackson, F.E.L.S. 4th Ed. revised and enlarged. 7½x5in., 460 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low. 4s.

FICTION.

The Kingdoms of Hate. By Tom Gallon. 8x5½in., 288 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 6s.

Contraband of War. By M. P. Shiel. 7½x5½in., 258 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 6s.

La Strega, and other Stories. By Ouida. 7½x5in., 284 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low. 3s. 6d.

Helot and Hero. By E. Livingston Prescott. 7½x5½in., 401 pp. London, 1899. Simpkin. 6s.

The Nameless Castle. By Maurus Jokai. 7½x5½in., 338 pp. London, 1899. Jarrold. 6s.

Pharos the Egyptian. By Guy Boothby. 7½x5½in., 376 pp. London, 1899. Ward Lock. 6s.

An Amateur Crackman. By E. W. Hornung. 7½x5in., 257 pp. London, 1899. Methuen. 6s.

From the Ranks to the Peerage. By H. A. Bruce. 7½x5in., 559 pp. London, 1899. Digby Long. 6s.

Harold Hardy. By F. C. Huddle. 9x6in., 326 pp. London, 1899. University Press. 6s.

Richard Bruce. By Chas. M. Sheldon. 7½x5in., 313 pp. London, 1899. Ward Lock. 6d.

The Adventures of Captain Horn. By Frank R. Stockton. 7½x5½in., 440 pp. (Cheap Ed.) London, 1899. Cassell. 3s. 6d.

GEOGRAPHY.

Mediterranean Winter Resorts. By E. A. Reynolds-Ball, F.R.G.S. 6½x4½in., 537 pp. London, 1899. Kegan Paul. 6s.

HISTORY.

England in the Age of Wycliffe. By George M. Trevelyan. 9x5½in., xiv.+380 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 15s.

China. By Prof. R. K. Douglas. (The Story of the Nations.) 8x5½in., xix.+451 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 5s.

The Story of Old Fort London. By Charles E. Craddock. (Stories from American History.) 7½x5½in., 407 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 10s.

LAW.

Judicial Scandals and Errors. I. Press Censorship and Compromise. By G. A. Singer, M.A. 6½x6in., 58 pp. London, 1899. University Press. 1s.

LITERARY.

English Verification. By E. Wadham. 7½x5in., 154 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 4s. 6d.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau and the Cosmopolitan Spirit in Literature. By Joseph Texte. Translated by J. W. Matthews. 9x6in., xxvii.+388 pp. London, 1899. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The History of the Church Missionary Society. Vols. I. & II. By Eugene Stock. 8½x5½in., xxx.+504+659 pp. London, 1899. Church Mts. Soc. 6s. n. each vol.

A Dictionary of British Folk-Lore. Traditional Games. 2 vols. Ed. by G. Laurence Gomme, F.S.A. 9½x6½in., xix.+433+xxv.+651 pp. London, 1899. Nutt. 25s. n.

Friendly Visiting among the Poor. By Mary E. Richmond. 7½x4½in., xii.+225 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 4s. 6d.

The Clergy Directory and Parish Guide for 1899. 7½x5in., 836 pp. London, 1899. Phillips. 4s. 6d. n.

The Official Year-Book of the Church of England. 8x5½in., 660 pp. London, 1899. S.P.C.K. 3s.

London Library. Shelf Classification List. 5½x3½in., 213 pp. London, 1899. The London Library. 1s.

MUSIC.

A Study of Wagner. By Ernest Newman. xx.+401 pp. London, 1899. Dobell. 12s.

ORIENTAL.

Catalogue of the Greek Coins of Galatia, Cappadocia, and Syria. By Warwick Wroth. 9x6in., xci.+341 pp. London, 1899. British Museum.

PAMPHLETS.

Confession. What the Church Teaches. By the Rt. Rev. C. W. Sandford, D.D. Macmillan. 6d. n.

Introduction to Democracy and Liberty. By W. E. H. Lecky. Longmans. 2s.

POETRY.

English Roses. By F. Harold Williams, B.A. 7½x5½in., 600 pp. London, 1899. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

The City of Dreadful Night, and other Poems. A Selection from the Works of James Thomson ("B.V."). 6½x4in., xx.+256 pp. London, 1899. Dobell. 3s. 6d.

POLITICAL.

China and its Future. By James Johnston. 7½x5½in., ix.+130 pp. London, 1899. Stock.

REPRINTS.

Poems, Including "In Memoriam." By Alfred Lord Tennyson. 8½x6in., 102 pp. Macmillan. 6d.

St. Ronan's Well. By Sir Walter Scott, Bt. (Border Ed.) 7½x5½in., xxi.+632 pp. London, 1899. Nimmo. 3s. 6d.

Riding Recollections. Vol. I. of G. J. Whyte Melville's Works. Ed. by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bt. 9x6in., xxii.+348 pp. London, 1899. Thacker.

Market Harborough, and Inside the Ban. By G. J. Whyte Melville. 8x5½in., 338 pp. London, 1899. Ward Lock. 3s. 6d.

Redgauntlet. By Sir Walter Scott, Bt. (Temple Ed.) 2 vols. 6x4in., xxi.+306+303 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 3s. n.

The Works of Shakespeare. (The Everyday Ed., Vol. II.) Ed. by C. H. Herford, Litt.D. 7½x4½in., 572 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 5s. n.

With Kitchener to Khartum. By G. W. Steevens. (People's Ed.) 9x6in., 144 pp. London, 1899. Blackwood. 6d.

SCIENCE.

Experimental Morphology. Part II. By C. B. Davenport, Ph.D. 9x6in., pp. 281 to 508. London, 1899. Macmillan. 9s. n.

A History of Physics. By Florian Cajori, Ph.D. 8½x5½in., viii.+322 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. n.

The Introduction to Stellar Astronomy. By W. H. S. Monck, M.A., F.R.A.S. 8x5½in., 208 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 3s. 6d.

Neurypnology. By James Broad, M.R.C.S., &c. New Edition Ed. by Arthur E. Waite. 9x5½in., xii.+390 pp. London, 1899. Redway. 10s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

Early Christian Doctrine. (Oxford Church Text Books.) By Rev. L. Pullan. 6½x4½in., 124 pp. London, 1899. Rivington. 1s.

A Reported Change in Religion. By "Onyx." 7½x5½in., 176 pp. London, 1899. Arnold. 3s. 6d.

Messages to the Multitude. By C. H. Spurgeon. (Preachers of the Age Series.) 8½x5½in., 125 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low. 6d.

Our One Priest on High. By the Rev. N. Dimeock, A.M. 9x6in., 115 pp. London, 1899. Stock. 2s. 6d. n.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Merton College. By B. W. Henderson. (Oxford College Histories.) 7½x5½in., xvi.+294 pp. London, 1899. Robinson. 5s. n.

A Picturesque History of Yorkshire. Part I. To be completed in 18 Monthly Parts. By J. S. Fletcher. 9½x7in., 72 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 1s. n.

TRAVEL.

A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan. Letters from Home to Home. 2 vols. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. 10x6½in., xviii.+446+x.+439 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 32s.

Haunts and Hobbies of an Indian Official. By Mark Thornehill. 8½x5½in., xii.+346 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 6s.

Travels and Adventures of Sid Ali Reis. Translated from the Turkish by A. Vambéry. 7½x5½in., xviii.+123 pp. London, 1899. Lusa. 5s.

Literature

Edited by H. D. Traill.

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THE DECADENCE OF MAGAZINES.

On the festive occasion of the one thousandth appearance of *Blackwood* we indulged in a certain retrospective survey of the history of magazines. There remains, however, one aspect of the question to which it might have seemed cynical to refer upon a birthday, but which, nevertheless, invites consideration. This is the lowering of the literary standard of magazines which—though *Blackwood* is the last periodical to be cited in illustration of it—has long been noticeable and has been particularly conspicuous in the course of the last ten years. The original intention—the final cause, as one might say—of the issue of the early magazines was well defined in the prospectus of one of the earliest of them. "A Repository for the Occasional Productions of Men of Genius" was the polished phrase in which the editor

expounded his ideal; and it was an ideal from which, until quite recently, no editor deliberately departed. On the contrary, almost every editor loved the highest when he saw it—and not only loved it, but sent it to the printer, and asked the author of it for more. Examples abound. The *Edinburgh* was the Repository of the Occasional Productions of Macaulay; *Fraser's*, of those of Carlyle; *Blackwood*, of those of more Men of Genius than we have space to mention; the early *Cornhill*, of those of Thackeray; the later *Cornhill*, of those of R. L. Stevenson; *Macmillan*—to come as near modern times as one can—of those of Mr. Rudyard Kipling in the days when his genius was as yet his only passport to editorial favour. It is a goodly list, and one which any one with a good memory can easily extend. Studying it—and remembering that most of the celebrities whom it commemorates were not yet celebrated in the days when they did their best magazine work—one sees clearly that the chief ambition of the early magazine editor was to be "literary." Turning over the back pages of any magazine that made a stir before (let us say) the 'eighties one also perceives that he generally achieved his purpose.

No one can affirm that to be "literary" is the chief object of the average magazine editor of the present day. He has ceased to be literary—indeed, he has long ceased to be so, for, with the single exception of *Longman's*, we doubt whether there is any still surviving magazine which has been started since 1880 on the old literary lines. The rest have given themselves over to ideals with which literature (as distinguished from mere prose composition) has nothing whatever to do. What are these ideals? They vary, of course, according to the price of the magazines, and the nature of the public to which they are addressed; but it is not very difficult to classify them. To begin with, there is the pursuit of the notable name. This may not be so bad in England as in America, where, it is said, a man has only to fall off a ladder and break his leg in order to be solicited to send short stories from his sick-bed to the yellow press; but it is not a phenomenon with which any of us can pretend to be unfamiliar. The name that is notable in letters may take its turn with the names that are notable in other departments of endeavour; but there are no indications that it is preferred to them. On the contrary, in the modern magazine of this class an essay by an essayist or a poem by a poet would always be held over to make room for the special pleadings of a faddist, or the commonplaces of a titled co-respondent, or a professional strong man, or any one else whose name is continually in the papers. That there is a certain interest in this sort of raree-show we are not prepared to deny. But it and the literary magazine, as the editors of the past understood it, are wide as the poles asunder.

Next to the editor whose ideal magazine is a raree-

show comes his rival whose ideal is a bundle of pamphlets on topics of the day. There is, of course, no reason why the topics of the day should not be treated in pamphlets, or why a number of pamphlets should not be bound up together, every month, and sold for half-a-crown. The practice supplies a felt want, and there is little more to be said about it. We merely note that the magazines—which the reader will easily identify—produced to meet that want have about as much to do with literature as have the Blue-books and White-papers; and we pass on to consider the most glaring of all the instances of the decadence of magazines.

This is furnished by those sixpenny and threepenny illustrated periodicals which, since the price of paper has fallen, and photography has been improved and popularized, and the ignorant have learnt to read, have figured in such huge piles upon the bookstalls. In these—the most widely circulated of all the magazines—that old ideal of “the Repository for the Occasional Productions of Men of Genius” is thrown over deliberately and openly. The editors of some of them have, indeed, announced quite frankly (to interviewers) that they have no use for the services of men of genius; and it is certainly difficult to imagine the man of genius bringing himself to provide them with the sort of thing that they require. They want short stories, of course, but not the sort of short stories that make the reader think. Such stories are rejected on the ground that they are “too literary”; whereas short stories about detectives, bank robberies, matrimonial advertisements, breach of promise cases are sure of “early and sympathetic” consideration. As for the miscellaneous articles which fill the bulk of the paper, their case is even sadder. Sometimes these contributions are merely fatuous—a set of photographs, for example, of a bullet in motion, or of a drop of falling water. More frequently they pander to a feeling of curiosity which is at once ridiculous and impertinent; and it is in this respect that the decline of magazines has been most rapid and most remarkable. It began with the “illustrated interview,” enabling any one with sixpence in his pocket to take a peep at “a corner of the drawing-room” of a bishop, a lady of fashion, or an actress. Nowadays, the illustrated interview has been left far behind. We have come to articles on Notable Noses, and on the Visiting Cards of Celebrities; and, as we lately mentioned, pudding basins full of gelatinous matter are, at the present hour, going about the country collecting impressions of the soles of the feet of eminent literary men. And this for a publication ostensibly of the same kind as those which used to serve as repositories for the occasional productions of Thackeray, Carlyle, and Robert Louis Stevenson!

It would be unfair, of course, to throw all the blame for this sort of thing upon the editors. They are men of business, and they are not editing magazines, as the Americans put it, “for their health.” A good many of them, we imagine, edit with their tongues in their cheeks. The circulation is “the thing” with them, as the verdict was the thing in the view of Daniel O’Connell; and it is easy to understand the line of argument which guides

them in the course which they pursue. It is just possible, they doubtless reason, that a cultivated reader may take a passing interest—albeit a scornful one—in a paper on notable noses; he may beguile a railway journey, if not by deriding the notable noses submitted to his criticism, at least by deriding the editor for supposing that any man, woman, or child could be attracted by such a subject. On the other hand, the uncultivated man, who will examine the collection of noses as carefully as the cultivated man would examine a collection of cameos, would certainly feel no emotion but that of boredom in the presence of a witty or thoughtful paper on some topic with which his evening paper has not familiarised him. So, the greatest happiness of the greatest number being consulted, the article on notable noses is found the most suitable from every point of view. Such, we feel sure, is the working of an intelligent magazine editor’s mind; and it is not very easy to find a flaw in his ratiocination. Some day, when the spread of education is more marked, and more of the people who have lately learnt to read have also learnt to think, he may find it worth while to change his plans and raise his standards. But we are not very sanguine about this; and expect to see the decadence of the magazines go a good deal further before the tide sets definitely in the opposite direction.

It is often said that, what with the penny post and other changes which nowadays force the pace of life, the age of letter writing is past. It certainly seems less natural to throw a story into the form of correspondence than it was in the days of Richardson; nor did Scott’s readers seventy years later see anything out of the way in Miss Julia Mannering’s voluminous letters to her bosom friend. But a very few years after the publication of “Guy Mannering” came the penny post, and since that time authors who adopt the epistolary form in novels or elsewhere do it at their peril, especially if letters occupy the whole book. Mrs. Craik did this with some success in “A Life for a Life,” and two well-known writers have not shrunk from the endeavour in a collaborated work of fiction shortly to appear, while a remarkable book which we notice in another page, called “A Reported Change in Religion,” consists of a batch of letters which make excellent reading. But then here no two letters are from the same person; they represent a great variety of people writing on a common subject, and each letter exhausts, sometimes briefly enough, what the writer has to say on it.

But if fictitious letters are so seldom anything but tiresome, is this because “the age of letter writing is past”? And is it past? The biographies and memoirs which have poured from the press in recent years do not point to any such conclusion. To take one instance only, look at the prolix and exhaustive disquisitions sent through the post by that most hardworking of all public men, the late Lord Selborne. There were real letter writers in the last century, many of whom won (and in some cases sought) fame by their practice of the art of correspondence; and there are real letter writers still—only the millions who now scribble off countless notes and post-cards did not, and perhaps could not, write at all in the old days.

The unpopularity of the epistolary form as a method of authorship is, in fact, due quite as much to a change of

taste as to the decay of letter writing. The old practice was of a piece with the unrealities of the eighteenth century, both in art and letters. It necessitated an abundance of superfluous detail, and it was a roundabout, artificial way of doing what the true artist could do much better simply and directly. It gave, of course, an opportunity of exhibiting subjectively many "fine shades" of feeling. But it is certainly much more difficult to carry conviction in inventing letters for fictitious people than in making them converse. In the latter case there is a background; there is the life and movement of the various characters, the spontaneity of question and reply, and the running interchange of talk, all helping to keep a spell upon the reader. The letter gives much less chance of illusion, and we may very soon become conscious of the author—instead of the supposed correspondent—beating his brains for something to say next.

The best method of Subject Indexing in Public Libraries, which Mr. Cotgreave, of the West Ham Library, discusses in another column, bears closely on another vexed question among Librarians, that of "Free Access" or "Open Shelves." It is a pretty controversy, with the theorist on the one side and the practical man on the other; and it is the more attractive to an onlooker because neither party to it has any pecuniary axe to grind. Indeed, it seems to us a pity that the adherents of the Free Access plan should be charged with a desire to avoid the trouble of perfecting their catalogues, or to be able to favour particular readers—"especially those of the opposite sex," as one controversialist adds unkindly. For there is much to be said on behalf of "open access," as may be seen by any one who reads a very sensibly written little pamphlet just issued by the Librarians in charge of libraries where the system prevails.

How often, in requisitioning a book at the British Museum, has one made a mistake from being able only to see the title of it, and how one would like to forage at will among the endless shelves to which only the attendants and their superiors have free access! But "open access" at the British Museum presents of course exceptional difficulties which need not be felt in the case of local Free Libraries. This pamphlet urges that there is not very much importance to be attached to the common objections of wear and tear, misplacement of books when returned, and possible thieving, provided certain details of arrangement are observed. One main attraction of the "open access" system is its possible educative value both to the public who frequent the libraries and to those who superintend them. Free access to shelves, where the books are properly classified, should increase the general knowledge of literature, teach the best way to use books for reference or research, and so instil into the public mind a higher idea of their value; while the library assistant, instead of spending his time in fetching some book which a reader has ordered—possibly under a mistake as to its contents—can exercise his intelligence in guiding the reader to take down the right book for himself.

Unfortunately it is found in practice that the average frequenter of a free library, when let loose among the shelves, spends his time in a perfectly aimless manner, wearing out and dirtying a great number of books for the sake of looking at the pictures, putting them back on the wrong shelf, and sometimes thoughtfully placing a work he would like to possess in the inside pocket of his coat; also

that the assistant spends his valuable time in literary or other gossip. And despite the faith in the system shown by the authors of our pamphlet, there is no doubt that the great majority of experienced librarians have come to the conclusion that the difficulties of storage and of machinery which the system involves far counterbalance its advantages, at any rate in all but small libraries. One thing is certain, that the more guidance and information there is to be derived from the library catalogue, the less will readers miss the advantages of "free access."

The *Chicago Dial* has good hopes for the future of literature, with which it consoles American booksellers. They, too, like their English brethren, complain that they are being crushed out of existence by publishers who push the sale of their own books on one side and by the large shopkeepers who sell everything, books included, on the other. The *Dial* thinks the booksellers are behind the times. They have not yet realized the "increasing importance of books as a part of household furnishings." This increase will go on until "reading matter will be as staple a commodity as groceries, and as necessary for the daily needs," until the retail trade in books is as sure of customers as the retail trade in eggs and poultry. The former commodity is, we believe, divided in the trade into New Laid Eggs, Fresh Eggs, and "Eggs." We only hope that the housekeeper of the future, when the bookseller's cart comes round in the morning, will be able to discriminate with equal exactness between the classes of books—good, indifferent, or addled—which she lays in for home consumption.

Reviews.

Francis Turner Palgrave. *His Journals and Memories of His Life.* By **Gwenllian F. Palgrave.** 9×6½ in., ix.+276 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 10/6

Lovers of English poetry are so deeply indebted to the compiler of "The Golden Treasury" that they cannot but be desirous of a nearer view of him than a reserved temperament and an apparent repugnance to many of the modern forms of publicity had ever allowed to the world. Mr. Francis Palgrave's whole career, in fact, was rather a curious example, for these days, of the *fallentis semita vitæ*. Though he made his mark in literature before middle age, and continued an active worker till his death at the age of seventy-three, and though during that period there was probably no man whose purely literary gift commanded more of the respect, and his literary judgment more of the confidence, of the foremost men of letters of his day, there was no name so seldom on the lips of the crowd. It is true, of course, that Mr. Palgrave never attained the rank of a great poet—that, indeed, he could hardly be said to have been even "in the first flight." But in times when, as was the case during the later years of his life, the appearance of a new poetic star of even the second magnitude has been again and again so noisily acclaimed, the almost total neglect of this accomplished poetic artist by those who profess to instruct the multitude in what to study and to admire is rather ironically illustrative of modern popular culture. In an age of less indiscriminate enthusiasms this might have been pardonable enough. If laurel wreaths were not so inordinately plentiful as they are, and were awarded only on proof of high and rare poetic genius, no doubt Mr. Palgrave would have rightly gone uncrowned. For he was certainly not

of the race of poets who are born and not made. His poetry was undeniably much less the gift of nature than the product of cultivation; and even his most successful efforts were wanting alike in the incommunicable touch and in the inevitable word. His claim to distinction—and it was no light one—lay in his almost unerring critical taste, and his exquisite appreciation of all forms of poetic, and, in the wider sense, of literary excellence.

The eldest of four remarkable sons of a remarkable mother—the second of whom, Mr. Gifford Palgrave, deserved a wider fame as a linguist and Oriental *savant* than he ever achieved—the future Professor of Poetry had the advantage, not always an unmixed one, of the most sedulous maternal training from his earliest infancy. Miss Gwenllian Palgrave, who has edited these Journals of her father and “Memories of his Life,” describes his education—as, no doubt, a daughter should—with a pride untouched by misgiving. But we must confess that, when we hear of Lady Palgrave lamenting the unhappy backwardness of the child of three who “does not make a rapid progress in his book at present,” and “seems unable to understand that the letters are the symbols of the *sound*,” we are a little too strongly reminded of the childhood of the ill-fated John Stuart Mill. The results, however, of this Blimberian “forcing system” were less visible in Mr. Palgrave’s case. He does not seem, at least, to have at all seriously suffered from having been induced to “take pleasure in learning a few Latin words” at four-and-a-half, and to “consider it a reward to be allowed to commit two or three to memory, after he has spelled and read.” To have altogether escaped the natural consequences of such a training would have been a miracle; and “miracles do not happen.” He always regretted, says his daughter, that his school life did not begin till he was fourteen, “maintaining that early going to school was the only remedy for priggishness—which weakness he admitted in himself.” But the man who can admit this weakness can never have suffered very badly from it; and we read without surprise that he quickly fell into the ways of school-life, and entered with considerable zest into its games. Otherwise, too, he did as well at the Charterhouse as any other clever boy; won his Balliol scholarship, and his Fellowship at another college in the regular course; and, having, after some hesitation on the choice of a profession, decided on entering the Civil Service, he obtained an examinership in the Education Department, and thereby secured the requisite leisure to devote himself to the life-long cultivation of his literary and artistic tastes. The latter, indeed, were almost as strong as the former. His love of art was hereditary on both sides of the house, and he had acquired a just reputation for connoisseurship in pictures even in his undergraduate days. His taste in music, also, is said to have been “pre-eminently classical”; but here the testimony is decidedly more doubtful:—

With a remarkable knowledge and love of music [says Miss Palgrave], it was curious that he could not play a note on the piano, and did not usually distinguish whether others were playing correctly or the reverse. He was fond of playing the violin, and was, fortunately for his own pleasure, quite unconscious of the discordant notes which he produced, the beauty of the air he might be hearing or playing completely carrying him away.

Musicians, we suspect, will have some difficulty in realizing the “beauty” of an air played out of tune, and perhaps, indeed, will smile at the alleged combination of a “remarkable knowledge and love of music” with an inability to distinguish between correct playing or the reverse. We ourselves, at any rate, should certainly have doubted Mr. Palgrave’s fine taste in poetry if he had seen

no difference between a line that would scan and one that would not. But the sensibility and accuracy of his ear for music of that description are, fortunately, open to no such suspicion.

The publication of the “Golden Treasury” in 1861, Mr. Palgrave’s thirty-seventh year, was the crowning achievement of his career. His original poetry has gained only, and indeed has only deserved, a *succès d’estime*, though it would hardly be fair to judge it by Miss Palgrave’s quoted extracts, which, with one or two exceptions, notably the beautiful lines to the memory of his mother, are quite undistinguished; but with this triumph he once for all established his reputation for consummate taste and judgment in the poetic art. There is no need to say much here of this most famous of anthologies; its praises have been sung, its supremacy has remained unchallenged, from that day to this, and the fine critical gift which it attests was again and again displayed in other and minor works of the same kind, such as his Selection from Wordsworth in Moxon’s “Miniature Poets,” his Shakespeare’s “Lyrical Songs and Sonnets,” and, above all, his “Treasury of Sacred Song,” published at Oxford during the first term of his tenure of the Chair of Poetry, in 1889. For the period of nearly forty years, which had to elapse between 1861 and his death in the autumn of the year before last, his life was, for the ardent lover of literature, an ideal one. Removed from the necessity of working under any sort of pressure, he was able to devote himself exclusively and undistractedly to the study of “the best”; he was the close friend and confidant of Tennyson, and on terms of more or less familiar intimacy with Browning, Matthew Arnold, Froude, Gladstone, Jowett, and nearly all the men of light and leading of the mid-century; and until the last few years of his life he enjoyed perfect health and a domestic happiness unbroken by bereavements. His journals should reflect these fortunate conditions, and they do; they abound, as do his excellent letters and the many others from eminent correspondents which accompany them, with interesting reflections upon literature and life; and if they disappoint a little in the extent of their revelations of the man himself, it is only as all such records—save those of the untrustworthy sort which have been written with one eye on the future reader—do and must disappoint.

Moreover, after all, his work speaks not only for itself, but for him, and amply justifies the admirable and, indeed, quite exhaustive appreciation of him by Professor Churton Collins:—

It may be doubted whether, after Arnold, any other critic of our time contributed so much to educate public taste where in this country it most needs such education. . . . He had no taint of vulgarity, of charlatanism, or of insincerity. He never talked or wrote the cant of the cliques or of the multitude. He understood and loved what was excellent, he had no toleration for what was common and second rate; he was not of the crowd. . . . In the best and most comprehensive sense of the term he was a man of classical taste, temper, and culture, and had all the insight and discernment, all the instincts and sympathies, which are the results of such qualifications.

The one notable lapse of critical judgment, the single mistake that is recorded against Mr. Palgrave, of finding supreme excellence in what was—not, indeed, “common and second rate,” but something less than supremely excellent—was in the extraordinary favour shown by him in the Second Series of the “Golden Treasury” to the poetry of the late Mr. O’Shaughnessy. And even here, curiously enough, he had another distinguished critic, Professor Saintsbury, to keep him in countenance.

AMERICAN HISTORY.

A Short History of the United States. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ × 6 in., 320 pp. London, 1899. Hodder & Stoughton. 6/-

The Rise and Growth of American Politics. By Henry Jones Ford. 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ in., 409 pp., with Index. London, 1899. Macmillan. \$1.50

Though only four hundred years lie between the first voyage of Columbus and the second Presidency of Grover Cleveland, no period of recorded time holds so many events of importance to the history of mankind. A new world was discovered, new colonies were founded, and an experiment in civilized government was made, unparalleled either in classical or in modern times, all within a span of centuries no longer than the gaps which pass unnoticed in our view of the development of ancient Egypt. The two volumes before us might very well be chosen as the beginning of an instruction which it is becoming more and more necessary for every Englishman to secure. In the first, he will learn how his forefathers set foot upon the Western Continent, warred against "the merciless Indian savage," drove out the Spaniard and the Frenchman, and at last set up a country of their own and "severed the political bands" that held them to their motherland. In the second, he may read of the internal developments that followed that severance and final union whose external aspects Mr. McCarthy describes, of caucus and convention, of the town Boss and the State manager, of Tammany, and of the fearsome complications of a Presidential fight, as Mr. Ford has seen it.

Mr. McCarthy is wise to pass as quickly as may be over early colonial days. He soon leads us to that fascinating period, which Sir George Trevelyan has just treated from the English point of view, the misgovernment of the Ministers of King George, and the struggle of the colonists to teach him how to govern. In this, as in every chapter in his book, Mr. McCarthy possesses that quick eye for a picturesque phrase, an illuminating incident, which is invaluable in any brief survey of a momentous crisis. He is wise, for instance, to introduce Patrick Henry with that famous speech of his in the Virginia House of Burgesses, "in which he declared that 'Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third ——' (here he was interrupted by loud cries of 'treason.')

As soon as the clamour had died away, Patrick Henry calmly concluded, 'and George the Third may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it.' Again, in his description of the "Embattled Farmers" at Lexington, Mr. McCarthy gives Horace Walpole's apt quotation from "Chevy Chase" as a comment on the serious events at Concord:—

The child as yet unborn shall rue
The hunting of that day.

It is curious that a chronicler, who was writing down on the spot all he saw and heard, Dr. Gordon, records that a boy on Roxbury highroad told the English colonel he was laughing "To think how you will dance by-and-by to Chevy Chase," a sentence so extraordinarily appropriate both to the occasion and to Lord Percy that we are inclined to doubt its transatlantic origin, and join Mr. McCarthy in ascribing its origin to the wit of the English Court. The sad episode of Major André is adequately treated, and the point of the excellence of the Court-martial who sentenced him is well made. La Fayette was one

member of it, and Steuben, a staff-officer under Frederick the Great, was another.

A history published some few weeks ago should not have been so careless of contemporary discoveries published in the last year as Mr. McCarthy's account of the famous "Monroe Doctrine" would suggest. "Monroe," he writes, "was determined that the United States should deal with the problem [of European encroachment] alone. He declined Canning's suggestion . . ." and, speaking of the Seventh Annual Message, Mr. McCarthy continues erroneously to observe, "the words were the words of John Quincy Adams; the policy itself was only an amplification of Washington's theory of neutrality." But, as a matter of fact, Mr. McCarthy should know what all serious students of American history know—at least since the September of last year, when the *Fortnightly Review* published for the first time a letter from Monroe to Jefferson explaining exactly what his "doctrine" really was. Before framing his Message, Monroe had taken the advice both of "the Sage of Monticello," and of Madison. Their whole correspondence on the subject still exists in the State Department at Washington, and whether Lord Salisbury was aware of it or not, his reply to Mr. Olney in the Christmas-time of 1895 might have been based as much on documentary evidence as on the sound political instinct which evidently appears to Mr. McCarthy to be its sole source of inspiration. To put it in its briefest form, Monroe's desire was to announce the combined policy which England and the United States were to follow on the Continent of America as against all other Powers, a policy which was only proclaimed from Washington, instead of from Westminster, in order to avoid any appearance of dictation by the Mother Country. It was reaffirmed when the neutrality of the maritime canal was guaranteed in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty by the two countries together, because each was recognized to be an American Power; and English diplomacy was perfectly right in insisting that into the Venezuelan question it never entered at all, for that very reason. This is something very different from calling it "an amplification of Washington's theory of neutrality." For it is not merely a maxim of American diplomacy; it is as fixed a principle as any article of their constitution. To attack it would be to attack their Government, and to provoke a war; but the war would not be fought between two English-speaking peoples.

Few things are more striking to the reader who first comes in contact with the political or private papers of early American history than the extraordinary loftiness of thought and balance of style possessed by one after another of these "Fathers of the Constitution." There is, for instance, a stateliness of reasoning and diction in the writings of Jefferson—to take only one out of a number of gifted politicians of the Revolutionary period—which it is difficult to equal for sustained dignity in the English language, and impossible to surpass outside it. Yet the ideals for which he and Franklin and Adams and Hamilton were mainly responsible soon faded beneath the stress of practical emergencies, just as the tongue in which they first proclaimed their creed was changed when their descendants tried to use its pure and virile diction. Of that change Mr. Ford's book is an eloquent testimony. His main object is not so much to tell the story of American politics as to explain their nature and interpret their characteristics, to describe causes rather than to narrate events. And in doing this he has been perfectly wise in suggesting his own "politics" to English

readers as the direct offshoot of English political conditions and precedents. But he could have chosen no course more dangerous to the reputation of his country. For he is inexorably compelled to trace the slow process of decay in purity of public life.

It is not difficult to realise now that the turning-point came when the "spoils system" was inaugurated by Jackson. But this was by no means the only sign that the "stage-coach constitution" was really on its last legs. The principle of the electoral college has been equally long ago abandoned. That principle had been to confide the election of the Chief of the Executive to the quiet and undisturbed verdict of men picked out by each State as the most judiciously capable of securing the best President in the interests of them all. Without pausing to discuss the intermediate stages, we may ask at once what that election amounts to at the present time. It begins in raucous conventions and platitudinous "party-platforms"; it goes on with a multitude of speeches, in making which one candidate steeple-chases across the country to impress as many crowds with his personality as is possible in the time allowed him; it ends in a batch of electors going to Washington who would no more think of having an independent opinion of their own than they would dream of nominating the Prince of Wales for President. Party government, which in France has already become a mere system of groups obeying not the man they want, but the man "who will divide them least," has suffered the worst fate of all in the United States. The principle of the "division of power," which has failed in every single experiment since Montesquieu devised it, has failed more conspicuously than anywhere in the Great Republic oversea. They tried it even in their military organization, and not until Commissary-General Eagan had been condemned did the real reason for the breakdown of the Commissariat strike those who had been responsible for its mismanagement. The instance is typical. For the late war is the strongest touchstone by which the American system of government has yet been tried. Racked and tortured as it has been by the test of sudden and colossal wealth, it has yet known how to keep its sufferings to itself. But the Power that conquered Spain and is now taking up its burden in the Philippines, and Cuba cannot conceal the cankers that are eating out its body politic.

As Mr. Ford very rightly remarks, American politics are in a transition state. "A cry for relief is the burden of public utterance. A ready ear is given to quackery, and many political nostrums are recommended with pathetic credulity by large bodies of respectable people." But the end is not yet, and they must work out their own salvation. The "boss system" may insist upon an enormous price for the blessings of concentrated authority in municipal affairs, but Americans are beginning to realize that the cost of party management in State and national affairs is beyond all computation. Mr. Ford thinks that it is at least as much as that of any regular department of government. As a matter of fact it is far more. The Republican Government now enjoyed by the free people of America is infinitely more expensive to them than any Monarchical *régime* in Europe, yet it is at once less democratic and less practical than all save one. The Civil War did much, but the Spanish War has already done far more to mend this state of things. The Great Experiment we have hinted at will be completed before the eyes of a far larger audience than it has ever had before.

CELTIC NIGHTMARES.

West Irish Folk Tales and Romances. By William Larminie. (The Antiquary's Library.) 8½ x 5½ in., xxviii. + 258pp. London, 1898. **Stock.** 3/6 n.

Mr. Larminie is in love with his subject, and he has spent years in collecting these stories from the Gaelic-speaking inhabitants of the west coast of Ireland. Allowing for the exigencies of translation, he has written them down exactly as the peasant narrators told them, and we may accept them therefore as accurate presentments of the peasant mind. And what is presented to us? Something strangely akin to the savage. We find stories of blood, and murder, and horror, of witches, devils, monsters, concluding with the childish savage delights of gorging for consecutive days, of telling stories, of slumberings soft and deep. And we find little significance in the tales, scarcely more significance than is to be found in a confused dream. As in a dream, there is perpetual slaying of some man or beast, which, as in a dream, immediately springs into life again. What is the following, which we take from the story of "King Mauanaun," but a transcript from some frightful nightmare? The hero Kaytuch, having vanquished the Hag of the Church, the Hag of Slaughter, Slaughter himself, and the Lamb of Luck, is now fighting with the Cat of Hoorebrikk.

He struck a blow of his sword at the cat and split it, and when the sword went through, the cat fastened together again. He drew a second blow at the cat, and split it from the snout to the tip of the tail, and the cat fastened again. When he was drawing the third blow, the cat leaped and put the tip of her tail into his side, and there was a barb of poison at the tip of the tail, and it took the heart of Kaytuch out, and Kaytuch took hold of the cat and thrust his fist into her mouth, and took her heart and entrails out in his hand, and the cat and Kaytuch fell dead.

How nightmare-like, too, is this, when Kaytuch, restored to life (he is killed and resuscitated no less than three times in the story) and wanting to make a fire, "took hold of the turfstack, and put his hands down and pulled out some of the turf, and ran as well as he could, and the turf was running after him to the door to smother him."

In Kaytuch's final fight with his rival Londu, we have the again vain imaginings of a dream:—

The two went to battle on board the ship. They began young like two little boys, and fought until they were two old men. They fought from being two young pups until they were two old dogs, from being two young bulls until they were two old bulls, from being two young stallions until they were two old stallions. Then they began a battle in the shape of birds, and they were fighting as two hawks, and one of them killed the other.

The story of "King Mauanaun" may be taken as a type of the rest. The hero is a sort of demi-god of strength and prowess, with plenty of devils'craft to fall back upon in emergencies. For the Irish mind has never been really christianised. The Irishman sees devilment in everything, and to put "druidism" on his neighbour is the height of his ambition. Kaytuch runs through entire armies as a hawk runs through flocks of birds, or a dog through flocks of sheep; and if you would go seeking for fun from the west of the world to the freshness of the morning, says the peasant-narrator, it is to see Kaytuch wrestling with "an owas" that you would betake yourself. The owas, be it explained, was a creature having at least human shape, frequently to be met with in Gaelic mythology.

They made hard of the soft, and soft of the hard, and wrestled until they brought the wells of fresh water up through the grey stones with fighting and breaking of bones, till the night was all but gone.

This passage, and others of real beauty, reappear again and again in all the stories:—

She gave her face to the way until she overtook the red wind of March which was before her, and the red wind of March which was after did not overtake her.

They spent the night together, a third in talking, a third

in story-telling, and a third in soft rest and deep slumber, till the whiteness of the day came upon the morrow.

And there is the recurrent chaunt concerning the great sails, which is too curious not to quote. It varies slightly in form, but this is the essence of it :—

They hoisted their great sails, speckled, spotted, red-white, as long, as high as the top of the mast, and they left not a rope without breaking, an oar without tearing, with the crawling, creeping creatures, the little beasts of the sea with red mouth, the great beasts of the deep sea rising on the sole and palm of the oar, making music and melody for themselves, till the sea rose in strong waves, till the eels were whistling, the froth down and the sand above.

Such musical and persistent passages make us suspect that they are all that remains of the original myths drawn perhaps from Aryan sources, while the horrors, the monsters, the devils, the blood-lust, now become the main theme of the stories, have been superimposed on them by non-Aryan savages. The book should prove extremely interesting to the general reader, and of great value to the student of folk-lore.

THEOLOGY.

A Reported Change in Religion. By "Onyx." 7½ × 5½ in., 176 pp. London, 1899. Arnold. 3/6

This book, in so far as it portrays the thoughts and lives of imaginary people, should rank under the heading of Fiction, but to place it there would be quite misleading. The object of the anonymous author is to find the exact place of Romanism in the world of educated thought at the present day, to bring up, as it were, some representative individual types and confront them with the Roman ideals. The literary form chosen for this purpose is interesting and ingenious. Mr. Bertram Bevor, of Denham Court, Berkshire, a nephew of Lord Cumnor, on arriving at an hotel in Florence, to which he had directed that his letters and newspapers should be forwarded, finds a pile of communications awaiting him. Their unexpected number is explained when his eye lights upon an announcement in *The Times*, now two weeks' old, that he had joined the Roman Church. He proceeds to study his correspondence, and it is these letters from a great variety of men and women, together with his reply to one of them, which constitute the book. The announcement, it may be said, was not true, nor did it, as we were half inclined to expect, become true by the time Bevor had perused his letters—many of them from cultured and persuasive Romanists, one of whom, a priest, is the only correspondent acute enough to disbelieve the statement. Bevor does not join the Church of Rome; like Gerald Beechcroft, an old school friend, his reply to whom is given, he is standing on the brink. But he is not, like Beechcroft, kept back by social and domestic ties from taking the fatal plunge, and, moreover, he deliberately refrains from sending a contradiction of the announcement to *The Times* for publication. We confess to some curiosity as to "Onyx," the writer of this book. He reveals in many places a broad outlook, a philosophic aloofness from dogma combined with a real spirituality which disarms the critic; but we should be much surprised if Protestant readers do not trace the proselytiser in his pages—in his insistence on the appeal made by Rome in its historic Catholic aspect, and in his failure to conceive any mean for an educated man between a vague poetical idealism and the self-abandonment of the Roman. These characteristics run on parallel lines with the teaching of a well-known writer on social and philosophic subjects, who is also a successful novelist; and we may add that many other things in the book—its literary charm, the skill with which the mental and religious outlook of the various correspondents is realized, not to mention the introduction into their company of, at least, one portrait taken from the life—all contribute to remind us forcibly of the author of "Is Life Worth Living?" Whatever its religious tendency, the style and manner of the book is of high quality. The epistolary is generally, of all literary

forms, the most wearisome, but the new personalities here revealed by each succeeding letter prevent monotony and give occasion both for humour and pathos, while in some of the longer letters there are many passages full of suggestion and original thought or of poetical fancy. The book is an interesting and, in many ways, a remarkable one.

Christian Institutions. By Alexander V. G. Allen, D.D. 8½ × 5½ in. London, 1898. T. & T. Clark. 12/-

Professor Allen evidently feels a difficulty in writing a history of Christian Institutions. We doubt whether he is well qualified by genius or temperament for dealing with such a complex subject. In his well-known "Continuity of Christian Thought" he displayed a remarkable faculty for wide though not very accurate generalization. His present subject demands a very careful and discriminating study of innumerable facts.

It is characteristic of Dr. Allen that he is quick to detect, and, as we think, to exaggerate antagonistic elements in the history of the Church. His "Continuity of Christian Thought" presupposed a radical antagonism between Greek and Latin Christianity. In his very interesting survey of Monasticism there is a similar instance of an opposition, which is certainly greatly over-estimated. We are told that—

The Montanist, the Novatian, the Donatist were all alike in this respect, that they did not believe that salvation depended on adherence to the Catholic Church, that Church out of which there was no salvation, as Cyprian had maintained, and as Augustine at a later time asserted with equal emphasis. In this conviction Monasticism also shared, putting the conviction into practical form by fleeing to the desert or the cell. . . . There resulted a compromise, therefore, between these opposite and almost incompatible forces. The Catholic Church followed the monks with priest and sacrament, they were not to be allowed to escape its authority; but within its fold, and under the limitations of a Church within a Church, they were at liberty to cultivate the monastic ideal.

This contrast between Monasticism and Catholicism is, we believe, fallacious, and it vitiates Dr. Allen's view both of the origin and development of creeds and of the "mediating" position which he assigns to the medieval Papacy. Anyhow, the reference to the Novatian and Donatist schisms is beside the mark. These movements did not represent "an antagonism to Catholicity," but an attempt to narrow the term "Catholicity" by too rigidly defining the conditions of Church membership.

Yet if Dr. Allen is not always to be followed as an historian, he rarely fails to be suggestive. Thus he seeks to show that the divisions of Protestantism "still perpetuate the various attitudes of Monasticism so far as they were expressions of certain permanent tendencies in religion." What he means is that the spirit of the various medieval orders is to some extent reproduced in different sections of post-Reformation Christendom. Thus he thinks that in Lutheranism we have the spirit of the Augustinian order; in Methodism that of the Franciscan order; and Wesley was, as it were, the successor of Francis of Assisi, "taking the world for his parish" and "differing from the Reformed Church on all those points in which the Franciscan differed from the Dominican." Whatever may be the truth underlying this suggestion, Dr. Allen's development of the idea is striking and stimulating.

On the whole, however, in spite of his learning and ability, Dr. Allen does not seem to us a very trustworthy guide to the history of Christian Institutions. The habit of rash generalization is peculiarly perilous when applied to such a subject. The book, it should be added, is marred by an unusual number of irritating misprints, especially in Latin and Greek quotations. Among authorities quoted or referred to we have noticed "Thomas of Aquinas," "Augustine *Contra Petilian*," "E. C. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury," "Ommaney, Early History of the Athanasian Creed."

Mr. Eugene Stock's HISTORY OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY (C.M.S., 6s. n. each vol.) is not yet complete, but as the 12th of April, on which day exactly a hundred years ago the Society was founded, is now so rapidly approaching, it has

issued two volumes, and promises the third and concluding one very shortly. This will contain the history of the last quarter of a century and also an index, without the aid of which all but those few readers who are prepared to read steadily through the volumes will be rather at sea in perusing these closely-filled pages. But we do not complain of the comparative voluminousness of this work. It was at first—in 1891—conceived on a still larger scale, but Mr. Charles Hole, of King's College, to whom it was originally entrusted, found nearly half his time gone when he had only reached the year 1814. The result of his labours was published under the title "The Early History of the Church Missionary Society." Dr. W. P. Mears then took up the task, but was compelled by the state of his health to abandon it. Mr. Stock, the well-known editorial secretary of the Society, agreed to go on with the work, and he must certainly be congratulated on having made excellent use of a period of time which must have been all too scanty for such an undertaking. The free hand which he has reserved for himself in his sub-title, "Its Environment, its Men, and its Work" enables him to include much historical and biographical matter not directly bearing on the history of the Society, but which we are glad to see dealt with from a point of view which has not, on the whole, been adequately represented in histories and memoirs. The book is, to a great extent, a history of the Evangelical party—of which the Church Missionary Society is often said to be the most important achievement—and it gives incidentally an account, full, accurate, and never intolerant or fanatical, of the Evangelical party, from the days of Wesley and its missionary efforts at home and abroad, which is of real importance as a contribution to the religious history of the century.

MESSIAH COMETH by Canon Jelf (Innes, 7s. 6d.) goes through the Old Testament, showing in the case of each book in turn the witness it bears to Christ and His coming. Like this writer's other widely-read works, it will prove extremely useful to devotional students of the Bible.

A BOOK OF DEVOTIONS.—Canon J. W. Stanbridge, who has "compiled and arranged" "A Book of Devotions" (Methuen, 2s.), has provided the sober Anglo-Catholic with an excellent manual which (containing the Communion Service) may be used both at church and at home. Some of the prayers are derived from medieval sources (resembling in this respect the greater part of the Book of Common Prayer), but other devotions are taken from the works of such honoured Anglicans as Andrewes and Wilson.

The late Rev. A. E. Litton's THE CHURCH OF CHRIST (Nisbet, 5s.) has been republished in a revised form, with an introduction by Mr. Chavasse, the Principal of Wycliffe Hall. This work has a certain interest as having been "thought out in the thick of the conflict, amidst the din and distraction of controversy," excited by the Oxford Movement. Indeed, Mr. Litton was a Fellow of Oriel, and only a few years junior in standing to Newman himself. The book is a temperate statement of the Protestant position, somewhat controversial in tone but not consciously unfair. The writer does, indeed, betray a prejudice against the Western Fathers, especially Cyprian and Augustine, who "may be named as having laid the foundations of Romanism." Mr. Litton's dislike of Cyprian leads him to quote one famous passage (*de unitate c. iv.*) in its Romanized form without drawing attention to the spurious interpolations. The doctrine of the visibility of the Church, as taught by these Fathers, was especially repugnant to Mr. Litton. Mr. Chavasse thinks that "the republication of the book is peculiarly timely." We have only a faint hope, however, that it will help the cause of peace.

CHRIST THE SUBSTITUTE, by the Rev. E. Reeves Palmer (Snow, 7s. 6d.), is written from the Calvinist point of view and is a thoughtful and candid study of Christian doctrines, starting from the fact of the Divine Fatherhood. In his view of the Atonement, Mr. Palmer approximates to the late Dr. Dale. To him, Christ appears as the representative man, acting and suffering not "instead of" man, but "for" man, thus enabling

man to do that which would otherwise have been impossible to him. In the concluding chapter on "The larger hope" it is interesting to see the extent to which the older Calvinism has assimilated ideas distinctively Catholic.

The general aim of THEOLOGIA PECTORIS, by Dr. James M. Hodgson (T. and T. Clark, 3s. 6d.), is to show that the truths of the Christian creed "are not only consistent with, but are implied in, and demanded by the essential principles of Human Nature"; in other words, that they do not rest merely on the authoritative statements of dogmatic theology. The theory is closely akin to that of M. Sabatier's "Philosophie de la Religion." Like M. Sabatier, Dr. Hodgson finds the basis of religious certitude in the intuitions of the human soul itself (*anima naturaliter Christiana*). The chief merits of the book are, in our opinion, two. In the first place the "theology of the heart," as expounded by Dr. Hodgson, is not weak or sentimental—it does not ignore the existence or the consequences of sin. Secondly, it successfully vindicates for religion a vital place in human life.

MEDITATIONS ON THE LOVE OF GOD.—Fray Diego de Estella, the author of these "Meditations" (Burns and Oates, 3s. 6d.), was born in Navarre in 1524, and became Royal Preacher, Adviser, and Theologian to King Philip II. He was the author of "De la Vanidad del Mundo," the "Meditaciones" now translated by Henry W. Pereira, and "La Vida y Excelesencias de San Juan Evangelista." It is curious to note the contrast between the "sobriety" of English devotional works and the fervent ecstasy of the Spanish friar. The following is a good example of the strange, semi-mystical tone which characterizes the "Meditations":—

O Spouse of my soul, Prince of Glory and King of Heaven, . . . Thou hast loved me so much that Thou hast not only ransomed me, but, having been made man, Thou hast betrothed Thyself in a Virginal Bride-chamber to human nature in an indissoluble marriage.

It is all quite "un-English," of course, but the imagery would have commended itself to the author of the "Song of Songs," and would seem devout and impressive to any Eastern of the present day.

We admit with Cardinal Vaughan, in his preface to Wiseman's MEDITATIONS ON THE INCARNATION AND LIFE OF OUR LORD (Burns and Oates, 4s.), that "at the first hasty perusal of them we confess to have experienced a feeling of disappointment." But we cannot agree with him that further consideration has altogether removed this feeling. Cardinal Wiseman had a genial and picturesque breadth of character, and the type is less common now than it was; therefore we are glad to see his influence perpetuated among his co-religionists. A book of which one can say that it might for the most part have been written by a warm-hearted and clear-sighted divine of almost any other communion has much to recommend it at a time like the present, when sectional ideas are rather strong. But we can find nothing original or of distinction in these meditations; straightforward and thorough, they are yet, like so many books of this kind, but an amplification of the obvious.

THE CHRISTIAN PASTOR AND THE WORKING CHURCH, by Washington Gladden, D.D., LL.D. (T. and T. Clark, 10s. 6d.), is written from the point of view of a Congregationalist minister, who has an intimate knowledge of the social conditions of America. It seems unfortunate that an "International Series" should include a volume of so avowedly sectarian and nationalistic a character. Such points as the character of the religious instruction to be given in day schools or the preparation of the young for Confirmation are, of course, left unnoticed, and in the chapter on "Woman's Work" there is no attempt made to estimate the work of the sisterhoods in the English Church. We are glad to observe that Dr. Gladden speaks with warm appreciation of Bishop Dupanloup's "Ministry of Catechizing," though he does not apparently notice the same great prelate's "Prédication populaire." Speaking generally, however, the age-long pastoral experience of the Catholic Church is, for the most part, ignored. The problems of rural parishes are scarcely even approached; and clergy working among the populations of our English towns will find Dr. Gladden's large volume considerably less useful than Bishop Gott's "Parish priest of the town," or the Bishop of Stepney's "Work in large towns." The book contains a chapter on "Co-operation with other Churches," which is worth reading.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

The charm of books like *WOOD AND GARDEN*, by Gertrude Jekyll (Longmans, 10s. 6d. n.), and Mrs. Earle's "*Pot Pourri from a Surrey Garden*," and many others of the same class, is their freshness and sincerity. The garden, the field, and the woodland present the one subject to discourse on which it is not necessary to be a practised writer, the one subject which only wants for its proper study enthusiasm and observation, the one subject on which there is always something new to say, and on which it is always pleasant to hear what is old. There need be no laborious phrase-making, no conceits or affectations, no consciousness of the critic, no display of literary lore. Given the true love of nature, wild or cultivated, with the true receptiveness to its infinite charm, the simple record of impressions and experiences is always pleasant simply because it is not at second-hand, but fresh and genuine as the scent of newly gathered flowers. There is this quality about Mrs. Jekyll's writing, but, as in the case of Mrs. Earle's book and of Mr. Robinson's classic "*English Flower Garden*," there is much more than this, and the amateur gardener will find here a great deal of helpful advice on the practical details and the true ideals of a garden suited to the pleasures of daily life, and also as to a subject on which a word of counsel is often needed—viz., the relations between masters and mistresses and their gardeners. Mrs. Jekyll has taken a large number of delightful photographs from various points in her own grounds and used them to illustrate her book, which we cordially recommend to every one who has a garden with time and money to spend upon it.

The happy idea came to Miss E. M. Merrick that in many parts of India there must be numbers of Begums, Queens, Maharanees, and *purdah* ladies generally who merely awaited her coming to have their portraits painted. Having thus "heard the East a-calling," she started on her journey and travelled India from north to south and back again, capturing a Maharajah here, a Nizam there, and ladies everywhere, as well as such important sitters as Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Lord Roberts, Mr. Stanley, and others. She has now put together in a readable volume—*WITH A PALETTE IN EASTERN PALACES* (Sampson Low, 5s.)—her experiences of Indian life. Almost everywhere she was well treated and made much of. One of her handsomest sitters, whose portrait is given in this book with many others, was H.H. The Maharajah Rana of Dholpore, a Prince celebrated for his pearls; and it was while Miss Merrick was working for him that the ladies of the Zenana showed her that portrait painting in Indian palaces may sometimes be carried on under difficulties:—

The women threw stones at me when I arrived in the morning, flattened their noses against my window, putting their tongues out, and sometimes six or eight would crowd into the small room where I was painting, smearing my painting, and making grimaces and giggling, and nothing would induce them to leave.

Miss Merrick complained; but the Maharajah of the many pearls only regarded the matter as a great joke, and could not help her. On another occasion the incivility was, at any rate, unintentional. An old Maharanee spent hours learning a sentence which should be an engaging adieu to her. At last her chance came, and in the kindest and politest tone she said, "Get out of this 'ouse, woman." It was the first sentence in the Maharanee's book of "polite speeches"—evidently prepared by a humorist. On one occasion Lady Harris gave a *purdah* party, at which a native lady, after talking to Miss Merrick for some time, surprised her by saying that the artist reminded her of one of the characters in "*Pride and Prejudice*," an astonishing remark from a lady who had never come from behind "the curtain." Miss Merrick is an acute observer and writes in a fluent, fresh, and often humorous style.

The Dean of Ely is well qualified both by his early knowledge of Kingsley and by the work he has done in helping to spread Kingsley's gospel to write on *CHARLES KINGSLEY* in the

Victorian Era Series (Blackie, 2s. 6d.). The volume is rather shorter than some others in this series, being printed in larger type, but this is, perhaps, due to the rather limited scope which the Dean has set before himself, of writing a book which completes the picture drawn by three other volumes of the series—"The Rise of Democracy," "The Anglican Revival," and "Provident Societies and Industrial Welfare." The Dean's subject, in fact, is the movement which originated in 1848, with which the public associate more than any other the name of "Parson Lot," and of which the Christian Socialists of to-day are the legitimate successors. The new democratic spirit and the religious revival helped to bring it to life, and one of its results was, or rather is, the extension of industrial co-operation. But the real originator of it was, as readers of this book will be reminded, not Kingsley but F. D. Maurice, the first teacher of influence who founded the new ideas of social service on the Doctrine of the Incarnation. All this is well and skilfully set out by the Dean. He does not dwell on Kingsley's literary side, although he gives one instance of how the Socratic gadfly could sting the man to poetry. It was the conscientious, but uncourteous behaviour of the incumbent of a church in which Kingsley was preaching that so irritated the poet's brain that he could not sleep. Instead of going to bed he paced in front of his rectory and composed the most lovely of his lyrics, "Three Fishers went sailing out into the west." One can only wish that clerical controversies were always so richly productive! But we are grateful for this sketch of Kingsley's career on its practical side, and for the copious quotations from his speeches and pamphlets, many of which, unfortunately, are as apt to-day as they were half a century ago.

The sixth series of M. Brunetière's *ETUDES CRITIQUES SUR L'HISTOIRE DE LA LITTÉRATURE FRANÇAISE* (Hachette, 3f. 50c.) contains essays on "The Doctrine of Evolution and the History of Literature"; on "Les Fabliaux du Moyen Age et l'Origine des Contes," the reprint of an old article of 1893, in which M. Brunetière repudiates, as being not more French than Italian or English, the famous thing known as *l'esprit gaulois*; on a "précurseur de la pléiade, Maurice Scève," a poet all but unknown, who interests M. Brunetière as proving the theory that writers in epochs of transition necessarily perish, "being annulled in the transformation of which they are the unwitting workmen"; on "Pierre Corneille," a long study of fifty-seven pages of a man who, for M. Brunetière, is with Pascal and Bossuet "one of the few great French writers who defend Frenchmen against the reproach of levity, heedlessness as to great questions, *gauloiserie*, and immorality"; on "L'Esthétique de Boileau," a brilliant demonstration of the pre-eminently "national" quality of Boileau's utterance; on "Bossuet," the great exponent of the temper of the seventeenth century; on the "*Mémoires d'un Homme Heureux*," Marmontel, an amusing rating of a representative frequenter of eighteenth century *Salons*; on "Classique ou Romantique," an interesting discussion of the place in French literature of André Chenier; on M. Bertrand's "*La Fin du Classicisme et le Retour à l'Antique dans la seconde moitié du XVIII^e siècle et les premières années du XIX^e en France*"; and finally on "Cosmopolitisme et la Littérature Nationale," in which M. Brunetière frankly accepts, greatly to his honour, the thesis of M. Texte that French literature should assimilate to its own genius the best that is thought and said in the world.

Mr. Heron-Allen's new volume on "*Edward FitzGerald's Rubā'iyāt*" (Quaritch, 7s. 6d.) is destined to set at rest for ever the vexed question of how far that incomparable poem is to be considered a translation and how far an original work. Mr. Heron-Allen prints FitzGerald's quatrains on the left-hand page, and on the opposite side gives a literal translation of the Persian sources whence they were drawn. The result is a volume of extraordinary interest to the student, and a proof that besides being a great poet, FitzGerald understood the difficult art of translation, as it is, unhappily, understood by few. For the true artistic translation is not the most

faithful rendering of the word, of the phrase, nor even of the illustration or the metaphor, often quite inappropriate to the genius of the language in which the translator works. The true artist sets himself to give the spirit of the original, and knows how to clothe it in metaphor and image of a corresponding, but not of an identical, felicity. FitzGerald has thus produced a translation so essentially faithful, and, at the same time, an original poem of such exquisite beauty that for English readers he and Omar shine as stars of the same magnitude.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson sends us a modest little brown-paper pamphlet on the same subject, being an essay on EDWARD FITZGERALD AND OMAR KHAYYAM (Nutt, 6d. n.). He gives a useful bibliography of all the renderings of Omar into English, and he appears to be a good Omarian, yet he makes so curious an assertion in the last line of his essay that it almost tempts one to inquire whether he imagines "Saki" to be the name of a girl.

It would be hard to say for whose edification Mr. Edward Spencer, the "Nathaniel Gubbins" of so many a story in the *Sporting Times*, has compiled his treatise on drinks—of all kinds and of all periods—which he calls *THE FLOWING BOWL* (Grant Richards, 6s.), for in our time the wise are said to believe in drinking only one wine at dinner, say a champagne of a good year and brand, and those who are young as well as wise are understood to add after dinner a satisfactory port; if with the coffee comes a green liqueur, we can really see no reason why any one, wise or foolish, should trouble about negus, metheglin, and elderberry punch. But those who know Mr. Spencer's previous volume, "Cakes and Ale," will understand that he can make his subject amusing, and that he can give us many strange recipes, and some experiences, which are, at least, original. "Glorious Beer" is the heading of a chapter which deals in a cheery way with the many varieties of our national drink, one that has inspired a fair share of singers. Brasenose Ale has been particularly prolific of lyrics, but "the potion," says our author, "is simplicity itself:—Three quarts of ale sweetened with sifted sugar, and served up in a bowl with six roasted apples floating in it." Mr. Spencer writes of champagne with a matured enthusiasm and a wide and catholic knowledge. We are, therefore, a little hurt to find him writing of a well-known shipper as "Mum"; whereas he knows full well that mum "was but a species of unsophisticated ale, brewed from wheat, or oats, with a little bean-meal occasionally introduced." "The Aftermath of Revelry" is a chapter that should be read by all who propose to put Mr. Spencer's many engaging recipes to the test; his knowledge of Katzenjammer, as the Germans name that form of remorse that comes with the morning, is undoubted, and his "pick-me-ups" might be tried—by the courageous.

The outside of "The Flowing Bowl" is decorated with an excellent design by Mr. Phil May.

It would be very easy to be severely critical upon LOYAL LOCHABER AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS, by W. Drummond Norie (Morison, Glasgow, 10s. 6d. n.). It is too large; it is distended with padding; the author has little or no discrimination in his enthusiasm, and cannot pretend to be a scientific student of history. He is so hasty in his statements that (p. 106) he is found speaking of Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, as "proud of his descent from the great Marquis" (Montrose). Claverhouse is also affirmed to "have been instrumental in saving the life of the Prince of Orange at the Battle of Seneffe in 1674," as if there were no doubt about the matter. The achievement is, indeed, duly recorded in the *Gramscid*, but that is no reason—rather the reverse—why the statement should not be taken with a few grains of salt. On the other hand, Mr. Drummond Norie may be forgiven many sins for his deep attachment to the Highlands and to that particular region of which he writes where

We see as in a dream stretches of purple moorland, dotted here and there with snow-white sheep; blue sparkling lochs

embosomed among the hills, reflecting in their mirrored surface the brown sails of the fishing boats; turbulent rivers rushing merrily along over rocks and pebbles, making sweet music as they go to join the sea.

Mr. Drummond Norie's Jacobitism, too, is very cordial, and his book is worth reading after the doubts as to the loyalty of more than one of the chieftains of the '45 which have resulted from the investigations of Mr. Andrew Lang. This book is, indeed, the encyclopædia of the history of Celtic enthusiasm and of the families such as the Macdonalds and the Camerons who have been identified with Lochaber. Mr. Drummond Norie, with all his love for the past, has an eye to the future. Referring to an extension of the West Highland Railway, which is now being proceeded with, he says:—

Such a railway cannot but prove of immense advantage to the islanders, as by its means they will be enabled to transport their fish and other native products to the markets of Glasgow and Edinburgh in much quicker time than they can do now by the Strome Ferry route.

There is a good deal of the character of a haggis in Mr. Drummond Norie's book, and the cookery is not above reproach. But it is rich, reeking, warm, and not so indigestible as it might have been.

Although the title of Mrs. Harland's book, *WHERE GHOSTS WALK* (Putnam, 9s.), is rather more suggestive of theatrical slang than of old romances and poets that are dead, she has hit upon a series of happy subjects for discursive essays. The haunts of familiar characters in history and literature remain mines of pleasant "copy" for those who know how to handle their subject. An American lady of culture passing from one such scene to another across Europe, from No. 24, Cheyne-row to Ravenna, from Hampton Court to Siena, should be able to give us some interesting and freshly-observed impressions. Although, on the whole, Mrs. Harland has produced an agreeable and readable book, it is by no means so engaging as a list of her subjects predisposed one to anticipate. For example, in the chapter headed "Her Gloomy Honeymoon," dealing with Queen Mary and what the author calls "the great Babylon of Hampton Court," there is no fact, nor hardly any thought, that we cannot find better expressed in Mr. Ernest Law's work upon the Palace and its history. "In Ravenna," again, will be a little disappointing to those who have read John Addington Symonds on the same subject. But Mrs. Harland is always an enthusiast for what she believes to be old and, as it were, well-connected with the past. Her essay on a Fleet-street chop-house, "The Cheshire Cheese," is a conglomeration of hyperbolic praise, her enthusiasm for the subject actually leading her to write:—

We yet remind one another, whisperingly, that Robert Herrick wrote to Ben Jonson of—

"These lyric feasts
Made at The Sun,
THE CHEESE, the Triple Tun";

whereas all lovers of the poet will know that he wrote—

An Ode to Him.
Ah, Ben!
Say how, or when
Shall we thy Guests
Meet at those Lyrick Feasts,
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the triple Tunne?

Such inaccuracies, and a somewhat trivial style, mar many of Mrs. Harland's engaging subjects. Perhaps her most successful essay is that entitled "In Villetta," which gives some details of the school at Brussels which stands still much the same as it was in the days of Charlotte and Emily Brontë. The many illustrations, which are descriptive rather than artistic accompaniments to the book, are well reproduced from photographs.

The first volume of a *HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE NETHERLANDS*, translated by Oscar A. Bierstadt and Ruth Putnam from the Dutch of Professor Petrus Johannes Blok, of Leyden (Putnam, 12s. 6d.), has been published. It covers the ground

from the earliest times to the beginning of the fifteenth century—the period, that is to say, during which Dutch history is least interesting and most difficult. The nature of its difficulty is partly explained by the author in the appendix in which he discusses his authorities.

Our knowledge of Netherland history for the period before the fourteenth century is based on fragmentary and broken records. The investigator finds some trustworthy authority for a brief epoch here, and a few years there. Then the ground sinks under his feet, and he has no material for bridging over the chasm of uncertainty. It is impossible to follow the evolution of events so as to obtain a panorama of gradual historical development. With few exceptions, characters appear suddenly on the scene, and we see them act without knowing the causes of their action. We can form no clear idea of such men as Count William I. and Count Flores V. of Holland. We know nothing of Otto II., of Guelders, of Guy, of Dauphine, of the three Henries of Brabant. Their deeds are in the main inexplicable, and their guiding thoughts incomprehensible.

There is a further difficulty. At this early epoch there was, strictly speaking, no Holland to have a history. It used to be said that Italy was only a geographical expression; but Holland, during the periods which this volume treats of, was not even that. Italy, though governed by a variety of principalities and powers, had, at any rate, thanks to its geographical advantages, fairly definite boundaries. The Netherlands might mean anything, according to the political position of the hour; and their early history can only be read in conjunction with the early history of the Continent as a whole. They were brought into touch with the civilized world on the day on which Cæsar overcame the Nervii. When the Romans withdrew, the Germans overran them. They—or a part of them—were included in the Merovingian Kingdom, in the Empire of Charlemagne, and in the Duchy of Lower Lorraine; while Frisia was raided, and to a large extent conquered, by the Danes. Then we get the rise of independent feudal powers, and their intricate wars against each other. We have Flanders fighting against Holland and Hainault; Holland fighting against Friesland; Holland fighting against Brabant; Holland and Guelders allied against Utrecht. Finally, we get the rise of the cities, each of which has a more or less complicated history of its own. These, clearly, are not promising materials for the picturesque historian; his chance comes later, when the cities have risen and the Spanish invaders arrive. Piecing the earlier history together is merely the indispensable clearing of the ground. Yet Professor Blok is to be commended upon the manner in which he has fulfilled his task. He is as lucid as the conditions and circumstances allowed, and a good deal less dull than might have been expected. Occasionally a character sketch—as that of Charlemagne—stands clearly out; while, when the historian gets away from the recitation of political facts to descriptions of social life, his work is always excellent.

"The Social England Series," of which Mr. Kenelm D. Cotes is the general editor, now includes an informing work on *THE EVOLUTION OF THE ENGLISH HOUSE* (Swan Sonnenschein, 4s. 6d.), by Mr. Sidney Oldall Addy. He begins with the earliest forms, wattled huts or combinations of dwelling-house and cattle stall, and traces the history through the early round house, rectangular house, and larger rectangular house with aisles. Mr. Addy does not cultivate any particular charm of style, but every page is crowded with facts, and his diagrams and illustrations greatly assist the reader.

THE HISTORY OF CORSICA, by L. H. Caird (Unwin, 5s.). There may be a public for a history of Corsica which is about as dull as the average school history of England gets when it arrives at the Wars of the Austrian Succession, but we should imagine that it is a small one. The material available, competently handled, might have made a book that at least would have been interesting in places. The careers of King Theodor—the Monarch who ended in an English debtor's prison—and of Paoli, gave the historian two chances of being picturesque; but Mr.

Caird has not availed himself of either chance. His book makes a certain amount of information more accessible than it has hitherto been, and its appearance requires, therefore, to be noted; but his diligence is the only quality for which the author can be praised.

THE NEW LEVIATHAN, by J. A. Farrer (Stock, 2s. 6d.), is another of the many tracts called forth by the Tsar's rescript. The author appeals to us to give up patriotism for cosmopolitanism; and he may be admitted to have proved that, if we all became cosmopolitans at once, the transformation would be generally advantageous. But this was not a very difficult proposition to establish. The question whether, in a world in which some people were cosmopolitans and other people patriots, the patriots would not take an unfair advantage of the cosmopolitans is harder, and Mr. Farrer does not face it. The Chinese, for example, so far as reluctance to draw the sword goes, are cosmopolitan enough for anything; but the patriots of other countries are not disarmed by their pacific disposition. Mr. Farrer's pamphlet might have been more valuable if he had anticipated these obvious objections to his views. As he has not done so, his seven essays, eloquent though they are, are, dialectically, on the level of sermons.

MATHEMATICS.

GEOMETRY OF POSITION, by Theodor Reye (Macmillan, 10s. n.), represents a course of lectures on what is generally known in this country as projective geometry. They were delivered at Strassburg University, and to Dr. Holgate belongs the credit of a close and lucid translation into English. A translation of Cremona's Italian text-book on projective geometry and Professor Henrici's article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" were for long the only sources of reliable information in our language, if we except Townsend's book (which confines its consideration to the straight line and circle) on the modern geometry of position that owes so much of its development to Poncelet, Steiner, and Chasles, and so little to geometers of this country. There are certain characteristics which distinguish this modern geometry from the Euclidian. The latter refers almost invariably to metrical properties of forms; projective geometry studies relations between different forms due to their mutual positions. Euclid's propositions are designed to stand with little support from each other; they are narrow, and the chance of applying them is not often manifest. Modern geometry is a study of principles; generalization is arrived at in every case, and even the notion of the infinite is systematically presented to us. Professor Reye's course has been known in Germany for over thirty years. His system is specially noticeable for the very rigid exclusion of algebra throughout, and for his early insistence of the student's attention to the doctrine of duality. It is a pity the book was not translated long ago, though it may be remarked that Professor Henrici's article above referred to is based on Reye's course of lectures and has been available for twenty years.

INFINITESIMAL ANALYSIS, by W. B. Smith (Macmillan, 14s. n.). Among the many American treatises on mathematics that have in recent years been published in England, this introduction to the infinitesimal calculus promises to be one of the most useful. The style is excellent and the matter carefully chosen. The subject offers much difficulty to the ordinary student, and its developments are not attractively dealt with in our standard text-books. Professor Smith has contrived to make his volume much more than a series of processes set forth analytically. He introduces explanatory paragraphs that throw many a sidelight on the discussion, and invest it with an almost personal interest. His diagrams are clear and the print is well arranged. The chapters on partial derivation and integration are perhaps the best in the book, and, inasmuch as they deal with the hardest parts of the general theory, we may hope that in the promised second volume the author will render its subject in the higher branches more interesting than we are accustomed to find it. It would have added to the utility of the present work if answers had been supplied to the problems.

EPITAPH

IN FORM OF BALLADE : MADE BY VILLON FOR HIMSELF AND HIS COMPANIONS WHEN EXPECTING TO BE HANGED WITH THEM.

I.

You fellow-creatures who come after us,
Steel not your hearts against us as some do ;
For, if you look with pity generous,
God will have mercy, likewise, upon you.
Here we six hang, all swinging fro and to ;
As for the flesh we cherished so, you see
'Tis fall'n away and perished utterly ;
Mere bones, we waste in ruin gradual,
Crumbling to dust. Laugh not that here we be,
But pray to God that he absolve us all.

II.

You should not, brothers, since we ask you thus,
Look with contempt upon us, though 'tis true
That we were slain by judgment righteous ;
You know that all take not a sober view
Of life and duty. Intercede in lieu
With Christ, the holy Son of Saint Marie,
That His enduring grace and heavenly plea
May shield us when the infernal blast shall fall ;
No man can harm us more, dead men are we,
But pray to God that he absolve us all.

III.

The rain has washed our bodies villainous,
The sun has dried us ; and a horrid crew
Of pies and crows our picked-out eyes discuss,
And tear the hair that on our faces grew.
At no time are we still ; for, ever new,
Now here, now there, the varying breeze makes free
And sways our bones upon the gallows-tree ;—
Bones pricked like thimbles by the bird-beaks small.
O men, here is no place for mockery,
But pray to God that he absolve us all.

Envoi.

Prince JESUS, who of all things hast the key,
Forfend that Hell hold us in custody,
And save us each from being Devil's thrall.
And ye who hear, shun our fraternity,
But pray to God that he absolve us all.

PERCY REEVE.

Among my Books.

PILGRIM SCHOLARS.

With bookish men it is a favourite exercise to canvass in moments of pause the merits of certain of the memory-pictures they may have collected. Such a recreation commonly accompanies a disquieting retrospect at the year of birth, and not seldom leads to the conclusion that collection ought to cease forthwith, so manifest are the signs of inferiority and deterioration in the latest additions to the gallery. Here, preference is a matter of temperament. In my own case I may affirm that, of all the impressions scored on memory deeply enough to persist, those which recall some moment of youthful discovery, some expansion to more vivid experience, shape themselves most pleasantly, and have a certain efficacy in lulling into acquiescence a brain worn, no doubt, but not yet weary of living. Most

clearly I can picture voyages in a leaky boat up streams running through osier beds and alder plantations, which would bring rich spoil of bulrush heads and waterhens' eggs, and end unexpectedly at some greystone bridge, known hitherto only as an incident on a commonplace highway. Then came the time of search in books rather than in running brooks, when the eye would light upon some familiar sequence of words, some jewel of thought now first enjoyed in its appropriate setting ; but to particularize here would be too long.

A single instance of successful exploration in the world of letters may be produced—to wit, the discovery of that band of young Englishmen who set out for Italy, drawn thither by rumours of new and marvellous treasures of learning recently rescued from monkish lumber-rooms or conveyed over seas by fugitive Greeks. There is a quickening of the learned pulse, even in these prosaic days, when a few lines of a third-rate Greek poet are disentangled from palimpsest or papyrus. What, then, must have been the exaltation of the clerks of London and of the Universities when they heard how a rhetorician had been discovered here, and a philosopher there, and that Greek was being taught in Florence. Here was indeed a revelation. Ah, to have lived in those days even with the lack of halfpenny papers, cycles, and piano organs !

One curiously interesting figure of this group moves like an alien presence through the dismal rack and ruin of the times. John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, lives for us in scattered references of the chroniclers, in the matter-of-fact periods of the Paston letters, and most vividly of all in the pathetic appreciation of Caxton. Treating of Tiptoft as a traveller it may be recorded that two diplomatic missions to the Pope were entrusted to him by Henry VI. ; but whether he visited the South on the King's affairs or his own is a question which has never been settled. Possibly, he may have combined diplomatic duty with literary pleasure in the voyage he made to Italy about 1457, a voyage prolonged to the Holy places and Jerusalem. On his return to Venice he studied law at Padua, gained the friendship of Guarino at Ferrara, and heard John Argyropoulos lecture on Greek at Florence. He went on to Rome and, according to Fuller, spoke so eloquently before Pius II. that the Pope was moved to tears. Fuller is also responsible for the statement that Tiptoft withdrew to Italy expressly to avoid participation in the strife between the King *de facto* and the Yorkist leader, to whom he was unflinchingly loyal. The chroniclers tell less of his literary achievements than of his cruelty, which they attribute to his association with the corrupt and treacherous Italians. His crowning sin was the execution and mutilation of a band of Lancastrians at Southampton, and he is likewise charged with superseding the law of the land by "the law Padowe," whenever this substitution promised more ready attainment of his ends. He did cruel work, without doubt, but it is hard to say how far he was personally responsible for this. Edward IV., be it remembered, was a man of merciless temper. Tiptoft may have imbibed some of the cruel spirit of the

contemporary Italian ruler, but in one respect he was not Italianate; that is, he was ever loyal to his chief. No treachery, like that of Clarence or Warwick, no desertion of his King's standard like that of Grey de Ruthyn at Northampton, or Stanley at Bosworth, sullied his name. These men, albeit they had never sojourned in "Circe's Court," had learnt better than Tiptoft the trade of Captain of a Free Company.

It may be advanced that Tiptoft, a great noble and statesman, took to letters as a diversion, and reaped the facile literary harvest of a person of quality, but it is hardly probable that Caxton would have been moved to use such terms of praise unless he had detected some sign of true enthusiasm for letters. In the epilogue to the orations of Cornelius Scipio, he writes:—"I mene the right vertu and noble Erle, Therle of Wurcestre whiche late pytously lost his lyf, whos soule I recomende unto your special prayers, and also in his tyme made many other vertuous werkys whiche I have hered of. O good blessyd lord god, what grete losse was it of that noble vertuous and weldisposed lord. Whan I remembre and advertyse his lyf, his science and vertue, me thynketh god not displeyd over grete a losse of suche a man consydering his estate and connyng. And also the exercise of the same with the grete laboures in gooying on pylgremage unto Jherusalem visytyng there the holy places that oure blessyd Lord haloued thith his blessyd presence. . . And what worship had he at Rome in the presence of oure holy fader the pope. And so in all other places unto his deth. . . wherein I hope and doubt not but that god receyved his soule into his evirlasting blysse, for as I am enformed he ryghte advyседly ordeyned alle his thynges as well for his last will of wordly goodes, as for his soule helthe, and paciently and holyly without grudchyng in charyte to fore, that he departed out of this worlde whiche is gladsome and joyous to here." And Fuller says of Worcester's death:—"Then did the axe at one blow cut off more learning in England than was left in the heads of all the surviving nobility."

An earlier pilgrim than Tiptoft was William Grey, a scholar of Balliol and subsequently Bishop of Ely. Attracted by the fame of Guarino he went to Ferrara in 1442, and in 1449 Henry VI, made him King's Proctor to the Curia, whereupon he repaired to Rome to receive, no doubt, a cordial welcome from that illustrious scholar, Pope Nicholas V. It is probable that he tarried at Rome till his advancement to the see of Ely in 1454, but after his return he did not spend all his time in the dismal solitude of the fens. He held various posts of responsibility in these troublous times, and amid the turmoil of affairs did not forget the claims of letters. He founded the library at Balliol, and sent John Free and John Gunthorpe, two promising Balliol scholars, to study under Guarino, the subsequent career of the first-named being a typical one. Free first studied medicine, and his success was so remarkable that he was appointed to teach it at Ferrara, and afterwards at Padua and Florence. About 1465, under Tiptoft's patronage, he went to Rome, and was probably employed by Pius II. in translating Greek MSS. into

Latin. He was nominated Bishop of Bath and Wells, but he died almost immediately after his preferment, not without suspicion of the poisoned cup. Gunthorpe was more fortunate. After his return to England he was employed in various diplomatic negotiations: with the King of Castile in 1466, with the Duke of Brittany in 1484, and with Maximilian in 1486. He was preferred to the bishopric of Bath and Wells, which dignity he held till his death.

It is certain that association with the subtle-witted Italians, and with the finest intellects of the ancient world, who now spoke for the first time through their rediscovered writings to the islanders of the West, must have rendered these scholar statesmen vastly more skilful in diplomatic fence than home-bred soldiers and justiciars would ever have proved to be; and if we compare the possible rewards of the politician and the clerk we may easily understand why they forsook letters, which had advanced them, for politics. Having tasted the sweets of power they spent their strength in quest of the prizes which ambition offered; hence the meagre volume and unattractive nature of their literary legacy. But though their achievements in letters were of little account, their work was not entirely fruitless in that it prepared the field for the next relay of labourers who took up the task under the direction of Colet and More.

W. G. WATERS.

FEYSHAD.

[By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.]

The slave Aziyadé told the Caliph this:—

The merchant Feyshad, Sire, in a journey across the desert, fell apart one day from the caravan with which he travelled, and, causing his camel to kneel, he dismounted for the purpose of counting the emeralds and rubies in the sack which he wore at his belt.

In this sack there were balas rubies of the colour of a white mouse's eye, and emeralds coloured like the grass after rain, and, also, there were green sapphires and sapphires of cornflower blue, and sapphires coloured like the Bosphorus on a windless day; and pearls, Sire, some black and bean-shaped like the thumb of an Æthiopian woman, and some like a woman's little teeth, and some that blushed rose red, as if at the thought of their own beauty.

So lost was the merchant in contemplation of his treasures that he did not notice Sleep, who, passing by on his grey mule, cast a handful of poppy seeds upon the head of Feyshad, and then rode on, laughing, with eyes half closed, in the track of the vanishing caravan. Feyshad had slept scarcely an hour, Sire, when, awaking, he glanced around and found himself alone. His camel had forsaken him, and over all the yellow desert burning beneath the noonday sun there was no trace of life, save the bleaching bones that here and there marked the road of the caravans.

He turned to the east and to the west, to the north and to the south, and nothing did he see but the sands running to a rim against the sky, save in the east, where a sand devil danced upon the plain, making movements as if in derision of Feyshad.

"Alas!" cried the unhappy merchant as he tore his beard. "Fool that I am! That I might count my treasure in safety I withdrew me from the caravan where was my real safety. I thirst, but where shall I find water here? The sun consumes me, but where shall I find shade?" Then he ceased for fear of his own

voice, which sounded strange in that echoless desert, and sitting with his eyes fixed upon the sand devil, which was now dancing into the west, he gave himself to despair, till, suddenly he was startled by a voice from behind, crying,

"Feyshad!"

The merchant, Sire, turned, and, to his astonishment, he saw before him, at twenty paces distant, an Arab veiled in white and seated upon an ass.

At this sight a great horror fell upon the soul of Feyshad, for, but a moment before, he had been alone seated amidst the vastness of the desert. Nor did his horror grow less when he beheld the thing before him ceaselessly changing form as it spoke, yet speaking always in the same voice.

Now, it was an Arab seated upon an ass; now, a woman naked and bestriding a lion; it would shrink now to an ape seated upon a dog; and now it would swell to the form of a stout man upon a camel.

And the form cried to him, saying, "Feyshad, I am the Fata Morgana, the dreamer of the desert. I bring to the waste places the ghosts of the cities, with their mosques and towers, and the sapphire shadow of the Nile bends at my word through the heat shaken air and past the feet of dying men. I give to man the one thing real—Illusion. I am thine."

Then Feyshad, consumed by thirst, cried out, heedless of the horror before him, "Water, I pray you, water!"

"Before entering my lands," said the Fata Morgana, "bear well in mind, O Feyshad, that should you meet there any one you love, should you see them, though it be a league away, or though it be but their reflection in a mirror, at that instant all will vanish and the world of Khayf*, and happy illusion, will be for you no more."

"Peace," cried Feyshad, "I love no one, nor have I ever loved mortal in this world. Water, I pray you, water!"

"No man has lived in my cities," said the Fata Morgana, "for longer than a moment of time, for no man born of woman is content even with happiness. One plucks a flower in my gardens, another a fruit from a tree, another a jewel from the wealth in my bazaars. Not content, craving for ever for the unreal which men have misnamed 'the real,' they must touch and have, and that ever brings them to ill-luck, who drives them forth from the gates of my paradise. But enter, O Feyshad, and remember!"

And lo! Sire, Feyshad found himself seated in the courtyard of his own house in Old Cairo, and the fountain in its centre played beneath the sun, casting its diamond bright waters to the sky, and the great acacia planted by his father cast upon Feyshad its pleasant shadow. His thirst had vanished at the sight of the water, nor did he notice that the fountain was but the ghost or shade of a fountain without song or sound, and that the leaves of the acacia moved in the breeze without a whisper.

II.

His tortoise crawled upon the pavement of the courtyard. Through an open door he saw within the house the figure of his wife like a brown shadow against the sunlight of a window that lay beyond. She was grinding coffee, but of the sound of grinding there was none. And though Feyshad was fond of coffee he did not call upon his wife to bring it to him as was his wont. The thought of it was sufficient to satisfy his desire even as the thought of the fountain water was sufficient to satisfy his thirst.

Filled with a great happiness he sat, and as he sat thus he remembered the words of the Fata Morgana, "Should you meet there any one you love, should you see them, though it be a league away, or though it be but their reflection in a mirror, at that instant all will vanish."

And as he murmured the words he smiled, for Feyshad did not love his wife, and when his child entered the courtyard and ran in pursuit of a butterfly with amber wings he smiled again, for Feyshad did not love his child. He sat contentedly in the

shade of the acacia and watched his wife and his child and the crawling tortoise, and the dancing water, and the waving leaves; and all this while, Sire, his body was sitting upon the desert sands beneath the burning sun, but sun or sands were nought to him, for around him the Fata Morgana had laid the ghost of the city of Cairo, fetched from a hundred leagues away; where, indeed, his child was chasing a butterfly at that moment, and his wife was grinding coffee, and his fountain was playing in the sunlight, and his acacia waving in the breeze, just as he beheld them in the desert.

Forever he might have sat there, happy beyond the dreams of man, but a merchant, Sire, is ever a merchant, even though he live in Paradise; and presently Feyshad said to himself, "I will arise and go into the bazaars."

At that moment might have been seen a great way off the caravan returning to seek for Feyshad, and the people of the caravan beheld before them, over against the place where Feyshad was, the city of Cairo, with its palm trees, mosques, and minarets, and they laughed, for they knew it was the work of Fata Morgana.

III.

Feyshad, Sire, fearful of being robbed, placed his sack of jewels in a hole beneath the fountain, for a merchant is always fearful of robbers, even in the land of Happy Illusion; and he placed them there not knowing that he was burying them in the sand, where they would never be found again. And then he left what seemed to his eyes the courtyard of his house, and began to walk about upon the sands whereon Fata Morgana had laid the streets and bazaars of Cairo.

In the bazaars sat the merchants smoking their pipes, whilst around them lay piled their wealth, silks and brocades, and jewels, and, as Feyshad wandered and looked, the happiness fell from him. For, though the sight of the fountain water had quenched his thirst, and the sight of his wife and of the coffee had satisfied his desires, the sight of the gems and rich silks, far from giving him satisfaction, made him unhappy, inasmuch as they were not his.

He paused at the shop of El Kobir the goldsmith, and, seizing upon a vase of gold encrusted with turquoise, cried out, "El Kobir, what price?" But El Kobir neither drew the amber mouthpiece of his pipe from his lips nor turned his head, so Feyshad put the vase beneath his robe and walked on.

As El Kobir did not cry after him, he knew that the bazaars and all they contained were his; a great hunger for riches came upon him, and he cast the vase of gold in the street, and it fell upon a sleeping dog, who neither moved nor raised an eyelid. Then Feyshad ran to the shop of a silk merchant, and, taking therefrom a great bag of silk embroidered with golden melon flowers, returned with it on his shoulders to the shop of El Kobir. There he took all the diamonds he could find, and cast them in his sack, and rubies and emeralds as well, and when there was nothing left for him to take, he cried out in derision, "El Kobir, what price?"

But El Kobir did not see him nor the loss of the jewels, but sat smoking his pipe and conversing with a Greek, heedless of Feyshad and his evil doings.

Then, Sire, Feyshad went to the shop of a Jew, and took a little vial of attar of roses, and a dagger with a ruby hilt, and an elephant of gold with jewelled eyes, and a bag of sequins; and the Jew, who, at that moment, was, in fact, asleep in his shop in Cairo, dreamt that he was being robbed, but he could not prevent Feyshad from taking his things, and Feyshad hastened home rejoicing with the sack upon his shoulders.

Though it seemed to him that he had spent several hours in the bazaars, it is impossible that he could have been there longer than a moment, for, to his astonishment, when he entered the courtyard of his house, his child was still in pursuit of the butterfly with amber wings, and the tortoise he had left crawling upon the pavement had not gained an inch towards its goal, and his wife was still grinding the coffee.

Feyshad felt a great thirst from his exertions, and the sight of the fountain did not allay it as before.

* *Khayf*, an idleness of the soul and body unknown or but partly known to northern peoples.

He emptied his sack of the stolen jewels, and covered the glittering heap with leaves plucked from the acacia, and then he cried, "How happy am I that I have never loved, else the sight of my wife, or my child, or a friend would have banished me forever from this land where I may rob all day and be happy. Now will I quench my thirst at the fountain, and, leaving my jewels here, return to the bazaars for more."

But, Sire, the hand of Allah reaches even to the land of Happy Illusion. As Feyshad bent to drink he beheld a person whom he loved, for, in the clear waters of the fountain, he beheld the reflection of his own face.

IV.

At that moment, Sire, the people of the approaching caravan saw the phantom city that lay before them trembling, from the green palm trees at its walls to the domes that cut the sky, and then it vanished like a dream, leaving nought but a black speck upon the sand, which was Feyshad.

The jewels he had hidden for safety beneath the shadow fountain were never found again, nor the jewels he had covered with the leaves of the acacia.

And to-day, Sire, he sits at the gates of Cairo begging alms, or wanders through the bazaars gazing upon the jewels that once were his—in the land of Happy Illusion.

Notes.

In another column Mr. Goldwin Smith—the most illustrious of the Canadian authors—expounds his views on the subject of Canadian copyright. His first proposition—that the question ought to be "settled by an Imperial Statute"—does not admit of argument. As was pointed out by the Canadian High Court, in the leading case of "Smiles v. Belford," the rights conferred by the Imperial Act of 1842 cannot be taken away, or modified, by any legislative body other than the Imperial Parliament, so long as Canada remains an integral portion of the British Empire. *Cadit questio.* But Mr. Goldwin Smith's second point—that "there should not be a 'manufacturing clause' requiring a book for which copyright is sought to be set up in the colony for the benefit of colonial printers"—goes to the heart of the matter. Such a provision, our correspondent justly remarks, would sacrifice "the universal interests of literature and science to those of a mechanical and local trade." This is, in effect, what we ourselves said in our first article upon the subject.

Hardly less satisfactory is the line now taken by the *Toronto Globe*—a journal which, we believe, speaks on behalf of Canadian publishers. It says:—

The guns of the opposition are trained on a supposititious proposition that the Canadian publisher is to be empowered to publish an English copyright work, whether the holder of it is willing or not. Now let it be said, once for all, that no such proposition is made. If what is now asked for were granted, the English holder of the copyright would be perfectly free to maintain his rights in Canada. All that is asked for is that, when he sells his Canadian rights by a free bargain with a Canadian publisher, the latter shall be protected in the property he has bought.

This, clearly, is a demand to which, if it means nothing more than it says, no objection can possibly be taken. But it is very different from the original demand of the Canadian printers. Sir John Thompson's Act, embodying their demands, with its obnoxious "manufacturing clause," represents the position on which "the guns of the opposition were trained." If that position is now definitely abandoned the guns of the opposition need not, of course, go on bombarding it; but it must by no means be inferred that it can be recouped with impunity because the bombardment is suspended.

"It is vastly amusing to me," writes a correspondent, "to read in your current issue that Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, after having proved to his own satisfaction that Francis Bacon was the author

of Shakespeare's plays, now proposes to demonstrate by his infallible cipher that Ben Jonson's plays are also the work of the same all-accomplished hand. A more ingenious way of discrediting the witness whose evidence is the hardest nut the 'Shaconians' have to crack it would have been hardly possible to devise. It irresistibly recalls to my mind an anecdote—probably of the *ben trovato* order—which was current at Oxford in my undergraduate days. To many of your readers it will doubtless be a 'chestnut,' but the closeness of the analogy with Mr. Donnelly's proceedings which it suggests must be my excuse.

"A certain highly-respected Head of a House had 'Popery on the brain' and saw the machinations of the Society of Jesus everywhere. On one occasion at a table d'hôte in Switzerland the somewhat priestly-looking countenance of one of the younger waiters attracted his suspicious attention, and as soon as dinner was over he sought out his host, and said that he thought it his duty to inform him that he had come across this youth a few weeks before as the inmate of a Jesuit seminary. 'That, Monsieur,' replied the landlord with a smile—'that, pardon me, is impossible, for Franz has been in my service for more than a year.' 'And then,' said the reverend gentleman, solemnly concluding the story, 'And then I knew that the landlord was a Jesuit.' Even so, alike by speech and by silence, Ben Jonson refutes the preposterous theory that Bacon wrote the thirty-six plays of Shakespeare. But what does that prove? Why, clearly, that Jonson was himself a party to a similar fraud, and that Bacon played 'ghost' to him in the production of his own dramas."

The sad death of Mr. Macdonald, the editor of the *Calcutta Englishman*, reminds one how extensive are the annals of Calcutta journalism. The *Englishman* itself dates from 1820; and at that period the Calcutta presses were already turning out periodicals devoted to a great variety of interests—from science to *belles lettres*, and from sport to the propagation of the Gospel. The actual beginning was in 1780, in which year appeared the first number of *Hicky's Bengal Gazette* or *Calcutta General Advertiser*. This is a journal consisting of four pages, about the size of those of the *Spectator*, printed with such ink on such paper that, nowadays, old numbers of it can with difficulty be read. It contained short news-letters from various places, a poet's corner, and some interesting advertisements. Among these is one, headed "Elopement," for the return of a runaway slave, and another announcing a performance of *The School for Scandal* at the theatre.

Much progress is visible in the *India Gazette* which began to appear in 1782. This also consists of four pages; but they have grown from the size of the *Spectator* to that of the *Guardian*, and the ink and paper are all that could be desired. The contents are much the same as before, though we find an interesting report of a fancy dress ball, and a controversy on the morality of duelling. *The Recruiting Serjeant* is now being played at the theatre; and the advertisement of this entertainment shows the "d-d nigger" sentiment in full blast. We read:—

The Managers of the Theatre finding that the present low price of the Gallery has been the means of admitting all degrees of Black Servants into that part of the House; in order to prevent the intrusion of such persons in future, they have raised the price of Gallery Tickets to Four Sicca Rupees.

Indian journalism in general has latterly trained quite its fair share of prominent literary men. Mr. Rudyard Kipling is, of course, the leading instance. But there are plenty of others—such as Mr. Phil Robinson, Mr. Louis Tracy, Mr. Wilfrid Pollock, and Mr. A. P. Sinnett.

Mr. Macdonald, as his name indicates, was a Scotsman, and had assisted Dr. Ross in the production of the *Globe Encyclopædia*. For a while he worked on the *Daily Telegraph*, and proceeded to India in 1880. He edited the *Civil and Military Gazette*, with Mr. Kipling for assistant editor, and is the "A. M." to whom Mr. Kipling dedicated an early collection of his verses.

From Lahore he proceeded to Calcutta to edit the *Englishman*, and at the time of his death he was acting as the London representative of that paper.

Another interesting, if not very notable, journalist whose death is announced is Mr. John King Coxon. Mr. Coxon was the manager of the *Nottingham Journal* at the time when Mr. J. M. Barrie was a member of the editorial staff. A humorous but good natured portrait of him is included in the picture gallery of "When a Man's Single." At the time of his death, however, Mr. Coxon was a journalist no longer, but had left the profession to become a hotel-keeper.

Dr. A. B. Grosart, who died the other day at Dublin, at the age of 63, had rendered valuable services to literature as an editor of reprints and as a writer on historical subjects. He had edited Fuller's Worthies, the works of Herrick and Sidney, and the discourses of many Puritan divines, as well as the Towneley Hall MSS., and a number of early English plays. He had written an authoritative life of Robert Fergusson, the Scottish poet, a volume of sketches of "Representative Non-conformists," and many other books. In the British Museum catalogue there are 102 entries under his name. Dr. Grosart was a minister of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland.

In his recollections of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, which we published last week, Mr. E. Kay Robinson mentioned that, in his Indian days, Mr. Kipling expected to establish his fame by a novel called "Mother Maturin." A curious confirmation of the statement is found in an interview with Mr. Kipling, published in the *World* in 1890, where it is mentioned that the MS. of this particular "forthcoming" work was taken out of a quaint Dutch bureau and shown to the interviewer. Another book which Mr. Kipling then had in MS. but has never yet issued to the public is called "The Book of the Forty-five Mornings," and is an account of his wanderings in Japan and America on his way home to England.

M. André Chevrillon is to continue in the *Revue de Paris* of April 1 his study of Mr. Kipling. In this fresh instalment of a work of criticism worthy of Taine, he touches upon that side of Kipling's work which appeals most frankly to the "Anglo-Saxon" soul. M. Chevrillon professes, however, the keenest admiration for Mr. Kipling and feels grateful to a country which, as he has said:—"Après avoir produit tant de génies en a donné au monde un si nouveau, si original, si puissant et inattendu."

Mr. Dunne, the author of the most popular book that has sprung out of the Spanish-American War, which we reviewed recently, has long been connected with Chicago newspapers, and he is at present the managing editor of the *Chicago Evening Journal*, and years ago began to write "skits" on topics of the times for the Chicago Press under the name of "Mr. Dooley," which were copied throughout the country. But "Mr. Dooley" did not really become famous till the Spanish War inspired him. It is said that his comments on Admiral Dewey's performances in Manila Bay drew from the Admiral a message of thanks and the statement that, among all the newspaper comments on his success, none other had given him so much pleasure. His medium of expression reproduces the brogue heard in county Roscommon, Ireland, and Mr. Dunne is himself an Irish-American born in the United States.

The *Daily Mail* gives publicity to a scheme in which a certain number of struggling men of letters will be interested. This is nothing less than the establishment of a bank (or pawnbroking business) to advance money on literary security. Presented without details the project cannot very well be criticized. That it might lend itself to grave abuses is clear. Yet an equitable charge on a manuscript may, under certain circumstances, be worth as much as an equitable charge on a piece of land; and if men

who understand the value of manuscripts go into the money-lending business, there is no reason why they should not advance money at moderate rates to their own advantage and the convenience of their clients. Such a business, which is sure to be done by some one, is more likely to be done honestly by an institution founded for the express purpose of doing it, and challenging criticisms of its methods.

Our note on Mr. Morley Roberts' story of the two clerks who tried, independently, to poison their chief, but gave him mutual antidotes with the result that nothing happened, has brought us some letters which should be instructive to sensational novelists. Mr. H. C. Hart writes, from County Donegal, to point out that the device has already been used by Dryden:—

In *Don Sebastian* (iii., i.) [he says] Dorax is practically assassinated by two independent poisoners unaware of each other's designs. But the poisons counteract each other, and her life is saved.

And Mr. Hart further refers us to the line of Ausonius:—

Et quum fata volunt, bina venena juvant.

So that the question now is—What will Mr. Morley Roberts say if confronted with the charge of having plagiarized, without acknowledgment, from Ausonius for the purposes of "King Billy of Ballarat"? On the other hand Mr. G. Rayleigh Vicars turns the cold searchlight of science on the problem, saying:—

If A administers atropine to C, and B administers pilocarpine to C, B is neutralizing the poison administered by A, and A is neutralizing that administered by B. Theoretically such a condition might exist; practically the conditions would have to be very unique for a consummation.

Whence the conclusion obviously is that this sort of poisoning in fiction is all right for romanticists, but that realists had better avoid it.

An attack on the Society of Authors, published in a Sunday paper, claims a passing comment. The gist of the complaint is that two of the Society's enterprises—its dinner and its publications—result in a financial loss. The reply to the first charge is, of course, that dining is not a branch of money making; to the second, that the publication of certain works which ought to be published, but are nevertheless bound to show a loss, is precisely one of the purposes for which the Society of Authors was founded. If this is the worst that the enemies of the Society have to say, it is hardly likely to suffer materially from their attacks. The further complaint is made that the Society of Authors does not transform itself into an Authors' Publishing Company. That is a proposal which has often been before the Committee of Management, and has always been rejected, for reasons which seem to us not only satisfactory but obvious. So long as publishers treat authors fairly the Society does not aspire to oust them from their business. Its function is to keep all publishers in the straight and narrow way which honourable houses follow of their own accord. By doing this, it not only protects authors but publishers as well.

The French frequently complain of the absence of psychological studies in English novels, but they appear to have found an author who supplies this want, for, as we lately pointed out, Mr. George Gissing's works are being published in Paris as fast as they can be translated. Some years ago "Demos" was brought out in French. Then about two or three years ago Mlle. Blaize de Bury gave a lecture on "Gissing and his works," taking "New Grub Street" as her special theme. This book has now been translated and will appear shortly as a serial in the *Débats*. Last year a translation of "Eve's Ransom" was published in the *Revue de Paris*, and afterwards in volume form by Calmann Lévy. The same review will bring out shortly "The Town Traveller," "The Whirlpool" and "The Odd Women" are arranged for and will come out first as serials in two of the most important Parisian papers. Mr. Gissing's short stories also seem to have found favour. The *Gaulois* has had "Two Collectors" and the *Revue Hebdomadaire* has had "An Inspiration." "Our Mr. Jupp" has, we are told, been translated for the *Monde*

Moderne, and "Comrades in Arms" for the *Revue Bleue*. The latter review will also publish one of the author's shorter novels, "The Paying Guest." All these, we may add, are excellently translated.

A writer in the *Paris Temps* has been calling for a careful translation of all Robert Louis Stevenson's principal romances. M. de Wyzewa finds great fault with the manner in which Stevenson has hitherto been translated into French. He speaks with just scorn of "the international jargon which forms nowadays the current language of our translators," and is afraid that "we may come to look upon the only writer of our time, perhaps, whose childlike genius has expressed feelings capable of being universally understood and enjoyed, as simply a pleasing writer of serial stories." It is to be hoped that M. de Wyzewa may induce some publisher to do what he suggests.

M. Paul Bonnetain, the novelist, author of "Le Tour du Monde d'un Troupier," "Charlot S'Amuse," "Une Femme à Bord," "Le Nommé Perreux," "Amours Nomades," "Au Tonkin," &c., has just died at Khong-Laos, where he represented French interests. Born at Nîmes in 1858, he entered the Infantry of Marine at Toulon and passed five years in the colonies, especially in Guiana and the Antilles. He then came to Paris to gain a living in journalism, and rapidly became an authority on colonial questions. He was a great traveller and made a remarkable journey to the Sudan, the record of which, "Voyage d'une Française au Soudan," was given literary form by his wife.

The daughter of George Sand, Mme. Clésinger, has just died in Paris. She was born in 1828, five years after her brother Maurice. In 1847 she married the sculptor Clésinger. There is a characteristic letter of George Sand on her daughter's marriage, in which she says:—

Our *enragé* sculptor is here. The idyll is in bloom at La Châtre and the *grande princesse* has become human enough to say *yes*. You were more perspicacious than I. She has had this *yes* in her heart for a long time, and didn't want to say it too soon, *voilà tout*. They seem enchanted both of them. I am, consequently.

This sets at rest the rumour, which arose later on from the evident incompatibility of the pair, that George Sand forced her daughter into the marriage against her will. Calmann Lévy published two novels by Mme. Clésinger—"Jacques Brunneau" and "Carl Robert"—and she was a painter of much talent.

The latest translator of Hamlet is a Royal one—the Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovitch of Russia, President of the Academy of Sciences. A private representation of the III. and IV. scenes of the Third Act, and the V., VI., and VII. scenes of the Fourth and Fifth Acts was given a week or two ago at the Marble Palace in St. Petersburg, the part of Hamlet being taken by the Grand Duke himself. The scenes from the Third Act are to be published in one of the manuals issued in commemoration of the Poushkin celebration.

A complete translation of Poushkin into Italian is being made in Russia and printed by the Imperial Academy of Sciences. The Italian booksellers have subscribed for 40,000 copies of the work, which will be issued on June 7 of the present year.

Many fine book-plate designs are included in the annual exhibition of the Painter-Etchers, which is now open at 5a, Pall-mall east. The society numbers amongst its members some of the ablest ex-libris designers of the day, notably Mr. G. W. Eve and Mr. C. W. Sherborn. Very good designs are also exhibited by Messrs. C. M. Pott, C. Holroyd, D. Y. Cameron, A. Robertson, W. Monk, C. O. Murray, and Miss E. K. Martyn, while the Countess Feodora Gleichen sends (her only exhibit) the most charming "composite" design in the whole exhibition. Out of the 150 designs shown Mr. Sherborn contributes quite one-half, and included in these are representatives of all his

varied styles. To contrast with his own work he has also lent some choice examples by old engravers—plates by Zuendt, Dürer, Chodowiecke, and the engraver, unknown, of the splendid ex-libris of Giulielmi van Hamme. Such fantastic work as the "Lady's book-plate," No. 192, representing an interior surrounded with a particularly heavy and spiritless border of fruit and flowers, need only be referred to as showing what a book-plate should not be. These medleys are outside the province of the book-plate proper, and are only so much good work misapplied. But it is armorial designs, such as No. 254, that of Mr. C. E. Kempe, and No. 262, that of the Ulster King at Arms, that show how fine Mr. Sherborn's work is at its best. There is a dignity about the armorial book-plate which is quite denied to its flamboyant competitors, and the air of repose and restraint which characterizes many of the ex-libris in this exhibition is very welcome just now when so much of the work expended upon book-plates is ending in mere meretriciousness owing to the mistaken effort made to get free of the natural conventionalities of the subject.

A catalogue just issued by Messrs. Robson and Co., of Coventry-street, W., contains an entry rarely met with in these days—viz., that of a copy of the first edition of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dreame," printed in 4to. by James Roberts, 1600, and priced at £95. Several leaves are missing, but with this exception the book is large, sound, and complete. As a rule books of this kind are sold privately and do not find their way into catalogues. During the last twelve years only four copies of "A Midsummer Night's Dreame" have been sold by auction in this country, and the prices realized—ranging from £61 to £122—show a wonderful increase over those which once prevailed. It is a matter of mere antiquarian lore that in 1688 eleven early Shakespearean quartos were sold in one lot for 12s., but as late as 1812 we find a perfect "Midsummer Night's Dreame" bringing as little as £3 3s., and this at the sale of one of the most important libraries in the Kingdom. Indeed, at that time, original copies of the plays of Marlowe, Marston, Massinger, Thomas Middleton, Nash, and many other Elizabethan dramatists appear to have been in even greater request than those of Shakespeare. The prices realized show that they were, on the whole, more difficult to obtain, and the same may even be said to be the case now. Marlowe's "Dido, Queen of Carthage," 1594, for example, is a scarcer book than most of the first Shakespearean quartos, though it is not so valuable as a good copy of any one of them. The last eighty or ninety years has greatly improved the position held by the old dramatists.

American Letter.

AMERICAN LITERATURE IN EXILE.

In a recent lecture Sir Lepel Griffin is reported to have noted the unenviable primacy of the United States among countries where the struggle for material prosperity has been disastrous to the pursuit of literature. He said, or is said to have said (one cannot be too careful in attributing to a public man the thoughts that may be really due to an imaginative frame in the reporter), that among us "the old race of writers of distinction, such as Longfellow, Bryant, Holmes, and Washington Irving, have (*sic*) died out, and the Americans who are most prominent in cultivated European opinion in art or literature, like Sargent, Henry James, or Marion Crawford, live habitually out of America and draw their inspiration from England, France, and Italy."

If this were true I confess that I am so indifferent to what many Americans glory in, that it would not distress me or wound me in the sort of self-love which calls itself patriotism. If it would at all help towards putting an end to that struggle for material prosperity which has eventuated with us in so many millionaires and so many tramps, I should be glad to believe that it was driving our literary men out of the country. This would be a tremendous object-lesson, and might be a warning to

the millionaires and the tramps. But I am afraid it would not have this effect, for neither our very rich nor our very poor care at all for the state of polite learning among us : though, for the matter of that, I believe that economic conditions have little to do with it ; and that if a general mediocrity of fortune prevailed and there were no haste to be rich and to get poor the state of polite learning would not be considerably affected. As matters stand I think we may reasonably ask whether the Americans "most prominent in cultivated European opinion," the Americans who "live habitually out of America," are not less exiles than advance agents of the expansion now advertising itself to the world. They may be the vanguard of the great army of adventurers destined to overrun the earth from these shores, and exploit all foreign countries to our advantage. They probably themselves do not know it, but in the act of "drawing their inspiration" from alien scenes, or taking their own where they find it, are not they simply transporting to Europe "the struggle for material prosperity" which Sir Lepel supposes to be fatal to them here ?

There is a question, however, which comes before this, and that is the question whether they have quitted us in such numbers as justly to alarm our patriotism. Qualitatively, in the authors named and in Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. Stephen Crane, Mr. Harry Harland, and the late Mr. Harold Frederic, as well as in Mark Twain, now temporarily resident abroad, the defection is very great ; but quantitatively it is not such as to leave us without a fair measure of home-keeping authorship. Our destitution is not nearly so great now in the absence of Mr. James and Mr. Crawford as it was in the times before the "struggle for material prosperity," when Washington went and lived in England and on the Continent well-nigh half his life.

Sir Lepel Griffin—or Sir Lepel Griffin's reporter—seems to forget the fact of Irving's long absenteeism when he classes him with "the old race" of eminent American authors who stayed at home. But really none of those he names was so constant to our air as he seems—or his reporter seems—to think. Longfellow sojourned three or four years in Germany, Spain, and Italy ; Holmes spent as great a time in Paris ; Bryant was a frequent traveller, and each of them "drew his inspiration" now and then from alien sources. Lowell was many years in Italy, Spain, and England ; Motley spent more than half his life abroad ; Hawthorne was away from us nearly a decade.

If I seem to be proving too much in one way, I do not feel that I am proving too much in another. My facts go to show that the literary spirit is the true world-citizen, and is at home everywhere. If any good American were distressed by the absenteeism of our authors I should first advise him that American literature was not derived from the folk-lore of the Red Indians, but was, as I have said once before, a condition of English literature, and was independent even of our independence. Then I should entreat him to consider the case of foreign authors who had found it more comfortable or more profitable to live out of their respective countries than in them. I should allege for his consolation the case of Byron, Shelley, and Leigh Hunt, and more latterly that of the Brownings and Walter Savage Landor, who preferred an Italian to an English sojourn ; and yet more recently that of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who voluntarily lived several years in Vermont, and has "drawn his inspiration" in notable instances from the life of these States. It will serve him also to consider that the two greatest Norwegian authors, Bjørnsen and Ibsen, have both lived long in France and Italy. Heinrich Heine loved to live in Paris much better than in Düsseldorf, or even in Hamburg ; and Turgueneff himself, who said that any man's country could get on without him, but no man could get on without his country, managed to dispense with his own in the French capital, and died there after he was quite free to go back to St. Petersburg. In the last century Rousseau lived in France rather than Switzerland ; Voltaire at least tried to live in Prussia ; Goldoni left fame and friends in Venice for the favour of Princes in Paris.

Literary absenteeism, it seems to me, is not peculiarly an American vice or an American virtue. It is an expression and

a proof of the modern sense which enlarges one's country to the bounds of civilization. I cannot think it justly a reproach in the eyes of the world, and if any American feels it a grievance I suggest that he do what he can to have embodied in the platform of his party a plank affirming the right of American authors to a public provision that will enable them to live as agreeably at home as they can abroad on the same money. In the meantime, their absenteeism is not a consequence of "the struggle for material prosperity," not a high disdain of the strife which goes on, not less in Europe than in America—and must, of course, go on everywhere as long as competitive conditions endure—but is the result of chances and preferences which mean nothing nationally calamitous or discreditable.

W. D. HOWELLS.

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SUBJECT INDEXES TO GENERAL LITERATURE.

[By ALFRED COTGREAVE, Chief Librarian to the West Ham Public Library.]

Owing to the vast increase in the literary output of recent years, considerable anxiety has been felt by librarians and others as to the possibility of keeping pace with such conditions, both in the additions to their stock of books and in the provision of adequate catalogues and other guides for the use of their readers. In the course of the discussion and controversy arising on these matters considerable attention has been directed to the question of Subject Indexes, and many valuable suggestions have been made, although as yet little has been effected with general literature, beyond giving the author and subject entries of the books.

The Subject Index may be divided into two classes—the one referring to the main subject of a book or work, which is generally set forth upon its title-page ; the other to the contents of a work which are not apparent from its title and are rarely noted in an ordinary catalogue. Taken singly or individually it will be found that almost every work published in these days, exclusive perhaps of prose fiction, gives not only a clear announcement of its main subject on the title-page, but also a description of its contents, often carefully arranged under subject headings, either in a list of contents or an index.

General indexes in connexion with special publications already exist—e.g., those of the *Edinburgh Review*, "Notes and Queries," "Encyclopædia Britannica," and *The Times*; but it is rare that any attempt has been made to collect such indexes together and form one general and universal index. No doubt the principal and most comprehensive work of the kind is the "American Index to Periodicals," founded by H. Poole, late librarian of Chicago, and the "American Library Association Index to General Literature," useful chiefly in connexion with American books. Miss Hetherington's "*Review of Reviews Index to Periodicals*" is also a most valuable and greatly appreciated work, and recently an "Index to German Periodicals," chiefly scientific, has been published. Minor attempts, useful to a limited circle, have been made in the catalogues of various libraries, among which may be named those of the Newcastle (first edition), Dundee, and Guille-Allés Libraries.

If the value of such limited indexes is obvious, how much would this be enhanced if some system could be devised by which a national encyclopædic index to the main contents of all suitable works could be compiled and classified under the various subjects dealt with. The reader and the student would then not be confined to the special works on any subject, but would be guided to an immense field of information now practically closed to him. This contention will be better understood and appreciated by a reference to Miss Hetherington's Index or to a Contents Subject Index of General Literature, now being issued in parts by the Public Library authorities of West Ham. Although this latter is but a drop in the ocean it may suffice as a humble illustration of what grand results might be attained by

a universal index. For those of your readers who are not able to refer to the above works, such an extract as the following from the West Ham Index may be sufficiently illustrative :—

GLASGOW (*Largest City in Scotland, noted for the variety and importance of its industries, especially shipbuilding*).

"A MODEL MUNICIPALITY"—*Fortnightly Review*, vol. 57, 1895.

ART COLLECTIONS OF GLASGOW—*Art Journal*, vol. 45, 1893.

ART IN GLASGOW—*Art Journal* (n.s.), 1890. *Harper's Magazine*, vol. 29 (n.s.), 1895.

GLASGOW IN 1844—Kohl's *Ireland, Scotland, and England*, 1844.

GLASGOW IN 1876—Doran's *Our Great Towns*, 1878.

GOVERNMENT OF GLASGOW—*Progressive Review*, vol. 1, 1896-7.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE ON GLASGOW—*Pearson's Magazine*, vol. 1, 1896.

MITCHELL LIBRARY STATISTICS—*Knowledge*, vol. 4, 1883.

OLD COLLEGE AT GLASGOW—*Macmillan's Magazine*, vol. 69, 1893-4.

OLD GLASGOW—*Antiquary*, vol. 2, 1880. *Good Words*, vol. 37, 1896.

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY MANAGEMENT—*Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. 2, 1817-18.

WATER SUPPLY—*Chambers' Journal*, vol. 73, 1896.

YOUNG MEN OF GLASGOW—*The Young Man*, vol. 10, 1896.

GENERAL—*Baedeker's Guide to Great Britain*, v.d. *Black's Guide to Scotland*, v.d. *Chambers' Journal*, vol. 15, 1851, and vol. 72, 1895. *Hawthorne's Notes in England and Italy*, 1869. *Hodder's Cities of the World*, 1883-4. *Land We Live In*, vol. 3, 1853. *Stables' Cruise of the Land Yacht "Wanderer,"* 1886. *Stowe's Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands*, 1854.

With a more extensive index it would be advisable to classify the references belonging to each subject.

Although for the purposes of illustrating the matter before us it is sufficient to refer to the above English Indexes, it is but fair in this connexion again to call attention to the American Indexes and to state that, in addition to those previously mentioned, there are several others of minor importance, and that some of their library catalogues are, in themselves, very valuable indexes, not only to the main subjects of the books, but also to their contents. It is a pleasure to make this acknowledgment, and it is to be hoped that when next their *Library Journal* comments upon our attempts to emulate their enterprise, they will at least give us credit for our good intentions.

To make such a work of general value, it is needless to say, would be a task of gigantic dimensions and only possible of accomplishment by co-operative effort, such as that in connexion with Poole's Index, but to a much greater extent. Various methods or plans are suggested as a basis upon which the work could be undertaken, from which the following might be selected, if found practicable, as the one likely to produce the best and greatest results :—

1. The Government, through the British Museum, or, failing this, the Library Association or some other important literary society, to undertake the work.

2. Only contemporary literature to be indexed, as a rule. A selection, however, might be made from English classics.

3. Every living author to be notified of this work, either directly or through the publishers, and requested to furnish a synopsis of each of his books, except works of fiction, prior to publication. If this could be done through the publishers greater returns would result. At the worst, it appears certain that the majority of authors would respond; in most cases out of sympathy with such an undertaking, in a few possibly because of the advertisement their works would receive. It might be found worth while to publish an index volume to historical and topical novels.

4. Considering the immense number of new books published each year, the index should be an annual one and be divided under subjects—i.e., the many volumes of index which even one year's literary work would require should be divided into, say, one for literature, one for biography, one for history, one for science, or even for each branch of science if sufficient matter to require it, one for travel and topography, &c.

5. The whole of the work to be carried through by a body of experts under the direction of one chief editor.

By the above plan the following advantages would be secured :—The labour would be greatly minimized by its division among so many hands; the character of the references in any work, being

given by its own author, would be accurate and reliable; and, last but not least, the work would be within the reach of every one, as the volume representing any particular subject could be purchased separately, while the whole index series would be available free of charge at most of our Public Libraries.

There are, of course, other plans, which, however, do not present such probabilities of success except where the scope of the work is considerably reduced. It is rather a melancholy reflection that, although possessing the richest literature in the world, we evince so little disposition to enlighten the public as to the vast stores of hidden treasure which exist in our libraries, and await but the "Open Sesame" of the Subject Index to unfold themselves to the entranced and astonished gaze of the artist, the man of science, and the *littérateur*. It does seem a strange anomaly that until recently the only general indexes to the contents of English books and periodicals should have been compiled and published in America, and consequently that an Englishman wishing to collect all the information possible on any subject from English books can only do so by referring to a great extent to the indexes provided by another country. It is, however, to be sincerely hoped that for the honour of our librarians and men of letters this will not continue much longer, but that a movement will be inaugurated for the publication of an English index which shall, like most other English productions and enterprises, be excelled by none.

FICTION.

No. 5, John Street. By Richard Whiteing. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 337 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 6/-

No one who had read "The Island: The Adventures of a Person of Quality" could fail to anticipate with genuine interest a new book by Mr. Richard Whiteing. It is eleven years since that brilliant and vivid study convinced many that they had found a new writer of unquestionable individuality. A second book from the same pen has come at last, and "No. 5, John Street" seems to us in many ways an abler and finer achievement. The title is not attractive, though when the reader has finished the story, "No. 5, John Street" seems the inevitable title. The idea of a sociological study in the guise of fiction is still less alluring, for rare, indeed, have been the successes in this particular literary genre, but we have read the book with increasing admiration. Mr. Whiteing has a mordant, epigrammatic style which suits well a narrative such as "No. 5, John Street," but it is the genial humour, the urbane yet trenchant satire, and the real humanity of his romance which will most commend it to the general reader.

The story is the personal narrative of a man of fortune who voluntarily accepts the life of the extreme poor in a swarming metropolitan region, lives their life without knowledge of any of his friends, and in complete disguise, as a wage-earner or (as he soon discovers) as a pittance-earner. The average daily existence of the civic "riff-raff" has been as closely observed by Mr. Whiteing as by Mr. Arthur Morrison, but with greater width and a more harmonious vision. This becomes evident when the contrast comes of those chapters wherein are depicted scenes as different from No. 5, John Street, as can be imagined. For the "hero" goes back for a time to his old life, to return for a time, later, to ill-smelling, ill-living John Street, and the men and women whom he has come to know and sympathize with. He goes back with an awakened mind, with quickened thought. It is no restricted faculty that can so surely depict types so distinct as Sir Marmaduke Ridler and his Beau-Brummel of a son, Seton; the genial ruffian, Low Covey (with his delightful bird-warbling weakness); the Piccadilly Amazonian flower-seller, Tilda, and her frailer comrade, Nance; Atkinson, the valet, and Conroy, the slum missionary; Azrael, the horrible anarchist, and the overwhelmingly vulgar, but saintly, and, in a sense, winning, Salvation lass.

On the deeper problems indicated we need not say more than that they are disclosed by one who obviously has long pondered

them, and is possessed by their immediate and pressing significance. Mr. Richard Whiteing, in fact, has written a work which must make every thinking man and woman who may read it pause and consider. There are things greater than literary achievement, and Mr. Whiteing, who has achieved so much, owes his success to that knowledge.

The fact that *YOUNG LIVES*, by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne (Arrowsmith, 6s.), is strictly autobiographical and is, indeed, rather a volume of reminiscences than anything else, must, we suppose, be ignored by the critic; even though it may account for what might seem to him imperfections in the story—a certain looseness in the plot and a reluctance to paint some of the characters too closely. Without pressing these criticisms too far, and dropping all preconceptions, we find this book very delightful reading. It tells the story of "young lives" in a manufacturing town in the north, nurtured within the narrow circle of commercial nonconformity, and rebelling, in their youthful ardour for art, letters, and a fuller life, against the chill routine of business, and the dullness of domestic Puritanism. The stages of their revolt, their aspirations—crude, yet so fresh and buoyant—their loves, their wanderings in the world of art and letters, are told with an easy, descriptive charm. And the description loses nothing by a ready recognition of human sympathies even among those who know no æsthetic life. The disillusionment felt by the young North Country poet on his first visit to London is well told. In an idle hour on a sunny morning after his first night in the Metropolis he had bought some flowers in the Strand and laid them on Goldsmith's grave in the Temple. In the evening he attends an "At home" at his publishers, where the "wits" assemble, and he sees curious types and hears talk of Mallarmé, of Celtic legend, of "strange sins" and of secret societies.

He considered that he had inherited the hard-won gains of the Rationalists. But he came to London and found young men, feebly playing with the fire of that Romanism which he regarded as at once the most childish and the most dangerous of all intellectual obsessions. In an age of great biologists and electricians, he came upon children prettily talking about fairies and the philosopher's stone. In one of the greatest ages of English poetry, he came to London to find young English poets falling on their knees to the metrical mathematicians of France. In the great age of Democracy, a fool had come and asked him if he were not a supporter of the House of Stuart, a Jacobite of Charades. But only once had he heard the name of Milton . . . and never once had he heard the voice of simple human feeling, nor heard one speak of beauty, simply, passionately, with his heart in his mouth; nor of love with his heart upon his sleeve. Much cleverness, much learning, much charm, there had been, but he had missed the generous human impulses. No one seemed to be doing anything because he must. These were pleasant eddies, dainty with lilies, and curiously starred water-grasses; but the great warm stream of English literature was not flowing here.

As he neared his hotel, he thought of his morning visit to Goldsmith's tomb, and tenfold he repented the little half-sneer with which he had bought the flowers. In a boyish impulse he rang the Temple bell, and found his way again to the lonely corner. His flowers were lying there in the moonlight, and again he read, "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith." "Forgive me, Goldy," he murmured. "Well may men bring you flowers, for you wrote not as those, yonder. You wrote for the human heart."

This unschooled and unaffected taste for good literature is, we are afraid, a flower hard to find and worth preserving when found. Mr. Le Gallienne has in this book a very congenial theme, and he never drops into any of the faults of taste which sometimes marred "The Quest of the Golden Girl." There is a note of wide sympathy and of enduring human affection all through it, and it shows to advantage the writer's peculiar gift—that of clothing with an idyllic grace even the most prosaic characters and situations.

There are some points in the character and artistic history of *RUPERT ARMSTRONG*, by O. Shakespeare (Harper, 6s.), which suggest that the hero is intended as a portrait. The story is one

of considerable merit, dealing with a daughter's devotion to her father, of her devotion to his higher and better self as an artist, and of her long and futile struggle to help him to recover his lost ideal. A sincere and felt piece of work, well realized and very well written.

LOVE AND OLIVIA, by Margaret B. Cross (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.), is so called on account of "the sentimental troubles of a clever woman." But these troubles are treated anything but sentimentally. In fact, the author has a pronounced sense of humour, and we laugh with her behind the scenes at the entirely useless conscientiousness of her wrongly assorted pair of lovers, knowing that she will extricate them in her own time. Olivia is an essentially modern heroine, with a saving femininity behind her learning and earnestness of purpose. The man she feels bound to marry is awed by her superiority, and prefers the frivolous type of rosebud girl to a lady lecturer on the classics. The man she *does* marry, on the other hand, loves her for the ordinary lovable young woman whom he divines behind the lecturer. It is a charming novel.

Mr. William J. Locke's novels, "At the Gate of Samaria" and "Derelicts," cause one to look with interest towards any new work from his pen. *IDOLS* (Lane, 6s.) is almost melodramatic, but the characters are too skilfully drawn to be called stagey. An imbroglio of perjury, secret marriage, murder, almost takes the reader's breath away, and just as we have begun to understand the characters they act quite inconsistently with our idea of them, just as if they were real people. A trifle more attention to the probabilities would have made the book more convincing, and though the style is admirably firm and clear the author is always too busy with his next *coup de théâtre* to brighten his effects with the humour and comedy which jostle the melodramatic in every-day life. Sound as Mr. Locke's work is, we feel sure he could give us a still more powerful study of social comedy.

A MAYFAIR MARRIAGE (Grant Richards, 6s.), by Grammont Hamilton, is an unusually entertaining novel written in a frank and original manner. It relates the experiences of Sappho, the gifted, newly-married wife of a young lawyer, and presents us with many cleverly-drawn pictures of people and many humorous situations. It might be described as "Affinities" up-to-date, and "Grammont Hamilton" as the Mrs. Campbell Praed of the 'eighties with an added subtlety, and with humour—that salt which is too often left out of the dish. Now that novels are so often grey in tone, it is agreeable to come across a book like "A Mayfair Marriage." There are carelessly-written passages, and the style is sometimes slipshod, but it is throughout light, witty, and clever.

Mrs. Alexander occupies a respectable place in what we may, perhaps, describe as the superficial school of English novelists. She discovers no new psychological truths, and devises no impressive situations; but she has the knack of stringing incidents together so that a reader with no more serious occupation in hand is lured on pleasantly from page to page. Her latest story, *BROWN, V.C.* (Unwin, 6s.), has the true ring of melodrama. As Japhet went through life in search of a father, so Brown goes through life in search of a mother. Ultimately he finds her under somewhat sensational circumstances. Having won his honourable decoration by an act of gallantry, he is introduced to the wife of his general. The lady recognizes him as her long lost son (though the general is not his long lost father). It turns out that he is a Viscount, and he marries and lives happily ever afterwards. One can say, without fear of contradiction, that "if people like this sort of thing, this is the sort of thing that they will like."

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton calls his novel, *THE GLAMOUR OF THE IMPOSSIBLE* (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.), "an improbability," but it is not so distinctly so as many modern stories. Mabel Jefferies falls in love with an artist, Hartley Fennel, and seven young gentlemen from Colonel Wauchope's army cramming establishment fall in

love with her. Then Mabel finds that Fennel is married and the seven young gentlemen find that they have been made fools of. The story is fragile, but contains a good deal of clever work in the character sketches of the seven lovers and of Mabel herself. All that happens takes place between Mabel's first and second dance :—

With her first dance a girl knows what must be her particular line in life. If she is rushed at, gazed at wordlessly by everything male, she may adopt the petulant-majestic. If she is only danced with under protest, and is obliged to sit out the latter halves of waltzes with men "whose wind isn't so good as it used to be," the kindly-sweet is her rôle. If, after the preamble round with her hostess's son, she blossoms into a wallflower, then it must be the shocked-religious. The book may incur the charge of flippancy, but we prefer to call it gay and amusing.

Much may be forgiven to the author who produces a captivating heroine. In *THE DEAR IRISH GIRL* (Smith, Eldor, 6s.) there is, however, little need for forgiveness; it is throughout bright and wholesome, pleasantly written, and with that knowledge of Irish life and character which we have a right to expect from Mrs. Tynan-Hinkson. Biddy O'Connor is a delightful Irish girl indeed. The story is very slight. It has neither an involved plot nor any wealth of exciting incident; it might almost be called a novel reduced to its simplest terms. We have love at first sight, the customary obstacle, and the happy ending. There is little or nothing else, and yet the result is as charming a book as any one need wish to read, which only proves that the most ordinary love story, delicately handled, has a perennial interest. There is something old-fashioned about Mrs. Tynan-Hinkson's method which invests her work with a certain gracefulness none too common in these days. The characters, too, are pleasant companions; there are no villains, unless we except a rather sour-tempered aunt and a suitor who might be considered somewhat pertinacious. It is true that young Maurice O'Hara errs a little on the side of perfection—he is a lady novelist's hero—but he is a good fellow for all that. The Irish servants are admirable.

Mr. Joseph Jacobs has written a long and interesting introduction to the present issue of Adelbert Chamisso's classic *PETER SCHLEMIHL, THE SHADOWLESS MAN* (Geo. Allen, 6s.), in which he states that this queer work may claim to be one of the few imaginative books containing a clearly new symbolic incident.

It is [he says] the distinction of "Peter Schlemihl" to possess an entirely novel plot. . . . None who has read the book will ever forget the shrinking of the old women and the little boys and the beloved from the man without a shadow. . . . The incident of rolling up Peter's shadow and packing it away invariably recurs to any one who has read the book, and, at the same time, conveys a sense that there is more in the action than mere phantasy.

This is the main point of Chamisso de Boncourt's rather weak, and, towards the end, slightly tedious work. Writing between the days of Jena and the retreat from Moscow, he suffered the full weight of that wave of sentimentality which flooded literature with the coming of the romantic school.

"Schlemihl" has been translated into many languages, often more than once. There have been three editions in English, one by William Howitt, a second by Sir John Bowring, and the third, which appeared in Burns' Novelist Series in 1844, is the one at present reproduced, with certain modifications. Bowring's version was illustrated by George Cruikshank, whose peculiarly semi-grotesque style seems most admirably suited to the weird story. The present volume is illustrated by Sir Philip Burne-Jones, who appears to be devoting himself to black-and-white work. At present he is unaccomplished in this branch of art, such a drawing as that facing page 44 "Fanny perceived only her own shadow before us," cannot be said to adorn this otherwise agreeably prepared edition.

In *TOM TUFTON'S TOLL*, by Evelyn Everett-Green (Nelson, 3s. 6d.), Tom Tufton is a hero of the good old style—handsome,

insouciant, and an outlaw, with a kindness for every woman, and an honest sweetheart of his own. When the cart is taking him to Tyburn our shudder is but a shudder of courtesy; for the black horse that is pulled up on its haunches, while its rider flourishes the reprieve, was expected by us with calm certainty. No author would draw Tom Tufton and then let him hang.

The subject of Mrs Aylmer Gowing's story, *A TOUCH OF THE SUN* (Burleigh, 6s.), is the marriage of an English girl to an Indian Prince, and she is at great pains to show the difference between Oriental and European ideas as regards matrimony. The book has little merit. The plot is somewhat forced, and it is often difficult to see any adequate motive for the action.

Books intended for young people ought not, perhaps, to refer to earthquakes as "seismic disturbances," but that is the only fault to be found with Mrs. George Corbett's *LITTLE MISS ROBINSON CRUSOE* (Pearson, 3s. 6d.). It is a bright story of a brave girl who took a boat and put to sea, and was lost in a fog, and was picked up by an "outward bound," and was wrecked on a tropical shore, and had many other equally satisfactory adventures.

IN *THE SHADOW OF THE HILLS*, by Alison McLean (Warne, 3s. 6d.), is as pleasant as everything else written by the author of "Quiet Stories from an Old Woman's Garden." These are some more "quiet stories" of village folk and their love affairs, told with a tenderness and pathos that remind one of Miss Mary Wilkins, and very seldom fall into sentimentality. The book has a frontispiece worth framing—a little October landscape by C. T. Davidson.

THE STORY OF NANNO, by Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert) (Grant Richards, 6s.), is a very simple and pathetic one. Workhouse life is grimly drawn by Lady Gilbert, whom the Dublin Workhouse system would seem to have impressed very painfully. When, later on, Nanno gains an honest standing in the working world for both herself and her child, we are half inclined to regret the scruples that prevent her from accepting the married happiness offered her. She is a dignified and touching figure, and her tale is worth reading.

A WORLD BEWITCHED (Harper, 6s.), by Mr. James M. Graham, is a novel for the leisured reader in a country house. Notwithstanding its attractive title, and a plentiful supply of enchanters, magicians, werewolves, and witches brought to rough justice, its romantic period, its picturesque High Pyrenees, its Basques and its French, it is a little dull to those who already know their Scott and their Dumas. The story enacts itself at the end of the reign of Henri Quatre, when the faith in witchcraft was widely spread, and the persecutions vied in horrors with those of the Spanish Inquisition. There are many very wicked people in the book, who harass the innocent and beautiful, but towards the end Henri comes upon the scene and helps the fortunes of those who have gained our sympathy, and aids in the punishment of the evil-doers. Although occasionally tedious, Mr. Graham has no small feeling for picturesque drama.

HISTORICAL NOVELS.

THE SCOURGE OF GOD, by John Bloundelle-Burton (Clarke, 6s.), deals as much in hard knocks and heroic deeds as "The Clash of Arms" and the author's other novels, and is certainly no less readable. "Scourge of God" is a title which has been given to more than one character in history. This time it applies to Louis XIV. The story is described as a romance of religious persecution. It keeps very closely to historical fact, the sequence of events alone being occasionally altered to suit the plot. The opening chapter, which brings in Mme. de Maintenon, the "woman famous and fatal," and describes the deathbed of the old Princesse de Rochebazon, is among the most effective in the book, none of which is dull.

Mr. R. W. Chambers has chosen a poor title for his latest book, yet *ASHES OF EMPIRE* (Macmillan, 6s.) is well worth reading. In many respects it resembles "The Red Republic," the scene in both being laid in Paris at the close of the Franco-Prussian War. The resemblance is due partly to the author's

method. Thin slices of a double love story are sandwiched in between hunks of historical narrative. The picture of the doomed city, rent by contending factions, while the Prussian shells are bursting in the streets and famine is blanching the faces of its inhabitants, is excellent, but while we would stay to watch it our conductor hurries us off to witness a little domestic drama played in a bird shop where two American war correspondents have come to lodge. The author's fantastic humour crops up in the most unexpected places, but it is when describing battles that he is seen at his best. "Ashes of Empire" will sustain his reputation.

Mr. William Westall follows his successful novel of the Tyrolean struggles for liberty, "With the Red Eagle," by a second vivid piece of work dealing with the characters and history of the rebellion. A RED BRIDAL (Chatto and Windus, 6s.) is intended to form a supplement rather than a sequel to the former romance, completing the story of the fight for the Fatherland. The book is dedicated to the memory of Andreas Hoffer, who is, of course, the main figure in Mr. Westall's picture. Apart from the excellent study of this hero's character, and the general picture of an unusually interesting historic period, the novel tells the love story of Janet Arnheim and her Bavarian soldier, Von Waldersee. All who enjoyed "With the Red Eagle" will find continued pleasure in reading Mr. Westall's latest book.

THE NEW MEREDITH.

The new edition of the "revised Merediths," which we have noticed as the volumes came from Messrs. Constable, has been completed. The last four volumes are:—"One of our Conquerors," with an interesting drawing by Mr. William Hyde, a view northward from London Bridge; two volumes of the "Poems," and "Lord Ormont and his Aminta," with a carefully designed illustration by Mr. J. Leslie Brooke. As we have previously said, this edition practically amounts to a second issue, at the lower price of 6s., of the *edition de luxe* published last year; the revisions in the novels are the same, and the arrangement of the poems is almost so. The two volumes of verse, while giving the bulk of Mr. Meredith's poems from the publication of "Modern Love," in 1862, to "Jump to Glory Jane," in 1892, and later works, do not include the poems written in early youth, and the so-called "Scattered Poems," which are to be found in the *de luxe* edition.

The popularity of Mr. Meredith's novels hardly extends to his poems. Landor wrote of another poet:—"Tho' hemp and flax and cotton are stronger for being twisted, verses and intellects certainly are not . . ." and there are poems in these two stout volumes of Mr. Meredith's verse which would be more beautiful if they possessed the quality of simplicity which gave "Modern Love" and "Love in the Valley" so much distinction. Now that the poems are published in so pleasant a form many more people will, perhaps, appreciate them. One might fairly invite the doubtful reader to approach them in the words of the opening lines of the author's poem, "The Woods of Westernmain":—

Enter these enchanted woods,
You who dare.
Nothing harms beneath the leaves
More than waves a swimmer cleaves.
Toss your heart up with the lark,
Foot at pace with mouse and worm,
Fair you fare.
Only at a dread of dark
Quaver, and they quit their form;
Thousand eyeballs under hoods
Have you by the hair.
Enter these enchanted woods,
You who dare.

The poems are also illustrated by Mr. Hyde—the first with a delicate and graceful drawing of Flint Cottage, Boxhill, where Mr. Meredith has lived so long; and the second with a sketch of the *chalet* in the garden where so many of his later works have been written. As a whole, this edition, reasonable in price and unpretentious but satisfactory in type and outward appearance, may well be said to be worthy of the remarkable series of works which we owe to the genius of Mr. Meredith.

Correspondence.

CANADIAN COPYRIGHT. TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The Canadian Authors' Society, of which Mr. Ross, the Minister of Education for the province of Ontario, is the chairman and I am the honorary president, has been formed specially for the purpose of arriving at a settlement of the copyright question. Pending its deliberations, I feel under some restraint in expressing my individual opinion.

I may say, however, that there are two points on which in giving my adhesion to any proposal I should personally be inclined to insist.

One is that the question should be treated as Imperial and settled by an Imperial Statute, the special requirements of Canada and the other colonies being, of course, fully and respectfully considered. I can see nothing in this that would conflict with any reasonable theory of Canadian self-government. "Sovereign right," which some have claimed for Canada in this matter, she cannot have in any matter so long as she remains in the Imperial connexion. Her constitution is embodied in an Imperial Act of Parliament subject to alteration only by the same authority.

My second point is that there should not be a "manufacturing clause" requiring a book for which copyright is sought to be set up in the colony for the benefit of colonial printers. That such a provision, sacrificing as it does the universal interest of literature and science to those of a mechanical and local trade, should have been allowed to form a part of the arrangement between Great Britain and the United States has always seemed to me unfortunate, notwithstanding the measure of justice conceded by the arrangement to British authors.

As to any special provisions which may be deemed necessary on account of the peculiar circumstances of our Canadian publishers I cannot pretend to offer an opinion. I am not familiar enough with the subject to foresee the practical working of any particular enactment. For my own part, I must confess that I have always failed to understand very clearly why all that was necessary could not be done by private contract or arrangement. However, I leave this part of the matter entirely to the experts. I can only say, let justice be done.

You need, I think, have no fear of popular excitement in Canada on the subject. Nothing of the kind has appeared, or, so long as Canadian interests receive respectful attention, is it at all likely to appear.

Very truly yours,

March 6, 1899.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE FIELD FOR MODERN VERSE. TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the number of *Literature* for Feb. 25 I read some allusions to a "field for modern verse," discovered by Mr. Phillips, as to which I beg leave to say a word, which, perhaps, few of your contributors have an equal right to speak. I have always been an interested reader of the mystics, and when Spiritism became the subject of public interest in America, nearly fifty years ago, I entered into a careful and patient investigation of it, lasting for several years, during which I witnessed certain phenomena which, for singularity and difficulty of explanation, are unrivalled by anything I have heard of from the "circles" which pretend to dispense "Light" on the existence of disembodied intelligences. And, in the course of these studies, I became a member for two winters of the circle presided over by Judge Edmonds, the most authoritative

exponent of Spiritism in America in those days, and was a nightly auditor of the "communications made through trance or by the governed hand" most of which are preserved for the enlightenment of a sympathetic public in the Proceedings of the circle, the most notable of them being signed "Swedenborg" or "Bacon." Gammon there was, but nothing resembling the flavour of the Verulam article; and the net result of my most conscientious studies was, firstly, that there was no ground for disputing the actuality of the intervention of disembodied intelligences, independent of the control of any of the persons present, visibly, at the sittings; and, secondly, that, without a single exception, the subject-matter communicated "through trance or by the governed hand" was the most trivial and, generally, silly and brainless stuff ever put into words. I did not hear, from all the mediums I ever listened to, a single word which could in any verification be considered worthy serious study, or which conveyed an idea of the state of things after death beyond the induction of the most ordinary intellect, existence after death being premised.

A learned Greek professor in one of the New England universities wrote a book on the subject which he entitled "Apocatastasis," and in which he ransacked the ancient records for notes on the oracles; and in one of these notes he quotes a description of the manner in which Apollo produces the oracle. It is too long since I saw it for me to repeat the *ipsisima verba*, but the process was simple. The Pythoness being reduced to a state of coma, the God applies a divine pressure to her skull, and under it the brain yields certain forms of speech which were considered as a kind of "brain-dribble," and noted down, being afterward interpreted by authority. I observed in the circle that our Pythonesses, and the males of the species, seemed to abandon themselves to a sort of brain-dribble, and decided to invoke mentally the state of mind which I was witness of. In the contagion of the nevroism I gave myself up to whatever I might feel prompted to say, and in the course of a few minutes I felt a disposition to talk, and gave utterance to all that came to my tongue, without the slightest attempt to regulate grammar or sense. My "communication" was taken down in shorthand, and printed in the Proceedings of the circle as an inspiration, but on reading it I was compelled to admit that it was the greatest nonsense I had ever been responsible for,—pure "brain-dribble." Nor have I ever heard in the circles, or from a medium, anything more valuable, and I think that any man of fluent speech could talk such stuff, or better, by the hour without thinking of what he was saying. The quality of the dribble depends, I suppose, on that of the brain, and perhaps mine is inferior; but I never heard in the circles anything but arrant rubbish. The case of Thomas Lake Harris, to which you allude, is not an exception. Harris wrote poetry before his illumination which, I have heard Lowell say, was better than anything he wrote under "inspiration."

The scientific world, with the few brave exceptions we know, commits a grave error in ignoring the subject of spiritism, dismissing it as imposture because there is so much imposture in it. A careful and impartial investigator would very soon convince himself that it has a basis of scientific fact. The unscientific investigator, examining the evidence, becomes convinced, promptly rejects the conclusions of science, and falls an easy prey to the charlatans and speculators who take the place of scientists to him, and he drifts into the dreary realm of mediumistic "religious" teaching, and swallows as "inspiration" the wash of the circles. If indeed Mr. Phillips is in that vein, I advise him to read Swedenborg, in one section of whose "Heaven and Hell" there is more "field for modern verse" than in all the stuff of all the circles and mediums in England. But Harris and Laurence Oliphant are luminous examples of what superior intellects may come to, dabbling in the lore that lies in "communications made through trance or by the guided hand." From this source I have seen nothing wiser or better than Stead's letters from Julia, which tell us absolutely nothing not known before.—Yours truly,
W. J. STILLMAN.
Condercum, W. Bournemouth.

AN AMATEUR HERALD.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—As you did me the honour to print my letter in your last number (though as you state that "almost every direct statement in the letter is incorrect" I am at a loss to understand why you wasted type upon it), perhaps you will allow me to explain the sources of the errors with which you charge me.

1. I have it on the authority of one of the Heralds, and, in my opinion, the most distinguished member of the College, that grants of Arms prior to the Commonwealth were *not* recorded in the Heralds' College. No doubt your reviewer is better informed that he is, but a mere amateur may be pardoned for accepting information on such authority.

2. If every man on being created a Peer or Baronet is not bound either to prove his right to bear Arms or else take out a fresh grant (as I have always understood he is bound to do by an unrepealed statute of Geo. II.), why when a near relative of my own was created a Baronet four years ago did the authorities compel him to take out a fresh grant, although his family have borne arms since the beginning of Heraldry, and why did they refuse to publish his name in the *Gazette* until he did so? This is certainly a matter which requires looking into.

3. If, instead of flatly contradicting me, you care to give me the opportunity, I shall be happy to prove to you that, absurd or otherwise, it has been given in a Court of law that a man may adopt any heraldic device he likes, and after using it for "a certain time," which the Judge did not specify, it becomes *bona fide* his own. If the decision is in your opinion "slightly absurd," at any rate attribute its absurdity to its author and not to me.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

March 18th, 1899.

Y. Z.

[*] (1) Any member of the College of Arms must be well aware that a large proportion of the Arms recorded there are those which were granted between the reigns of Richard III. and Charles II., the period during which, as "Y.Z." states, no such records were kept. "X." in "The Right to Bear Arms" gives one of these grants, dated 1569, in full as a specimen, and the transcript of it exists in the College, together with numbers of others. (2) Although in both his letters "Y.Z." joins Peers and Baronets in the same obligation, if he will read our note again, he will see that we refer *only* to Peers—who certainly need not register Arms or pedigree—and not at all to Baronets, who may, as our correspondent avers, be authoritatively required to do so. (3) "Y.Z." states that a rule of Court exists to the effect of his declaration, but omits to show what authority or jurisdiction such Court possessed to make such a rule. "The Right to Bear Arms," in our opinion, very clearly demonstrates that the ordinary Law Courts do not possess any of the necessary jurisdiction to deal with such matters, which are—it is shown—dealt with otherwise by the full authority of the Crown.]

PETRARCH'S LIBRARY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The statement in your "Notes" of last week that the 24 MSS. announced to be sold at Sotheby's on April 14 are from the library of Petrarch ought to be received with caution by collectors. The writer of the note does not give a full list; but the mere fact that those mentioned are nearly all by ecclesiastical writers, and that there is not a single classical text among them, is, to say the least of it, curious. It is notorious that there are numerous MSS., professing to be from the library of Petrarch, both in public and private collections; and it is only in recent years that palæographical criticism has advanced sufficiently far to distinguish the true from the false. The leading authorities are M. Pierre de Nolhac and M. Leopold Delisle. The former, in his learned work, "*Petrarque et l'Humanisme*," after speaking of the many MSS. supposed to be from Petrarch's library, adds:—

Ces indications méritent la plus grande défiance; celles même qui se recommandent d'une tradition du XVI^e siècle n'en offrent pas pour cela plus de l'autorité . . . pour

celles qui s'appuient sur d'autres renseignements, il fait ne point perdre de vue la vanité complaisante des bibliophiles, les habitudes de supercherie qui ont régné longtemps parmi eux, enfin la facilité avec laquelle, en ce point, se créent les légendes. ("Petrarque et l'Humanisme," p. 95).

And in a note to the same page he says :--

Il y a une collection provenant de Guregnano, avec l'ex-libris "Fragmentum bibliotheca Petrarchæ," gravé par les soins des Chartreux de ce couvent, et sur laquelle Valentinelli donne détails (Biblioth. manuscripta ad St. Marc Venet. t. i., p. 10). Fr. Arigoni l'a décrite depuis dans sa "Notice hist. et bibliogr. sur 26 MSS.—ayant fait partie de la bibliothèque de F.P., dont l'un avec des notes autogr. du grand poète et les 24 autres probabl. ann. par lui," Milan, 1883. La préface répète les erreurs courantes sur le sujet. Tous les MSS. de Guregnano sont des ouvrages en usage dans les couvents ; il n'y a pas un seul ouvrage classique. Celui qui est d'une autre provenance . . . se trouve être un Silius Italicus écrit . . . au milieu du XV^e siècle !

I cannot help suspecting, though, unfortunately, I am unable to test the questions by reference to the works here quoted, that the collection soon to be on sale may be this very Guregnano collection. There is the same inscription "Fragmentum Bibliotheca Petrarchæ": and one of the MSS. contains Sunday sermons to the Carthusians, entitled, "Linterni Lectio pro Spiritualibus advenis." The villa of Petrarch, which he called "Linternum," was close to the Carthusian monastery of Guregnano.

May I add that the writer of your note is mistaken in saying that Petrarch's legacy of his books to Venice ever took effect, and that "there are yet some to be found in the Ducal Palace"? Modern criticism has proved that the books seen by Tommasini in the seventeenth century in the deplorable condition described were not from Petrarch's library; there is now only one MS. in Venice which is certainly an autograph—a copy of some of Petrarch's own letters.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

EDWARD H. R. TATHAM.

Authors and Publishers.

The first county history to appear in Messrs. Archibald Constable's series, which is designed to form a National Survey of England at the beginning of the twentieth century, will probably be that of Hampshire. The scale on which the series is to be may be judged from the fact that this will fill four large octavo volumes. These are partly ready now, and the histories of other counties are being prepared at the same time. The Victoria histories (as they will be called with the approval of her Majesty) promise to form a valuable up-to-date imitation of Domesday Book, giving, of course, an infinitely greater mass of information, and dealing with the past as well as the present.

The first part of the "Fauna Hawaiiensis, or the Zoology of the Sandwich Isles, being results of the explorations instituted by the joint Committee appointed by the Royal Society and the British Association, and carried on with the assistance of those bodies and of the Trustees of the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum at Honolulu," is about to be issued by Messrs. Clay. This work is published by the Committee and edited by their secretary, Mr. David Sharp, Curator in Zoology of the Museum at Cambridge. This fauna is of great interest on account of its being rapidly extirpated by the progress of cultivation and the introduction of foreign species which prey upon the original natives. The first part, containing 122 pages Royal 4to, two plates and a map, includes the Hymenoptera Aculeata (Bees, Wasps, and Ants), of which about 200 species, mostly undescribed, have been obtained, and is by Mr. R. C. L. Perkins.

The "Theatrical World" volumes, which Mr. William Archer has published for several years, will this year not appear. The work will, however, to some extent be incorporated with the collection of Mr. Archer's critical papers, literary and dramatic, that Mr. Grant Richards will publish during the Spring. The

present intention is to follow this up year by year, producing, as it were, a year-book of criticism, dealing with all that is most vital and most notable in the literary and theatrical history of 1898.

The eleventh volume in Mr. David Nutt's Grimm Library—"The Home of the Eddic Poems"—will contain a translation by Mr. William Henry Schofield of Professor Bugge's second series of "Studies on the Origin of the Scandinavian Stories of Gods and Heroes." The Professor has himself written a new introduction on the Old Norse Mythology. The same publisher announces a translation by Mr. J. Sephton of the "Saga of King Sverri of Norway," which, though composed in the thirteenth century, has never before appeared in English.

Many sporting people will be glad to know that a new edition of Dixon's "Game Birds and Wild Fowl of the British Islands" will be issued towards the latter part of this year. It will be illustrated with upwards of sixty coloured plates especially drawn for the edition by Mr. Charles Whympers.

M. Marcel Prévost is about to begin the publication in *Le Journal* of a new novel "Les Vierges Fortes," which will be, in a way, the counterpart of his famous "Les Demi-Vierges." The *Journal* in making this announcement says that the "strong virgins" in question are the girls of the future who in the social *mêlée* are seeking to make their way without the aid of man and without the preoccupation of love. "Feminist" problems have of late assumed much importance in France, a fact which accounts for the rise of writers like Mme. Jean Bertheroy, Mme. Lesueur, and others whose novels we have noted from time to time, and a revival of interest in George Sand. Economic considerations, questions of the *dot*, and the influence of cosmopolitanism in French society have offered to the French novelists a whole category of subjects which, faithful historians as they are, they are the first to treat.

A similar subject will be treated by MM. Paul and Victor Margueritte in their new novel, "Femmes Nouvelles," which will be published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, beginning on April 15. They will then have finished a series of studies on "feminist" questions, which they have contributed to the *Echo de Paris*, and they will substitute for them a new series entitled "Nos Idées." But they are still working on their second novel on the war of 1870, "Les Tronçons du Glaive," which is to form the continuation of "Le Désastre."

In view of the forthcoming production of *Robespierre* at the Lyceum there is to be a reprint of G. H. Lewes' book about the revolutionary leader. Danton, of whom two lives have just appeared—one by Mr. Hilary Belloc, the other by Mr. A. H. Beesly—does not figure in M. Sardou's drama. Nor does Marat, who has been introduced to playgoers in numerous pieces founded on the story of Charlotte Corday. The drama has an enormous cast, and is being mounted with Sir Henry Irving's usual magnificence. The translation has been done by Mr. Laurence Irving.

Messrs. Macmillan will issue immediately the thirty-fifth annual publication of "The Statesman's Year Book" for 1899, revised after official returns, and edited by Dr. Scott Keltie, Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society. The American war with Spain, the operations in the Sudan, the action of the European Powers in China have necessitated considerable alterations, and other modifications have been made. The maps include one of Africa, showing the railway, river routes, and telegraphs existing and projected; one of Newfoundland, illustrating the French Shore question; and one showing the addition on the Chinese Mainland to the colony of Hong-kong.

Messrs. William Blackwood are publishing a volume on "Holland and the Hollanders" by Mr. David S. Meldrum. The book is intended to give an account of the Dutch people of to-day—the present conditions, social and indus-

trial. The imperial and municipal methods of government, education, and the elaborate protective and draining system directed by the "Waterstaat" are dealt with in separate chapters, while one section treats in greater detail of the special interests of each of the eleven provinces. The work contains over eighty illustrations, chiefly from drawings by Dutch artists.

A tenth edition of Sir Howard Vincent's *Police Code* is about to be issued by Mr. Francis Edwards and Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., at 2s. It will be brought up to date both as to the criminal law and police practice, and will be preceded by addresses to the police by the Right Hon. Sir William Vernon Harcourt and Lord Brampton, as well as by prefaces by Sir Edward Bradford and Mr. Anderson, Commissioner of the Criminal Investigation Department, over which the author presided before entering Parliament.

Mr. Taylor Innes, the author of "*Law of Creeds*" and a *Manual on the History of Church and State*, has completed a monograph on the legal aspects of "*The Trial of Jesus Christ*." This twofold transaction (the most famous occasion on which two great systems of law, the Hebrew and the Roman, crossed each other) is presented as "probably the most interesting isolated problem in historical jurisprudence." Messrs. T. and T. Clark are the publishers.

M. Hanotaux, ex-Foreign Minister of France, and the historian of Richelieu, announces a volume on the superiority of the "Latin races," a question now very much exercising the Gallic mind. M. Brunetière, the other day at Lille, in a public lecture to the members of the League of the Patrie Française, which he founded with M. Barrès, returned to this all-absorbing theme. He, like M. Hanotaux, does not believe in the superiority of the "Anglo-Saxon."

Mr. Ernest Rhys is engaged upon a popular guide-book to South Wales, a district somewhat neglected by English tourists, in the preparation of which he is to have the aid of some notable collaborators. The volume will probably be published next year by Messrs. Woodall and Minshall.

M. François Coppée was at work on a volume of poetry when political events interrupted him. As soon as he can settle to work again he hopes to complete this book which he calls his "*Livre d'Automne*." M. Coppée has also two new plays in prospect. One will deal with the first Carlist war of 1832 and the other will show the conflict between the French society just created by the new dynasty in Vienna at the time of Wagram and that of the old régime.

We mentioned some time ago that "Lucas Malet" was stated to be at work upon an edition of her father, Charles Kingsley's works, similar to Mrs. Ritchie's biographical edition of Thackeray. Yet another edition of the kind is announced of the novels of the Brontës, with introductions by Mrs. Humphry Ward, to be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder.

Among the many interesting art books which are to appear here during this year we note that Messrs. Bell have in preparation a book on Botticelli, by Mr. Herbert P. Horne, whose work both as a designer and writer is well known; Mr. H. C. Marillier, who recently supplied the introduction to Mr. Lane's collection of Beardsley drawings, is writing a record of the life and work of Rossetti; Mr. P. H. Bate is preparing a book on the Pre-Raphaelite School: Mr. Walter Crane is following up his work on the Bases of Design with a book on "Line and Form." Mr. Prior is at work upon the fruitful subject of Gothic art in England. All these books are to be fully illustrated.

Messrs. Cassell will publish early in April "*The Life of William Ewart Gladstone*," edited by Sir Wemyss Reid, containing contributions by Canon MacColl, Mr. G. W. E. Russell, Mr. Henry W. Lucy, and others. The volume will be profusely illustrated.

The Rev. Henry L. Thomson, who was for so many years a well-known figure in Christchurch before he became Warden of Radley and subsequently Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, is, we understand, writing a memoir of the late Dr. Liddell. The

volume, which will be based upon the Dean's autobiography and correspondence, is to be published by Mr. Murray.

"Fiona Macleod," who, notwithstanding the inquiries of the curious, still veils her personality, will have a new book published in the course of the Spring by Messrs. Constable. It is to be entitled "*The Dominion of Dreams*" and is in three sections—Tales, with a modern setting; narratives of a purely psychological kind; and Tales with an old Celtic and pagan background. The greater part of the contents is published for the first time. The book has an epilogue entitled "*The Wind, the Shadow, and the Soul*." One of the longest stories in it, "*By the Yellow Moonrock*," is the essential part of a short book once announced as by "Fiona Macleod" and then called "*The Lily Leven*." With the exception of this story "*The Dominion of Dreams*" is more akin to "*The Washer of the Ford*" than any other of this author's work. She is also engaged on a book of a wholly distinct nature—viz., a Jacobite romance. In "*The Dominion of Dreams*" the writer has been occupied with the implicit drama of spiritual things, in the other with the explicit drama of actual things—events, actions, and externals.

Two new books by Mr. Bernard Capes will be published this year. Next month Messrs. Pearson will issue a book of short stories by the author of "*The Lake of Wine*," and in the autumn Messrs. Blackwood will have ready the novel to which we made reference last May.

"*The Philosophy of the Marquise*," a story in dialogue by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, will shortly be published by Mr. Grant Richards.

The *Clarion* for to-day contains the opening chapters of Tolstoy's new novel, "*Resurrection*," to which we referred the other day. The novel will be issued at the same time in French, German, and American papers, and will eventually be published by Messrs. Walter Scott.

A French paper announces that Queen Nathalie of Milan is at work on a novel. The work is said to be in part autobiographical, the scene being laid at Belgrade and Biarritz. The novel will be published in France probably some time this year.

Friedrich Spielhagen, whose seventieth birthday has just been celebrated in Germany, has completed a new novel, entitled "*Opfer*." The work appears first as a serial in several German newspapers.

Mr. S. R. Crockett's new book, "*A Woman of Fortune*," will be published in England by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. The same publishers are issuing sixpenny editions of Mr. Barrie's "*Window in Thrums*" and Ian Maclaren's "*Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*." These books are to be illustrated by Mr. William Hole.

Mr. B. L. Farjeon's new story, "*Samuel Boyd of Catchpole Square*," is being published by Messrs. Hutchinson. Miss Arabella Kenealy's new novel, "*A Semi-Detached Marriage*," will be published next month by the same publishers.

"George Egerton's" new book of stories entitled "*Cross Currents*" is postponed until the autumn. Messrs. Smithers will shortly bring out a translation by this lady of Hamsun's powerful work, "*Sult*," and she has also recently written a one-act play, which will probably be presented to the public before long.

The author of "*A Dozen Ways of Love*," Miss Lily Dougall, will shortly have her new novel, "*The Mormon Prophet*," published. In this work Miss Dougall follows very closely the main incidents in the life of Joseph Smith, founder of the Mormon sect.

Mrs. Penrose's new novel, "*The Fall of a Sparrow*," will shortly be ready for the press. She has also recently written a story of a child, but not for children, entitled "*Toddles: A Nuisance*."

Mr. Hamlin Garland, the realistic novelist of life in the West, is shortly to pay his first visit to England.

For Monday next Mr. Fisher Unwin announces a novel called "*Marguerite de Roberval*," by Mr. T. G. Marquis, a Canadian author.

Mrs. Bishop will have her new book, "The Yang-tze Valley and Beyond," published shortly by Mr. Murray. It recounts her journeys in Central and Western China.

The Syndics of the Cambridge University Press announce that the facsimile reproduction of the Codex Bezae will be published at Easter.

Messrs. Longman will publish Vol. II. of Sir William W. Hunter's "History of British India" in connexion with the centenary of the founding of the East India Company in the latter half of 1900.

Lord Roberts has written an introduction for "From Cromwell to Wellington—Twelve Soldiers" which Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen are publishing under the editorship of Mr. Spenser Wilkinson.

Mr. G. Holden Pike's "Oliver Cromwell and his Times" will be issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin in time for the Protector's Centenary celebration on April 25th.

Messrs. Methuen are about to publish two more volumes of their "History of Egypt"—"Ptolemaic Egypt," by Professor Mahaffy, and "Egypt Under Roman Rule," by Mr. J. G. Milne.

"The Church and Her Accusers at the Present Time" is to be the title of Canon Hammond's work, which Messrs. Skeffington will publish this season.

Dr. Robert Munro's "Prehistoric Scotland and its place in European Civilization" will shortly be issued by Messrs. Blackwood.

"Roman Life and the Cæsars" will be the title of Professor Emile Thomas' work which Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish here. M. Emile Faguet is preparing a "History of French Literature" in two large volumes.

The original issue of Mr. Bodley's "France" in two costly volumes was beyond the reach of most students, and as the book is one to buy and not merely to borrow, Messrs. Macmillan deserve thanks for bringing out a cheaper edition in one volume so soon.

"The Art of William Morris" will form the subject of the Easter number of the *Art Journal* to be published towards the end of the present month. The monograph will be written by Mr. Lewis F. Day, and will be illustrated by about fifty designs.

Mr. Fred. T. Jane's book on the Russian Navy will be published by Messrs. Thacker next autumn in two volumes with many illustrations. Some portions will appear serially—the technical parts in the *Engineer*, some pictorial and social matters in *Black and White*. Mr. Jane was recently invited to St. Petersburg by H.I.H. the Grand Duke Alexander. While there he was given permission to see all the dockyards, a courtesy which has not, we believe, been previously extended to any Englishman.

The "Histoire du Château de Versailles," which the Société d'Édition Artistique (rue Louis le Grand, 32-34) is to publish for M. Pierre de Nolhac, conservator of the Castle Museum and historian of Marie Antoinette, is now ready to be subscribed for at the price of 280 francs, and the cost of the two volumes after complete publication will be raised to 320 francs. Each fascicule will be sold at twenty francs.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.
The Cyclopædia of Home Arts. Ed. by Montague Marks. 104 x 8 in., xxiv. + 438 pp. London, 1899. Pearson. 7s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHICAL.
Life of Admiral Sir William P. Mordaunt, G.C.B., &c. By his Son, Bowen Stilon Mordaunt. 9 x 5 1/2 in., xvi. + 380 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 16s.

Tennyson. A Critical Study. By Stephen Gwynn. (Victorian Era Series.) 7 1/2 x 5 in., viii. + 234 pp. London, 1899. Blackie. 2s. 6d.

DRAMA.
D'Ennambue, Governor of St. Martinique. By Henry J. Smith (Wiesbaden). 2nd Ed. rev. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 125 pp. Birmingham, 1899. Cornish. 1s. n.

EDUCATIONAL.
Vergil, Æneid IX. Ed. by A. Sidgwick, M.A. (The Camb. Series for Schools, &c.) 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 112 pp. Cambridge, 1899. University Press. 1s. 6d.

Geometry for Young Beginners. By F. W. Sanderson. (The Camb. Series for Schools, &c.) 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 132 pp. Cambridge, 1899. University Press. 1s. 6d.

An Outline of the History of Educational Theories in England. By H. T. Mark. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 139 pp. London, 1899. Sonnenschein. 3s.

FICTION.
A Double Thread. By Eliza Thornycroft Fowler. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 376 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 6s.

A Daughter of the Vine. By Gertrude Atherton. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 300 pp. London, 1899. Service & Paton. 6s.

Young Lives. By Richard Le Gallienne. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 412 pp. Bristol, 1899. Arrowsmith. 6s.

Neil Haffenden. By Tighe Hopkins. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 396 pp. London, 1899. Chatto & Windus. 6s.

Professor Hieronimus. By Alice Stronach and G. B. Jacobs. Translated by Amalie Skram. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 320 pp. London, 1899. Lane. 6s.

The Doom of Siva. By T. W. Speight. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 290 pp. London, 1899. Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.

Shanghaied. By Frank Norris. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 233 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

Idylls of the Sea, and other Marine Sketches. By F. T. Bullen. F.R.G.S. xvi. + 296 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 6s.

The Fellow Passenger. By Rivington Pyke. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 132 pp. London, 1899. Greening. 6d.

The Sword of Fate. By Henry Herman. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 316 pp. London, 1899. Greening. 3s. 6d.

The Marble King. By Lillian Quiller Couch. 6 1/2 x 3 1/2 in., 178 pp. Bristol, 1899. Arrowsmith. 6d.

An Opera and Lady Grasmere. By Albert Kinross. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 200 pp. Bristol, 1899. Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d.

Merovech. By Cecil Hartley. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 180 pp. London, 1899. Sands. 3s. 6d.

For the Sake of the Family. By Mary Crommelin. (Greenback Series.) 7 1/2 x 5 in., 314 pp. London, 1899. Jarrold. 3s. 6d.

Brass. By Nellie K. Blissett. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 336 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 6s.

Traitors Twain. By Leslie M. Oakes and John Shaw. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 320 pp. London, 1899. Routledge. 3s. 6d.

The Cruise of the Golden Wave. By W. N. Oscar. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 342 pp. London, 1899. Innes. 6s.

Espéritu Santo. By Henrietta Dana Skinner. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 334 pp. London, 1899. Harper. 6s.

Rachel. By Jane F. Findlater. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 319 pp. London, 1899. Methuen. 6s.

A Fair Fraud. By Mrs. Lovett Cameron. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 276 pp. London, 1899. Long. 6s.

The Spies of the Night. By Headon Hill. 7 1/2 x 4 in., 283 pp. London, 1899. Pearson. 6s. 6d.

The Golden Sceptre. By Gerald H. Thornhill. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 341 pp. London, 1899. Pearson. 6s.

Fame the Fiddler. New and Cheap Edition. By S. P. Adair Fitzgerald. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 272 pp. London, 1899. Greening. 2s. 6d.

HISTORY.
Cameos from English History The Eighteenth Century. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." 7 x 4 1/2 in., 352 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 5s.

MILITARY.
Comrades All. By Walter J. Mathews, F.R.G.S. With Introduction by Lord Roberts. 7 x 4 1/2 in., 159 pp. London, 1899. Chatto & Windus. 2s.

MISCELLANEOUS.
An Index to the Early Printed Books in the British Museum 4th Section. 11 1/2 x 8 1/2 in., pp. 739 to 908. London, 1899. Kegan Paul. 16s. n.

Modern Mysticism, and other Essays by Francis Grierson. 6 1/2 x 4 in., 144 pp. London, 1899. G. Allen. 3s. 6d. n.

Practical Lessons in Book-keeping. Adapted to the requirements of the Civil Service, Society of Arts, &c. By Thomas C. Jackson, B.A., LL.B. Cr. 8vo., viii. + 373 pp. London, 1899. Clive. 3s. 6d.

How to Get Strong and How to Stay So. By William Blackie. New and Enlarged Ed. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 510 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low. 6s.

NAVAL.
All the World's Fighting Ships. Ed. by F. T. Jane. 2nd Year. 7 1/2 x 12 1/2 in., 272 pp. London, 1899. Low. 15s.

PAMPHLETS.
Address delivered by James Stuart, M.P., LL.D., on the occasion of his Installation as Lord Rector. Macmillan. 1s. n.

A Few Suggestions of Plain Lettering for Artists and Others. Chiswick Press. 6d. n.

PHILOSOPHY.
The Dawn of Reason; or, Mental Traits in the Lower Animals. By James Weir, Jr., M.D. 7 1/2 x 5 in., xiii. + 234 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 5s.

Seelenmacht. Abriss einer zeitgemässen Weltanschauung. Von Wincenty Lutoslawski. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xvi. + 301 pp. Leipzig, 1899. Engelmann.

POETRY.
Poems of Emile Verhaeren. Selected and Rendered into English by Alma Strettell. 8 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., 34 pp. London, 1899. Lane. 5s. n.

A Selection from the Songs and Poems of T. D. Sullivan. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 209 pp. Dublin, 1899. Gill. 2s.

Poems by Richard Realf. With a Memoir by R. J. Hinton. 7 1/2 x 5 in., cxii. + 232 pp. London, 1899. Funk & Wagnalls. 10s.

Idylls of Old Greece. By Ambrose N. Blatchford, B.A. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 186 pp. Bristol, 1899. Arrowsmith. 2s. 6d.

Two Lives. By Reginald Fanshawe. 7 1/2 x 5 in., xxxi. + 180 pp. London, 1899. G. Bell. 4s. 6d. n.

The Southern Shore. By George Bider. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 128 pp. London, 1899. Constable. 5s.

Poems. By A. Bernard Miall. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 173 pp. London, 1899. Lane. 5s. n.

REPRINTS.
The Whitehall Shakespeare. Vol. XII. Ed. by H. A. Doubleday. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 155 pp. London, 1899. Constable. 5s.

The Poems of Thomas Carew. Ed. by Arthur Vincent. 6 1/2 x 4 in., xl. + 264 pp. London, 1899. Lawrence & Bullen. 5s. n.

The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy. By Laurence Sterne. 2 vols. (Temple Classics.) 6 x 4 in., 356 + 331 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 3s. n.

Sir Godfrey's Grand-daughters. By Rosa N. Carey. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 513 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

SCIENCE.
The Principles of Bacteriology. By Dr. F. Haeppel. Translated from the German by Dr. E. O. Jordan. 7 1/2 x 5 in., x. + 467 pp. 1899. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.

The Centenarians and the Duration of the Human Race. By T. E. Young, B.A., F.R.A.S. 10 1/2 x 7 1/2 in., 147 pp. London, 1899. Layton.

An Introduction to the Carbon Compounds. By R. H. Adie, M.A., B.Sc. (The University Tutorial Series.) Cr. 8vo., viii. + 90 pp. London, 1899. Clive. 2s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.
Sermons, Biographical and Miscellaneous. By the late Benjamin Jowett, M.A. Ed. by the Very Rev. the Hon. W. H. Fremantle, M.A. x. + 370 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 7s. 6d.

University and Other Sermons. By Henry M. Butler, D.D. 7 1/2 x 5 in., xii. + 531 pp. Cambridge, 1899. Macmillan. 5s.

Some Leading Scriptural Truths. By H. T. B. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 91 pp. London, 1899. Skeffington. 1s. 6d.

The Gospel Problems and their Solutions. By Joseph Palmer. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 395 pp. London, 1899. Allenson. 6s.

A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Book of Samuel. By Henry Preserved Smith. 8 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., xxxix. + 421 pp. Edinburgh, 1899. T. & T. Clark. 12s.

A Concordance to the Greek Testament. Ed. by the Rev. W. F. Moulton, M.A., D.D., and the Rev. A. S. Green, M.A. 2nd Ed. 10 1/2 x 7 1/2 in., x. + 1033 pp. Edinburgh, 1899. T. & T. Clark. 25s. n.

TOPOGRAPHY.
The Story of Rouen. By T. A. Cook. (The Medieval Town Series.) Illustrated. 7 x 4 1/2 in., xvi. + 409 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 3s. 6d. n.

TRAVEL.
Funafuti; or, Three Months on a Coral Island. By Mrs. Edgeworth David. 6 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., xiii. + 318 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 15s.

Northern France. By Karl Baedeker. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 424 pp. London, 1899. Dulau. 7s.

Literature

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LITERARY AGENTS.

Whenever a new middleman arises, and succeeds in establishing his position on a sound basis, the attitude towards him of the people with whom he desires to do business almost invariably follows certain uniform lines. At first he is told, not without acerbity, that he is a nuisance; then he is regarded, contemptuously, as harmless but superfluous; then it is discovered that he saves so much trouble that it would be difficult to get on without him; and finally the philosopher, regarding him merely as a phenomenon that needs to be accounted for, cites him as the latest example of the familiar evolutionary tendency towards the specialization of function. This, we may safely take it, is what has happened, is happening, and will happen in the case of those literary agents whose recent advent and rapidly increasing importance has exercised the minds of so many excellent people and

excited so much controversy. The commerce of letters, like all other branches of commerce, has of late years become complicated in a manner that our forefathers never dreamt of, and it has become imperatively necessary that its different branches should be dealt with by different departments. On the one hand the publisher (originally only a bookseller) has thought it well to give up book-selling, in the narrow sense of the word, and employ agents—the existing booksellers—to sell his books. On the other hand, the author has found that it suits him to employ an agent to sell his manuscripts, instead of hawking them round in person. There is the matter in a nutshell. On each side function has been specialized, on account of the increasing complication of the business. On each side the middleman has made a profit—and, on the whole, has earned it, by enabling better business to be done. A glance at the history of letters shows clearly how the need for the literary agent arose. In the early days there was no use for him because the transactions were absolutely simple. On the one side stood the publisher with a bag of money; on the other side stood the author with a manuscript, or a promise to produce one. "How much?" asked the publisher. "So much," replied the author. Hagglng followed, and a bargain was struck; the author very often getting his money, or a part of it, in advance. The whole thing was as simple as selling a sack of potatoes. An author, who was not satisfied with the offer of a publisher, had always the alternative—so popular, and occasionally so lucrative, in those days—of publishing by subscription; and in any case, there was no opportunity for an agent to render services worthy of a ten per cent. commission.

Nowadays, as almost every popular author knows, the state of things is very different. Take the case of a well-known novelist who, holding the scriptural doctrine that the labourer is worthy of his hire, sets out to dispose of a new novel to the best advantage. He has, first of all to arrange for its simultaneous serial appearance in Great Britain, in the United States, in India, and in Australia. He has then to arrange for its simultaneous publication in book form, in England and America, and for its inclusion in a Colonial library, and in that of Baron Tauchnitz. There still remain to be considered the rights of subsequent republication in serial form, of translation, of dramatization, and of abridgment. Each of these separate transactions may involve the giving of a certain amount of credit; consequently the author requires to be acquainted with the financial standing and repute of each of the firms entrusted with the administration of his property. An author might conceivably do all this for himself. But it is clear that that would involve a close attention to commercial detail which would be as unpleasant to the average literary man as the personal collection of his rents would be to a wealthy landlord.

Like the landlord, therefore, the author employs an agent to administer the property for him. He has, like the landlord, the alternative of selling it; but, still like the landlord, he perceives that the more profitable way is to have it managed by his own man for his own advantage.

Though the conditions which made the rise of the literary agent inevitable are clear, it was none the less strictly in accordance with the nature of things that, when he first made his appearance, he should be described as an intruder, a parasite, a canker-worm eating out the heart of letters. Such things were certainly said of him at the beginning, not only by publishers of unimpeachable integrity and quite average intelligence, but also by a certain number of authors who felt the aversion of the artistic temperament towards everything that is glaringly practical and modern. Yet, when we descend from eloquent generalization to examine the particulars of the charges preferred against the literary agent, we find either that there is little in them or that the responsibility for the offence belongs, properly, to some one else. Any objection that may be felt to him, on the broad ground that he knows his business, can see through the specious clause of an agreement, which, purporting to be a licence to publish, insidiously conveys a copyright, and is not to be imposed upon by loose statements concerning risk, cost of production, and trade customs, may be passed over. Honest publishers do not wish to take advantage of an author's ignorance in such matters, and are only too glad to be protected against the competition of the dishonest publishers (if there are any) who do. There remain two allegations of a more serious order. The first is that the agent, taking purely commercial views of literature, is always urging his clients to over-write themselves for the purpose of coining money; the second, that his intervention is destroying those pleasant personal relations that subsisted between authors and publishers in the past.

As regards the first charge, the agents can hardly be held more culpable than the publishers themselves. They come to the agent with their moneybags and their proposals; the agent merely sees that the proposals are satisfactory, and transmits them to the author who is open to accept them or reject them as he pleases. The answer to the second accusation is the simple one that it is not in accordance with the facts. The relations between authors and publishers were not invariably amiable in the days before literary agents were invented. Lord Byron was presumably jesting when he wrote the poem containing the vigorous line, "You may be d—d, my Murray"; but Dr. Johnson was certainly in earnest when he knocked his publisher down with a folio. Since the rise of the literary agent there is no recorded instance of an author knocking a publisher down, whether with a folio or with any other weapon. On the contrary, now that authors habitually employ agents to attend to the transfer of their literary property, just as they would employ lawyers to attend to the transfer of their real estate, the relations between author and publisher are almost invariably amicable.

Business and sentiment being kept apart, the burden of bargaining shifted on to the broad shoulders of the middleman, and every precaution taken against the mere suspicion of unfair dealing, the growth of friendship has had a far better chance than before.

Prejudices die slowly; but there are already indications that publishers and editors are discovering that the literary agent can be no less useful to them than to the author. He is willing to act for them when they wish to make serial arrangements for work of which they have acquired the copyright. His office is a *bureau* of information at which they can obtain early knowledge of books worth publishing which will be upon the market presently. It is a great clearing-house of manuscripts from which the wants of unforeseen emergencies can be supplied. It is a permanent address at which business can be done with an author at a time when he is fishing in Lapland, or shooting in the Rockies, or climbing the Himalayas, or bicycling round the world. And, finally, it is a guarantee to the solvent and capable publisher that incapable and insolvent rivals will find it difficult to take his business away from him by trading on the ignorance of authors. These, it will be allowed, are solid advantages, fully justifying that specialization of function which, as we began by saying, the literary agent illustrates. Most publishers already appreciate those advantages; and we shall be surprised if the few others who still hold out do not speedily fall into line with them.

The Publishers' Association have sent out a circular announcing that the Royal Commissioners for the Paris Exhibition of next year have entrusted to them the collection of printed books to be exhibited in the British section, and that they hope to get together specimens of modern British book production that may be really representative of the industry of to-day. The space that can be devoted to the exhibition of printed books is not large, and it is the intention of the Commissioners not to admit any but the highest class of work. Those who wish to exhibit are requested to send an application to Mr. Frederick Macmillan *not later than April 4 next*, giving approximately the number of volumes that they are prepared to exhibit. Later on, they will be invited to send up the books themselves, and such of them as are considered suitable will be forwarded to Paris.

Is not the business of Anthology-making in danger of being a little overdone? Here we have Professor Arber engaged in editing for the Oxford University Press "A Series of British Anthologies from Collections of English Verse which have appeared at various times"—a series which is, we are told, to contain about "two thousand five hundred entire poems and songs, exclusive of extracts, which will be inserted sparingly." Some three hundred authors will be represented in it, a few for the first time in any anthology; and each volume will consist of three hundred pages of text to which are added an index of first lines and authorities, and a glossary. Of how many three-hundred-page volumes this colossal work is to consist we are not told; but as gathered from a later item of information the presage of their number seems a little alarming. Some inaccuracy has no doubt crept into the statement that "the plan is to identify the respective volumes with the chief English poet of

the period treated, beginning with a Dunbar anthology," since this would imply that our national poetry did not "begin" till more than a hundred years after Chaucer, and that the first "English" poet was a Scotchman. Still, if one whole volume is to be devoted even to Dunbar's "period," the series will have stretched to a considerable length before it reaches the poetry of the late nineteenth century.

If this were an "Anthology of Anthologies"—that is to say, a second skimming of the pans with a view of obtaining, so to speak, the "cream of the cream" of English poetry, it would be another matter, although even in that case we rather fancy that Professor Arber would find mighty little skim-milk to throw away at the bottom of the first series of the "Golden Treasury." As we understand the project, however, what is contemplated is not a selection from, but merely, or at any rate principally, a consolidation of, existing anthologies; and no doubt we may assume that every poem in the English language which is of supreme—with many probably which are of something less than supreme—excellence, and which are at the same time not too long to be given entire, will be included. Thus it will have the air of being representative of all that is best in English poetry, whereas, through the necessary exclusion of all our longer poems, extracts from which are to be "only sparingly inserted," it will be nothing of the kind. Yet it is precisely in this assumed character that ambitious indolence ever in quest of new short cuts to "culture" will seize upon it. The truth is that the scholar and the student need no fuller anthologies than they have already got; and that a work of this kind can only serve the purpose of those who wish to "have a taste" in poetry without cultivating it by genuine study of the greater poets in their own works.

Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. have just issued their invaluable "English Catalogue of Books for 1898," which is not only a complete catalogue to which reference can be made either under the author's name or the title of his book, but to some extent a Subject Index as well. They add for the first time a "List of Publishers," and it is interesting that more than a hundred firms who are apparently not ostensibly publishers at all have issued books during 1898. We note that the "Dickens" entries fill a column. The Scott and Shakespeare entries come to nearly half those which appear under the same headings in the Catalogue for the preceding eight years. We are glad to see that the English Catalogue is beginning to follow our example in describing the sizes of books by inches. It is a plan which the late Mr. Henry Bradshaw recommended, and the librarian of Cambridge University, whose letter to us on the subject appeared in our issue of December 25, 1897, was encouraged by our practice to introduce it in the University Library, where it is, we believe, now in use.

Reviews.

Life of Danton. By A. H. Beesly. 9×5½in., xxv.+355 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 12/6

Danton. A Study by Hilaire Belloc, B.A. 9×5½in., xiii.+440 pp. London, 1899. Nisbet. 16/-

It is a strange coincidence that two lives of Danton should appear in English in the same month; but the interest in Danton has been very much revived in France by the comparatively recent publication of M. Sorel's

"L'Europe et La Révolution Française." In that great work Danton stands clearly out as the hero of the National Defence in 1792-93; and no well-read man, however repulsive to his feelings Danton's methods may be, would question the substantial truth of this view. This, however, hardly justifies an attempt to palliate some of the very questionable things which Danton did, or to excuse the frequent intemperance of his language. Such an attempt has been made, in two very different ways, by the writers whose studies of Danton are now published.

Students of history may feel justly indignant that a serious biographer should at this date give to the world a book of this kind without a single textual reference to support his statements; that he should quote, without naming, "an eye witness," "some historians," "the writer whose observations are here recapitulated"; should think it necessary to refute Courtois, Prudhomme, and Peltier and should accept Barère as an authority. Mr. Beesly thinks that Pitt went to war to maintain the closure of the Scheldt, that Danton knew England because he knew Tom Paine; Lanjuinais is to him a "bragging Breton," Cholet, not Savenay, the "crowning victory over the Vendéans"; the ceremonies of the Catholic faith are "sacerdotal mummeries." His use of the English language is far from perfect, and in one very curious sum in arithmetic the *livre tournois* is reckoned in 1789 as equivalent to fr.1.44. The book has evidently been thrown off by a hurried and careless pen as a manifesto of adherence to the creed of extreme democracy. Mr. Beesly has great difficulty in impressing Danton into such a service, for Danton's goddess was France, and not any particular form of government. M. Bougeart, the biographer of and enthusiast for Marat, has been principally used by Mr. Beesly. Mr. Belloc uses him also, but relies much more on Dr. Robinet. Mr. Beesly's translations of Danton's splendid but disjointed eloquence are lamentably bald, yet in repeating the foolish old tales of the "horrors of the feudal system" Mr. Beesly can "pile up the agony" in a manner worthy of Dickens himself. We see no evidence of any acquaintance with Sorel except the mention of him in the preface, still less of any study of Lavergne, or Turgot, or Dupont de Nemours. Where does Mr. Beesly get his extraordinary story of the "Montmorin plan of more far-reaching villainy"? Where the statement that Carrier's "noyades" were a copy of the deeds of the Nantese royalists? We steadfastly refuse to believe (on his unsupported authority) that on the eve of September the King's health and that of the Parisians was drunk in costly wines by the prisoners at the Abbaye carousing with their mistresses; that Danton, who was strong for non-intervention, proposed to compensate Piedmont (*sic*) with part of the Papal States. The "scarcity in Paris was exaggerated and manipulated by Royalist agents"—of course; Hébert said so in "Père Duchesne," so it must be true. But it would be brutal to inflict more blows upon Mr. Beesly's unfortunate performance, and we turn with some relief to the work of Mr. Belloc.

This young writer often startles and shocks us by statements which we would fain believe to be the paradoxes so dear to the minds of scholars of Balliol; and he is too apt to lay the offerings of paradox and antithesis on the altar of style. His opinions, which only appear very occasionally, are more red republican, more communistic than Mr. Beesly's, but he strives to keep them in the background as much as the other strives to bring his to the front. Mr. Belloc has two qualifications for his task. First, he understands and loves France as no Englishman

can understand and few love it—we would go so far as to say that he is the only English historian who has made the history of the Revolution and the character of the French people engaged in it real for us; secondly, he is a marvellous portrait painter. His King Louis reaches a high level of skill in delineation; Mr. Beesly's Louis is a satyr or a pantaloone at a suburban pantomime. He gives us the best portrait of Robespierre we remember to have seen in either language. We should have liked to add a third qualification to Mr. Belloc, and at first hoped that we should be able to do so—viz., that he was a careful historian of the best French school. It is true that he does not at critical moments bring unsupported statements to bear out his views, that he is slow to condemn at all, and never absolves nor condemns upon hearsay evidence only. But he is also too apt to bring in picturesque stories to heighten his colours without examining carefully into their origin. He too wholly accepts the Revolution legend. He never seems to conceive that the benefits of the Revolution might have come about in a legal way—that the monarchy had been steadily marching towards alleviation of material conditions ever since the days of Richelieu. In the face of de Tocqueville, Rigby, Taine, Lavergne, he says that the French peasants were more ignorant, more fearful, and more unhappy in 1789 than they had ever been before. One gets accustomed to these things from Mr. Beesly, but one is shocked when Mr. Belloc yields so far to prejudice and tradition. When he tells us that reform in England has as yet been “perhaps fatally inadequate,” that “we lack in England a true middle class,” one sees a trace of prejudice and regrets it.

We may here note a few slight and one or two serious mistakes—e.g., he forgets (p. 22) that the Convention was elected by manhood suffrage. It is not true that the *noblesse* were exempt from taxes before 1789 (they were exempt from *taille* for a portion of their estates, and in some cases from all *taille*, and they compounded too lightly for the *vingtièmes*). The population of Paris in 1789 is more accurately estimated by Dulaure at a little over 600,000. In comparing a modern with an old French budget Mr. Belloc would have done well to consult von Sybel. It is a little ridiculous to harp upon the gentility of Marat and his “aristocratic milieu,” because he was a specialist in a certain class of diseases. Not on July 15, but on June 27, did the King order (not “permit”) the union of the three orders. The “New Parliament”—i.e., the Legislative Assembly—did not meet till 21st September, 1791. It is tiresome, by the way, to find the three successive French Assemblies continually spoken of as the Parliament. The word “Parliament” conveys something very different to English ears. The faint symptoms of returning order after Varennes, which Malouet hailed not without hope, are surely wrongly described by Mr. Belloc as the “sharp and sanguinary reaction of 1791.” We are surprised that we should still be asked to hear the cheers of the men who went down on the *Vengeur* (1st June, 1794)—which no contemporary heard, except from Barère's lying report in the Convention. It is ridiculous to speak of the electoral scheme of 1791 for household suffrage as “creating an oligarchy in the towns.” The Girondins were not “even in nominal” power on the eve of the 10th August; they only came back to office on its morrow. We dislike such phrases as the “calculated hypocrisy of Pitt,” and we do not think Mr. Belloc should have repeated the silly stories about his flooding France with false assignats upon no better authority than that the “family of the printer thereof still

remain at Newcastle to tell the tale.” Cambon was not on either Committee after July 10, 1793. Hérault ceased to be a member of the Great Committee in the end of December. Toulon fell on the 19th, not the 7th, December of the same year. We cannot swallow Mr. Belloc's statement that the “shallow scoundrel” St. Just (as Danton called him) really believed the accusations he brought against Danton, still less that he was an “apostle.” Nor do we like to admit with Mr. Belloc that “there are conditions under which to burn a man to death seems admissible and just”; and if it sometimes happens in the United States of to-day the lynching of negroes can hardly be accounted a civilized precedent. Mr. Belloc, who has a marked *tendresse* for the Girondins—and, indeed, makes, in a few lines on page 217, the most valid excuse ever made for them—fails to show that their republic could never have co-existed with Danton's. We protest emphatically against the Constitution of 1793—a document drawn up in eight days, to satisfy popular clamour, by men who never intended to give effect to it—being called “an idol of great beauty which travellers find in a desert place.” That it might long remain in a desert would have been, we think, the first wish of the strong man Danton. More emphatically still, with M. Sorel, but against Mr. Belloc, we protest that the Terror had nothing to do with the Victories. And our final judgment on Danton must be that, while we fully recognize his paramount share in preparing the victories, we cannot wholly acquit the man who blinked at the massacres of September, even if he were, as is alleged, powerless to prevent them, and forged the two chief instruments of the Terror—the Great Committee and the Revolutionary Tribunal. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that, in his judgment on the Terror generally, Mr. Belloc has omitted to consult M. Aulard's great “Recueil des Actes du Comité de Salut Public” (11 vols.) which is now published as far as March, 1794; and the excellent monograph of M. Gros.

Yet, in spite of all these errors, one is amazed at this book coming from so young a writer. In spite of paradox and occasional gush, the style, in the main, is as lofty and pure as is his treatment of his magnificent subject. He is a real and deep thinker upon the forces which go to make nations and societies. Take the following:—

In a settled and traditional society custom is of such overwhelming weight that law can only act in accordance with it—laws can hardly be passed but such as the development of tradition demands.

Does it not make one feel a little uncomfortable to reflect that almost any Bill passed by any assembly with the name of an English Parliament would now be obeyed? Again, only Mr. Belloc (of English writers) has laid his finger on 1790 as the determining year in the history of the Revolution—the year in which, as Taine puts it, the spontaneous anarchy of 1789 became “endemic.” “Charlemagne left his clothes to Germany, his spirit to Gaul”; “That unpleasant fellow, Collot d'Herbois” are master touches.

Mr. Belloc's account of Danton's action on April 18, 1791, would bear some slight correction from Schmidt's “Tableaux” (see vol. 1, p. 24 sqq.), but it is accuracy itself compared to Mr. Beesly's. How truly, too, he discerns the overwhelming anxiety of the Moderates to come to a compromise with the King throughout the summer of 1791:—

They took him back to Paris [after Varennes], they forced him to declarations of loyalty and then, with the folly of desire, accepted as real an emotion they had actually dictated.

Yet he fails (by attributing too much influence to

Mirabeau) to see that Louis yielded, not to any desire to revive the monarchy of divine right—in which he probably believed little; we think he only once used the words—but to the pressure of “the Court, the family, the faith.” As regards Danton’s private life, we think Mr. Belloc’s theory of the rapid second marriage a little unlikely, but this is a matter of small moment. We greet Mr. Belloc as a rising star in the world of letters.

TWO IMMORTAL PARODISTS.

James and Horace Smith, Joint Authors of “Rejected Addresses.” By Arthur H. Beavan. 7½×6½ in., vi. + 312 pp. London, 1890. Hurst & Blackett. 6/-

To have been the joint authors of the most famous and successful volume of parodies that our literature contains is a distinction which, considering the unusually perishable character of the material out of which so enduring a work has been wrought, may fairly be called unique. It is as though Horace’s *monumentum cere perennius* had been moulded in confectionery. Few great poets have escaped the parodist—the strength of their invitation to him, indeed, is generally proportioned to their greatness; yet of all the innumerable mimics which their poetry has provoked, how few have outlived the passing hour! The two authors of “Rejected Addresses” deserve in right of their unexampled triumph over oblivion to be something more to their countrymen than the shadows of a name, and Mr. Arthur H. Beavan has endeavoured in this volume to “materialize” them. His biography is well written and readable throughout—a little too frequently “off the matter,” perhaps, but agreeable reading enough even in its digressions, for which, moreover, one feels that some allowance should be made in the case of lives so comparatively uneventful as those of the Brothers Smith. The somewhat lengthy account of their father, Robert Smith, and the frequent and copious extracts from his diary are, to some extent, irrelevances, but as giving a graphic picture of life in the closing years of the last century they are not unwelcome.

Still, one has the feeling that the main reason why these ex-crescent passages are where they are is the “book-making” reason; and that, though Mr. Beavan has done his biographical work well and pleasantly, he might have done it with perfect adequacy in fewer than 305 pages. For, after all, it is as the authors of the famous volume of parodies and as such alone that James and Horace Smith can be said to interest posterity. The worthy solicitor and the successful stockbroker who rose suddenly into fame between their thirtieth and fortieth year by the publication of “Rejected Addresses,” and who thenceforth became not only literary lions but men of fashion, intimate alike with all the notabilities of both worlds, would, indeed, have altogether disappeared from human memory by this time had it not been for this one achievement in their lives. The rest of the works of James and Horace, the good things that they said, the fugitive *jeux d’esprit* that one of them contributed to the magazines, even the historical novels with which the other captured a considerable if a passing public, are they not written in water—the water of the flowing stream of Time? Mr. Beavan has given us some few specimens of James’ epigrams—though not the best of them all, the three somewhat *risqué* quatrains on the liaison of Æneas, *pater* and *pater*, with the unhappy Dido—but out of most of the others the original virtue has gone. James’ ballad on the contrast between names and natures:—

Mr. Barker’s as mute as a fish in the sea,
Mr. Miles never moves on a journey,
Mr. Gotobed sits up till half after three,
Mr. Makepiece was bred an attorney, &c.,

is ingenious, and still mildly amuses; but Mr. Beavan should have quoted its two happiest lines:—

Mr. Metcalfe ran off upon meeting a cow,
With fat Mr. Turnbull behind him.

So, too, with their spoken wit and humour. Their recorded

sayings are seldom other than fairly good examples of the “good thing.” As a rule we can acknowledge that they were not only worth uttering at the moment, but worth carrying away and repeating for some reasonable time thereafter; but they lack, one and all, the mysterious vital quality which perpetuates.

Yet how strongly impregnated are the parodies themselves, or at least the best of them, with this quality, a glance at the contents-table of “Rejected Addresses” will suffice to show. Were it otherwise, the book must have perished of the mere perishing of its models. Out of the twenty-one imitations a round dozen are from this cause unrecognizable. For where now are the memories of Dr. Busby, and the Hon. W. Spencer, of “Monk” Lewis and “Laura Matilda,” and William Thomas Fitzgerald? They have their portion with the “weeds and outworn faces” of Jeremy Taylor. “Chaos and Old Night” have swallowed up Kotzebue’s *Stranger* and the fantastic “stage songs” of the youthful Theodore Hook. Had all the other originals shared their fate, perhaps the one legacy of the Brothers Smith to posterity would have been the ironical couplet of inquiry

Who makes the quartern loaf and Luddites rise?
Who fills the butchers’ shops with large blue flies?

Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Crabbe, Scott, Byron, Moore exhaust the list of those whose names still “say anything” to English readers, if even this can be truly said of the third and fourth; and, fortunately, they happen also to be the names of those who have been parodied with the greatest skill and success. “Honours are divided,” or nearly so, between the two brothers, for if the first four of these seven parodies stand to James’ credit it was to Horace’s description of the Drury-lane fire that Scott paid the delightful compliment of saying, “I certainly must have written this myself, though I forget on what occasion.” And there is no doubt, we think, that though one or two of the elder brother’s contributions run it close, it is on the whole the masterpiece of the collection. Mr. Beavan (who has devoted a very inadequate amount of space to the one work by which his heroes live) observes of them that they are “not so much parodies as distinct literary compositions.” But this is to miss their two-fold claim to admiration. The opening, for instance, of “A Tale of Drury Lane”:—

O’er fair Augusta’s towers and trees
Flitted the silent midnight breeze, &c.,

is serious, uncaricatured Scott, with all the sober, uninspired beauty of its original. But how, in quite another vein, could the poet’s spirit-stirring roll-calls of warriors and his resonant versified “topography” have been more admirably parodied than in these swinging rhymes?—

With them came Rumford, Bumford, Cole,
Robins from Hockly in the Hole,
Lawson and Dawson cheek by jowl,
Crump from St. Giles’ Pound;
Whitford and Mitford joined the train,
Huggins and Muggins from Chick Lane,
And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain
Before the plug was found.
Hobson and Jobson did not sleep,
But ah! no trophy could they reap,
For both were in the Donjon keep
Of Bridewell’s gloomy mound.

James Smith has nowhere beaten this, we think. Indeed, he shows in his parodies a greater tendency to overstep “the modesty of nature.” On the other hand it must be admitted that he often surpasses his brother in his perception of a poet’s “true inwardness,” and thus is able to achieve that real triumph of the parodist’s art—a faithful imitation of the poet produced without any specific work of his as a model. This is strikingly shown in “Playhouse Musings” which, if it suggests the title of one of Coleridge’s poems, goes no further in the way of direct parody, and yet reproduces with curious subtlety the rather sickly sentimentalism of some of the poet’s earlier work. James, moreover, had a perfect sense of style, which served him even in the depth of the commonplace, and the very perfection of which, when allied to the commonplace, produces an irresistibly humorous

effect. What piece of simple narrative has ever been set forth with such flawless elegance as this, in the imitation of Crabbe?—

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Jurtinian Stubbs Esquire;
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polished Stubbs' shoes.

The swift and graceful transition from the plain historic mention of the footman's office to the vivid dramatic picture of him at his duties is almost Virgilian in its charm. And the names might have come straight from that mine of quaint nomenclature, the "Bab Ballads."

We should like, we must confess, to have been shown a little more of the literary and a little less of the social side of the Brothers Smith; and if strings of their celebrated and fashionable acquaintances were to be given, Lady Albinia Hobart should not have been allowed to appear in it under the guise of so "fearful a wildfowl" as "Lady Albina Buckinghamshire." There is more than one other place, too, in which the book would have been the better for a more careful correction of the proofs.

THE POPES OF THE RENAISSANCE.

The History of the Popes from the Close of the Middle Ages. From the German of Dr. Ludwig Pastor. Edited by F. J. Antrobus, of the Oratory. Vols. V. and VI. 9 x 5½ in., lxx. + 576 + xxx. + 670 pp. London, 1898.

Kegan Paul. 24/- n.

The most interesting part of Dr. Pastor's fifth volume consists of an elaborate introduction, covering nearly 230 pages and describing the period of the Renaissance, for the most part from original memoirs, correspondence, and other documents. This is valuable, partly as illustrating with almost an excess of detail the moral and social condition of Italy during the fifteenth century, partly as exhibiting both the merits and defects of the historian. Dr. Pastor can hardly be described as a sympathetic lover of art, nor does he display much insight into the labyrinthine and wide-reaching movements of the fifteenth century. His standpoint is that of a devout Catholic, and apparently his chief aim is to show that the state of religion and morals during the period of the Renaissance has been painted blacker than it deserves.

The point hardly needed the elaborate array of proofs which Dr. Pastor accumulates. That the period was not destitute of redeeming elements must be obvious, but, after all, the particular aspect of the Renaissance which the author has in view is not one of primary importance. Writers of wider sympathies, though possibly of less learning than Dr. Pastor, have seen in the Renaissance a stage in the onward march of European civilization, of which the most conspicuous features were an intense passion for the liberation of thought from the shackles of outworn systems and an ardent joy in all things of beauty, whether derived from a Pagan or a Christian source. Dr. Pastor constantly insists on the distinction between the "Christian" and the "Pagan" Renaissance, and he practically interprets the word "morality" in the light of a later stage of culture. But, as Mr. Pater has pointed out, the master minds of the Renaissance period "lacked the very rudiments of the historic sense." They had "no idea of development, of the differences of ages, of the process by which our race has been educated." In their view "the religions of the world were to be reconciled, not as successive stages in a regular development of the religious sense, but as subsisting side by side, and substantially in agreement with one another." Dr. Pastor ignores this crucial point when he condemns the sublime "Last Judgment" of Signorelli at Orvieto, on the ground that the painter "even introduces mythological characters." The same limitation appears when to some of the noblest paintings of Piero di Cosimo and Botticelli he applies the epithet "indecent," or again when he overlooks the fact that the work of these great artists, in its wealth or naturalistic detail, in its quaint introduction of mythological figures, and in its freshness and fulness of promise, represents an early and specially characteristic stage in the art of the

Renaissance. In proof of the flourishing condition of religion Dr. Pastor lays stress on the popularity of religious processions, &c., which after all were regarded mainly as a common form of public entertainment, and on the questionable death-bed repentances of various eminent Humanists, such as Malatesta or Lorenzo the Magnificent himself. For appreciative students of the Renaissance, however, such incidents have no special significance. Amid the absorbing interests of a rich and many-sided life, men had little or no thought to spare for death. Above all things they were intensely sensitive to the impressions of the moment, and this characteristic did not desert them in the hour of death.

Dr. Pastor's judgment of Savonarola's career is severe, but more dispassionate than that of some other Roman Catholic writers. On the other hand, he does less than justice to Macchiavelli. It is surely misleading to connect Macchiavelli's name with the Renaissance, or with the Classical Revival. His position was that of a statesman eager to enhearten his oppressed countrymen for the perpetual conflicts with their fierce northern foes. Dr. Pastor, in his account of Alexander VI.'s accession and of his personal characteristics, gives us a striking portrait. He is inclined to charge the Orsini family with the guilt of the Duke of Gandia's murder (1497)—a mysterious crime which has been naturally, but too confidently imputed, to the Duke's brother, Cæsar Borgia. The writer surmises that the Orsini "found in some love adventure the easiest and safest means of putting the duke out of the way," but he admits that the evidence against them amounts only to "a well-grounded suspicion." The sixth volume carries the history down to the death of Julius II. in 1513. The first chapter deals with the decline of Savonarola's influence and his tragic end. Perhaps Dr. Pastor lays too much stress on the effect of Savonarola's defiant attitude towards the Pope. Surely the main cause of his fall was the gradual decay of his magnetic influence over the minds of the Florentines. "He had arrived at a point," says Grimm, "where he must have been a god to hold his ground further." He fell a victim to the rage of a disappointed fanaticism which he himself had kindled and on which he leaned too confidently. It is greatly to Dr. Pastor's credit that he depicts so impartially the career of Alexander VI. He speaks with just severity of the "modern attempts at whitewashing" the Borgian Pope. Indeed, he goes so far as to assert that, "from a Catholic point of view, it is impossible to blame Alexander VI. too severely." He points out, however, that the interests of religion during his reign suffered on the whole less than might have been expected. But it is almost annoying to be told in such a connexion that Alexander "took pains on many occasions to promote devotion to St. Anne," that he revived the use of the Angelus, that he was a determined enemy of heresy, and a zealous defender of orthodoxy in doctrine. In 1500 he even sent two inquisitors, we are told, "to proceed against the very numerous Picards and Waldensians in Bohemia and Moravia who led extremely immoral lives"! Dr. Pastor's account of Julius II., "that mighty scion of the Renaissance," is vivid and picturesque. He more than once points out the affinity in character between the "Terrible" Pope and Michael Angelo. "Both were extraordinary and Titanic natures, in stature beyond that of ordinary men, and such as no other age has produced." In his taut and interesting narrative of the stormy, and in some respects heroic, career of Julius, Dr. Pastor is not apparently hampered by any serious misgivings as to the Pope's aims or methods. He frankly defends the military enterprises of the "Terrible" on the ground that in an age when only material force was respected "the Popes were obliged to consolidate their temporal possessions in order to secure for themselves a standing-ground from which they could defend their spiritual authority." Naturally Dr. Pastor heaps contempt on the "schismatic" and "Antipapal" Council of Pisa (1511), and on the "false theory" of conciliar authority—namely, that a council is superior to a Pope. Naturally also he regards the Lateran Council of 1512 as forming "a landmark in the history of the world." It would be historically more correct to say that both councils were mere

landmarks in the obstinate struggle between Julius and Louis XII. of France. The writer himself admits that the first object of the Lateran Synod was "to defend the liberties of the Church against the revolutionary pretensions of France."

The volume concludes with three interesting chapters—the first on the rebuilding of St. Peter's, the second on the relations between Julius and Michael Angelo, the third on Raphael's frescoes in the Vatican. In one of his excellent notes Dr. Pastor quotes a little-known letter of Overbeck which contains a fine appreciation of Michael Angelo's work in the Sistine Chapel. In his concluding passage the historian writes with enthusiasm of the traditional alliance between intellectual culture and Christianity as represented in the artistic taste of Julius. Raphael's decoration of the *Camera della Segnatura* is no doubt a noble tribute to the genius of a Pope distinguished by the breadth and magnificence of his ideas, and by "a preference even in art for the colossal." We have only to add that Dr. Pastor makes ample use of the additional materials now available for a description of the inner life and public policy of the Roman curia during this period. For access to the secret archives of the Vatican he is indebted to the enlightened generosity of the present Pope.

KING ALFRED'S BOETHIUS.

King Alfred's Old English Version of Boethius *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*. Ed. from the MSS., with Introduction, &c., by **Walter John Sedgefield**. 7½×5½in., xliii.+328 pp. Oxford, 1899. Clarendon Press. 10/6

Of King Alfred's work upon Boethius there are two extant manuscripts, one of the tenth century in the Cotton Library, and one of the twelfth century in the Bodleian. These two manuscripts have this important difference—that in the older book the Metra are rendered in alliterating verse, while the later book has them in a prose translation. Thus it will be perceived that the Alfredian work consists of three parts, the prose translation of the prose of Boethius and two translations of the Metra, one in prose and the other in verse. Mr. Sedgefield's edition contains the whole, with the prose Metra in the body of the text, and the poetical version of the Metra appended. This was the order taken by the last editor, Samuel Fox, in 1864, and it is manifestly the proper one. For although the oldest manuscript has the Metra in English verse, yet the prose translation was first made, as is stated in the Preface, which sets forth the authorship of the King.

The distinction of this new edition is that, whereas former editions were founded upon the twelfth century manuscript, with a selection of variants from the older book, Mr. Sedgefield has made the tenth century manuscript the basis of his text so far as it is legible, and by waiting patiently for direct rays of sunlight, he has succeeded in reading some parts which had been given up as hopeless. The Cotton MS. was seriously mutilated by the fire of 1731, and former editors found it easier to use the Bodleian MS. for their basis; but the critical advantage of the new arrangement is too obvious to need any advocacy. By means of skilful typography the reader is always aware what is the authority for every part of the text, down to the minutest details. But besides the Cotton and Bodleian manuscripts, which are the main authorities for the text, there are two subsidiary documents to be mentioned. The first is a fragment of the Alfredian translation which was discovered in 1886 by Professor Napier. This leaf had at one time been used in a binding, and then rescued from this vile use, it had been bound in as the last leaf of the manuscript in which it was recognized by the eye of the discoverer. Mr. Sedgefield has given us the Napier fragment in an appendix.

The second is one of those valuable aids to Anglo-Saxon literature which we owe to the diligent and scholarly pen of Franciscus Junius. The particular service to be noted here is that he made a good copy of the Cotton Metra, and this was made when the manuscript was sound, which in 1731 was so much

damaged by fire that his transcript is now in many parts the only authority for the text.

The Introduction, which covers thirty pages, is succinct and lucid, and contains much well-selected information which the student will find very serviceable. Some things there are which to many will be new, such as the discovery of old Latin commentaries on the *De Consolatione* in which may be found the source of several of the additions and expansions which have been naturally attributed to the authorship of the King. The relation of Alfred's translation to the Latin original is analysed, chapter by chapter, in a neat and skilful statement which adds a new facility to the study of the book. On the question of the general authorship of this translation the editor, after mentioning the different statements, especially one tradition which groups it with Gregory's Dialogues as the work of Werferth, Bishop of Worcester, adds that modern critics have found no reason to doubt that the translation, so far as it is in prose, is entirely the work of the King. But the poetical version of the Metra has been elaborately questioned, and it has been necessary for the doubters to question also the authorship of the Preface, which begins "King Alfred was the interpreter (wealhstod) of this book" and proceeds to assert that both the prose and the poetical versions were his work. The doubt about the poetical version was first thrown out by Thomas Wright in his "Biographia Literaria"; but the discussion of the question took place a few years ago in "Anglia" between the two German Professors Leicht and Hartmann, the former maintaining that the versification is by a later hand. The observation to which he attaches most weight is this—that the alliterating version offers nothing fresh, such as we might expect from an author who had worked over the ground before, but only a weak dilution of the terse and vigorous prose. So presented this appears a valid objection, but it remains to be seen whether this allegation can be sustained.

Of the Glossary the editor says:—"As the Glossary aims at being phonological rather than syntactical or lexicographical, a full record of forms is given, rather than of shades of meaning, though these latter have not been neglected." In his detailed explanations he says:—"The main words are normalised on an early West Saxon basis." An occasional effect of this normalising is that a word may not be found in the Glossary under the initial which it has in the text. Thus for "onlic" the student must turn, not to *o* but to *a*, where it appears in its normalised form as "anlic." Sometimes the normalised form is one that does not occur in any part of the text as in "wierthe," under which there is a long and doubtless a complete record of forms, but this form is not among them. This might have been remedied by the insertion of a few references.

Enough has been said to show that Mr. Sedgefield's work is a valuable acquisition, and one that is sure to be welcomed by earnest students of the mother tongue. We would hope that the intrinsic interest of the book may cause it to find a larger public, especially in view of the approaching celebration of the thousandth anniversary of King Alfred's death.

DANTE.

The Purgatory of Dante Alighieri. Part II. The Earthly Paradise (Cantos XXVIII.-XXXIII.). An Experiment in Literal Verse Translation. By **Charles Lancelot Shadwell**, D.O.L. With an Introduction by John Earle, M.A., LL.D. 8½×5½in., cxxxviii.+100 pp. London, 1899.

Macmillan. 5/- n.

Dr. Shadwell, in the preface to this second instalment of his experiment in Dante translation, admits, what many of his critics suggested at the time, that his previous decision to close his task at the end of the twenty-seventh Canto of the "Purgatorio" was an error of judgment. We are glad that he has now completed a work which was too meritorious to be left in a fragmentary shape. The medium he has chosen is not likely to be generally popular, but Dr. Shadwell is none the less confident

that his selection of the Marvellian stanza can be justified. It undoubtedly compels a rigid adherence to the limits of the original, and precludes expansion and padding. To this enforced compression is in large measure due the great merit of Dr. Shadwell's version. There is no blurred outline in his reflection of Dante; it is sharp and clear, and astonishingly faithful.

These last six Cantos of the "Purgatorio" are, perhaps, to the translator, as well as to the reader, the most trying in the whole poem. Though relieved by the episodes of the appearance of Matilda and Beatrice, and of the departure of Virgil, as well as by the exquisite scenery of the Earthly Paradise, it must be confessed that, on the whole, they are rather tiresome. Dr. Shadwell's translation of this part of the poem, however, betrays no signs of weariness; and if it is less attractive than the first portion, the fault lies not so much with him as with Dante himself. The following rendering of the famous passage where the poet first sees Beatrice, and discovers that Virgil has left him, will show that the former high level of excellence is well maintained:—

But we had been by Virgil left,
Of Virgil, father sweet, bereft,
Virgil, to whom I gave me,
And turned to him to save me.

* * *
"Dante, weep not; though Virgil be
Departed, weep not yet; for thee
Behoves thy tears be poured
At stroke of other sword."
* * *

In royal wise, but haughty still,
Continued she, as one that will
Speak, yet within him stored
Keeps back his sharper word.

"Look well! 'tis Beatrice, 'tis I;
How did'st thou dare that hill to try?
Didst thou not know that this
Is man's appointed bliss?"

This may not be the ideal translation of Dante, but no impartial critic will deny that for distinction and scholarly feeling, for fidelity, and for poetical diction it may claim to rank in literature with the *élite* of English translations.

The most interesting portion of this volume is the introduction of Professor Earle. His recent article in the *Quarterly Review* on the "Vita Nuova" and the Beatrice question has aroused an interest in his speculations which will certainly not be lessened by his present contribution. We must be content to mention one or two of the most striking of his points. The Gryphon in the mystical Procession, which is commonly regarded as representing Christ, an interpretation which involves several difficulties, in Professor Earle's view stands for "the general body of the Faithful, the bulk of the Christian congregation, the simple folk, the unlettered laity," and is "the complement to the graceful beauty of Beatrice, who represents the *élite*, the dignity, authority, wisdom, and government of the Christian Church." Matilda, again, is "not a woman, but Woman." Professor Earle is nothing if not original. Some of his speculations are not only original, but startling, at any rate to the orthodox Danteist. Starting with the fact that *green* is the recognized symbol of hope, he believes in the ultimate salvation, not only of the righteous heathen whom Dante sees on the green meadow in Limbo (*Inf.* iv. iii.), but also of Brunetto Latini (low down in Hell), who is compared to one of those who run for the green mantle at Verona, and to the winner, not to the one who loses. If we object that the inscription over the Gate of Hell bids those within to abandon hope, Professor Earle replies that "the only credential" of this announcement "is that the mouth of Hell hath spoken it." This is ingenious, especially when we remember that, in spite of this announcement, Hell had on several occasions, on Dante's own showing, been raided by a higher power. Whether he be convinced or not, the reader will find plentiful food for reflection in Professor Earle's suggestion that perhaps Dante may have intended to sow the seeds of a better eschatology than that prevalent in his time. Like many another seer, Professor Earle possesses the convenient

faculty of not seeing what he does not want to see, and on occasion he can keep his eyes very tight shut indeed. In the minutely-detailed *data*, for example, as to the day of Beatrice's death, furnished by Dante in the "Vita Nuova," upon which believers in the reality of Beatrice base one of their strongest arguments, he sees nothing. "This disquisition upon comparative manacles is simply a blind." Whatever may be thought of the soundness of Professor Earle's views, they are certainly refreshingly novel. Even if he makes few converts, he will at least have given a fresh impulse to inquiry, and opened up new paths of speculation.

A "STORY OF A NATION" CONCLUDED.

Austria. By Sidney Whitman, M.A. "The Story of the Nations" Series. 8×5½ in., 402 pp. London, 1899.

Fisher Unwin. 5/-

This is one of the least satisfactory volumes in this series of elementary histories. It is unsatisfactory since it is in a large measure misleading. The system of division of the Austrian Empire which has been adopted for the purposes of this series is not altogether fortunate. It was possible to sever the history of the Kingdom of Hungary from that of the rest of the Austrian Empire, since Hungary has been and is even now a distinct and separate nationality. But, in spite of the difficulty of tracing side by side the growth of two other distinct peoples, it seems barely permissible to draw a hard and fast line between the Austria of which Mr. Whitman writes and Bohemia. Since this course has been adopted, however, it was incumbent upon the compiler of this history to devote at least one chapter of his book to a clear demonstration of the respective values of the Austrian peoples. This Mr. Whitman has not done. In spite of a prefatory note this book, is bound to produce upon the mind of any uninformed reader an erroneous impression of the constitution of the Austrian Empire. While we are willing to admit the difficulties with which Mr. Whitman has had to contend, it was his duty to point out more definitely than he has done that Bohemia is even now the keystone of the Austrian Empire, and that the Austria dealt with in this volume is merely the strip of land south of Bohemia which was colonized by the Germans, the hereditary enemies of the founders of the Bohemian Empire.

In view of the fact that this series has already included a fairly sympathetic sketch of the history of Bohemia by Mr. C. E. Maurice, and that Count Francis Lützow published, in 1896, in English, an admirable history of the same country, we could have found little fault with the ground traversed by Mr. Whitman if he had insisted more definitely upon the points we have mentioned. The first portion of the volume relates, in strictness, to the early history of modern Germany as opposed to that of modern Austria. The internal condition of Europe during the middle ages was so complicated and mutable that this method was necessary in tracing "the record of the history of Austria as connected with the Imperial House." The Slavs at times overflowed into German provinces, leaving Slavonic names behind them for towns and lands, and when they retired the Germans advanced. An extraordinary blunder in spelling the well-known Bohemian names of Vladislav and Vratislav as Bladislav and Bratislav seems to suggest not only the lack of sympathy for the Slavonic peoples which is palpable throughout this volume but also a very considerable ignorance of Bohemian history on the part of Mr. Whitman. From these pages it would seem that the task of subduing the Slavonic nations was of the simplest nature. This was far from being the case. The history of Bohemia begins in the ninth century. It was not until the battle of the Marchfeld in 1278, when Rudolph of Habsburg defeated his former master, Premysl Ottakar II., that the Germans gained a foothold in Bohemia. It was not until the battle of the White Mountain in 1620 that Bohemia ceased to be an independent State.

At this date the history of Count Lützow ends. From this date only the Austrian Empire (excluding Hungary), as we know

it, begins. The power of the Habsburgs then became complete. But the perusal of this volume would leave the recent disturbances in Prague and in the Reichsrath at Vienna totally inexplicable to the reader who was uninformed of the older history of the Empire. It is a journalistic commonplace that only the personality of the present Emperor has kept together the various nations under his rule, but it was the duty of the compiler of this volume to have explained the statement. Mr. Whitman's anti-Slavonic prepossessions seem to render him unable to comprehend the feeling of the original peoples of Austria towards the Germanic intruders.

A single sentence in the book, referring to the murder of the late Crown Prince Rudolph, calls for notice in this connexion:—

The heir to the Throne, the Archduke Rudolph, had taken his life while in an abnormal state of mind, induced, if continental rumour is to be believed, by the artifice of enemies of the Royal House.

It would be interesting to learn whether the writer of this sentence intended to throw upon the Czechs the blame for the tragic termination of a love affair, and what is the source of this "continental rumour." The ineptitude of the sentence is insurpassable.

ATHENIAN RHETORIC.

Euripides and the Attic Orators. A Comparison. By A. Douglas Thompson, M.A., D.Litt. 9×5½ in., 193 pp. London, 1898. Macmillan. 6/-

This is a useful piece of work, although more might have been made of it. Dr. Thompson has collected out of Euripides and the Attic orators a number of passages, which he has classified under the following heads:—Physical Theories, Religion and Kindred Subjects, Death and the Future Life, Life in its General Aspects, Ethics, Public Life, Politics, Private Life. The extracts, or at least all such as are important, are given in full, and connected by brief comments. A final chapter sums up the result. If the result is largely negative, this (as the author remarks) is scarcely his fault. At the same time, we wish he had better digested his material. The headings given above will show that his arrangement is somewhat haphazard. It is odd to find Public Life and Politics treated in separate chapters; education, which is placed under Public Life, belongs rather to Private; and, in short, it would not be difficult to rearrange the matter on a more natural principle. The occasional comments, too, are meagre; the whole reads more like extracts from a notebook than a complete criticism or study. Still, scholars will undoubtedly find this collection of passages useful; and although Dr. Thompson has not made a book, he has printed the material for one.

As far as Euripides is concerned, Dr. Thompson follows Berlage's "De Euripide Philosopho"; and his own contribution is chiefly that he has included the orators in his survey. It is always difficult in dealing with a dramatist to distinguish the poet from his characters, and it is not surprising that Dr. Thompson has not always been able to do this. Some of the inconsistencies here noted may very likely be due to that cause. However, after making due allowance for this, Dr. Thompson's quotations make it quite clear that Euripides was continually wavering amid many opinions. Our opinion of him as a thinker will not be raised by this study. His mind was sceptical, he saw the difficulties of the popular faith or superstition; but he was not strong enough to formulate a real and living philosophy, or even to attain to a working hypothesis. He was no prophet like Æschylus, no calm man of the world like Sophocles; he saw life unsteadily, and in parts, now in one part, now in another, but never whole. Fine thoughts there are, but there are many weak lamentations; we feel that it were a nobler thing to bow without quailing before a pitiless Necessity, Fate, Nemesis, than to be content with querulous complaint. Dr. Thompson sees three stages in the thought of Euripides—the first, when he "acquiesced in the generally accepted beliefs;

the second period, beginning with the Peloponnesian War and lasting some twenty years, when he was at open enmity with those beliefs; and, finally, the period of his latest dramas, when, though he never returned to his original position, he came to look on his campaign as labour lost, and desisted from the attempt."

The passages quoted from the orators are most disappointing. In matters ethical and religious theirs is always the commonplace view; and it becomes clear that the Athenians as a whole were eminently orthodox, and that philosophical speculations had made very little impression upon them. Even in Demosthenes we search vainly for those magnificent denunciations of wrong and appeals to eternal justice, those profound reflections on statecraft which make such an orator as Burke precious for all time. What we do find is more of the nature of proverbial philosophy. On the whole, we may fairly doubt whether the average Athenian was really as intelligent as the average member of Parliament, at least of Burke's Parliament. We have no space to follow out these reflections. When we observe how many thoughts the book has suggested we become still more convinced of its value. Opinions may change, the most brilliant critics and historians may show bias or exaggerate the importance of this thing and that; but a collection of extracts, if correct and complete (and so these are, on the whole, within their prescribed limits) is independent of shifting opinion or points of view. We must call attention to one error which is almost universal—the use of the phrase "*ἀρχων βασιλεύς*" (p. 47). No such title was known in Athens; both in books and inscriptions the person meant is called simply *βασιλεύς*.

ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

From Peking to Petersburg. By Arnot Reid. 8½×5½ in., 300 pp. London, 1896. Arnold. 7/6

To those who desire a clear presentment in brief of the influences bearing upon the predicament of China and the future overland communication with the East Mr. Arnot Reid's book will be of timely interest. It abounds in shrewd observation, and gives the most effective account of the Trans-Siberian Railway that has yet appeared. To travellers his experience will further serve to dispel existing misapprehension as to the risk attending the modern use of the ancient trade route between Russia and China. The same trail by which more than two hundred years ago the earliest Russian Embassy reached Peking offers at the present day but little difficulty and much variety to the duly accredited rover who can sit a horse, endure the rattle of a tarantass, and sustain the restrictions of prolonged railway transport. The author disclaims any title to rank as an explorer; he shows himself admirably qualified to note effects and to judge their causes. Thus critical narrative supplies the place of adventure.

It is natural, in estimating the significance of his journey that we should by a *ὑστερον πρότερον* attach precedence to its concluding stage, since that deals prominently with the great line which will put a girdle round a vast continent to the very probable derangement of the Old World. Mr. Reid struck the Trans-Siberian Railway at Lake Baikal, its then limit, in September of last year. Begun in 1892, with a distance of 5,000 miles to traverse, and a calculation of thirteen years for its accomplishment, already one half the time and space is covered. There seems small reason to doubt that by 1905 Moscow will be in continuous touch with Port Arthur. That the prime design is political and military rather than commercial is abundantly evident. The very stations are on sidings that the main line may admittedly be kept clear for the passage of an army. The further objects, immigration and development, are fostered inasmuch as they are subsidiary to the first. The railway is a State railway only not in name. Regarding its general benefit to the world Mr. Reid conjectures that it should, in the long run, prove a profitable undertaking, provided it is honestly worked. Siberia is rich in minerals; enthusiasts say very rich. Its wheat

already reaches Germany. A mail service between London and Peking may eventually be reduced to eighteen days. Of the travelling accommodation the writer gives a good-humoured picture. It is still experimental; but once a week a *train de luxe* runs over part of the system, an advantage which he had the ill luck to miss.

In the chapters dealing with China the author exhibits a faculty for unprejudiced discrimination. If we do not wholly agree with the theory that he builds upon a comparison of the Chinese in the Straits Settlements with those of the Mainland, it is because, notwithstanding Dr. Johnson's dictum, we perhaps lay more stress upon patriotism than upon business capacity for the foundation of a durable state. One is rock, the other clay. Mr. Reid admits the Chinese to be devoid of the higher quality. Nothing could be clearer or more concise than his treatment of the question of railways in China. The aims and interests of each separate European Power in this respect are set forth categorically. The key to the situation is found in the Lu-han concession in the hands of the Belgian Syndicate for the line from Peking southward to Hankau on the Yang-tze. Round this the contention is at present closest. But the moves and counter-moves in the jealous game are incessant, and may be protracted until the completion of her own railway, above recorded, puts Russia in a position to play "check by discovery." For lighter incidents in the book we have the journey through Mongolia, which occupied eighteen days, partly on horseback and partly in native carts. The Desert of Gobi had to be crossed, here a very different operation from that which in its western tracts nearly cost Sven Hedin his life. Everywhere the author was received with hospitality and forwarded with help, for which he was as much indebted to the disposition of the inhabitants as to a precise order from the Tsung-li-Yamen.

Mr. Reid's book is one that should be widely consulted, an enjoyment facilitated by the ease with which its several sections may be taken apart, and put together again as a whole. In this it resembles the ingenious ice-breaker ferry he describes on Lake Baikal. It is not many books that would stand the test.

VERHAEREN IN ENGLISH.

Poems of Emile Verhaeren. Selected and Rendered into English by Alma Strettell. 8½×6¼, 34 pp. London, 1899. Lane. 5/- n.

Even so able a writer as Mr. Arthur Symonds failed in his translation of the verse of M. Emile Verhaeren, the foremost contemporary poet of Belgium, and certainly among the six foremost living poets who use natively the French language. And yet Mr. Symonds' task in *Les Aubes* was easier than that to which Miss Alma Strettell has set herself. Verhaeren is a poet of divers and strongly-marked styles: the author of *Les Flamandes*, *Les Flambeaux Noirs*, *Les Campagnes Hallucinées*, *Les Villes Tentaculaires*, and *Les Heures Claires*—to specify perhaps the most distinctive of his books—seems, as a French critic has said, to comprise himself and several others, all called Emile Verhaeren. Miss Strettell—who, as the co-translator of *The Bard of the Dimbovitza*, has already proved herself a skilled translator—has set herself to represent Verhaeren by less than a score of poems selected from *Les Villages Illusoires*, *Les Heures Claires*, and *Les Apparitions dans les Chemins*. The choice does not seem altogether fortunate. There are finer, more characteristic, in every way more noteworthy poems in the earlier books, and, above all, in *Les Campagnes Hallucinées* and *Les Villes Tentaculaires*. That, however, is a matter of opinion. It is, perhaps, hard to understand why there should be a translation of Emile Verhaeren's poetry at all. It is not of a kind to appeal to readers who know nothing of the *décor*, of the background, of the poet's external materials, while those who do know will certainly be able to read the poems in the original. Miss Strettell, of course, must have thought otherwise, and it may be that she is right. And if a translation had to appear, we are glad to owe it to so skilled and sympathetic an interpreter.

Yet we must say candidly that there is not a single poem which is not obviously a translation, and a laboured translation. All are faithful; every now and then occur lines which genuinely convey both the force and meaning of the original; but the music, the rhythm, the sonorous chant, are lost. The first poem will do as well as any other to test this statement. It is "La Pluie," from *Les Villages Illusoires*. In the original, "The Rain" is a lovely poem, whose rhythms suggest the sudden rushes and the still, slow falling of the rain itself. Miss Strettell, like nearly all English translators from French, adds superfluous words, apparently in dread of an accusation of bald literalness. In the following lines there is not only superfluity and the mechanical pleonasm of "infinitely" and "endlessly," but a loss in music:—

Long as unending threads, the long-drawn rain
Interminably, with its nails of grey,
Athwart the dull-grey day,
Rattles the green window-pane,
So infinitely, endlessly, the rain,
The long, long rain,
The rain.

We turn to the original, and find

Longue comme des fils sans fin, la longue pluie
Interminablement, à travers le jour gris,
Râcle les carreaux verts avec ses ongles gris,
Infiniment, la pluie,
La longue pluie,
La pluie.

How delicate is

Mouillés qu'ils sont de longue pluie,
Tenacement, indéfinie.

and how harsh

With the long rain, tenaciously, with rain
Indefinite.

and how from

Et c'est toujours la pluie
La longue pluie
Fine et dense, comme la suie.

all the music has gone in

And still there is the rain,
The long, long rain,
Like soot so fine and dense.

This is neither better nor worse than the rest of the book, and this being so, we cannot give Miss Alma Strettell's new venture the welcome we should like to give.

SERBIAN LITERATURE.

The Vicar of Wakefield (Vekfildski Svesztenik). By O. Goldsmith. Translated into Serbian by Dr. Ljubomir Nedicz. 7½×5in., xxvi.+123 pp. Belgrad, 1898. **Serbian Literary Association** (Srpska književna zadruka). 2 dinara (1/8)

There is a gravity in the character of the Slavonians which fits them for the appreciation of English literature. "English authors," says a writer in the official organ of the Serbian Academy at Neusatz, "are, perhaps, the only authors in Europe, besides the Russians, who look upon literature as a mission; they are almost alone in their understanding of the word 'earnestness.'" The writer holds our literature up before the eyes of his countrymen as a model for them to follow. "The Vicar of Wakefield" has been translated once into Bohemian, twice into Polish, and three times into Russian. It is an excellent rendering of the classic which Dr. Nedicz now sets before his countrymen. A Professor at the Belgrade University School, a critic by nature and habit, acquainted with English life by a residence in this country, he has qualifications for his task which one hardly dares to look for in a translator. He has furnished his translation with precise and unobtrusive notes upon such mysteries as "true-love knots," "musical glasses," "the controversy between Thwackum and Square," the duties of Squire Thornhill's "feeder," and the like. M. Mijalkowicz, who has

been entrusted with the incidental verse, has performed his task eminently well. It is certainly strange to hear Edwin calling Angelina his "white Vila," but the frank Slavonism drives the endearment further home without obscuring the original, and a verse rendering of poetry is none the less true because it is free.

Until forty years ago the English language was unknown among the Serbs, and such acquaintance as they had with our literature was made through the medium of German and Italian translations. When Stephan Stephanovicz laid the foundations of the Servian dramatic school in 1826 with his tragedy, *Tsar Urosz*, he was largely indebted to Shakespeare for his methods; but he knew Shakespeare only in a German version, for not one of Shakespeare's plays had yet been translated into Servian. The first Servian translation of a Shakespeare play, *Romeo and Juliet* to wit, appeared three years later, in 1829; and that was the translation of a German translation, and bad at that—"greatly corrupted," says Szafarik. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (1854), "Lara," the "Giaour" (1856), "Venus and Adonis" (1861), all came into Servia by way of Germany; Chesterfield's Letters (1830) and Goldsmith's "History of Rome" (1841) were translated from the Italian.

Direct translation began in 1860 with Shakespeare's *Richard III.*, followed in 1865 by Dickens' "Battle of Life," and Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii"—in the "Women's Pastime" Series. Shakespeare has attracted the best energies of the translators, notably of Laza Kostic, poet, critic, and anglophil. "Venus and Adonis," so far from pleasing, had called down the wrath of critics, and been damned as a product of the "hyper-civilization, or, in other words, demoralization of the West." But Laza Kostic's *Romeo and Juliet* attained the rare honour of a second edition in ten years; *Hamlet* and *King Lear* have each been translated twice; and 1882 brought no less than three new translations from Shakespeare into Servia.

Great among translators is Jovan Jovanovicz, whose "Enoch Arden," in graceful rhyming decasyllables, is a Servian classic. It is the only work of Tennyson's known to the Serbs; and even that has come by the by-ways, for Jovanovicz translated from the German, and the Servo-Croatian translator took it from the Italian. Notable among books translated are "Robinson Crusoe" (1873 and 1884), "Pilgrim's Progress," "The Mill on the Floss," Buckle's "History of Civilization" (that arch-delight of the Slavonians, Mill's "Logic," Mill's "Subjection of Women," and Darwin's "Origin of Species." The Literary Association, since it began operations seven years ago, has published along with original Servian works translations from such various authors as Molière, Ariosto, George Eliot, Voltaire, and Potapenko.

When Servian literature rose from the dust of ecclesiastic learning a century ago, it rose by its own natural and national vigour. The popular oral poetry was collected by Vuk Karadzic and his fellow-workers, and became the basis of a new and poetic literature. Foreign influence has played only a small part in its development, and that influence has borne fruit chiefly in dramatic and technical works. The Servians are beginning to feel the lack of imaginative prose; and, for want of a school of novelists of their own, are wisely supplying their need with the best work of the best writers abroad.

HEINE'S "MOUCHE."

Heinrich Heine's Last Days. By Camille Selden. Translated from the French by Mary Thiddall. 7½ x 5½ in., 128 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 6/-

In the introduction to her excellent translation, Miss Mary Thiddall pleads for a more direct and personal recognition of "Camille Selden," whose fame with us rests almost solely on the fact of her association with Heine. Few English people know that Camille Selden had, on her own account, a romantic history before her meeting with him—being deserted in her girlhood by a husband who, having spent her dot, did not hesitate to get her falsely imprisoned for lunacy. Few know

that she was "professor of German" at the Lycée Jeanne d'Arc, besides being the author of critical contributions to the French reviews, and of various original works, as well as the translator of Goethe's "Elective Affinities," and Max Reichard's "Recollections." However, when all justice is done to her achievements and to her personality, she still interests us most strongly as the original of Heine's *Mouche*. The friendship began in a casual fashion:—

I knew Heine at the close of his life, but had been acquainted with him as writer and poet long before I saw his face for the first time. On one occasion, when returning from Vienna, I was the bearer of a packet for him, some sheets of music, which one of his admirers was dedicating to him. For greater safety, I went myself to deliver these at his house, and, having executed the commission, was on the point of leaving when a sharp pull at the bell resounded from another room. The servant returned, and I was struck by the slightly imperious ring of a voice which forbade her to let me go away. A door opened, and I penetrated into a much darkened room, stumbling as I did so against a screen covered with paper, painted to imitate lacquer. Behind this screen, on a low bed, was stretched a man, ill and half blind. He appeared still young, although he was in reality far from being so, and he must once have been handsome. He raised himself on his pillows and stretched out his hand to me, saying that he was very glad to talk to some one who came from "over there." A sigh accompanied the "over there"; touching words which died on his lips like the echo of some distant and well-known melody. Friendship makes rapid growth when sympathies are exchanged by the bed of a sick man, and in the neighbourhood of death. As I was leaving he presented me with a book and begged me to come again. I took this simply for a polite speech and remained away, fearing lest I might be troublesome to an invalid. He wrote and scolded me. The reproach flattered as much as it touched me, and from this time my visits never ceased until that gloomy February morning when we took him to his last resting-place.

When "Camille Selden" comes to write of Heine's wife, there is an amusing little touch of something not very unlike feminine jealousy about her description:—

She was not at all what I had imagined Frau Heine would be. I had pictured her to myself as elegant, languorous, and slight, with a pale and ardent face, lighted up by great velvety treacherous eyes. What I saw was a simple-looking, stout brunette, with a high colour and a cheery face; one of those persons of whom one says, "She ought to walk and take exercise." What a sad contrast between this vigorous woman, made for an open-air life, and the pale, dying man, who, from the depths of an anticipated tomb, found the necessary energy to earn not only the daily bread, but the wherewithal to buy fine dresses.

Poor Frau Heine! It did not strike "Camille Selden" that possibly that very contrast of vigour and health brought more colour into the life of the invalid than many "pale, ardent faces," with treacherous eyes. As for the fine dresses, who knows but that they were Heine's vicarious share of the pageant of the world? They were evidently an eyesore to the sympathetic visitor of the husband, but quite possibly a satisfaction to the husband himself.

The letters to his friend, written for the most part in great suffering, are chiefly notes imploring her to visit him, and do not add as much to Heine-lore as the prose translations at the end of the little book. The translator has done her work very well.

A YIDDISH POET.

Songs from the Ghetto. By Morris Rosenfeld. 7½ x 4½ in., viii. + 115 pp. Boston, 1898. Copeland & Day. \$1.25

These poems in Yiddish, i.e., the German dialect spoken by the Jews of Poland, which are accompanied with a prose translation by Dr. Wiener, of Harvard, are a somewhat notable phenomenon. They are written by a Polish Jew who came to England, and took service with a sweeter, and afterwards migrated to New York, where the condition of affairs in the lower branches of the clothing trade is as bad as, if not worse than, in England. These poems, written in a barbarous jargon, express

from the inner side the feelings of a sweated tailor, when the shop clock seems to call him "machine" and cries out to him "sew." To all the questions which the *Apreter* (operator) raises there is one answer, says Mr. Rosenfeld; when the work has killed him another will be sitting in his place and sewing.

Not all these poems deal, however, with the sweating shop, though all bear the impress of the misery caused by it. A special section is devoted to what are termed National Songs, dealing mainly with the misery caused to her Jewish subjects by Russia in her determination to preserve unity in the national creed. One of the best of these is entitled "The Jewish Soldier," a vision of the heights of Plevna; the soldier's ghost summons up the spirit of his comrades, from whom it asks, "Did I not fall for Russia's honour on this spot?" and the other soldiers lift their hands and swear, "You died nobly for your land." Then the other ghosts disappear—an effective touch—and the Jewish soldier cries out, "Oh Russia! You have separated me from my wife and child, I died in defending your honour, why do you drive away my wretched family? I send a heavy curse to you through the wind."

A curious point is raised by the technique of these poems. No one can fail to be struck by the resemblance in method to Heine's work. Take for instance the following short poem.

Es trillert der Kanarik
In freien Wald altein,—
Wer Känn sein Seimche [*Heb. joy*] fühlen?
Wer Känn sein Freud' varstëhn?

Es trillert der Kanarik
In reichsten Palaz schoen,—
Wer Känn sein Wehtag fühlen?
Wer Känn sein Schmerz varstëhn?

That is written either under the direct influence of Heine, or one must attribute the similarity to the influence of race, which would be more than remarkable if it produced so close an analogy in point not alone of method but even of metre. Dr. Wiener in his short introduction does not discuss this point, which would, perhaps, be the most interesting to the outside world. He states, however, that Mr. Rosenfeld is well read in German and English literature, and we may fairly assume an acquaintance with Heine. If so, some of the singularity of these poems disappear, though enough remains to render this little book one of considerable interest from many points of view. The pathos and power of the poems are unmistakable, and the cry of anguish sincere and piercing.

Dr. Wiener gives a glossary and translation (not too adequate for its purpose) which render it easy for the reader acquainted with German to follow the Yiddish. As will be seen from the specimen above, Yiddish is but a dialect of German with a few Hebrew and Slavonic words intermixed—altogether a curiosity of literature and something more than a curiosity.

GREGOROVIVS' HADRIAN.

The Emperor Hadrian: A Picture of the Græco-Roman World in his Time. By **Ferdinand Gregorovius**. Translated by Mary E. Robinson. 9½ x 6 in., xviii. + 414 pp. London, 1898. **Macmillan.** 12/- n.

"My first studies in the field of history," says the author in his prefatory note, "were devoted to the age of the Emperor Hadrian." These studies were published by him in 1851; and we have here the product of his revision of them in his old age. "The ceaseless researches of science have produced new documentary evidence . . . (and) with the help of this evidence, especially of the inscriptions, I have re-written my first work, so thoroughly indeed that little more than the plan has been preserved."

His book has the advantage of an introduction by Professor Pelham, in which he draws in outline his own suggestive portrait of Hadrian so far as he figures as a peacemaker, and also gives in the following sentences his criticism upon Gregorovius' picture of the Emperor and his times:—

[He] would have been the last to claim for his essay that

it said the final word on Hadrian, and it must be confessed that his work is not all equally good. He is at his best in the chapters which describe the general culture, the literary, philosophic, and artistic movements of the day. He is weakest when dealing with the political history, and with the many technicalities of Roman administration. Here his grasp of the situation is less sure, and his use of technical terms not always correct.

The general justice of the criticism is beyond dispute. No one can call the first part of the book, as a whole, either strong or brilliant. The narrative of Hadrian's reign is, nearly all of it, told baldly, and without any literary merit; the best chapters, perhaps, being those which describe his journeyings in Egypt, though even these are by no means first-rate. Here and there, too, the author's work is, considering the scale on which the book is planned, almost inadequate. He does not, for example, bring out with sufficient emphasis the dark allegations as to Hadrian's relations with his wife, and her hatred of him. There is not a little in this first part of the book that is better done by Merivale, whose pages have a continuous interest and an unfailing brightness of colouring which are wanting in the narrative of the German writer. Gregorovius' summary, however, of Hadrian's physiognomy and character is vividly written, and shows the author at his best.

It has been observed that the busts of Hadrian show a foreign, not a Roman face, possessing neither the Latin beauty of the Julian family, nor the mild gravity of the features of Trajan. It is more finely cut, but it is neither sympathetic nor intellectual. Artificially curled hair hangs over a brow which cannot be called thoughtful, and the short beard, which was said to have been worn to conceal a blemish, is rather a disfigurement than an ornament to the face. Hadrian is said to have let it grow to conceal some scars. This marble face does not convey the impression of all that was contained in the character of this strange man. He was a mass of contradictions, which no single portrait could display. For, on the one hand, we find his delight in the intellect of Greece and in Eastern sensuality, his enthusiastic love for art, his sophisticated versatility, his sound judgment, his statemanship, his humanity and generosity. But there is also the darker side of his capricious temper, his inordinate vanity, his love of irony and of trifles, and his gloomy mysticism. Who could hope to reconcile these conflicting traits in one portrait? We cannot see his bust without asking who the distinguished man is, so conscious of his own power, with the questioning glance and the light observant smile playing round his mouth. It must be the likeness of one who has been sovereign in some sphere of life, and has ruled over the spirit of his age.

As regards the second part of the volume—that which deals with the Roman society and culture of the period—not a little of it also is dull and prosy, while the unnecessary multiplication of short chapters adds an unfortunate impression of scrappiness. But towards the end the writer gives us some admirable work. His chapter on Alexander of Abonotichus—"the Cagliostro of the second century"—is indeed out of all proportion in its length to the rest of the book, but it is capital reading. So, too, the chapters on art are first-rate, while the following description of Hadrian's villa at Tivoli is highly pictorial:—

The villa was as large as a city, and contained everything that makes a city beautiful and gay; the ordinary and commonplace alone were not to be found there. Gardens, fountains, groves, colonnades, shady corridors and cool domes, baths and lakes, basilicas, libraries, theatres, circuses, and temples of the gods shining with precious marble and filled with works of art, were all gathered together round this imperial palace. The large household, the stewards with their bands of slaves, the body guards, the swarms of artists, singers and players, the courtesans and ladies of distinction, the priests of the temple, the men of science and poets, the friends and guests of Hadrian: these all composed the inhabitants of the villa, and this crowd of courtiers, idlers, and slaves had no other object but to cheer one single man who was weary of the world, to dispel his ennui by feasts of Dionysus, and to delude him into thinking that each day was an Olympian festival.

We only wish that the author had shown something of the same literary capacity throughout.

AMERICAN MINIATURES.

Heirlooms in Miniatures. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. With a Chapter on Miniature Painting by Emily Drayton Taylor. 8½×5¼in., xx.+250 pp. Philadelphia and London, 1898. Lippincott.

The art of the miniaturist is rapidly resuming its place in the affections of the portrait-lover—far more rapidly, indeed, than can be justified by the meagre supply of competent artists to meet the demand. Miniaturists there are by the score—the two existing London societies boast more than two hundred on their roll of members; but the average of excellence is so low—relatively to the ability of the masters of the past—that the leading practitioners (and those are of no vast ability) may be counted on the fingers of one hand. To three main causes may be attributed this deplorable condition of things. In the first place, disuse—for the introduction of photography almost killed the art, in spite of Chalon's prophecy; in the second place, the attempt of miniaturists to imitate the precise and matter-of-fact qualities of a photograph—and, indeed, copying if not often actually painting over it—so that a frank photograph did practically as well; and in the third, the delusion to which many of the lady miniaturists (for most miniaturists are ladies) and not a few of the men are subject, that miniature-painting does not require the severe, earnest, and devoted application to artistic study which is admitted to be requisite for success in portrait-painting on a larger scale. It seems to be forgotten that fine drawing is a necessity, and that the "help" of a photograph acts like a blight upon true art.

Yet, although the renaissance of the miniature is an undeniable fact, alike in England, France, and America, and although five or even ten miniatures are commissioned to-day for every one that was ordered five years ago, this sudden growth is to a great extent exotic. It has been called into being rather through the enthusiasm of the writers on the miniature—Mr. Foster, Dr. Lumsden Propert, and Dr. Williamson—than by any intelligent recognition of the achievements or exertions of the painters themselves. Already a literature of the subject is springing up; and the art, so long as it proves itself on the upward grade, will doubtless become a cult. The latest book on the subject comes from America, and perchance may have some effect in stimulating public interest in the States.

But it is hardly a book for English readers, although the student of the subject will be glad that it has been done at all and sorry that it has not been done better. The very title of the volume is awkward; the book itself is poorly written and curiously discursive; while, however interesting to a narrow circle of American society may be the chit-chat that occupies so great a part of it, to English readers generally it will be regarded as superfluous. These side-lights upon families whose chief claim to fame seems to be the fact that second or third rate miniaturists painted portraits of members of them are not entertaining. Had the space been occupied by criticism or technical description of the artists' work—which we had a right to expect, but which is almost wholly denied to us—real value would have been imparted to the book. We certainly have interesting new facts concerning American painters—West, Copley, and one or two more—but we have slips and errors that shake our confidence in the writer's accuracy. Thus she speaks of "James Smart" when she means John Smart; of Samuel "Shelly" instead of "Shelley"; of "Fresnay" instead, presumably, of "du Fresnoy"; of "Far.rington" instead of "Farington"; while "Sir Joshua Lawrence" (p. 182) leaves the reader in doubt as to whether Reynolds or Lawrence is intended. She is not aware that it was Chalon who said to Queen Victoria—in reply to the inquiry if photography would not oust the miniature—"Madame, de photograph cannot flatter," and, in commenting on a statement by "Mr." Cunningham (the author appears to be under the impression that Cunningham is a contemporary writer) she appends this egregious footnote :—

Mr. Cunningham seems to have overlooked the fact that Thomas Gainsborough painted even more portraits than land-

scapes. According to a recent estimate of his work, of the three hundred paintings executed by him over two hundred were portraits, among them some of the most beautiful in England—notably, those of the Countess of Sussex, Mrs. Siddons, and the Hon. Mrs. Graham.

Blunders of opinion, fact, and wit are all in this paragraph. What "Mr." Cunningham said was that "Gainsborough's excellence lay in landscape"—an opinion shared by many people at the present day. To suppose that he was in any doubt as to Gainsborough's portraits is absurd. The enumeration of Gainsborough's most famous and most popular portraits of ladies is surely unnecessary, while the only "recent" estimate of the painter's pictures accounts for nearer 1,000 than 300, of which the portraits number, not 200, but more than 700. We may complain, also, that neither in the main portion of the book, nor in Miss Taylor's historical chapter, have we any reference to Petitot, Antonio More, Zincke, Russell, Ross, Newton, or Mr. H. T. Wells, while it is irritating to find that nearly every one of the numerous women dealt with is described as "beautiful," none as only pretty, while Margaret Champlin is both "a belle and a beauty." Otherwise amusing is the author's explanation that it *must* have been Buckingham Palace which Miss Sully visited, by reason of the lady's vivid recollection of its "beautiful marble halls"—unless, indeed, Miss Sully is poking fun at that woful example of poor and often tasteless decoration.

When the time comes for the history of miniature-painting in America to be written, "Heirlooms in Miniatures" may be of real use to the judicious compiler of the book that is to be; but in the meantime this study will not help the art world very much. Not that there is any lack of books that would have assisted the author to produce a volume of greater excellence than this.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

The story of Napoleon's captivity at St. Helena has been told many times and from many points of view. A DIARY OF ST. HELENA (Innes, 5s.) gives us yet another version of it. The journal in question was kept in the years 1816 and 1817 by Lady Malcolm, and contains a record of the conversations of the de-throned Emperor with her husband, Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm, then in command of the Cape station, which included the island of St. Helena. As an account of the treatment of Napoleon by Sir Hudson Lowe, it inspires more confidence than the prejudiced narratives of Sir Hudson himself on the one hand, or of Las Cases and O'Meara on the other. A perusal of it makes it pretty clear that both the gaoler and his captive meant well, and that all the trouble arose because they were constitutionally incapable of getting on together. Sir Pulteney had his own little differences with Sir Hudson, but he admits that he did not deliberately lay himself out to bully Napoleon, though his unfortunate manner gave Napoleon the ineradicable impression that this was his design. That is the conclusion to which careful comparison of the rival statements has always led impartial readers; and now we have it confirmed by independent testimony.

Napoleon's table-talk has a perennial interest for most of us, and the diary gives us plenty of his *obiter dicta* on military and other matters. Here is a note, for example, on the Eastern Question :—

Speaking of keeping the Grand Seignior in full power, "France," he said, "ought never to consent to the dismemberment of Turkey. When I was at Tilsit I used to talk jolly (*bavard*), call the Turks barbarians, and that they ought to be turned out of Europe, but I never intended to do so, for when I looked at the map I saw it was not for the interest of France that Constantinople should be in the hands of Austria or Russia."

And here is yet another statement of Napoleon's view of the strategy and tactics of the Waterloo campaign :—

"Wellington ought to have retreated and not fought that battle, for had he lost it, I should have established myself in France; but had I been obliged to follow the English and Prussians, in the end I must have been beaten by the junction

of the allied armies. Wellington risked too much, for by the rules of war I should have gained the battle. I calculated that General Grouchy would have kept the Prussians in check till I beat the English; and he ought to have done so."

The diary, though very interesting, is quite short. A brief introduction, which explains everything that needs explaining, is contributed by Sir Arthur Wilson, who, as editor, also throws in an occasional footnote.

Mr. Harry Vandervell has done for the modern cargo steamer what Dana did long ago for the sailing vessel (or "wind-jammer," as Mr. Vandervell would probably term it). Shipping before the mast as an ordinary seaman, he gives us in *A SHUTTLE OF AN EMPIRE'S LOOM* (Blackwood, 6s.) a graphic description of a five months' voyage round the world. The author has a keen eye for character, and brings vividly before us all the various discomforts and slender alleviations that go to make up fo'c's'le life. Mr. Vandervell stuck to his work gallantly, but a perusal of his book is not likely to induce many aspirants to follow in his footsteps. Eternal scrubbing of brass work, holystoning decks, painting and varnishing, trimming coal in the bunkers, and then more scrubbing and polishing, does not appeal so readily to the youthful imagination as most tales of life at sea. But, in spite of the seeming monotony of his existence, Mr. Vandervell has produced a thoroughly interesting book—a book, too, not without value to those who have the welfare of our merchant service at heart. If his account is read as widely as it deserves to be, it will at least serve to clear away a good many of the misconceptions that prevail concerning the life of a modern sailor. What strikes the layman most forcibly is the immense waste—waste of stores and waste of labour—in some departments combined with the extreme of penuriousness in others. "The owners have put the paint on board, and it's got to be used somehow, or dumped overboard," as one of the hands remarks. There are many excellent yarns. "*A Shuttle of an Empire's Loom*" is well worth buying. The book is as good as the title—and that is no light praise.

The Syndics of the Cambridge University Press have done well to publish the interesting collection of *CASES OF INTERNATIONAL LAW DURING THE CHINO-JAPANESE WAR* (10s.), prepared by Professor Sakuyé Takahashi, of the Japanese Naval Staff College, who was attached as legal adviser to the admiral commanding the Japanese squadron during the war. This appointment in itself bears witness to the respect for legality prevailing among his countrymen. What would a British Admiral say to being encumbered with a legal adviser on active service? Besides the well-known case of the *Kow-Singh*, the chief international incidents of the war arose out of the somewhat ludicrous proceedings of one John Wild, an American adventurer, who is said to have offered to put an end to the war "at small cost and without losing ships or men, except by a stray shot at long range." For \$300 he could make an ordinary ocean steamer more than a match for the most powerful battleship, and he knew how to capture warships without destroying them, and to silence forts' batteries or ships without the use of gunpowder or torpedoes. Convinced that Wild was no mere visionary, the Chinese Minister in the United States shipped him, together with one Cameron and a disguised Chinaman as assistants, on board the *Gaelic* for Yokohama. At Yokohama the *Gaelic*, though her ulterior destination was neutral, was searched by the Japanese authorities. Wild and his companions were undoubtedly contraband persons, and might have been seized as such on board a vessel bound for an enemy's port, but in this case the destination of the vessel was neutral, and the doctrine of continuous voyages, which has been applied not without question to goods consigned to a neutral port with an ulterior hostile destination, has never been extended to persons. Wild and his associates got away from the *Gaelic*, but they were afterwards seized at Kobe on board the French vessel *Sydney*, bound for Hong-kong, and their seizure was acquiesced in. The fact that they were proceeding in a belligerent service distinguishes the case from the *Trent*, where Mason and Slidell were seized on

board a British ship while proceeding in the capacity of diplomatic agents to this country. Wild and Cameron were released on parole, but Cameron raised a new question by breaking his parole, and again falling into the hands of the Japanese on the capture of Wei-hai-wei. Mr. Takahashi discusses the question whether he might not in strictness have been put to death for breach of parole. Happily the Japanese authorities abstained from this step which Professor Westlake condemns as opposed to international law. The volume contains other matters of interest, and is provided with a preface from Professor Holland and an introduction from Professor Westlake.

It is well known that Egidio Colonna, who was Professor at the Paris University in the thirteenth century, and for 22 years Archbishop of Bourges, wrote, for the instruction of Phillippe le Bel, whose tutor he was, a Latin treatise entitled "*De Regimine Principum*." Editions of it were published in 1473, 1482, 1489, 1498, 1502, 1556, 1585, 1598, 1607, and 1617; and it has been translated, in whole or in part, into Hebrew, Spanish, French, English, Portuguese, Catalan, and Italian. Mr. Samuel Paul Molenaer, of the University of Pennsylvania, now gives us a transcription of the French version, from a MS in the possession of Mr. John Edward Kerr, junior, of New York, under the title of *LI LIVRES DU GOUVERNEMENT DES ROIS* (Macmillan, 12s. 6d. n.), together with appendices, a critical introduction, and a sufficiency of footnotes. The editor is, perhaps, over sanguine in anticipating that the book will appeal to others besides "the limited number of professional scholars" for whom "it is primarily intended"; for no one not a professional scholar is likely to know early French well enough to read it, even though he may be interested, as Mr. Molenaer suggests, "in the evolution of pedagogy and political science." Professional scholars, however, will not fail to recognize that Mr. Molenaer has rendered them a service in making the book accessible to them.

To the Library of Useful Stories Mr. James Mark Baldwin contributes *THE STORY OF THE MIND* (Newnes, 1s.). The title suggests metaphysics, but this branch of the subject is avoided. Transcendental considerations are ignored, and the mind is treated merely from the point of view of the experimental psychologist. Everything, in short, is straightforward and above-board; and the least intelligent reader will generally be able to attach a meaning—though not always, it may be, the right meaning—to what Mr. Baldwin says. A wide public may be interested in his explanation of the phenomena of hypnotism, and in his discussion of the vexed question whether men of genius are necessarily to be regarded as lunatics. On the other hand, his proposals for the application of the truths of psychology to education are, perhaps, rather ingenious than practical. Here, for example, is advice for the treatment of a boy who suffers, as do so many boys, from what Mr. Baldwin calls "fluidity of the attention."

Keep him out of the concert recitations, where his tendency to haste would work both personal and social harm. . . . Shield him with the greatest pains from distractions of all kinds. . . . Give him usually the secondary parts in the games of the school, except when real planning, complex execution, and more or less generalship are required; then give him the leading parts. . . . Deductive logic is not a good discipline for these students: empirical psychology or political economy is a better introduction to the moral sciences.

This sounds an admirable programme; but we should be interested to see the author trying to put it through in a public school. The attempt to offer the captaincy of the games as a reward for fluidity of the attention, if made, for example, on the eve of the Eton and Harrow match, would assuredly bring about a situation which would require quite other gifts than those of the psychologist to deal with it.

In a new edition of Canon Isaac Taylor's *HISTORY OF THE ALPHABET* (Arnold, 2 vols., 21s.) there is not much change beyond a reduction in price. Perhaps more notice might have been taken of the progress made by epigraphical science since its first appearance; but the author is justified in claiming for his original conclusions—e.g., that of the derivation of "runio" characters from Greek sources—that they have been tacitly accepted. His book still remains the best English authority upon its subject as a whole.

A PIPE OF CARVED OLIVE-WOOD.

I.

With flowers chased and filigree
Of leaves around the bowl and stem,
Across the seas 'twas brought for me
A present from Jerusalem;
Now on my mantel-shelf it lies,
The alien child of orient skies.

II.

Haply in Kedron's rocky dell,
Ere Saladin the host o'erthrew,
By steep Siloam's limpid well
This olive-wood erst drank the dew;
Or in far days that men forget
It graced perchance Mount Olivet.

III.

Nay, where the oaks of Mamre gleam
Down that wide glen where Hebron lies
And of past glory loves to dream
As from its tower the daylight dies,
There haply Rachel plucked the fruit
Where spread this olive's parent root.

IV.

When from this carven bowl arise
Thick clouds of incense round my head,
Strange visions mount before mine eyes—
A resurrection of the dead—
Of dynasties long past and gone,
Of empires lost and victories won.

V.

I see the creeds and systems pass
That shaped the world in years of yore;
They meet my gaze as in a glass,
They go, and they return no more;
Crude phantasms of the human mind
That thro' dark ages ruled mankind.

VI.

O antique world, so calm, so still!
What Pyramids of hope and fear
'Twas thine to build with wizard skill
While mute the Sphinx sat watching near,
And Life and Death remained for thee
A dark, an unsolved mystery.

VII.

Not Cæsar and not Pharaoh now
In Egypt, or in Rome, abide;
Gone, gone for ever from each brow
The conqueror's wreath, the victor's pride!
Yet still the Night brings back the Dawn
To heath-clad hill and dewy lawn.

VIII.

And children where the lilies blow
Are blithe amid the buds of May;
And still the Hebrew maidens go
With fisher-lads at close of day
Where gnarled olives glimmer yet
By Jordan and Gennesaret.

SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

Among my Books.

My books have two peculiarities that mark them out from other people's books. The first is their garish and perpetual condition of newness; the second their extraordinarily miscellaneous nature. Both would perplex a beholder not in my secret. But for an occasional delicate dog's-ear or faint pencil mark, my books have all the look of a freshly-furnished villa drawing-room. There is no intimacy in their air, no well-fingered binding on which the title must be searched for under the soft blurring brought by time and the handling of a caressing reader; but for a significant slope of their covers which tells of an armchair drawn all too near the fire, their demeanour keeps one at a repellent distance. They are prudish, virginal, immaculate.

Then, their variety would seem to point to a fine chaos in the mind of any one being who could deliberately plan the herding together of such incongruous companions. What has the dignified, ponderous biography of a statesman, all footnotes and steel engravings, to do with the last and wildest shriek of distraught neurosis in the way of a problem novel? If night lends voices to my books when I have callously left them in their painful proximity to one another and gone away, what words will be exchanged between the modest little S.P.C.K. production, with the picture of a death-bed on its cover, and the sinister books, with the strange designs in black and shaded yellows, supporting a lurid title? Will the flabby expanded novelette-contingent step in as go-between—its wicked baronets and bigamist-earls linking it with the one, its blameless heroines and matrimonial climaxes with the other?

If their variety is bewildering, the monotony of my books will be found no less amazing. Granting that my library was incomplete without one record of the heiress whose uncle's will compels her to marry her unknown cousin, is there any necessity for half-a-dozen several records of her? Her name may vary from Lilian Vavasour to the more subtly convincing Jane Black, her hair from a "wealth" to a mere competence, but her experiences will inevitably be the same. She will become enamoured of the cousin, either in his disguise of the Penniless-Manly one, or in his proper person; in the latter case, some adventuress will persuade each of the two that the other is only feigning love from interested motives; and quite a creditable show of proper pride will keep them apart until a not unbearably distant last chapter. This kind has wide margins and the print is generous. It is all alike. Yet I have some seven of it at this moment, and every line of each specimen has been read by me, digested, and—reviewed. The word is better out.

One sentence is invariably to be expected when a stranger surveys my glossy rows. "All those! but of course you don't really *read* them all." Do I not? Let the opening sentence of a book drop it never so surely into one category or another: let the author's name convey never so absolute a conviction of what I have to expect:

let the title be fatal and the end as obvious as the dome of St. Paul's on a clear day: do I not patiently read on until every chapter has been searched for the possible humorous touch, the new idea, the "one just man" among the characters who shall not be stuffed with sawdust? Not until the epilogue is reached, with its happy couple on a sunny lawn, watching the gambols of a first-born, invariably male, do I inscribe the fly-leaf with the sign that means "Harmless—no good" to my initiated eye. The reviewer is supposed to come like a Balaam, firmly resolved to curse; to cut three pages and skim them with a fixed frown, which deepens as the author's gems of wit and pathos force upon him the hideous duty of a reluctant blessing, or lightens into the grin of a demon as he finds a split infinitive on the fork of which to hang envenomed raillery. It is never so much as conceived of him that he should welcome a pearl found on his midden; that his appreciation should be intensified an hundredfold by force of contrast; that he should have to water down a growing enthusiasm that threatens to become mere gush by the chastening thought that the book is not so far above all other books as it is above the last twenty that have saddened his life; that Tomkins is not necessarily Thackeray because he is worlds better than Thompson, and too good to be mentioned in the same day with Smith.

Women are the chief purveyors of my books—women of every kind, beginning with the guileless country lady who has once had a story inserted in the local paper; her friends have assured her that she "ought to write," and she does write, ungrammatically and diffusely, along the line of least resistance. She prints at her own expense, acquires a village fame which uplifts her till her death, and never loses that pathetic dream of "profits" which survives the still-born book by so many decades. Possibly, even, she realizes the dream. For I have deliberately come to the conclusion that there is a reading public to whom staleness is a joy and originality a drawback. There is a placid satisfaction (I have felt it myself) in knowing what is going to happen in one's novel. The sorrows of all the deserving characters cease at once to be unpleasantly harrowing. We are behind the scenes, and we look forward mildly to the pronounced "scoring" that will be theirs in the last chapter. It is like sitting comfortably at the melodrama, ready to hiss the villain as he pursues the heroine before the very curtain; no fear need mingle with our hiss. He will be "foiled" in the next act without fail. No insurance company would take him now. So I never fall fiercely upon the poor little obvious books; and if I call them "gentle," the sting is likely to be but lightly felt. To call a would-be horrifying novel of the "decadent" type "kindly," "pretty," or "well-meaning" is far more securely enraging.

They are dying out of my lists, those "decadent" books, and my appetite and digestion benefit by their death. The novel most in favour just at present seems to be the life history of some rather clever young woman who shows a quite uncanny precocity in the years when she ought to be stealing jam, and is excusably misunder-

stood by a "Philistine" family. We have always had her in our midst, more or less; but now she comes into it before she can walk and stays there till she can walk no longer. With a guileless confidence in our interest, and a frankness sometimes embarrassing, she pours out the entire contents of her soul, accumulated for years, and safely delivered at last in some hundreds of pages of small print. She is nearly always a woman's conception. The male novelist has a delicacy about intruding in the nursery; he prefers his heroines to be of marriageable age and considerably sillier! This last is a very marked sign of the times. Women's women, in fiction, are getting more and more cultured, logical, athletic, and formidable generally; men's women remain precisely the deliciously wayward and distracting creatures they always were. It is often a humorous sight when it comes to the lion's turn to make the statue.

The word "humorous" reminds me of one little point on which I think poor women writers have hardly had fair play. Let any impartial observer count the number of times that this sentence or a variation thereof appears in reviews. "Above all, Miss Blank possesses the gift of humour, so seldom found in writers of her sex." Now, it is precisely this spirit of humour which has saved many a female production from my utter wrath. The style is often unwieldy to a degree, the characters preposterous and the plot past praying for; yet there will be a saving humour in the thing quite distinct from wit, which may be there too. And if I were a man I suppose I should constantly be writing, "However, Mrs. Dash cannot be denied that rarest gift of her sex, a sense of humour"; and each fresh exception would only establish the rule a little more firmly in my mind.

There is enough to be said about my books to fill a volume, but it cannot be said here. I should like to vent my hoarded spite against the books that are neither good nor bad, and leave me nothing to say about them; also on the books that have a quite indescribable, horrid print which makes me blink: these last have disciplined my soul more usefully than any other kind, for I have never yet "taken it out" of the author. Then I should like to hint to cherished friends that a book sent straight to me "just for a word of mention," because the author is "such a charming girl, a friend of the Browns," quite regardless of the fact that the Editor has probably handed its duplicate already to one of my hated rivals, doth work like madness in my brain. But there is no more room and no more time. They are waiting for me in stacks—loved and loathed, wearisome but how welcome—my poor, incongruous Books!

ALICE HERBERT.

A TRAGEDY OF ALL FOOLS' DAY.

As the sun came brightly through the window-blinds—it was the first morning of April—Gabriel Harvey rose earlier than usual and descended to the little garden at the back of his house.

His garden was his great love. After twenty years of service in one of the many departments of State Revenue, Gabriel

received a salary of three hundred a year on which he supported a wife and a constantly increasing family in a suburb south-east of London. He was, like all good Englishmen, devoted to his children, and he did not think of the imperfections of his wife. But his aspirations and ambitions were centred in his garden.

His life was monotony and routine. The train engulfed him in the morning and vomited him at night. On Sunday he went to Church, took his children for a walk, and in the evening, perhaps, one of his official acquaintances would come to smoke. Then they talked of their remote prospects of promotion, their chief clerks, and their work.

Gabriel was a detail in an official machine, but a detail with nerves. He lived in a perpetual anxiety lest in any way, by some trivial blunder or breach of regulations, he should incur the wrath of his chief. To him his chief clerk—a worthy man who had risen after forty years of work and suppression and avenged himself for past wrongs by bullying his inferiors as he had been bullied of old—was a martinet of terrible presence and power, wielding thunderbolts. When he was called before his chief Gabriel trembled, hastily attempting to remember all the faults he might have committed. If the errand were unimportant Gabriel exulted. If he were blamed, he was miserable for a week. In the great machine for the ingathering of revenue Gabriel and his chief were almost equally insignificant units, but to the former it seemed that his peace of mind and almost his bread and life were dependent on the sovereign will of his superior.

The thought of his bondage depressed him now, and even was accentuated by the radiant sky above and the freedom of the little birds that chirped and fluttered about him, irresponsibly happy. He envied their liberty. If he had only three hundred a year for which he need not work, he would take a little house somewhere in the country, with a large garden which would allow the planting of innumerable vegetables, and he pictured himself in a continued bliss of idleness, walking down green lanes, leaning over gates to discuss the state of wheat or turnips, or smoking a calm pipe in the evening while the rays of the sunken sun made pink the higher bands of cloud, and twilight settled on the earth under the green and gold of the horizon.

But he dismissed his dreams, and for an hour turned his attention to his flowers and seeds.

The rattle of the lid of the letter-box and the postman's knock at the front door lifted him from his stooping attitude and he walked slowly into the house. A single letter lay on the mat. He picked it up and, as the address was in an unknown hand, examined the envelope curiously while he returned to the garden. Failing by external means to discover the sender he opened it.

He was compelled to read the letter twice before he grasped its meaning. Then he passed his hand over his forehead, uttering an inarticulate exclamation.

It ran thus :—

“ 217, Lincoln's Inn Fields,
“ 31 March, 18—

“ Dear Sir,—We regret to inform you of the sudden death of your uncle, Mr. John Harvey, which occurred on the 30th instant. By his will which is in our possession you are appointed sole executor and universal legatee and devisee. . . . We await your instructions and remain,

“ Yours faithfully,

“ MAYNE AND BROADBENT.”

Gabriel stood stupefied. His one thought repeated itself. “ Five hundred a year ! ” it re-echoed, for that, he knew, was the amount of his uncle's income. Then he turned, sprang into the house, flew up the staircase and, bursting into his bed room, alarmed his wife, a big, coarse woman who, with bare arms and a mouth full of pins, was arranging her thin hair before a mirror.

He threw the letter before her.

“ Read that ! ” he exclaimed, triumphantly.

She glanced at it without lowering her arms. Then she dropped them, the pins from her mouth and her hair at the same time.

“ Oh Gabriel ! ” she said, helplessly.

“ We are rich,” he cried, beside himself, waving the letter in the air and dancing.

Her caution, sharpened by years of compulsory economy, soon asserted itself.

“ You must go and see them at once ” she said. “ You will have to arrange for the funeral. It is fortunate the children have black dresses, but I shall have to buy a new jacket.”

Breakfast was a scramble, and Gabriel went up to town in a first-class carriage, though his season-ticket only permitted him a third. He wished to tell every one of his good fortune, but the nine other men in the carriage were strangers to him and besides were each immersed in a newspaper, ignoring him. He was suffocating with suppressed emotion when, as he alighted at Waterloo, he caught sight of the portly figure of his chief.

As a rule Gabriel had been exercised in endeavours to avoid him when they met outside the office, but to-day he was a capitalist, an independent gentleman. He fell into step with his chief who glanced up in surprise at Gabriel's blithe “ Good morning ! ”

“ I am afraid the office will have to dispense with my services for the future,” he began.

The other gave voice to an “ Ah ! ”

“ I heard this morning,” he continued, “ that I have been left eight or nine hundred a year ”—he exaggerated to the extent of his chief's salary—“ and so I shall be seen no more in that . . . ” He pointed, in default of a word, to the white porticoes of Somerset House across the river.

“ It is not a place for a self-respecting man,” he went on, proceeding to enlarge on the grievances of the Government clerk. When they parted at the threshold of the building, he had reduced his chief to a white-hot anger. Gabriel laughed and walked quickly towards Lincoln's Inn Fields. The knowledge that the time for signing the attendance-book at the office had gone by increased his sensation of freedom.

Having arrived, he walked leisurely round the square, searching for No. 217. Then he stood still, and was puzzled, for the numbers did not run so high. He stopped a messenger-boy who could not assist him. Then he approached a policeman who informed him there was no such number.

“ But I have a letter from that address,” he said, pulling out the great communication to reassure his memory.

“ There is no No. 217 in Lincoln's Inn Fields,” the policeman repeated, stolidly.

A horrible fear seized Gabriel. He trembled as he turned, and his knees shook as he retraced his steps round the square. Then, being still unsuccessful, he fled back to his office. The vast grey quadrangle seemed to regard him contemptuously as he crossed it almost running.

He entered the portals of his department, dived down dark passages, mounted tortuous stairs, and found himself in his room. Half-a-dozen men looked up with amusement at his hasty entrance.

“ Good morning,” he exclaimed hurriedly, “ I want the ‘ Law List.’ ”

He found the red volume, turned the pages backwards and forwards, but no mention of the firm of Mayne and Broadbent delighted his eyes. At his dismayed expression a simultaneous roar of laughter broke from his friends who had watched him minutely. As he looked up in terrified surprise, one more kindly than the others approached him.

“ If you are looking for Mayne and Broadbent,” he said, “ you will not find them. To-day is the first of April.”

One man laughed, but the others were silent, as Gabriel, white and open-mouthed with nausea, with a cold sweat breaking out from his forehead and limbs, clutched convulsively at a table.

“ My God ! ” he said softly, “ My God ! ”

Notes.

The William Black Memorial seems pretty certain now to take the form, suggested some little time ago, of a lifeboat. Other suggestions were a cot in a Highland hospital, a scholarship at the Scottish University, or a fishermen's and shepherds' shelter near Oban. The lifeboat is much better than any of these. The sum needed to purchase it is £2,000, and subscriptions are flowing in actively. The committee that is being formed already includes many well-known names, including Mr. J. M. Barrie, Sir Walter Besant, Mr. G. H. Boughton, Mr. Colin Hunter, the Marquis of Lorne, Dr. Macleod, Mr. J. MacWhirter, Sir Theodore Martin, Mme. de Navarro, Sir Wemyss Reid, Lord Strathcona and Mountroyal, the Duchess of Sutherland, and Mr. Kipling, who telegraphed his wish to serve from America last week. The treasurer is Lord Archibald Campbell, care of Messrs. Coutts, 59, Strand, W.C.

Mr. Herbert Spencer's subscription portrait by Professor Herkomer is being engraved, and the engraving is to be offered at specially reduced terms to all who subscribed for this testimonial. Mr. C. R. Chisman, Lululaund, Bushey, Herts, is receiving applications for proofs. The engraving has been done by Miss E. Gullard, one of Professor Herkomer's pupils.

In a sparkling after-dinner speech at the Authors' Club, on Monday, Sir George Trevelyan defended himself and the school of historians of which he is a shining example against the grave charge of making history picturesque. As the nephew of his uncle he was practically committed to this line, and he was probably quite as well aware of the particular perils of picturesqueness as any member of his audience. The fact of the matter is that the picturesque and the laboriously accurate historian are equally apt, in their several ways, to be misleading. The one too frequently draws a picture which a minute examination of the facts shows to be wrong, as Carlyle notoriously did in the case of his "French Revolution." The other bombards the reader with such a hail of facts, interrupted by so many careful references to authorities, that the average reader never succeeds in seeing the facts as a concatenated whole. To the fact that he has tried so hard, and, on the whole, so successfully, to steer a middle course between these two extremes Sir George Trevelyan owes his own high reputation. In enlarging on the "consolations" of the literary, as contrasted with the political, life, he spoke, perhaps, rather the language of the amateur than of the professional. The literary man, he suggested, was not required to be an opportunist, as the politician is. He may, of course, if he is a literary man of ample private fortune, who need never work against time, take the lofty line that it is not his business to give the public what it wants, but the business of the public to want what he thinks good for it. Unfortunately not all literary men are in this fortunate position.

Some weeks back we noticed a performance at the Théâtre de L'Œuvre of *Measure for Measure*, which, as we said, "possibly owing to the frank nature of the intrigue, is now seldom seen upon an English stage." This reason, which has deterred managers from representing one of the most impressive of Shakespeare's comedies, accounts for the inevitable cuts which would render Miss Wallis' praiseworthy performance of the heroine of *Measure for Measure*, at the Kennington theatre, scarcely intelligible to any one who was not already acquainted with the plot. Nevertheless, the hearty welcome accorded to this performance of one of the less known of Shakespeare's plays is most gratifying to all who are interested in the revival of Elizabethan drama.

A correspondent writes to us concerning the latest edition of Mr. Meredith's works which we noticed in the last issue:—

Your reviewer pointed out that the present two volumes of "Poems" do not contain many of those verses which

appeared in the *édition de luxe*, but even that collection must be very far from complete. Not long ago I chanced upon an old volume of *Once a Week*—one of those greatly sought after by the collectors of the early black-and-white men—and happened upon some verses by Mr. Meredith that I fancy must be very little known even to the Meredith enthusiasts, for I find no mention of this particular poem in the "George Meredith," published in 1890, which contained a generally excellent bibliography by Mr. John Lane without, however, any note of this poem.

The Meeting.

The old coach-road thro' a common of furze,
With knolls of pines, ran white :
Berries of autumn, with thistles and burrs,
And spider-threads, droop'd in the light.

The light in a thin blue veil peer'd sick,
The sheep grazed close and still ;
The smoke of a farm by a yellow rick
Curl'd lazily under a hill.

No fly shook the round of the silver net,
No insect the swift bird chased ;
Only two travellers moved and met
Across that hazy waste.

One was a girl with a babe that throve,
Her ruin and her bliss ;
One was a youth with a lawless love,
Who claspt it the more for this.

The girl for her babe humm'd prayerful speech,
The youth for his love did pray ;
Each cast a wistful look on each,
And either went their way.

These verses, which seem to anticipate something of the sentiments of country roads and commons to which Mr. Hardy has accustomed us, are illustrated by Rossetti in a direct and admirable fashion. An agreeable volume might be made of these little remembered poems of Meredith which appeared long ago in magazines, with reproductions of the original drawings by Millais, Hablot K. Browne, Tenniel, and others now equally famous.

No doubt the omission which our correspondent points out as occurring in the second edition of Mr. Le Gallienne's "George Meredith" will now be supplied, as we see that Mr. Lane is about to publish a fifth and revised edition. This new issue has been greatly needed, as Mr. Meredith has added considerably to his works since the bibliography was originally compiled.

The preface to the first bound volume of *Cassell's New Penny Magazine*, which we have just received, draws attention to the fact that the experiment of producing a magazine for a penny has been tried before. It was tried, in fact, as early as 1832, by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge—an association which, guided by a committee comprising such notable names as those of Lord John Russell, Henry Hallam, and Rowland Hill, published a vast quantity of improving literature on subjects as various as gardening and brewing, geography and the differential calculus. This early *Penny Magazine*, concerning which the hope was expressed that it "may be taken up and laid down without any considerable effort," consisted of eight pages of the size of the *Saturday Review*, with a few little woodcuts—mostly views and portraits—in each number. Fiction is avoided ; instead of it we have geographical articles on Poland, Van Diemen's Land, and the like, antiquarian papers on Luxor and Old Somerset House, and essays of an instructive character. *Cassell*, with its sixty pages of matter, and profusion of pictures, gives us a great deal more for our money than did the miscellany of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Yet that insignificant looking miscellany started off with a circulation of 160,000 a month, and continued to exist for a period of fourteen years.

An article in the current number of the *International Literatur Bericht* criticizes succinctly, but from a vantage-ground of superiority, some of the leading English novels of last year. The German critic complains of the "heaviness and lack of humour" of Mr. George Moore's "Evelyn Innes," of the

"glaring improbabilities" of "Gloria Mundi," and the artistic construction of "The Open Question." He smiles and shakes his head at the "naïveté" of Mr. Anthony Hope who, in "Rupert of Hentzau," "affects to invest modern German life with the romance of an extinct mediævalism." Henry Seton Merriman is referred to as "the prime favourite of British literary mediocrity," while complimentary allusion is made to "Isabel Carnaby" and Kassandra Vivaria's "Via Lucis." The language of "Aylwin" is "insufferably stilted and laboured, and the plot and development of the story childish and out of date." With regard to Mrs. Ward's "Helbeck of Bannisdale" we are told that the adverse criticism aroused by its pseudo-Catholicism was the only fleeting interest attached to it, for the rest the novel is "langweilig in the extreme," and "devoid of a spark of humour." It is turning the tables with a vengeance when this charge of dullness and want of humour is brought against our novelists from a Teutonic quarter.

A correspondent writes :—

No doubt your reviewer is correct in suggesting that "Young Lives" is to some extent autobiographical, but if Henry may be taken for Mr. Le Gallienne, the author certainly introduces himself again in the chapter called "The Wits," and I would suggest the application of some other descriptions in this chapter to individuals who are already sufficiently hardened by journalism to bear such treatment. Does Mr. Lionel Johnson see himself as Mr. Le Gallienne sees him? "Among them a pale-faced lad of about fifteen, miraculously self-possessed, stood with his back to the chimney-piece, speaking in 'the Oxford voice.'" Does Mr. W. B. Yeats recognize himself as possessing a face that "half suggested a faun and half suggested a flower. A small, olive-skinned face, crowned with purple black hair that kept falling in an elf-lock over his forehead, and violet eyes set slantwise. He was talking earnestly of fairies in a beautiful Irish accent." Then there is a "short, firmly-built, clerical fellow, with a head like a billiard ball in need of a shave, a big, brown moustache, and enormous spectacles," which is intended, I imagine, to be the author of "The White Man's Burden," "he is all for muscle and brutality—and he makes all the money." There is the Shelley-voiced young man who speaks of Mallarmé's latest sonnet and the Empire ballet, and suggests Mr. Arthur Symonds; and the great critic "blustering red-headed" who is surrounded by admirers who say "How brilliant," "How absolute." Those who have read Mr. Henley's reviews of Mr. Le Gallienne may be able to guess who this is.

A number has reached us of the *Bookfellow*—a minute monthly magazine devoted to the interests of literature in New South Wales. Published at the office of the *Sydney Bulletin*, it surveys the subjects which come under its notice in the trenchant personal style which that satirical organ has made peculiarly its own; not only reviewing the books of Australian men of genius, but also discussing their private affairs and characters. There is a character sketch, for example, of Mr. Henry Lawson, the Australian poet, whose work is dealt with in our "Australian Letter" on another page. It begins with literary criticism to the effect that "his grammar is shaky and he has small sense of literary proportion." Then we get on to the statement that "he reckons loosely in money matters and is sociable to excess," and, finally, we have a detailed account of Mr. Lawson's dealings with his publisher, the precise figures being cited in support of the proposition that "nobody expects a poet to be a man of business." After this the editor's complaint that Australians, on the whole, are "too self-conscious" seems to come with a particular propriety.

The burning literary question of the hour in Australia relates to the supply of review copies. This is the situation :—

Nearly all the papers receive a very precarious supply from the publishers; and, in order to eke out notices, some of them are glad to rely on booksellers' bounties. This is bad; for the bookseller has a keen eye to his own interest, and is accustomed, when there is dead stock on hand, to foist a copy of the Awful Unsaleable upon the reviewer as a bonus for giving him a copy of the Fresh Saleable. "And try and give us a real good notice now!"

This is cheerful reading for English authors who are conscious of having been praised by the Australian Press. But there is worse :—

Some booksellers are getting into a habit of lending a book for review—"and please mention our name prominently"—with an injunction to return at once "because the other paper wants it before Saturday." The ox treads out their corn, and is muzzled in defiance of Holy Writ. No wonder bookselling pays.

The "Trinidad Reviewer" (Robinson Printing Company), a kind of year-book and guide-book combined, compiled by Mr. T. FitzEvan Eversley, devotes a section to the literary history of this important West Indian possession. We read :—

The possession of intellect will not, we suppose, be denied the Trinidadian; but, while we are obliged to recognize the occasional flash forced into being by the natural wealth pressing behind it, we cannot be blind to the fact that the best is not, and has not been, made of the evident brain-force in the island. In every branch of literature we have noticed the promptings of young Trinidad striving for utterance, often with astonishing success; but why the effort is not more general, not more sustained, is the question that is naturally suggested.

This state of things, it appears, is attributed by some to the climate and by others to "satisfied desire"; but Mr. Eversley more sagaciously ascribes it to the fact that there is no money in literature in Trinidad, and that "the Trinidadian has not yet reached that stage of philosophical refinement when he will be willing to work for the improvement of his intellect."

The fact remains, however, that the Trinidadians have written a certain number of books which Mr. Eversley duly catalogues and subject-indexes. He gives us seven entries under the heading of history, three under that of geography and topography, four under that of chronology, and enumerates eight political, two educational, and five dramatic works, together with three novels and one collection of poems. On this dearth of poetry in the island, Mr. Eversley comments luminously thus :—

Not that the muse is sterile here, the contrary is the case; but her inspirations are spasmodic, and though really good verse is often to be seen in the local papers, yet the muse is not loved with that devotion that alone can secure satisfactory fruition. Mr. Devenish then stands alone, and deservedly so, and to him without a grudge and with truth may be applied the title, "Poet of Trinidad."

It only remains for us to express the hope that Mr. Devenish will, some day, give us the opportunity of introducing to the attention of a wider public those poetical compositions which have crowned him with glory in his native land.

Many readers will be surprised to learn that Goethe's "last love" is still alive. Freifräulein Ulrike von Levetzow, the lady in question, recently celebrated her 95th birthday. Goethe met her at Marienbad in 1823. He was 74 at the time, but conceived so strong a passion for the beautiful nineteen-year-old girl that he wanted to marry her. She, however, is said to have refused him, and he was left to celebrate his unrequited love in his "Marienbader Elegie." Of late years Freifräulein von Levetzow has resided on her own estate at Tribnitz in Bohemia. She enjoys excellent health, and takes an active interest in every movement for the relief of the poor of her district, where her birthday was made the occasion of a remarkable torch-light procession.

Arthur Schnitzler's three one-act plays, *Paracelsus* (which first appeared in *Cosmopolis* shortly before the demise of that periodical), *Die Gefährtin*, and *Der grüne Kakadu* (a grotesque), all have for their theme an intrigue intended or accomplished. Schnitzler is the most promising dramatist of the young Viennese school of *littérateurs*. *Lieberlei*, the play with which Schnitzler made his mark a few years ago, is known outside Austria and Germany, as are his brilliant *contes* collected under the title of "Die Frau de Weisen," and "Anatole," a volume of masterly dialogues

saturated with the indefinable charm of the "wienerisch" temperament. The son of a celebrated Austrian physician, Schnitzler's most remarkable achievement in fiction so far is his novel "Sterben," a unique and powerful study of the symptoms, whims, and sensations of a consumptive doomed to die slowly at the side of a healthy and high-spirited mistress who refuses to desert him.

Not many readers when handling a book take the trouble to notice the work of the printer; yet it is not an altogether uninteresting study to compare the work of the different presses of the country employed by the publishers for book printing. Until a few years ago the bookbinder used to attach to the inside cover of each book a tiny paper label indicating his name and address, but that has fallen into disuse. The publisher now generally commissions an artist to provide a design, and then places it in the hands of the binder to be cut in brass. All that the bookbinder is responsible for is in the folding of the sheets and the neatness of the cloth case. Whilst the work of the cloth bookbinder is thus curtailed, the printer's remains, of course, unimpaired, and he never hesitates at placing his colophon—a relic, perhaps, of a compulsory requirement when the printer of a book was held equally responsible with the publisher for the character of the publication if it fell within the arms of the law.

In some instances the publisher may be the creator of a style, but it is more often the work of the printer-artist. The other printers employed by a publishing house are ready to fall into the same style, so that there is frequently a continuity of design carried out in the various books issued by a publisher. Often, however, the printer is hampered by the conservatism of the publisher and the question of price. When he has a free hand, which does not happen too frequently, the work he is able to turn out is a pleasure to the practised eye. The best class of book printing is in the hands of very few houses and those who know can tell from the printed page the place of its birth. The high scale of prices which some London printers are compelled to charge for their work, owing to enhanced cost of rent, labour, coal, &c., has not been without its advantage to provincial houses, some of whom, especially from Scotland, have within recent years obtained a good footing in London. But as the London firms do not care to see the work passing their doors, many of them have opened works in the country so as to be able to compete on a better footing with the Scotch trade.

Amongst the various efforts that have of late been made to introduce new features into the bindings of books, one of the most pleasing is an outcome of the revival of the art of enamelling. The great difficulty has always been to avoid the air of heaviness which inseparably attaches to a book covered with metal plates. So far the best results have been attained by the French binders. Many of them are brilliant and charming pieces of work, especially those in which, as in the bindings of the recent *édition de luxe* of Pierre Loti's "Madame Chrysanthème," the enamels have been limited to one, or at the most two, cameos let into the leather. But it is not likely that this effort will meet with general success. There is always a certain sense of incongruity attaching to large book covers with metal on them merely for decorative purposes. A typical example of this incongruity is the binding used for Mr. Quilter's recent edition of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." The metal bosses formerly put upon folio bibles and other large and frequently used books were for utility, not ornament. Such books always stood apart, they were never placed in rows on shelves in a library. When metal has been used on smaller books it has also seldom been successful, except when used with velvet. A good example of this latter method is the well-known Latin book of Meditations which belonged to Queen Elizabeth. In this case the cover is of velvet, and it has on it small, thin gold plates exquisitely enamelled, but these decorations are used only for the corners and centre of the binding.

In his literary reminiscences of Coleridge De Quincey forestalls the charge of plagiarism which he supposes may "eight hundred or a thousand years hence" be brought against Coleridge. But, judging by the results of last week's book sales, it would appear that Coleridge as an author is in danger of becoming extinct long before that period is reached. In one sense the Lake School has fallen upon evil days—they are not now considered by book collectors as "big" enough to collect. First editions of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, and De Quincey went, in the sales referred to, for a few shillings each, the highest prices reached being £1 3s. for an excellent bound copy of "The Friend," by Coleridge, and £1 10s. for an equally good copy of "The Watchman," by the same author. This last work seems always doomed to be somewhere near the "fourpenny box." It was its failure to take as a serial that drew from Coleridge the pathetic complaint that, by the time the seventh number was published, he had the mortification of seeing the preceding numbers offered for sale at a penny apiece.

Among the books sold by Messrs. Sotheby last week the following were the most important:—"Arabian Nights" and "Aladdin and the Enchanted Lamp," 13 vols., Payne's translation, £16; Matthew Arnold, "The Strayed Reveller, &c.," somewhat soiled, but an otherwise good copy, £3 5s.; "Alice in Wonderland," first edition, £8; Westmacott's "The English Spy," with coloured plates by R. Cruikshank, in first-class condition, £17 10s.; "Life and Labours of H. K. Browne" (Phiz), illustrated with plates by "Phiz" and G. Cruikshank, £12; Collection of 82 seventeenth century broadside ballads, folio, black letter, £41; Cromwelliana, a detail of events 1642-1668, illustrated with 432 fine portraits and plates, 2 vols., Westminster, 1810, £31; Kelmscott books, Chaucer, folio, £57 (the value of this book was enhanced by the fact that it was bound in stamped morocco leather by the Guild of Women Binders, and is the largest piece of work yet undertaken by that Society); Shelley, 3 vols., vellum, £20 5s.; "The Shepheard's Calendar," £8 10s.; and "Atalanta in Calydon," vellum, £9 5s. A copy of the rare first edition of this work, 1865, occurred later in the sale, but it fetched only £3 15s. Swinburne, "Poems and Ballads," first edition, £2 2s.; Tennyson, "Poems," 1833, a much cut down copy, £2 2s.; Ackerman, "The Microcosm of London," 3 vols. with plates by Rowlandson and Pugin, in splendid condition, £10 15s.; "The Faerie Queene," edited by T. J. Wise, large Japanese paper copy, in parts as issued, £12; Whitney, "A Choice of Emblems," 1586, the only known manuscript of this work, which probably belonged to the Earl of Leicester, £32; Staunton, "Shakespeare," 15 vols., *édition de luxe*, £5 5s.; Thackeray, "Works," 24 vols., *édition de luxe*, £10 5s. These last two sets went for much less than their real value, for they were finely bound and their illustrations were in spotless condition. The prices paid for them serve, however, to mark the continued recession of the *édition de luxe* which has been so pronounced during the last two years.

Historical students, particularly those of America, cannot fail to be interested in the "Ymago Mundi" of Cardinal Pierre d'Ailly, a perfect copy of which will be sold by Messrs. Sotheby on April 12. This book was printed at Louvain about the year 1483 and possesses great interest by reason of its association with Columbus, who is said to have formulated his belief as to the existence of a great western continent from a study of it. His own copy was seen many times by Las Casas who copied some of the notes which the great navigator had made in the margins, most of which, he explains, were verifications of certain historical passages contained in it. This identical volume, the only one which can be identified with Columbus prior to his discovery of America, is in the Columbine Library at Seville, where it was handled by Washington Irving who observes that "it illustrates his researches and, in a manner, the current of his thoughts while as yet his great enterprise existed in idea only." No copy, perfect or otherwise, of the "Ymago Mundi" has been offered for sale for many years.

Australian Letter.

THE AUSTRALIAN VOLKSLIEDER.

The older generation of Australians, mainly English, not only by birth, but by early training and associations, continue to regard the "Bush Ballads" of Adam Lindsay Gordon, some few of the lyrics of Henry Kendall (himself a "native-born" Australian), and the prose writings of Marcus Clarke, the novelist, as the highest development of Antipodean literary genius. But in the quarter of a century that has passed since these writers achieved their well-earned local fame an entire social transformation has taken place, which may be briefly summarized by saying that Australia has become Australian. This social transformation—politically, as we know, Australia is still loyal to the British Crown and connexion—has not been without its effect on the local literature; and a new race of "Bush bards" has sprung up, whose wide-spread popularity is itself a sure test of their strong and successful appeal to Australian, as distinguished from English, sentiment and aspiration.

It is by no means an easy task to bring clearly before the minds of English literary students the sudden and enormous popularity of this new school of Australian bards, whose racy and vigorous ballads of "up-country" life appeal so irresistibly to the new generation at the Antipodes. It is true that Adam Lindsay Gordon, for all that he was "Anglo-Australian," made an equally irresistible appeal to those whom he called "the old colonial school" of his own day; and he is still held in affectionate memory by all classes of Australians, including the new "native-born generation," as the national poet. As his friend and editor, Marcus Clarke, truly observed, Gordon's "Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes" were "the beginnings of a national school of Australian poetry." But any one at all familiar with Gordon's poems will at once recognize that the great bulk of his writings have no real connexion with Australia. This, of course, is the case with his most ambitious and most faulty work, "Ashtaroht: A Dramatic Lyric," a kind of formless medieval drama, reminiscent of *Faust* and *Manfred*, which, however, contains two of Gordon's finest lyrics. Even that rattling set of racing rhymes, "How We Beat the Favourite," is entirely English; he, indeed, expressly styled it "A Lay of the Loamshire Hunt Club."

"Aye, Squire," said Stevens, "they back him at evens."

What can be more English? In Australia "squires" are as unknown as nightingales. So it is with a vast mass of Gordon's verse, which was quite as much the offspring of his early Gloucestershire life and up-bringing as of his later experiences as a mounted trooper and horse-breaker in Mount Gambier. When we turn from Gordon's "Bush Ballads" and "Sea Spray and Smoke Drift"—so many of which are but echoes of Old England—and take up "The Man from Snowy River," by Mr. A. B. Paterson, or "In the Days When the World Was Wide," by Mr. Henry Lawson, we are conscious of an entire change both in the character of the verse and the environment of the poet. These latter are veritable Australian literary products; they are the lyrical outpourings of men who know no other country but Australia, whose memories are not filled with the sights and sounds of English rural or civic life, and to whom even the familiar images of the English poets are, in a sense, "foreign."

In my opinion it is the absolutely un-English, thoroughly Australian style and character of these new bush bards which has given them such immediate popularity, such wide vogue, among all classes of the rising native generation. Just consider for a moment, in the light of our own experiences in England, the enormous success of Mr. Paterson's "Man from Snowy River." In an essentially matter-of-fact colonial community, with a population far less than London alone, scattered thinly over a whole continent, this book (price 5s.) sold out four editions in less than four months after its first publication in

Sydney. What would our own poets, from the Poet Laureate to the youngest rhymers, think of this as the public reception of a first book of verses? Go where you will among the rising generation of Australians, so exclusively and vehemently addicted, for the most part, to cricket, football, and horse racing, you will find numbers of young men painfully ignorant of Milton, Byron, Keats, Wordsworth, or Tennyson, but bubbling over with the lilting bush ballads of Paterson and Lawson. These are, in fact, the genuine Australian *Volkslieder*. "The Man from Snowy River" has recently been published in London by Messrs. Macmillan, and I must ask my readers who are interested in the subject to peruse the contents for themselves, as I have no space for adequate quotation. Despite the fact that Lord Rosebery is said to admire the muse of Mr. Paterson (in his own country, by the way, he is known as "Banjo" Paterson), it may be doubted if the ordinary untravelled Briton, even with a taste for "ballad metre-mongers," will see all that his colonial kinsmen so greatly admire in this collection. But the experiment is worth making.

Henry Lawson, whose "In the Days when the World was Wide" is the true companion volume to "Banjo" Paterson's, is more representative of what may be called Australian "working class" sentiment than his rival. Lawson, indeed, writes of Paterson as the "City Bushman," and gives expression to many a Byronic sneer at those who, living in the sweet security of Sydney or Melbourne streets, sentimentalize about the delectable "up-country" life of drovers and stockmen. He has all the frank directness of one who can afford, by reason of bitter, undeniable, personal experience, to express his real sentiments about the sordid surroundings of the Australian city slums, and the gruesome hideousness of the "Back Blocks." He writes of these things in a way that "the mere Englishman" would hardly dare to do. Listen to his "Australian Bards and Bush Reviewers"—another "hit," I fear, at the too idyllic Paterson:—

If you sing of waving grasses when the plains are dry as bricks,
And discover shining rivers where there's only mud and sticks;
If you picture "mighty forests" where the mulga spoils the
view—

You're superior to Kendall, and ahead of Gordon, too.

If you swear there's not a country like the land that gave you
birth,
And its sons are just the noblest and most glorious chaps on
earth;

If in every girl a Venus your poetic eye discerns,
You are gracefully referred to as the "young Australian Burns."

But if you should find that bushmen—spite of all the poets say,
Are just common brother sinners, and you're quite as good as
they—

You're a drunkard, and a liar, and a cynic, and a sneak,
Your grammar simply awful, and your intellect is weak.

It is as well to bear in mind that before you can "cuss and swear" against Australia you must be not only an "Australian native," but, like Mr. Lawson himself, one who has never visited England. If an Australian bush bard were to write in this style after a trip to London, he would be indeed doomed!

Henry Lawson has just published a brief autobiographical sketch which is, in many ways, as suggestive as it is frank and outspoken. A coach painter by trade, he was nurtured on Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" and itinerant Yankee Freethought lectures. Naturally, he became a Republican Trade Unionist of the most pronounced type; and, at an early age, took to versifying for the *Sydney Bulletin*. Having got into contact with newspapers, Lawson assisted to write and even edit Trade Unionist and working-class journals in Queensland and elsewhere—a precarious mode of living, it would seem, from which he constantly had to go back to house painting in the bush townships and sheep shearing on the stations. Then he wandered away to New Zealand:—

Towards the end of '93 I landed in Wellington with a pound in my pocket—just in time to see the women vote for the first time. Got a little painting to do now and then and a guinea (5s. "out of the editor's pocket," I understood) from

the *N. Z. Mail* for 1½ col. rhyme called "For'ard." And I wrote some steerage sketches at the rate of 5s. a col. Did a three months unemployed "perish," and then went with a mate to a sawmill in Hutt Valley for a boss who had contracted to supply the mill with logs. We two "bullocked" in a rough wet gully for a fortnight—felling trees, making a track for the bullocks, and "jacking" logs to it over stumps and boulders. But we were soft and inexperienced, and at the end of the fortnight the boss said we weren't bushmen—which, strange to say, hurt me more than any adverse criticism on my literary work could have done at the time. The boss had no cash; and my mate was only restrained from violence by the fact that he was a big man and the boss a little one. He gave us each an order for our wages on the owner of a sawmill in Wellington, and, as we had no money for railway fares, we tramped it—twenty miles without tucker or tobacco. These orders have not been cashed yet.

Many of these hard personal experiences of colonial life have been used by Henry Lawson in his little volume of prose sketches, entitled "While the Billy Boils," a book which Mrs. Campbell Praed, the Australian novelist, assured me made her feel that all she had written of bush life was "pale and ineffective." Personally I do not rate Mr. Lawson's prose sketches so highly as Mrs. Praed; but they have all the writer's painful fidelity to truth. Lawson is the "realist" of Australian life, whether in the city slums, or the lonesome bush.

It is rather singular to find, amid all these hardships of a wandering working man's life, that Lawson sets down his profits (£200) on his two books, "In the Days When the World Was Wide" and "While the Billy Boils" as though he were disgusted with this reward for "the cream of twelve years' literary work." All things considered, I think he might be thankful for it, as literature was, after all, his "crutch," not his main support.

My advice [he writes] to any young Australian writer whose talents have been recognized would be to go steerage, stow away, swim, and seek London, Yankeeland, or Timbuctoo, rather than stay in Australia till his genius turned to gall or beer. Or failing this—and still in the interests of human nature and literature—to study elementary anatomy, especially as applied to the cranium, and then shoot himself carefully with the aid of a looking-glass.

A. PATCHETT MARTIN.

FROM THE MAGAZINES.

Mr. Rider Haggard in *Longman's* continues his "Farmer's Year," and tells us that he has discovered the extraordinary value of the dock:—

To begin with, there are eleven varieties of dock, if not more; various grubs and caterpillars feed upon them, and they have medicinal properties. But their main use is the discovery of that admirable institution the Colonial College in Suffolk, who have found out that one British variety of dock produces four times as much tannin as does oak bark, which tannin is believed to be perfectly suitable to trade purposes, though this is a point that cannot finally be decided for about a year. If the tannin is good, behold a new industry! But any land will grow docks—plant them once, and a dozen crops might be taken in succession. Will not this fact be apt to bring down the price of tannin to a point at which it would barely pay to extract it?

He has also been studying the neighbouring parish registers, on which he makes an interesting observation:—

I fancy that in those early days the common practice was for the clergyman to make rough notes of these events in a commonplace book, which at any convenient time were entered up into the register by a travelling clerk, who wrote what was in those times considered a good hand, and did such work for a fee. In several of the registers about here I have observed what seems to be the same handwriting appearing contemporaneously.

Mr. S. G. Tallentyre, in the same magazine, has an interesting study of Chesterfield as a letter-writer.

In the *Cornhill*, a clever literary *causerie* appears, which we hope may be the precursor of others, called "Conferences on Books and Men." The writer believes in *Sortes Virgilianæ*, and finds

in the "Shepherd's Calendar" various forecasts of recent events month by month. To a friend who questions him as to the Church crisis, for instance, he shows its adaptability:—

I showed him first in the Eclogue for May the story of the Fox and the Kid, which tells how a foolish youngster was fascinated by a Pedlar's pack of trifles, and in the event carried off by the Pedlar, who was a disguised Fox. I noticed my friend gave a great start as he read the opening lines, which paint the Goat's tender solicitude for her wayward son:—

Kiddie (quoth she) thou kens't the great care
I have of thy health and thy welfare—

and I heard him mutter "Kens't" several times under his breath, but he did not betray further the cause of his emotion. "In that poem," I said "you will find all the arguments used by the enemies of the Church of Rome. Then in the Eclogue for July you will get the case against the High Church party in our own communion, put from the Low Church point of view. It begins thus:—

What ho! thou jolly shepherd swain,
Come up the hill to me;
Better 'tis than the lowly plain
As for thy flock and thee.

And ends, of course, with the warnings of celestial vengeance:—

One day he sat upon a hill
As now thou wouldest me,
But I am taught by Algrind's ill
To love the low degree;

For sitting so with bared scalp,
An eagle soared high,
That weening his white head was chalk
A shell-fish down let fly.

"Such prophecies," I said, "tend to fulfil themselves again and again, for as long as there are foxes there will be kids, and as long as there are vales there must be hills, and, as Bacon says, 'The vale best discovereth the hill;' but if you wish for a more particular prediction, you will find what you want in the Eclogue for September, which celebrates the mingled boldness and discretion of the Bishop of Rochester, under his Latinised title of Roffen; in an allegory to which I doubt not you yourself from the study of the papers can supply the interpretation."

The writer, by the way can hardly have kept in touch with recent fiction, for he refers to the "Among My Books" article in *Literature* of February 4, which was signed C. E. Raimond (Elizabeth Robins) as "an account by a lady with two names of 'The British Merlin.'" "Fell Walking Records," by Mr. W. T. Palmer, in the same magazine, is a subject of an out-of-the-way and interesting kind. On September 1 of last year Mr. R. W. Broadrick started from Dungeon Ghyll, where he had arrived by bicycle from Windermere. He had started at 3.30 a.m., and made the tour of the Scawfell group, reaching Keswick at 12.50.

On the way to Skiddaw the climber missed the path and had to wade through knee-deep heather for about an hour. Keswick re-reached, he made for the Sticks Pass, by which route he gained Helvellyn-maen by 7.40. Mr. Broadrick went hard from here, hoping to get into the Grasmere valley ere complete darkness fell. At Grisedale Tarn, however, the last gleams faded; he missed the way, and after stumbling across very rough ground (the south face of Seat Sandal) he reached the top of Dunmail Raise at 8.50. The walk to Windermere, 13 miles, took 2 hours 55 minutes—a fine performance considering previous exertions. The total distance was 60½ miles in the time of 20½ hours. Mr. Broadrick's cycle played a very important part in the day's work, placing him while still fresh at the foot of the mountains; but, deducting the 12 miles and 1 hour thus passed, the performance remains a great one—48½ miles for 19½ hours. The total of height ascended is 13,450 feet, with a fatigue equivalent of 66 miles level, ignoring the 12 miles cycle.

Mr. Shee tells again the story of the First Folio of Shakespeare, and M. C. Regnier gives a detailed account of the dull, prison-like barrack life of a French conscript.

In the *Pall Mall* Mr. G. S. Street takes, *pro hac vice*, the place of Mr. Quiller Couch under the title of "From a London Attic." Mr. Henley is in future to conduct the literary *causerie* at the end of the magazine, but Mr. Street, we are glad to see, is to continue his reflections from the Attic Window. Students of

the Bismarckian political methods should read Mr. Karl Blind's "Prince Bismarck's Witches' Kitchen," which gives some curious personal experiences. The reproductions of some of Franz Lenbach's wonderful portraits—of Bismarck, Liszt, Moltke, the Pope, and others—are the most interesting illustrations in this number, which, however, also contains some further "Sketches in Egypt," by Mr. C. D. Gibson.

FICTION.

A Duet with an Occasional Chorus. By A. Conan Doyle. 7½×5¼in., viii.+330 pp. London, 1899.
Grant Richards. 6/-

In this latest of his novels Mr. Conan Doyle has apparently determined to show the admirers of his stirring romances and ingenious detective stories that he can be mildly "domestic" enough to satisfy the fiercest thirst for literary milk-and-water. A "Duet with an Occasional Chorus" is simply a story of the married life of a very commonplace young man and a quite colourless young woman—a story beginning with the interchange of love letters between the young couple and ending with the birth of the first baby. Frank Crosse is an assistant accountant in an insurance office at £400 a year. Maude Selby has a *dot* of £50 per annum, and on this they set up housekeeping in the usual small suburban villa, where the usual troubles with their servants and the tearful wrastlings of the inexperienced young housewife with "Mrs. Beeton" are duly chronicled in a manner not much more remarkable, to tell the truth, than that of the familiar jesters on the subject in the pages of the cheap weekly papers. The method employed by Mr. Doyle to lift his novel above this level and give a "cultured" tone to it has a certain innocence of its own. Before their marriage the young couple meet for an afternoon "outing," and having discussed the rival claims of a *matinée* and of the "Australians at the Oval," they finally decide on doing Westminster Abbey. Whereupon there follows a couple of chapters of "adapted guide-book" after this style:—

Tennyson, the last, almost the greatest of that illustrious line, lay under the white slab upon the floor. Maude and Frank stood reverently beside it.

Sunset and Evening Star.
And one clear call for me.

Frank quoted. "What lines for a very old man to write. I should put him second only to Shakespeare had I the marshalling of them."

"I have read so little," said Maude.

"We will read it together after next week. But it makes your reading so much more real and intimate when you have stood at the grave of the man who wrote it. That's Chaucer, the big tomb there. He is the father of British poetry. Here is Browning beside Tennyson—united in life and in death. He was the more profound thinker, but music and form are essential also."

"Who is that standing figure?"

"It is Dryden. What a clever face, and what a modern type. Here is Walter Scott beside the door. How kindly and humorous his expression was."

And so forth, and so forth. Again, after a few pages of post-nuptial billing and cooing, we have a couple of chapters about Mr. Samuel Pepys, including an account of a visit to his tomb in St. Olave's, and familiar reflections on the relation between Pepys and his wife. Then there comes a little money trouble of the young couple, followed by an abortive attempt on the part of the ladies of Woking—the only real touch of comedy in the book—to form a Browning Society. Then the mild excitement of a visit paid to the wife by an old flame of the husband's—a lady of the "siren" order—who is touched (see penny novelette *passim*) by the sweetness, and goodness, and simplicity, of the young wife, and repents her of her mischief-making intentions, and "suddenly puts her arms round Maude and kisses her on the cheek," exclaiming "You are a good sort and I hope you will be happy." After which we get a chapter entitled "No. 5,

Cheyne Row," describing a visit to the Carlyle Museum, and containing informing passages of this description:—

They spent their early years in Scotland, you know, and he was a man going on to the forties when he came to London. The success of *Sartor Resartus* encouraged him to the step. His letter describes all the incoming. Here is his comment written after her death.

By this time we have reached the "last note of the duet." It is turned into a trio by the birth of the baby, and after a final letter to the author from the young mother containing a most vivid and graphic description, a whole page long, of the behaviour of the infant in his bath and his attitude towards his feeding bottle, the "story" comes to an end.

Of course it is not impossible to construct an amusing, an interesting, even a powerful novel on materials as slender as these; but unfortunately it requires qualities which are far from being conspicuous in Mr. Doyle. Subtlety of observation and delicacy of character-drawing are not his forte; and though he is not lacking in the humorous faculty, it requires a broader canvas and more strongly contrasted individualities to allow it adequate scope. It is apparently his consciousness of his inability to interest his reader in the singularly commonplace life-story of his personages which has led him to resort to the artless device of making them exchange views with each other on the denizens of Poets' Corner, and the matrimonial relations of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. The result is a book, which is certainly quite unworthy of Mr. Conan Doyle's reputation, and which, indeed, considering the sort of work that he has accustomed his numerous admirers to expect from him, is, we cannot refrain from saying, a rather daring experiment on the docility of his public.

La Terre qui meurt. By René Bazin. 5×3in., 336 pp. Paris, 1899.
Calmann Levy. Fr.3.50

M. René Bazin has already established himself as a writer of serious merit, a novelist of an old-fashioned distinction, with a delicate power of observation and a loftiness of view and sentiment, a kind of smiling, tolerant austerity. He has the good fortune not to be Parisian, and he goes straight to nature for his theme, and the humanity which he delights to depict is bounded by hedges and long white country roads lit by sunrise and sunset glories, by evening star and placid moonbeams—is steeped in the scents of hay and blossoming bud, in the many fragrances of shepherd life. Not that, like M. André Theuriet, he wanders in sentimental solitude among the woods, and evokes a provincial society of not more moral value and far more vulgar than the worn-out *milieu* of Paris. M. Bazin studies peasant life in the spirit of George Eliot, of George Sand, of Pereda, of Hardy in his prehistoric day—before he fell under the influence of Zola, and discovered that vice should be just as rampant in pastoral scenes as in city purlieus. M. René Doumic speaks of the writer's most striking quality, that of distinguished gentleness, as "*douceur angevine*." M. Bazin's mildness may or may not be the mark of his province, but whether personal or territorial, it is singularly engaging. When Maupassant and Flaubert remembered Normandy, it was not to make us love their native province, so perhaps M. Doumic is right in regarding "*douceur*" as an Angevine quality, just as Daudet has taught us that gaiety is the eternal note of the South.

Nothing that M. René Bazin has written can compare with his new novel. It has all the charm, with the closer fidelity to nature, the intenser, more vibrant modern note, of George Sand's "*Mare au Diable*." It has the sadness, the hopefulness, the quaint beauty of "*Silas Marner*," with a loftiness and penetration all its own. Rousille, the farmer's daughter, is a figure that remains in the memory as a fine revelation of a simple rustic nature. This is her portrait:—

With the full oval of her cheeks, the pure bend of her brow, slightly narrowed at the temples by two closely platted bands, the straight lips, which seemed as ready to lift themselves in a laugh as to drop in crying, she looked like those growing maidens who walk in processions, carrying a streamer. Alone

the eyes were those of a woman ; her eyes the colour of a ripe chestnut of the same hue as the hair, in which dwelt, in which glowed a tenderness quite young, but already serious and dignified, and as if sure to last.

The whole novel breathes this mingling of dignity and grace. The love-making is grave, undemonstrative, without endearment, explosion, any evidences of passion. When Rousille flings defiance at parental tyranny, she says that Jean Nesmy has "her friendship," and Jean, talking of his hopes and present sorrow to his mother, says that Rousille has "pledged him her friendship." But what fidelity, what depths of sentiment, what unconscious heroism, underlying this placid, ungracious tenacity. When Jean, expelled from the farm because of his presumptuous love for Rousille, writes to her, one sees the simple fellow that he is :—

"We talk of you, mother and I. and I often say that I am not as happy as I was before I knew you, or as I should be if every one at home knew you. But mother won't believe that you have a friendship for me, because we are too poor. If only she saw you she would understand that it is for life. I will come one evening while the men are still outside, and you are perhaps thinking of me as you are making the soup in the big room. And when you hear me, Rousille, open the window, and tell me, with one of your little smiling glances, tell me that you always keep me in your friendship."

We see Marie Rose reading this simple letter over and over, and lifting her wide eyes upon the landscape to recall the image of Jean Nesmy "in his tight jacket with white buttons, with his bony visage, his eager eyes that only smiled for her when, his work finished at the fall of day, the reaping hook hanging from his bare arm, he stood and looked at the sheaves of corn he had cut down and tied together in the stubble."

But the book treats, with profounder meaning, of farm life and of the decay of the land. The portraits of the disappointed optimist, the farmer and his three sons, are extremely powerful, and from the opening to the last page the book never falls below the high level of a work of art.

Although in a modern novel the author is often content with a plain heroine, it would appear to be a fixed law that a story of bygone times must have one of "perfect loveliness." Mr. S. H. Burchell, in *THE DUKE'S SERVANTS* (Gay and Bird, 6s.), follows the ancient custom. One of his fair women, Kate de Vaux, is so wondrously beautiful that Harold Lincoln is impelled to propose to her at the very first interview. In one respect he has departed from established usage. For while most romances relating to a remote period are filled with thrilling adventures, this story pursues through many chapters a comparatively uneventful course, and the author saves up his excitement for the finish. His work suffers from an excess of "local colour"; but many readers will like it, especially those who are averse from bloodshed. Mr. Burchell has made a very careful study of the period, and if he takes occasional liberties with historical persons—for instance, with Felton, the assassin of Buckingham—he has nevertheless given us a series of interesting pictures.

OFF THE HIGH ROAD, by Eleanor C. Price (Macmillan, 6s.) is a simple but very pleasant story. Viola Fairfax has a bad guardian, who, for the sake of keeping her fortune in the family, wishes her to marry his son. Viola objects, runs away, and from a country town, advertises for quiet lodgings "off the high road." A lucky chance brings her to the cottage of Mrs. Downes, a tenant of Colonel Dampier, whose son Edwin, promptly falls in love with the beautiful truant. The author can write the Queen's English, and write it, moreover, gracefully and with directness.

THE SHELLBACK; OR, AT SEA IN THE SIXTIES, by Alec. J. Boyd, edited by Archie Campbell (Cassell, 6s.), concerns the fortunes and misfortunes of an Australian young gentleman, who, for the love of adventure, shipped under a Yankee captain, "a most delightful man," as he appeared on the surface, but a demon of brutality as events proved. The narrative, with its business-like appendices, has evidently been compiled from actual facts, and is sufficiently blood-curdling to stir the most sluggish imagination. It will prove a treasure-trove to boys, and, despite

Mr. Campbell's pious hope to the contrary, should certainly cure them of any wish to be sailors.

Redland, as Mrs. Coulson Kernahan knows it, is a highly favoured part of the country, with a quite extraordinary flora. In her novel *FRANK REDLAND, RECRUIT* (J. Long, 6s.), we read that May had come, and the purple of the heather mingled with the yellow of the gorse flowers "also that "the tall foxglove peeped out from its environment of meadow-sweet," and "the little copses had shows of wood anemone, hyacinth, and cuckoo-flower." Not bad, at one and the same time—and in May! In addition to its unequalled floral attractions, Redland possesses a mysterious black-robed lady, living in a villa whose rooms are "furnished and perfumed with something of Eastern splendour," with a daughter of more than mortal innocence and beauty. How Frank Redland falls in love at first sight with Fanchette, who apparently has the brains as well as the manners of a kitten, how the Squire, his uncle, goes through the long deferred ceremony of marriage with Fanchette's mother, while Frank marries the artless daughter—all this the story goes on to disclose, ending, of course, with the beautiful sight of Fanchette gambolling on the lawn with her child. The novel will probably be popular.

THE RAPIN, by Henry de Vere Stacpoole (Heinemann, 6s.), is a study of life in the Latin Quarter; and the indications are that the author has studied the Latin Quarter from a distance. His heroine is modelled on Mimi Pinson, but cannot cook an omelette. The Parisian grisette who cannot cook an omelette is so exceptional that she may be ignored. We are also introduced to a princess, living in the Faubourg St. Honoré, who receives actresses and out-at-elbows painters from Montmartre—a thing which the princesses who live in Paris never do. This, it must be allowed, is not encouraging. Yet if Mr. Stacpoole would write only of the things he knows about, or would seek information concerning the things he wishes to write about, he could produce a really good novel, for he certainly possesses the rare power of telling a story.

Mr. Julian Ralph begins his new novel in a manner that may disconcert some readers—namely with a conclave of spirits round the bedside of a dying man. It will be a pity if his Etherians, as he calls them, prevent any one from persevering with the story, for *AN ANGEL IN A WEB* (Harper, 6s.) is better worth reading than a good many books that begin in a more orthodox fashion. The young lady with whose fortunes we are chiefly concerned is well drawn, and the dangers to which she exposes herself in her innocence, and from which the watchful Etherians, aided by some more mundane friends, ultimately rescue her, are exciting enough. The two villains are less convincing than the rest. Christmas, the kindly old beggar, is the most original and perhaps the most effective figure. Mr. Ralph writes pleasantly and unaffectedly, but we confess that his spiritualistic machinery annoyed us a little at first. The book is a good one, but it would have been better without these Etherians.

Mr. Harley Rodney is by way of being a humourist. He has several qualifications for the part—a crisp, rather smart style of writing, a neat hand at dialogue, and an eye for a comical situation. But there is a certain puerility about *HORATIO* (Digby, Long, 3s. 6d.) that is sometimes irritating. In his nomenclature Mr. Rodney has gone to the extreme of absurdity: we have a Colonel Bloup of Tump Farm, a Mr. Peasances, in the Explosives Office, a colony of Bow-wow-wow, and so forth. Names of this sort add nothing to the humorous value of a book; they merely produce an atmosphere of unreality that annoys the reader. It is something to Mr. Rodney's credit that, even with this self-imposed handicap, he has contrived to make "Horatio" readable. The hero is not a bad character-study, and, although his adventures are generally farcical and sometimes wildly improbable, he manages to enlist a little of our sympathy. There is plenty of incident in the book. Told with a little more restraint it might have been quite amusing.

POOR HUMAN NATURE, by Elizabeth Godfrey (Grant Richards, 6s.), bears every sign of having been written by one

who knows her subject, or, at any rate, that particular section of it which dwells in little German towns and centres its interests in Wagnerian opera. These opera-folk are altogether convincing, with their little jealousies and scandals, their large generousities and enthusiasms, and, above all, their thoroughly German outlook on life. Few Englishwomen could have drawn a hero like Ehrenfried Dahlmann and risked the sympathies of the reader by making him so intensely German. Still fewer, perhaps, could have contrasted little Hedwig so cleverly with the Englishwoman Clare without overdoing the difference out of national prejudice. One more achievement must be put to the author's credit; she can give charming descriptions of scenery which are never tedious, for they show us what they try to show. Here is a glimpse of a sweet German village :—

It was so still that the broad river carried in its bosom a perfect picture of the village on its brink, line for line, tint for tint. First the fringe of rushes, with their plummy heads pointing downwards; then the edge of the boatbuilder's yard, with its stacks of huge logs and deep shadowy slips. The stout piles on which the jetty ran out seemed to go down, down into fathomless brown depths, broken by a silvery gleam on the glassy surface where the current broke against them. Beyond the rushes a low reddish-grey wall, over which lilac bushes, loaded with blossom, leaned to look at their own reflection; beyond them, again, a small, quaint church, deep red, very drowsy-looking, more than half steep-pitched, tiled roof, broken with those odd dormer windows one only sees in Germany, looking like eyes with half-shut lids; flanked with an onion-shaped bell-turret, weather-stained on one side to a vivid emerald green. Behind the roof the shadows grew confused, dark green and misty blue, where the wooded gorge wound away into the heart of the hills. . . . Suddenly the peaceful picture was broken into shards, churned into foam, by the advent of an intrusive little steamer, which came puffing up to the jetty with a long trail of smoke behind it. Nobody wanted it; for no one landed or went on board, though it heralded its approach by a shriek which brought out an official in a peaked cap and brass buttons from a little wooden house, like a jack-in-the-box. A few minutes, and it tussled off down the river to Blankenstadt; the smoke vanished away, the swirls died down into stillness, and the picture formed itself again.

SOME SPORTING STORIES.

It has often been said that those who know all about sport cannot write, and those who can write know nothing about sport. Thus we are in general somewhat indifferently supplied if our taste be for novels in which hunting and betting are the main features. The author of *M'GINTY'S RACEHORSE AND OTHER STORIES* (Redway, 4s. 6d. n.), "G. G.," tells us quite candidly, in his preface, that he has both the knowledge and the power of expression necessary, but we confess we are a little disappointed. The writer certainly has an immense amount of knowledge of the shady side of sporting life, and is able to tell his tales in the argot of the sporting Press with great fluency and *finesse*, but many of them are sadly wanting in point and character. The volume is interestingly illustrated by Mr. R. J. Richardson, who seems to know his subject as well as the author. In *RIDING* (Redway, 4s. 6d. n.) the same pseudonymous writer is far more interesting; these notes and experiences in regard to a sport in which most Englishmen think their country easily first are fresh, informing, and entertaining. *SPORTING ADVENTURES OF CHARLES CARRINGTON, ESQ., AND OTHER STORIES* (Redway, 6s. n.) is just the book for a sportsman who likes to pick up a volume now and then and read a short article or essay on his favourite subject. He will not turn in vain to this collection, for all sorts and conditions of sport are dealt with here by "Old Calabar" and other sporting writers; "Old Calabar" has an article on "Sporting of the Past and Present Day," in which he lashes our time and praises the old with great spirit and wisdom. Pigeon shooting, the large "bags" and the heavy lunches, Polo, and the present style of bowling are none of them spared, but on the other hand he speaks with discretion and kindness of the modern bicycle, and in all he says shows a just point of view and a sense of what makes for the dignity of sport. If only for this writer's articles, the present volume might well be recommended to the sportsman who would wile away an hour or two.

The book is described as with "illustrations by Randolph Caldecott"; this is highly misleading, as there is only one reproduction of a drawing by Caldecott included, and that has already been published in one or more books of an earlier date.

There is a remarkable Senior Wrangler in *BY BERWEN BANKS* (Hutchinson, 6s.), by Allen Raine, who quotes poetry freely and rambles about with a sketch-book, never thinking of mathematics until a cowman whom he is painting reminds him "to put seven buttons on both of those two legs." The plot shows a want of ingenuity and relies too much on coincidence, but the story contains a very careful description of Welsh manners and customs, and for that reason cannot fail to give pleasure to many readers.

Messrs. Grant Richards send us *SHANGHAIED: A STORY OF ADVENTURE ON THE CALIFORNIAN COAST*, by Mr. Frank Norris (3s. 6d.), which Mr. W. D. Howells reviewed in *Literature*, when it appeared in America under the title of the "Moran of the Lady Letty." We welcome the arrival in England of this romantic story, over which Mr. Howells, who described it as "a fresh and courageous invention," confessed to have "gasped in the crucial moments."

The Hon. Mrs. Henry Chetwynd knows how to string a plot together, and her new book, *THE MEMBER'S WIFE* (Pearson, 6s.), runs easily enough without being at any time remarkably brilliant or sadly dull, while some of its political detail is convincing and entertaining.

ODD ISSUES, by S. Squire Sprigge (Smithers, 4s. n.), is a creditable, if not a brilliant, collection of short stories, several of which have been printed before. They are not short stories of quite the best kind. The expanded anecdote is more frequent than the *moment saisi*. Still, the work is good of its sort, and the book would well beguile a tedious railway journey. The first story, "Mr. Bonnany's Bishopric," is quite amusing.

KNIVES OF DIAMONDS, by George Griffiths (Pearson, 3s. 6d.), is rather reading matter than literature. But it is such good reading that the point need not be pressed. The book is a set of short stories, illustrating the romance and adventure of illicit diamond-buying. Devoid of the finer qualities of fiction, they would help to pass the time on a journey pleasantly.

TOM BENTON'S LUCK, by Herbert Elliott Hamblen (Macmillan, 6s.), and *THE GIFT OF BONAPARTE*, by Robert Shortz (Routledge, 6s.), are a couple of books frankly improbable, but not the less readable. The first will be enjoyed by the young, the very young person, being a tale of the sea, and of the usual charming girl, Kitty, so familiar to us in nautical novels. Mr. Hamblen is an American, and Tom sails under the United States flag. The unsophisticated of all ages should appreciate the second book, a rattling story of excursions and alarms, with a heroine incomparably beautiful, a first-person-singular hero incomparably brave, and supers no less distinguished than Lannes, Berthier, Masséna, and the Little Corporal himself. Napoleon strides the stage in the traditional manner, frowning portentously, pulling people's ears, and making unscrupulous love to pretty women. First Person Singular acts as his right-hand man, saves his life more than once, and occasionally teaches him his place. Which is all just as it should be.

Obituary.

DR. GOTTLIEB WILLIAM LEITNER.

The death at Bonn from pneumonia of Dr. Leitner removes the most remarkable linguist of the age. Born at Pesth, the direction of his studies was determined by the fact that he got his education at Malta, Brussa, and Constantinople. His knowledge of Oriental languages was so remarkable that, when the Crimean War broke out, he was appointed First Class Interpreter, with the rank of Colonel, to the British Commissariat. After the peace he lectured for a while at King's College, London, on Turkish, Arabic, and Modern Greek; but the most notable and useful part of his work was done in India. Appointed to the post of Principal of the Lahore Government College, he made it his aim to interest the natives, and more particularly the native Princes, in educational affairs. To this end he paid many visits to the capitals of independent States, and by undertaking to make the languages of the East the medium of instruction in the science of the West induced many Maharajahs to subscribe.

The Supreme Government rewarded him by giving the new University of the Punjab its Charter of Incorporation.

Besides the University, every educational enterprise, direct or indirect, elicited Dr. Leitner's keen sympathy and energetic co-operation. He founded literary societies and free public libraries, and published newspapers in the Urdu, Arabic, and English languages. As director of the *Lahore Civil and Military Gazette* he had Mr. Rudyard Kipling for his assistant editor, and printed many of the "Departmental Ditties." After his return from India he founded the Mosque and Indian Institute at Woking, and for ten years edited the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*. He had written on "The Theory and Practice of Education," "The Races of Turkey," and "The History and Literature of Mahomedanism in their Relations to Universal History." How many languages and dialects he was acquainted with is uncertain; the estimates of the writers of obituary notices range between twenty-five and fifty.

Correspondence.

THE DECADENCE OF MAGAZINES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I offer you as to the point the following by Matthew Arnold in his *Essay on Copyright* :—

Second-rate commonplace literature is what the ignorant require for catching the first desire for books, the first gleam of light; the day will presently dawn for them as it does for the child, who by degrees, as he learns to read, learns to understand also; and in fifty years from this time (1880) the bad and middling in literature will be unable to find a publisher, because they will be unable to find a market. . . . Let us all do our best to bring about such a consummation, without, however, too confidently counting upon it.

Your obedient servant,

March 26, 1899.

C.W.B.

CLAVERHOUSE AND WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I be forgiven for taking some little exception to that portion of your notice of Loyal Lochaber which would seem to imply that the statement that Claverhouse saved the life of the Prince of Orange rested practically on the not too trustworthy authority of the Grameid?

"Memoirs of Dundee," by an Officer of the Army, London, 1711, says :—

For at the Battle of St. Nuff, 1674, when the Prince of Orange was dismounted, and in great Danger of being taken, he rescued him, and brought him off upon his own Horse. His Highness requited this brave Action by making him Captain of one of his Troops of Guards.

I am well aware that Lord Macaulay (*Hist. of Eng. III.*, 289, Note; ed. 1855) says this story was invented by "some Jacobite" many years after they were both dead; none of the statements, however, upon the strength of which Macaulay discredits this story are to be found in my copy of the *Memoirs*. I should say that my edition is the first (1711), whereas Lowndes, Aytoun, and Mr. T. F. Henderson all refer to an edition of 1714. The account, upon the face of it, bears all the appearance of being a genuine narrative, though, doubtless, the book would be peculiarly distasteful to the Whig historian, as containing a too truthful account of the Massacre of Glencoe.

I require some better authority than that of Lord Macaulay for discrediting these *Memoirs*. *The Times*, January 11, 1856, closed its very able review of Vols. III. and IV. of Macaulay's *History* with these words :—"It is read and it will be re-read; it will go down to posterity; it will pass to distant nations and foreign climes, and it will be a *κρίμα ἐς αἰ-*—but it is not the *History of England*." Macaulay's hatred of the Stuarts was hereditary; his great-grandfather, Aulay Macaulay, "a minister of Harris"—though hardly of the Gospel—endeavoured to earn blood-money by betraying Charles Edward; Aulay's son, John, a "minister of South Uist," having supplied him with the necessary information.

I may also say that Mr. T. F. Henderson (whose bitterest enemy would hardly accuse him of Stuart or Jacobite prejudices) adds :—"The gallantry of Claverhouse at Seneff was, however, mentioned, though without specific details, in laudatory verses addressed to him on New Year's Day, 1683" (*Dict. Natl. Biog.*)

Yours faithfully,

F. L. MAWDESLEY.

Delwood Croft, York, March 25.

P.S.—To say that Mark Napier records the incident in his *Memoirs of Dundee I.*, 181, would, perhaps, be laying myself open to the charge of quoting an authority almost as partial to the "Last of Scots" as was Macaulay to the Dutchman.

F. L. M.

POISON IN FICTION.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—With reference to the paragraphs which have appeared in *Literature* on my poisoning story, "Mithridates, the King," may I respectfully beg to be absolved of having read "Ausonius"? And, though I have an old-fashioned taste for some of Dryden's poems, I cannot plead guilty to having ever seen his "Don Sebastian." What the poisons were that I indicated in this story I have now forgotten, but any student of drugs will know that Mr. Rayleigh Vicars is right as regards the two he mentions. For some drugs are in their natures antagonistic, that is, their characteristic, full toxic effects are exactly contrary, and, if by chance certain quantities (varying, doubtless, with the idiosyncrasies of the subjects) were administered, little evil would result. A romancer may, on occasion, I think, be allowed to be the Fate of his creatures, and found a story on this unlikely possibility. I may note in passing, that pharmaceutical authorities rightly distinguish between antidotes and antagonistic drugs. Thus, though the latter may be antidotes, antidotes are not necessarily antagonistic in the limited sense.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

MORLEY ROBERTS.

Authors' Club, 3, Whitehall Court, S.W.

March 25.

AN AMATEUR HERALD.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—When you tell me that "any member of the College of Arms must be well aware that a large proportion of the arms recorded there are those which were granted between the reigns of Richard III. and Charles II.," and I have it on the authority of one of the most prominent members of the College that the reverse was the case, I cannot help feeling that a misunderstanding must have crept in somewhere, and I hope the next time I go to London to ascertain how the mistake has arisen. When you tell me that peers are no longer obliged at the time of their elevation to the peerage either to prove a claim to arms or to record fresh ones, I am bound to conclude (and I am pleased to think it) that the old statute has been, without my knowledge, repealed so far as it affects them. These, after all, are mere trifling side issues, and do not alter my main contention. But when you tell me that I omit to show what authority or jurisdiction a Court of law possesses to make a rule concerning the right to bear arms, the answer appears to me, though I am not a lawyer, an extremely simple one. If a Court of law has not this jurisdiction, who has? In early times the Crown delegated this jurisdiction to the Heralds' College. That was in the days when heraldry had a practical importance. Does the college still possess it? No; for it has no power to punish those who transgress its rules, and any schoolboy ought to be aware that a law which loses its sanction, or penalty in the case of non-compliance, ceases *ipso facto* to be a law at all; for sanction is an essential part of law. Formerly the heralds possessed and freely used this sanction; now they have lost it—in other words, their right to adjudicate has lapsed (like so many other rights) with time, except in the case of newly-created baronets (for you tell me they have no longer any jurisdiction over peers).

Their authority being dead, the only court of appeal in such

cases became the common law Court, and the ground of appeal was that some one had appropriated the property of somebody else. But, owing to the absolute impossibility of determining to how many claimants a coat of arms really belongs, the law Courts very wisely washed their hands of the whole concern, and left every man quite free to bear any arms he pleased; so, as I said in a previous letter, the bearing of arms became, and is, simply a question of conscience.

As an illustration of what I say:—In olden times the heralds had the right, in fact it was a part of their duty, to visit the parish churches and tear down all armorial scutcheons which were erected without what was then proper legal warrant. Now, suppose Sir Albert Woods and his satellites were to visit your parish church and mutilate your family monuments, to whom would you appeal for redress, and would the law Courts or the Crown be likely to sanction such an arbitrary proceeding?

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully, Y. Z.

* * Unless we are to believe that the author of "The Right to Bear Arms" has invented the whole of the documents he cites in this work, the jurisdiction, about which "Y. Z." inquires, is obviously fully possessed by the Earl Marshal of England, whom the Sovereign continually addresses as "You, Henry, Duke of Norfolk, to whom the cognisance of matters of this nature (arms, &c.) doth properly belong," and we are content, *pace* "Y. Z.," to acquiesce in the Sovereign's formal recognition. The College of Arms as clearly possesses adequate authority to deal with the arms of peers as with those of all other classes of the community, and we never stated anything to the contrary. And, though the House of Lords does not punish those who illegally assume and use titles, this does not prove that its authority in these matters is *ipso facto* dead. The destruction of spurious armorial insignia to which "Y. Z." refers, was, according to "X.," directed by Commissions from the Crown to the Kings of Arms under the Great Seal (*vide* "The Right to Bear Arms," p. 89), and, if a similar Commission were issued to the Kings of Arms at the present day, we imagine that the sanction of the Crown would be as effectual now as it was then. If "Y. Z." will read "The Right to Bear Arms" more carefully, he will find all his questions answered therein much more completely than can possibly be done within the limits of a note of this description.

[We fear that we cannot afford space to continue this correspondence.]

Authors and Publishers.

Sir Henry Craik is at present engaged upon a work which, beginning at the date of the union of the Parliaments of England and Scotland, traces the social and industrial development of the latter country since that time, and shows the extent to which Scotland has profited by the union.

The Stuart Papers, the calendaring of which is to be one of the next labours of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, consists chiefly of correspondence of the Chevalier St. George (James III. of the Jacobites, and the Old Pretender of the Hanoverians) and his son, Prince Charles Edward. This correspondence passed into the hands of the latter's brother, the Cardinal Duke of York, on whose death it was purchased by George IV. The papers lay for some time at Cumberland Lodge, but after the accession of the Queen they were put into some sort of order and were placed in Windsor Castle, where they now are. Partial use of them has been made by several historians, but the manuscripts have never been systematically arranged. The promised "full calendar" will be an important contribution to the history of last century.

Towards the end of April Sir Monier Monier-Williams, the Boden Professor of Sanskrit, will bring out a new edition of his Sanskrit-English Dictionary, containing about 60,000 more words

than the previous edition. In his preface the author justifies the application of the Roman alphabet to the expression of Sanskrit.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company, of New York, has among its spring books a new collection of verses by Mr. Stephen Crane. About five years ago, before Mr. Crane became known through the appearance of "The Red Badge of Courage," Messrs. Copeland and Day, of Boston, brought out his verses in a curiously-printed little volume called "The Black Riders, and Other Lines," which passed through two editions.

Mr. Francis Gribble is engaged upon a literary history of Geneva, written with special reference to the existing literary landmarks. The subject practically begins with Bonivard, the prisoner of Chillon being also the official historian of the Republic; Calvin, Beza, Casaubon, Gibbon, Rousseau, Voltaire, and Madame de Staël are among the other writers whose relations with Geneva will be described; and publicity will also be given to some facts not generally known concerning the career of Madame de Warens. The main narrative will end with de Saussure; but there will be an account of the visits paid to Geneva of John Knox, John Evelyn, Milton, Addison, Goldsmith, Dr. John Moore, Byron, Shelley, Goethe, Chateaubriand, and Alexandre Dumas.

Two interesting medical works may be looked for shortly. Messrs. Baillière, Tindall, and Co. will publish "The Administrative Control of Tuberculosis," by Sir William Broadbent and Mr. John Broadbent—a timely volume on a subject that has been much discussed during the winter. The other book is Sir Douglas Powell's *Lunleian Lectures on the principles which govern treatment in diseases and disorders of the heart*. This will be issued by Mr. H. K. Lewis.

The Victorian county histories, mentioned in this column last week, will, no doubt, embody the information contained in the accounts of all the counties that were published one hundred years ago by the Board of Agriculture. The Board was not then a Government Department, but it received a Government subsidy. One of its most valuable legacies to the public was this series of county records, edited by Arthur Young. Mr. Jasper More asked Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons last week whether he would not recommend that they should be reprinted. Mr. Balfour replied that he could not advise spending public money upon them. Mr. Jasper More thinks that some one among the publishers should take them in hand, but we fear he is not likely to meet with more encouragement from them than he received from Mr. Balfour.

"How to Do It," a little book published in Stockholm by the Hon. Lady Pakenham and Mrs. Winalow for the benefit of the English Church there, contains original contributions in a few lines from the King and Queen of Sweden and Norway, Sven Hedin, and other distinguished Swedes, with translations; as well as from the Primate of Ireland, the Bishop of Salisbury, Max O'Rell, May Crommelin, Edna Lyall, Maxwell Gray, Miss Braddon, and others. It can be obtained through any bookseller in the United Kingdom, and wholesale from Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall and Co.

An interesting work on Africa is being published in America by the Fleming H. Revell Company. This is a record of the many missionary agencies that have been at work in the Dark Continent. Under the title, "The Redemption of Africa," Mr. Frederic Perry Noble discusses first the aborigines and their religions, and then the efforts that have been made to plant Christianity among them. Mr. Noble was secretary to the African Congress at the Chicago World's Fair and has a wide knowledge of his subject. He deals with it in an impartial spirit as between Protestants and Roman Catholics. He does not allow that Mahomedanism is still a great spiritual force in Africa; he believes that its power is being weakened by European influences. But he does not think these influences

have any good effect without Christianity, and is not in agreement with the advice often given to missionaries to civilize the barbarian before they try to make him a Christian.

Mr. George Eyre Evans is issuing a book called "Midland Churches: A history of the congregations on the roll of the Midland Christian Union, with biographies of their ministers, from 1662 to 1899," which will be published by subscription (Herald Press, Dudley). The registers belonging to these churches, some 40 volumes, now in Somerset House, have been inspected by the author, and numerous interesting and quaint extracts will be given *in extenso*; and the 23 recently recovered monumental brasses, at Whitechurch, are described, and their measurements and line-for-line inscriptions printed for the first time.

A selection from the writings of the late Arthur Laurensen, the Shetland antiquary, to be published shortly will include some interesting papers dealing with Northern antiquities, translations of two Norse lays, and some original poems. It will be edited by Miss Spence, who has written a short biography of Laurensen for it, and will be published by Messrs Johnson and Greig, Lerwick.

The Professor of Semitic languages and literatures in Cornell University, Mr. Nathaniel Schmidt, will publish in the course of the year a work dealing with the various aspects of the Messianic question from a thoroughly critical standpoint.

The Historical Manuscripts Commission appointed two years ago by the American Historical Association will print in its third report a classified index to the items relating to American history scattered through the seventy-seven volumes published by the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts. For its fourth report the Commission will present a volume of the Correspondence of John O. Calhoun, voluminous remains of which have been collected for this purpose.

M. André Theuriot has written a delightful preface for the new edition of Michelet's "Montagne" just brought out by Calmann Lévy. *Literature* has had more than once occasion to note the unique charm of the writer. M. Theuriot has recently added to his already long list of stories "Le Refuge" (Lemerre), and "Lys Sauvage" (Fasquelle). The very breath of the woods is in these books and gives them their distinction in the French literature of to-day. For this sylvan note we can forgive the writer the somewhat old-time sentimentalism of his plots. No one

else in France seems to care nowadays as much as he does for fresh air and the open country.

The price of Messrs. Goupil's book illustrating the great masters in the Louvre Galleries is said to be £36 net. The descriptions of the pictures are by well-known French writers, and the work is being issued in twelve parts containing in all some 300 illustrations.

German art publishers are very active just now. Velhagen and Klasing are publishing a sumptuous edition of the Four Gospels in Luther's translation, with reproductions from the finest paintings illustrating the life of Christ by the great Italian, Flemish, and German masters of the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries. The first two volumes of a series of books on modern German painters deal with the art of Arnold Böcklin and Max Klinger (Berlin: Schuster and Loeffler), and a new and beautifully illustrated work by Ernst Haeckel, entitled "Kunstformen der Natur," is being issued in parts by the publishing firm of the Bibliographical Institute in Leipzig and Vienna. Twenty-six heliogravures from the finest paintings of Frans Hals, including the pictures at Haarlem, with explanatory text either in Dutch or German by the librarian of the Amsterdam University, are announced for publication by Kleinmann, of Haarlem. The reproductions we have seen are excellent.

Translating novels is not, as a rule, a royal road to wealth; but Mr. Curtin, the American translator of "Quo Vadis," is said to have made £5,000 out of his enterprise.

The Catholic Truth Society are publishing "The Catholics of Ireland under the Penal Laws of the Eighteenth Century," by Cardinal Moran, and "The Gospel for the Children," by Mr. B. F. C. Costelloe.

Mrs. Aubrey Richardson has, it is stated, completed a book entitled "Famous Ladies of the English Court."

Among the authors who will act as stewards at the Authors' Society Dinner on May 4 are included Sir Edwin Arnold, Sir Robert Ball, Sir Martin Conway, Sir Walter Besant, Sir Norman Lockyer, Sir John Lubbock, Sir Herbert Maxwell, Sir Frederick Pollock, Sir Richard Temple, Sir Henry Thompson, Mr. E. F. Benson, Mr. Austin Dobson, Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Frankfort Moore, Mr. Henry Norman, Mr. Morley Roberts, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. J. M'Neil Whistler, and Mr. I. Zangwill. Among the ladies filling the same office are the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Florence Dixie, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Miss Florence Marryat, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Miss Charlotte M. Yonge.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.
Vandyck's Pictures at Windsor Castle. By Ernest Law. B.A. 204 x 154 in., 106 pp. London, 1899. G. Bell & F. Hanfstaengl. 68 6s.
BIOGRAPHY.
The Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. LVIII. Ubal dini-Wakefield. Ed. by Sidney Lee. 94 x 64 in., 463 pp. London, 1899. Smith Elder. 15s. n.
CLASSICAL.
Nicias and the Sicilian Expedition. By Rev. A. J. Church. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 150 pp. London, 1899. Seeley. 1s. 6d.
Hannibal and the Great War between Rome and Carthage. By W. W. How. M.A. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 176 pp. London, 1899. Seeley. 2s.
EDUCATIONAL.
Les Gaulois et les Francs. Par F. B. Kirkman, B.A., et J. M. A. Pécontal. 7 x 4 1/2 in., 96 pp. London, 1899. Black. 1s. 3d. n.
Macaulay's Essay on Milton. By H. B. Cotterill, M.A. 7 x 4 1/2 in., 179 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.
Macaulay's Essay on Milton. Ed. by J. Downie, M.A. 7 x 4 1/2 in., xxxv. + 114 pp. London, 1899. Blackie. 2s.
The First Oration of Cicero Against Catiline. Ed. by C. H. Keene, M.A. 7 x 4 1/2 in., xlv. + 96 pp. London, 1899. Blackie. 1s. 6d.
FICTION.
A Duet. With an Occasional Chorus. By Conan Doyle. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 330 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 6s.
Unholy Matrimony. By John Le Breton. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 335 pp. London, 1899. Macqueen. 6s.

The Three Cats-eye Rings. By Mullett Ellis. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 144 pp. London, 1899. Simpkin, Marshall. 1s.
The Drones Must Die. By Mas Nordau. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 416 pp. London, 1899. Heinemann. 6s.
Priestess and Queen. By Emily Reader. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 308 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 6s.
Northern Lights, and Other Psychic Stories. By E. D'Esperance. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 228 pp. London, 1899. Redway. 3s. 6d. n.
Bay Ronald. By May Crommelin. (Greenback Series.) 7 1/2 x 5 in., 348 pp. London, 1899. Jarrold. 3s. 6d.
Robert Hardy's Seven Days. By Chas. M. Sheldon. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 305 pp. London, 1899. Ward, Lock. 6d.
The Twentieth Door. By Chas. M. Sheldon. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 320 pp. London, 1899. Ward, Lock. 6d.
The Conquering of Camella. By Annie D. Sedgwick. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 310 pp. London, 1899. Heinemann. 6s.
The Silent House in Pimlico. By Fergus Hume. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 238 pp. London, 1899. J. Long. 3s. 6d.
A Modern Mercenary. By K. & H. Prichard ("E. & H. Heron.") 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 322 pp. London, 1899. Smith Elder. 6s.
HISTORY.
European History. An Outline of its Development. By G. B. Adams. 8 x 5 1/2 in., xxviii. + 577 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 6s. 6d. n.
Holland and the Hollanders. By D. S. Meldrum. 8 x 5 1/2 in., xl. + 405 pp. London, 1899. Blackwood. 6s.
LITERARY.
Studies in Some Famous Letters. By J. C. Bailey. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 308 pp. London, 1899. Burleigh.

MISCELLANEOUS.
The English Catalogue of Books for 1898. 10 x 6 1/2 in., 256 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low. 5s. n.
The New Penny Magazine. Vol. I. 9 x 6 1/2 in., 780 pp. London, 1899. Cassell. 2s. 6d.
The Trinidad Reviewer for 1899. Compiled by T. Fitz-Evans Eversley, F.R.G.S. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 389 pp. London, 1899. Robinson.
PHILOSOPHY.
The Development of English Thought. By Simon N. Patten, Ph.D. 9 x 6 in., xxvii. + 415 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 10s. n.
Essay on the Bases of the Mystic Knowledge. By E. Reezac. Translated by Sara Carr Upton. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xl. + 287 pp. London, 1899. Kegan Paul. 9s. n.
A Brief Introduction to Modern Philosophy. By A. K. Rogers, Ph.D. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., ix. + 300 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 5s. n.
REPRINTS.
Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. (Golden Treasury Series.) 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 111 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 2s. 6d. n.
Westward Ho! By Charles Kingsley. 9 x 6 in., 444 pp. London, 1899. Warne. 2s.
Oliver Twist. By Charles Dickens. (Temple Ed.) 2 vols. 6 x 4 in., xviii. + 236 + 230 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 3s. n.
The Natural History of Selborne. Part II. Ed. by Grant Allen. Lane. 1s. 6d. n.
The Dead Secret. By Wilkie Collins. (6d. Series.) 9 x 6 1/2 in., 142 pp. London, 1899. Chatto & Windus.

SCIENCE.
A Text-Book of Agricultural Zoology. By F. V. Theobald, M.A. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xvii. + 511 pp. London, 1899. Blackwood. 8s. 6d.
SOCIOLOGY.
The Annals of Toll. By J. Morrison Davidson. 7 1/2 x 5 in., xii. + 494 pp. London, 1899. Reeves. 6s.
The Foundations of Society. By J. W. Harper. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 376 pp. London, 1899. Ward, Lock. 6s.
SPORT.
The Cost of Sport. Ed. by F. G. Aftalo. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xiv. + 364 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 6s.
THEOLOGY.
History of Dogma. By Dr. A. Harnack. (Theological Translation Library, Vol. VI.) Translated from the German 3rd Ed. by W. M'Gilchrist, B.D. 9 x 6 1/2 in., 317 pp. London, 1899. Williams & Norgate. 10s. 6d.
Theories of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. By James Marchant. 7 x 4 1/2 in., xi. + 122 pp. London, 1899. Williams & Norgate.
The Church's Message to Men. A Series of Sermons by the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, and Others. Ed. by J. T. Rowe, M.A. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 82 pp. London, 1899. Skeffington. 2s.
TOPOGRAPHY.
The Gentleman's Magazine Library. English Topography. Part XI. Ed. by G. L. Gomme, F.S.A. 9 x 6 in., xiv. + 337 pp. London, 1899. Stock. 7s. 6d.
TRAVEL.
My Tour in Palestine and Syria. By F. H. Derroll. 8 x 5 1/2 in., xv. + 266 pp. London, 1899. Eyre & Spottiswoode.

Literature

Edited by H. D. Traill.

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THE READING PUBLIC.

To most people the reading public means the public which reads the books that are talked about, reviewed at length in the newspapers, and eagerly asked for at the libraries. This is the public which is appealed to by the publishers whose names are familiar, by writers of biography and records of travel, by the poets and novelists who are making the literature of our time. It is a public that consists of educated people, conforming to certain standards of taste and of manners—standards which must be observed by those who write for them; and swayed by fashions which show themselves just as clearly in the books they read as in the clothes they wear. It is by the winds of fashion that publishers (and, in many cases, authors too) trim their sails; and, as far as regards the writers whose work receives any consideration from professional critics, this small minority does constitute the

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reading public. Yet what a very small number it is! If, instead of confining the phrase to this limited meaning, we think of the reading public as including all who can and do read, how insignificant numbers does that other picked and trained public appear. For so many years the school boards have been doing their work, for so many years a shallow education has been spreading over the land, and we want reading matter. Their taste is not fastidious, their demands are easily satisfied. A few columns of printed jests, a few pages of "information"—useful or useless, it seems to matter little which—some lurid or va little highly-spiced "society gossip," and the craving is stayed. When it returns by another budget of the same kind Whiteing has lately given us a scathing kind of entertainment provided in the il which delight "No. 5, John-street." "the humour of savages who happen to of the appliances of civilization, the hun rows, of Homeric blows on the nose, of spill-and-pelt of pantomime." Another typical family, and especially the typical before the public on a nutriment of win gives us the humours of the beanfeast an sands, varied by glimpses into the back town." The "police" sheets are of a w gin and shell-fish are the principal in; first dish, so leg and chemisette are i the last."

Fortunately, there is a better side to well. Such papers as these (and Mr. W in the least exaggerate), which "mild-m blameless life" provide for the toilers at their craving for "something to look at. be worse. But there are multitudes who decent paper of the *Tit-Bits* type, or who the better kind of very cheap fiction—su produced in quantities that few people. Then there is an enormous class which reg such publications as those described by M seeks, instead, reading with a distinct r They will accept it, even though it be dul sufficiently pious. If it can be made int they are completely satisfied. It is no problem novel that they care about. T vogue with those "light half-believers creeds" who are fascinated by the strugg half-believer to keep his faith. But it i lectual side of religion that interests the mind. The practical and the emotional a tianity are what they want emphasized. take refuge from the misery of life, as

ity it really this limited including all in point of ublic appear. been doing of what we e land, and v want read- air demands printed jests, ss, it seems ection, and a the moment is staved off Mr. Richard iption of the ated papers humour is ithin touch of drunken as one vast r shows "a of it, living and gin. It the Margate of Somers- class—"As ents of the pensable to e picture as ng does not ed men of boilers, with d not well er the more a taste for iction as is a guess at. with horror iteing, and ous flavour. they find it ting as well, e religious may have a our casual some other the intel- we have in s of Chris- ey want to hew Arnold

put it, in their hearts and imaginations, and just such a refuge is offered to them in the books of Mr. Charles M. Sheldon, to which we referred at the beginning of last month as having given us the "sensation" of the present publishing season. There must be many people belonging to that inner "reading public" who have never even heard of Mr. Sheldon, and probably only a few of those who have noticed the remarkable outpouring of edition after edition of his books will have taken the trouble to look into them. Yet the "boom" in these small unpretentious volumes is the greatest that the publishing trade has known since the appearance of the late Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward." It is estimated that altogether four million copies have been sold in the United States, where they first came out, and in this country. The most striking of the series, "In His Steps, or What would Jesus do?" was offered to an English publisher some two or three years ago, but it was declined, and for a time Mr. Sheldon was little heard of here. Then it seems to have been discovered, only a few months back, that the books had not been copyrighted in Great Britain, and a number of publishers at once rose to the occasion. Some of them, it is understood, are paying the author a royalty, but the majority are content to issue the stories without troubling about the precepts they enforce. They are issued at various prices from one penny upwards, and up to the present they are selling in enormous numbers as fast as the publishers can print them. Here is evidence in striking form of the immense mass of people, quite outside the ordinary run of book-buyers, who are ready to buy books that just suit their taste. How novelists, who are gratified with a sale of two or three thousand, must long to reach this great multitude! What is the secret of Mr. Sheldon's success? We shall see whether others can win popularity by his methods. There is no doubt that he will have imitators, but whether they will succeed as he has done is more than doubtful.

For the one quality in his stories which seems to account for their popularity is their intense earnestness. Of literary merit they have very little. There is no attempt to develop character or even to draw a picture of life as it is. It is with life as he conceives it ought to be that Mr. Sheldon is concerned. There is a certain rough effectiveness about some of his more dramatic scenes and a kind of moving pulpit eloquence in passages of declamation. But it is not by being eloquent or dramatic that the pastor of the Central Congregational Church, Topeka, Kansas, wins readers. They are attracted by the simple sincerity with which he tries to put before them his ideal of life as he believes the founder of Christianity would have it lived. Sincerity is not a quality that is easily imitated, and that is why we do not think imitators of Mr. Sheldon are likely to have much success. Of course there is a good deal in these endeavours to remould life nearer to the heart's desire of an earnest and imaginative follower of Christ that must make even the sympathetic reader smile. Cigarette-smoking, for instance, is an offence, in Mr. Sheldon's eyes, even more pernicious than

writing sensational stories for newspapers. Card-playing is a snare of the Evil One, and heaven can only be won by teetotallers. Indeed, the editor and proprietor of a daily paper, who figures in "In His Steps," seriously puts it to his assistant whether he can go on printing advertisements of whisky and tobacco, and finally decides to reject them all. But the smile soon dies away as one recognizes the genuineness of the man's pleading. He writes from his heart, and, though his language is commonplace and his method without originality, his earnestness enforces respect. A really great literary artist, with such a burning purpose behind his words, might move the world. St. Francis of Assisi moved it in the thirteenth century by much the same sort of teaching—still more, of course, by practising what he preached in his own person. Whether he knows it or not, Mr. Sheldon is a "brother minor"—at any rate in his writings. In the simplicity of his message, in his devotion to the ideal of the service due from all Christians to their fellows, he is a follower of St. Francis; and he has shown that the Franciscan ideal has not yet lost its marvellous power to move humanity in the mass. It is a consolation to find a series of widely popular stories which has so much to recommend it. Those who really care for literature, as distinct from "something to read," are always likely to be the few. It would be well if the many never read anything of less wholesome tendency, or less stimulating to thought, than these books, which were written to be read in instalments at Sunday evening services in an American church. They may not be to our taste as fiction, but at any rate it is well to recognize the merit they have, and they have certainly shown us in a fresh and striking manner how little we usually appreciate the meaning of the phrase the "reading public."

A few weeks ago we expressed our regret that the usefulness of the British Museum Library was limited, in so many ways, by the lack of funds. The announcement is now made that the Museum trustees have just received a legacy of £50,000 for the "improvement and extension of the library and reading room." The actual extension of the reading room is not, perhaps, urgently required; it is only on an occasional Saturday afternoon that there is any difficulty in getting a desk there. But there are plenty of other ways of spending the windfall usefully. Large as the collection of books is, there are gaps in it which it would be well to fill, and there is plenty of bibliographical work which ought to be carried out without delay. There are vast collections of pamphlets waiting to be classified and catalogued on the same lines as those French Revolutionary tracts of which Mr. Fortescue has just made a list invaluable to students; and there is the great task of subject-indexing the whole library in the way in which the books published during the last fifteen years or so have already been subject-indexed. These are things which, one has often been told, would be done if the money were available. Now that the money has been inherited it may be hoped that they will be put in hand at once.

A further suggestion which occurs to us is that the trustees might perhaps see their way to building private studies, connected with the reading room, which students

whose credentials were good enough might be allowed to hire. To many readers the convenience of such an arrangement would be invaluable. It is not merely that they would appreciate the privacy—though, as is well known, it was his passion for privacy that led Carlyle, when writing his “French Revolution,” to leave a good many rare and important works unconsulted because he was not allowed to take them home with him. It would also be a great saving of labour to many readers to be able to use a typewriter when documents had to be copied, and to dictate memoranda to a private secretary without being called to order by an attendant. There may be obstacles to this proposal of which we are not aware, but we believe that it would produce an adequate return upon the capital invested.

The particulars of the early life and “beginnings” of MM. Erckmann and Chatrian which M. Jules Claretie has recently published in the *Temps* are extremely interesting, but they are also exceedingly tantalizing. They serve principally to whet a curiosity which they are insufficient to satisfy. It is of the long career of conjoint industry, the union of consentient effort, for years so exceptionally close and complete, and at the last so tragically broken—it is of this, of course, that one is anxious to know the history, and not, or only in a very minor degree, of the accident of its commencement. For an accident of course it was; no combination so felicitous was ever deliberately devised. To have arranged it beforehand would have been to insure its failure.

One would have guessed, without the help of M. Claretie's information, that the two lads came to Paris without any idea of working in “double harness,” and that it was the mere chance of Chatrian's signing his first production with his comrade's Teutonic name as being likely to make it more acceptable to the then Parisian public—a fact which pretty plainly indicates their period—that brought them into permanent collaboration with each other. A happier marriage, judged by its fruitfulness and the health, strength, and attractiveness of its offspring, was never contracted. Community of interest alone may have done much to strengthen the bond between the couple; a cynic, perhaps, may say that it did—and in these cases always does—everything, and that when two artistic hearts are found beating as one for many years together, it merely means that the owners of the two hearts do not see their way to destroying so valuable an asset as their joint popularity, and having each to build up anew a separate reputation for himself.

But here, as usual, cynicism a little overshoots its mark; for, after all, this explanation carries with it the more pleasing corollary that each of the two partners must have been creditably free from that vanity and jealousy of the artist which might have induced either of them to think that he was, in fact, “the firm” in his own person, and was in reality quite independent of a coadjutor who, on the other hand, was entirely dependent upon him. Why this “fair companionship” was at last broken up—to the remorse, it is said, of the partner who survived the disruption the longer of the two—is just one of those things that, from a worthier motive than that of mere idle curiosity, one may excusably wish to know. In fact, the complete story of this most famous of literary partnerships ought certainly to be told. For unity, amity, and duration it has had only one parallel among ourselves; and that was a collaboration between two journalists whose

artistic susceptibilities had been scored out by life-long application of the “blue pencil,” and who belonged to a profession of compromise.

No doubt it assists to cement the union of hearts across the Atlantic to remember that we are all “subjects of King Shakespeare.” But in a democratic age some kind of equality should be maintained in the kingdom, and all the good things should not go to one class of its subjects. The rapidity with which First Folios and other Shakespearians are being absorbed by America is becoming really serious, and it is all the more urgent because it so easily escapes public notice. Mr. Sidney Lee raises the alarm once more in the *Cornhill*, and we sincerely hope that private owners, auctioneers, and, last but not least, the Government may realize the gravity of the case.

Mr. Quaritch confesses that “Perfect copies are usually sold by us dealers to American collectors. They thus get scarcer and dearer every year.” One unique copy went over the Atlantic in 1897. Another, known to be in England recently, has gone, and is supposed also to have found its way across the sea. The whole Shakespearian collection of Mr. Halliwell Phillips, who spent a large fortune and a long life in acquiring it, is now in Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A. Shakespeare's birth-place has not, it is true, yet been transported bodily to America, though we fancy the removal has been seriously suggested, but as time goes on we shall without a doubt gradually lose all material memorials of him except those which are already safely housed in public libraries.

Unfortunately, it is not a matter of patriotism or conscience, but simply of pounds, shillings, and pence. The private collection of which the merits were extolled so warmly by Lord Crawford a little while ago is valueless as a permanent national possession. At any moment it may fall into the hands of an owner who regards it purely as an asset, and the Court of Chancery, if its leave has to be obtained, may take the same view. The auctioneer can hardly be expected to be patriotic; and the Treasury itself, even if it be in a generous mood, is not all-powerful against millionaires who are individually within a measurable distance of being able to buy up the national debt. Moreover, American buyers form a much larger class than English. Apart from the pure ardour of the Bibliophile, the desire to establish links with the past, the love of historical relics and associations, especially of a material kind, acts much more widely in America than in England. Something should surely be done by the Government in this matter to save for the country the treasures it still possesses.

Reviews.

England in the Age of Wycliffe. By George Macaulay Trevelyan, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 9×5½ in., xiv.+380 pp. London, 1899.

Longmans. 15/-

The first book of a writer who bears two names honoured in the world of letters will be gladly accorded a friendly welcome, and there will be few students of English literature who will not hope that the promise of this volume may ripen into work still more worthy of the stock. Mr. Trevelyan has set himself the task of describing English life, and telling the tale of English history in

Church and our national life sank into sloth to the brief years of glory that followed. But there is little that can be read of Englishmen but a feeling of shame. It is in literature that we have left names worthy to be honoured, and it is from this source that we draw the darkest and the truest times. Chaucer, Langland, Wycliffe, are names that must needs be noteworthy as long as English literature survives, and it is round them that the main interest of Mr. Trevelyan's painstaking investigation hangs. Chaucer and Langland give him vivid illustrations of the life, sordid and pitiful, that he presents. Wycliffe is the centre of his work.

Two parts of this book strike us as being of special interest. First, we have a singularly vigorous, lucid, and complete picture of the Peasants' Rebellion of 1381. While we doubt if Mr. Trevelyan has laid sufficient stress on the communistic influences that influenced the leaders of the revolt, or on their connexion with an ill-understood propaganda of Wycliffism, we cannot doubt that he has given us by far the best account of the Rising of "hurling-time" that exists. In support of this is the core of the book. All the social history of the time springs from it or leads to it. We cannot praise too highly the patience of investigation, or the clearness of presentation, which have given us this record, so complete, so judicious, and so interesting, of the most important social revolution in our history. This part of the book, whatever may be the fate of the rest, must survive; and indeed, we are inclined to wish that Mr. Trevelyan had made it the basis of a single work which should deal solely with the Rising, its causes and its results.

The second main subject—perhaps, in its author's eyes, the most important—in Mr. Trevelyan's book is Wycliffism. We say the movement, rather than the man who gave it its name, because it seems to us that in such a passage as the following Mr. Trevelyan expresses the importance which it has in his eyes, and which has induced him to select the early years of the movement for special study.

Lollardry [he says] was but one of the many channels along which flowed the tide of lay revolt. Chaucer, Langland, Gower, John of Gaunt, the rebels of 1381, the townsmen rioting against monasteries, the Parliament men who demanded the confiscation of church property, those who would not do penance, those who refused to appear in the church Courts, those who would not pay tithe, were all striving in the same direction. Lollardry offered a new religious basis to all. Under Henry the Eighth all these forces rose together and swept away the medieval system. The King did it, the nobles took the spoils, but the nation reaped the advantage. The Northern counties, which had not shared in Lollardry or in any of the kindred movements, rose to protest in the Pilgrimage of Grace; but the South of England, which then meant the strength of England, stood by the King. In the reign of Richard the Second many laymen had thought the existing power, property, and privileges of the Church to be an evil, but a sacred evil. The Lollards asserted that ecclesiastical evils were not necessarily sacred. The triumph of that view was the downfall of the governing Church, and it preceded by thirty years the Elizabethan adjustment of doctrine and ritual.

It is this thesis which is elaborated in the three hundred and fifty pages of a very sober and complete investigation. Mr. Trevelyan shows how widespread was the effect of Wycliffe's teaching, and he traces the scanty signs of its permanence—here, as we think, greatly exaggerating the importance of the few cases of sporadic survival. He clearly throws himself on the side of those who regard the English Reformation as inevitable—as a great lay movement—as due only very indirectly to Henry VIII.'s

weariness of Catherine, and to what Bishop Stubbs calls "the Evangelical obliquity of Anne Bullen's eyes."

All Mr. Trevelyan's work is very careful and conscientious, if a little lacking in vitality. It is rarely that he allows himself a grim humour, as when he says of William Smith, of Leicester—"he is a most interesting person, and it is a pity that he had not the crowning courage to endure martyrdom." It is rarely that he shows himself unacquainted with the language or methods of the time he writes about, as he seems to do when he remarks upon a document in which one William Dynot declares that he will "worship images," that the question before him "to simple minds may appear no other than this—whether to practise or not to practise idolatry"—surely a strangely narrow construction of the word "worship," unless every one married to-day by the Church of England "promises to practise idolatry." It is rarely that he wanders into error outside his own subject, as where he says that "in the early Church the monk and the parish priest were the only religious influences"; or into exaggerations, as where he asserts that the friars "even gave out that any man or woman who put on a friar's dress at the hour of death could not be damned"; or that he has failed to observe the importance of the facts he has laboriously illustrated, as he appears to do when he lays so little stress on the fact that Wycliffe's only political support came from John of Gaunt and Percy. On the whole, he most commendably avoids the fault of over emphasis, the besetting sin of young historical writers. He tells his tale very fully, and very quietly and soberly.

Mr. Trevelyan's book, then, is one of promise. If it lacks genius, vivacity, power, and can hardly be considered of direct originality, whether in conception or treatment, it is a thoroughly sound and creditable performance. Its examination of Wycliffe's work and influence is most praiseworthy for persistence and patience. Its account of the social history, culminating in rebellion, is really a first-rate piece of investigation and description.

The reader is much helped by three excellent maps.

Tennyson: A Critical Study. By Stephen Gwynn. 7½ x 5½ in., viii. + 234 pp. London, 1899. Blackie. 2/6

This is the second of the purely literary contributions to the "Victorian Era Series," Mr. George Gissing's excellent monograph on Charles Dickens having been the first. In his "Critical Study" of Tennyson, Mr. Stephen Gwynn has had in one sense a more difficult, because a more obvious, task to perform. Dickens is still—and will doubtless always remain, nay, deserves to remain—a name of contention. The battle of Realist and Idealist, of farce against comedy, of sentimentalism versus self-repression, will for ever probably be fought over his urn, and new aspects of the conflict, new weapons for the waging of it, will be for ever presenting themselves. But there is certainly some ground for Mr. Gwynn's plaintive lament in his preface, that it seems to him "impossible to say anything that is at once new and true about Tennyson." Of course the impossibility is not absolute; and, moreover, the thing which is not "at once new and true" is always worth saying again by any one who can put it with more convincing force and greater freshness of form than have been given to it before. Indeed, to do this is in effect to add to both its characteristic qualities; it becomes new again with a true newness, and true with a new truth. Naturally it is not given to many critics to achieve this, or even to him who can achieve it to perform the feat very often. Mr. Gwynn, for instance, has found it beyond his power of accomplishment in the chapter in which he deals

with "Tennyson's Views on Religion." No side of the poet's genius has been more frequently discussed than this; it interests thousands of British minds to which poetry and even literature in general say nothing; and the beaten track over which the critic has now to pass is so very much beaten, trodden everywhere, in fact, into so dusty a footpath, that to find a single green blade of novelty by the wayside would be little short of a miracle.

The poet's "political opinions," again, the history of which had really little to do with his genius, but is simply that of the views of the average English Liberal who so glowed with enthusiasm for "progress" in the fifties, and so mourned over his disillusion in the eighties, form a subject hardly possible to illuminate by original remark. Mr. Gwynn has a fairer opportunity when he comes to the strictly literary part of his subject. "Tennyson's Outlook upon Nature" is dealt with in a very interesting chapter, and is ably and appreciatively discussed. What is especially well brought out is the rare, if not unique, concurrence in the poet's nature-pictures of the faculty of minute observation and exquisite workmanship with that free and noble breadth of handling "which suggests whole landscapes in a few touches." Who would suppose that this gem-like picture of the dragon-fly—

An inner impulse rent the veil
Of his old husk; from head to tail
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.

He dried his wings; like gauze they grew,
Thro' croft and pasture wet with dew,
A living flash of light he flew.

and this stormy sunset "after Ruysdael"—

To-night the wind began to rise
And roar from yonder dropping day;
The last red leaf is whirled away,
The rooks are blown about the skies.

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,
The cattle huddled on the lea,
And wildly dashed on tower and tree,
The sunbeam strikes along the world—

are from the same hand? We have had, and perhaps have, poets who could have done either to equal or almost equal perfection. But where is the living poet who could have done both?

On the Idylls—next to "In Memoriam" the most hackneyed subject of the commentator—Mr. Gwynn has much that is interesting to say. The contrast between Tennyson's and Malory's treatment of the Arthurian legend is, of course, a commonplace of criticism; but its salient points are here exhibited with a skill and an impartiality which have not been brought to bear by some previous critics upon the task—though it was perhaps an error on the side of excessive conscientiousness to devote some two-and-twenty pages to a verbatim reproduction from Malory of the "Story of Elaine" in order to show how differently it has been handled by the medieval chronicler and the modern poet. Of the shorter Poems, Mr. Gwynn writes with what appears to us to be sound discrimination. He is perhaps just a little too enthusiastic over "Ulysses," which, though undoubtedly in the first class, is hardly such a "good first," in the language of the Oxford Schools, as more than one other poem less effusively extolled in this volume. Of "Maud," which has never yet received its due from the English public—even if from English criticism—we are glad to see that its latest critic is an ardent admirer; and he is to be commended for his spirited attempt to rescue the fine and unjustly depreciated "Funeral Ode to the Duke of Wellington" from the neglect which, from the very day of its publication, has

been its lot. With regard to the former poem we have to condole with Mr. Gwynn—unless negligent proof-correction disentitles him to condolence—on the dreadful substitution of "quiet" for "grief" in the touching stanza:—

Oh! that 'twere possible
After long grief and pain, &c.

"Where do the words come from? we ask ourselves over lines like these," remarks the author all unconsciously. The answer is, of course, that the first six and the last two words come from "Maud," and the seventh, the word "quiet," from the brain of the demon compositor. Mr. Gwynn, however, may console himself; there are those who have suffered worse things than this. It has not befallen him to have the word "lonely" appear as "lovely" in the surpassingly beautiful line from "To Virgil":—

All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely word.
Yet this disaster once actually happened, and the victim of it still lives.

Mr. Gwynn's admiration of his poet ends well this side of fanaticism, and of some of the most favourite productions of Tennyson's middle period he can speak with refreshing plainness. As thus:—

The *Miller's Daughter* every one will allow to be charming; I cannot allow it to be more. *Lady Clara Vere de Vere* and the *Lord of Burleigh* plainly belong to the epoch of John Leech's ringleted young ladies; they are early Victorian with a vengeance, and to my mind perfectly intolerable. Worse still is the *May Queen*, which is throughout in a false key of pathos. Yet these three poems were perhaps more widely popular than any of his other work; they appealed to the public which now reads *Tit-Bits*. A later poem, the *Children's Hospital*, had the good fortune to be less read, but was very unworthy of its author.

Strongly expressed as these judgments are, we imagine that there will not be much dissent from them among competent writers of to-day. On some of the greater poems Mr. Gwynn's pronouncements are not so likely to pass unchallenged. His preference, for instance, of "The Vision of Sin" to the "Two Voices" as "by far the more interesting" of the pair, will probably divide opinion; as assuredly will the dictum that "Lucretius"—which, by the way, Mr. Gwynn elsewhere speaks of as "among Tennyson's finest poems"—cannot be ranked "among the masterpieces." It may not, perhaps, deserve to be rated, as Professor Jebb is said to have rated it, "above all the poet's other work," but for the combination of tragic power, dignity of utterance and philosophic depth, it assuredly stands very near the place thus assigned to it. Most people, again, will find a strong touch of the fanciful, no doubt, in the comparison of "St. Simeon Stylites" to Browning's Cardinal ordering his tomb in St. Praxed's; as also in the further statement that this poem "marks strongly enough Tennyson's dislike to all the extravagances of asceticism." To make up, however, for his general undervaluation of the "Lucretius," Mr. Gwynn incidentally gives its author too much and his subject too little credit in one passage. For though it is true enough to say of the lines beginning

The gods who haunt
The lucid interspace of world and world,
Where never creeps a cloud or moves a wind, &c.,

that they "rival Lucretius in his own stately beauty," it would have been only fair to the Latin poet to add that three of the best of them are merely a close paraphrase of the noble description of the *sedes quietæ Divûm* in the "De Rerum Naturâ," iii., 18-22.

"Style" and "metre" are always contentious subjects, whoever treats of them; and, though Mr. Gwynn discusses them acutely and informingly, many of his theories will,

we suspect, be far from commanding general assent. The history of the "In Memoriam" metre as here given is a curious one; but it is perhaps a little too much so for the requirements of the case. We have Tennyson's own specific averment that he did not borrow the measure from Lord Herbert of Cherbury, whom until 1880 he did not know to have ever used it; and the pages which Mr. Gwynn devotes to the question whether he may not have met with the poem of one P. L. Courtier, published forty odd years before, and have imitated it by a sort of process of unconscious cerebration, are surely a little superfluous in the face of Tennyson's own simpler account of the matter. "I believed myself the originator of the metre until 'In Memoriam' came out, when some one told me that Ben Jonson and Sir Philip Sidney had used it." Thus we have no fewer than three forerunners of the author of "In Memoriam," each one of whom may well have arrived at it quite independently; and it would surely be nothing wonderful if so obvious a variation of the ordinary octosyllabic quatrain—suggested, too, as is its *a, b, b, a* rhyme-scheme by the well known structure of the first four lines of the sonnet—had suggested itself to a metrist of ability far inferior to Tennyson. Again, Mr. Gwynn, who is somewhat too much impressed by similarities of rhyme arrangement and too little by dissimilarities of metre, suggests that the exquisitely modulated "Daisy"—which, by the way, differs sensibly in the cadence of its fourth line, though Mr. Gwynn treats the measures as identical, from the lines to F. D. Maurice—"almost certainly came from FitzGerald's" famous version of "Omar Khayyám." We incline to think that chronology refutes this theory—"The Daisy" is of 1854; the first edition of the *Rubāiyāt* of 1859—and it derives no countenance from the poet himself, who regarded it as entirely his own invention, and described it as "a far off echo of the Horatian *Alcaic*." And to come to our last piece of fault-finding with a volume of able and interesting, if here and there somewhat fanciful, criticism, we must, though with unfeigned regret, remind Mr. Gwynn that a certain line of what he calls "magical suggestion" derives its supposed magic from persistent mistranslation. We should all like to believe that *lacrimæ rerum* meant anything so pretty as "the sense of tears in mortal things"; but the stern truth is that it does not, and from its context cannot, mean anything of the kind.

AN IMPARTIAL HISTORIAN.

History of Scotland. Vol. I. By P. Hume Brown, LL.D. 5½ × 3 in., 401 pp. Cambridge, 1899. University Press. 6/-

Mr. Hume Brown may not be the Gwen, but he is certainly the Hallam, among Scottish historians. His elaborate monographs on George Buchanan and John Knox demonstrated that he could, when occasion demanded, divest himself of that not unamiable prejudice to which Mr. Spencer would give the name of the "patriotic bias," and which is probably stronger in a Scotsman than in the member of any other nationality. His new work—the first of two volumes constituting a history of Scotland which he has contributed to the Cambridge Historical Series, edited by Professor Prothero—shows that he can exhibit the same impartiality when telling the story of a country and not of a person. In 400 pages he covers the first fifteen centuries of Scottish history which terminate with the disaster of Solway Moss and the death of James V. He is clearly on the side of his countrymen in their struggles with England, accepting the popular conception of Wallace as an absolutely single-minded

patriot, describing Bruce as "the greatest king that ever sat upon the Scottish throne," and declaring of Edward I. that he

Found two nations which had for a full century been involved in no serious quarrel, and by the time he had done his work had evoked international antagonisms which bore immediate fruit in incessant wars that lasted for two centuries and a half, and which can never be wholly effaced from the memories of the two peoples.

At the same time Mr. Hume Brown declines to reproduce the myths that have grown up round the exploits and the memories of the leading patriots; he accepts narratives such as those contained in the Exchequer Rolls and the Acts of the Scots Parliament and exploited by him for the first time, in preference to the legends of poets like Blind Harry; and even when he comes to treat of authentic achievements like the Battle of Bannockburn, he is so cautious as to admit that the "position and arrangements of the Scottish army must remain matter of dispute." This impartiality, associated as it is with austere and almost remorseless accuracy, stands Mr. Hume Brown in good stead when he follows in the steps of such of his predecessors as Skene and Hill Burton. Taking advantage of the light shed on the early history of Scotland by recent research he follows Skene in rejecting to a large extent Burton's treatment of the centuries that immediately succeeded the Roman occupation, while, following Skene's own most damaging critics, he has substantially rejected that too erudite writer's view of the Roman occupation itself. Certainly Mr. Brown's reconstruction of the earlier history of Scotland—the history, that is to say, of the period which preceded the entrance of Scotland into the society of essentially Teutonic States—was something more than a mere series of "battles of kites and crows." Scotland appears in these pages as having been, previous to the War of Independence, a fully equipped State even as compared with England; indeed, while

It has been constantly said that through their long struggle with England the Scots were fashioned into national unity, it would be nearer the truth to say that had not Scotland been a nation before it must have inevitably gone to pieces in the ordeal through which it had passed.

In one sense Mr. Hume Brown is the least patriotic of historians; in another he is the most patriotic. There is no fervour in his writing; occasionally, indeed, one sighs for a little of the fire that gave John Richard Green the hold he still retains on the English middle-class mind. While he is, as has been seen, just to the men who if they did not make Scotland certainly saved it, such as Wallace, Moray, Randolph and Bruce, and Douglas, he does not go into ecstasies over their achievements. On the other hand, he proves that the history of the country even after the War of Independence was, in spite of all that Burton and his imitators have said, one of wonderfully steady progress. Mr. Brown is the reverse of a romantic Jacobite; but in his pages the earlier Stuart Kings fare much better than they do in most Scottish historical works. Thus of the five Jameses, with the death of the last of whom this volume closes, not one can be said to have been quite incapable, although the deaths of all were tragic. James the Third was the weakest of the five, but even he had the wisdom to see in a dim sort of way that, in fighting against the Scottish nobles, he was really doing his best for his people, although he was also doing his worst for himself. Under happier circumstances James the Fourth and his son would have made model knights. As a matter of fact, James the First was the best King Scotland had after Robert Bruce, and it is now evident that James the Second would have carried on his father's work with an ability equal to that father's, had not his career been cut short by the explosion of a cannon at a Border siege. Meanwhile, in spite of blunders in statesmanship and military tactics, in spite of the protracted struggle between Kings and nobility—

There was a steady expansion of the people along every line of social progress. In the fifteenth century three of the four Scottish Universities were founded; a succession of poets testify to the existence of an educated opinion; numerous Acts of Parliament, as well as other records, prove that there was a

prosperous burgher class both north and south of the Forth; and we have the testimony of foreigners to the fact that the country was largely under cultivation, and that the peasant class of Scotland lived on better terms than their fellows elsewhere.

In spite—to some extent even because—of its sobriety of style, Mr. Hume Brown's work conduces to the dignity of Scottish history. This is largely due to the industry which he has exhibited—an industry which is but imperfectly indicated in the too few foot-notes in which he gives some of the sources of his information—in following up recent historical investigations and extracting from them their true sociological value.

In Mr. Hume Brown's hands, the history of Scotland seems for the first time an intelligible whole, not a series of unconnected episodes.

THE GENTLE JAPANESE.

A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. 2 vols. 10 x 6 1/2 in., xviii. + 446 + x. + 439 pp. London, Hutchinson. 32/- 1899.

It was in April, 1889, that, with her husband, who had just been appointed British Minister at Tokyo, Mrs. Hugh Fraser landed in Japan, and in the first of this series of delightful letters written "from home to home" announced that her friendship with the country had already begun. That friendship endured and grew from day to day, until Mrs. Fraser's residence in Japan was cut abruptly short by her husband's premature death in 1894. At that period Japan had not yet made good her position amongst the great Powers of the world. Indeed, there was still a general inclination in Europe to regard her, like some of the delicate fabrics of her own art, as a graceful plaything among nations, which would never stand the rough usage and hard knocks of the modern "struggle for existence." With a quickness of sympathy and depth of intuition which were then too often lamentably absent in our relations with the Japanese, Mrs. Fraser at once gauged "the many-sided and complex character of the people, simple to frankness, yet full of unexpected reserves, of hidden strengths and dignities, of power never flaunted before the eyes of the world." The picture, or rather the series of varied and graphic pictures, she draws of them may be, perhaps, slightly coloured by her unaffected enthusiasm, but she does not claim to have done more than transcribe what she actually saw and learnt, and, as becomes a refined and high-thinking woman, she preferred to see and learn only the best, or at least to put the best construction upon whatever was less good. Perhaps the passages she devotes to the position of women in Japanese society furnish the best illustration of this sympathetic insight into the true inwardness of forms of domestic life which, on the surface, are apt to appear so alien and repugnant to our own.

The Japanese girl! She is a creature of so many attractive contradictions, with her warm heart, her quick brain, and her terribly narrow experience; with her submissions and self-effacements which have become second nature, and her brave revolts when first nature takes the upper hand again and courage is too strong for custom—perhaps it is too soon yet for me to speak of her to any purpose, and yet I want to tell you how deeply she interests me, how I believe in her, and hope for her in the new developments which the next few years will bring forth. The books I have read on Japan have always had a great deal to say about the *musumé*, the pretty, plebeian tea-house girl, or the *geisha*, the artist, the dancer, the witty, brilliant hetaira of Japan. I suppose these are about as unrepresentative of the normal Japanese woman as a music-hall singer would be of the European sister of charity. That they are very much less objectionable than the corresponding classes at home is doubtless due to the innate refinement of the Japanese woman; but what a gulf is set between them and the girls of whom I would speak—girls surrounded with punctilious care, and brought up with one inflexible standard always kept before their eyes, the whole law of Duty! Inclination may never govern their conduct after they have arrived at years of reason, early reached in Japan; and if they are the brightest children, the most faithful wives, the most devoted mothers, always serene, industrious, smiling, it surely is because Duty is justified of her children.

I think that the simple unfettered life led by the little children here gives the girls a happy foundation to start on, as it were. There is no scolding and punishing, no nursery disgrace, no shutting away of the little ones day after day in dull nurseries with selfish, half-educated women, whose mere daily society means torture to a sensitive, well-born child. Here, children are always welcome; they come and go as they like, are spoilt, if love means spoiling, by father and mother, relations and servants; but they grow imperceptibly in the right shape; they mould their thoughts and expressions on those of the sovereigns of the home; and one day, without wrench or effort, the little girl is grown into a thoughtful, helpful woman, bent on following the examples of good women gone before her. Very gently but persistently one lesson has been preached to her ever since language meant anything in her ears:—"Give up, love, help others, efface thyself"; and in the still atmosphere of the home with its ever-repeated round of necessary and unpraised duties, in that quiet sunshine of humility, high motives grow and are not pulled up by the roots to be shown to admiring friends, the young heart waxes strong and pure, and should the call to heroic sacrifice sound, a noble woman springs forward to answer it; should it never ring in her ears the world is none the poorer, for a true, sweet woman is passing through it, smiling at every duty that meets her on her unnoticed way, leaving a train of gentle, wholesome memories behind her when the journey ends. In real womanliness, which I take to mean a high combination of sense and sweetness, valour and humility, the Japanese lady ranks with any woman in the world, and passes before most of them.

Another chapter which should be read by all those who would understand the mainsprings of action in a people which combines in the most remarkable degree the opposite extremes of romantic sentimentality and 'practical materialism is that in which Mrs. Fraser describes the wave of remorseful grief and horror which swept over the whole nation after the murderous attack made on the *Cesarevitch* (the present Tsar) during his tour in Japan. High and low, rich and poor, felt impelled to make some individual act of atonement for the act of a fanatic who had outraged the honour of his country in the person of its illustrious guest.

People who were on board the *Cesarevitch's* ship told me that it seemed like to sink with gifts: the decks, the saloons, the passages, were encumbered, and still they came and came! The universality and spontaneousness of the manifestation gave it an overwhelming value, which the Prince here and his parents at home were quick to appreciate. Rich people gave out of their riches, and objects of unexampled beauty and rarity were brought out from the treasure-houses and sent with messages of love and respect to the boy who lay healing of his wound in Kobe Harbour. The poor sent the most touching gifts—the rice and *shoyu*, the fish and barley-flour, which would have fed the little family for a year; poor old peasants walked for days so as to bring a tiny offering of eggs. The merchants sent silks and porcelain, lacquer and bronze, crapes and ivory, according to their merchandise; telegrams poured in, expressing intense sympathy, and more intense indignation at the outrage. In the first twenty-four hours after the occurrence, so many thousands of these were sent that it was almost impossible to deliver them; twenty thousand persons called during the first two days at the hotel in Kyoto where the Prince lay before he was removed to his vessel; every corporation and community, town and village and guild sent either a deputation to carry its condolences or a letter to express them; and many who could ill afford the outlay telegraphed messages of sympathy to the Tsar and Tsarina in St. Petersburg, and always added a protest of horror at the wicked deed.

A little *samurai* girl, a mere child of sixteen, I think, was in service near Yokohama. She travelled to Kyoto, dressed herself in her holiday robes, composed her poor little body for death by tying her sash tightly round her knees after the custom of *samurai* women, and cut her throat in the doorway of the great Government offices. They found on her two letters; one a farewell to her family, the other containing a message, which she begged those who found her to convey to the Emperor, saying that she gave her life gladly, hoping that though so lowly it might wipe out the insult, and she entreated him to be comforted by her death. Her name, they say, was Yuko, which means full of valour.

These quotations are by no means exceptional specimens of Mrs. Fraser's finished workmanship. Every one of her letters is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the Japanese, and to the latter, as well as to her English readers, she has done

good service by publishing them at a time when a growing community of interests seems destined to draw more closely together the two island empires of the West and of the East. The illustrations, whether original photographs taken by the writer during her travels or reproductions of Japanese art, are as fascinating as the letterpress, and that is no slight praise.

THE ART WORLD, OLD AND NEW.

Fragments of an Autobiography. By Felix Moscheles. 9×6in., 304 pp. London, 1899. Nisbet. 10/6

To be brought up in the society of musicians and afterwards to become a portrait painter entitles a man to write at least two autobiographies. That Mr. Felix Moscheles should even contemplate a third will be no source of regret to the reader of "With Du Maurier in Bohemia," and of the pleasant book of reminiscences now before us. Before his easel celebrities as different as plain-spoken President Cleveland and the poet Browning have unbosomed themselves of copy. Mendelssohn himself—his father's closest friend—gave him his own well-merited name—Felix. He also drew for the child a picture portraying the orchestra which was to play him through life—the trumpets to sound his fame, the flutes for his love, the cymbals to herald the arrival of his beard, and the big drum in the background to frighten away assailants. No wonder that "the golden thread of great fun" running through Mendelssohn's life should have impressed his godson, for his joyousness and the way in which "his emotions ever rise to the surface" still help to bring the first ray of sunshine across the keys of most schoolroom pianos.

Mr. Moscheles' reminiscences date back to the early Victorian era, and afford many interesting illustrations of the old and the new both in music and in painting. He became acquainted with Rossini just about the time when the new school of pianoforte playing, inaugurated by Liszt, and the rising influence of Wagner upon the management of the voice were beginning to undermine the old traditions dear to the Italian maestro.

How they maltreat the piano [says Rossini]. Ils enfoncent non seulement le piano, mais encore le fauteuil et même le plancher ! . . . I don't want to hear any more of their screaming. I want a resonant voice, full-toned, not screeching. I care not whether it be for speaking or singing, everything ought to sound melodious.

Mr. Moscheles' own reflection on the change which he has witnessed in musical ideas is worth quoting. Madame Viardot is playing to Wagner from a MS. score of *Tristan and Isolde* :—

"N'est-ce pas, Matame," he said, carried away by the grandeur of his own creation, "n'est-ce pas, Matame, que c'est supprime ?" . . . Close at hand stood a casket in which a treasure was preserved, the original score of *Don Giovanni*. No wonder I was fully impressed by the situation, actually in touch as I felt myself with the master of the past and the master of the present. If what I was listening to was well named the Music of the Future, might not the score enshrined in that casket be called the Music of Eternity ?

But Mr. Moscheles recalls the personality as well as the opinions of Rossini ; many instances of his good nature and one excellent example of his wit. Meyerbeer, his rival in Paris, meets him and a friend upon the boulevards.

"And how is your health, my dear Maestro ?" asks Meyerbeer.

"Shaky, cher maître, very shaky. My digestion, you know, my poor head. Alas ! I'm afraid I am going down hill."

They pass on. "How could you tell such stories ?" asks a friend ; "you were never in better health and you talk of going down hill ?"

"Ah, well," answered Rossini, "to be sure—but why shouldn't I put it that way ? It gives him so much pleasure."

Rossini was fond of joking about his health. Mr. Moscheles may remember the story of his remark at a funeral :—"My friend, I feel that this is the last time that I shall attend a funeral as an amateur." But Rossini's wit was hardly equal to that of Dumas, of whom we are told the following story :—

Crémieux, the eminent lawyer . . . had the reputa-

tion of being the plainest man in France, a sort of missing link. A story is told of him and Alexandre Dumas. The great novelist (Dumas) was unmistakably of the mulatto type, and Crémieux . . . indiscreetly questioned him as to his descent. "Was your father a mulatto ?" he asked. "Yes," answered Dumas, "my father was a mulatto, my grandfather a negro, and my great grandfather a monkey ; my family began where yours ends."

Turning to the studio we find here a corresponding alteration in the ideals of artists going on before Mr. Moscheles' eyes, as striking as the change from Italian to German views in music. We are introduced to artists still under the sway of the classic school of David and his pupils Ingres and Flandrin, and, to what is equally reminiscent of the part, a young lady who was actually ashamed of her red hair. Mr. Moscheles' chapter on Dupont gives us a sincere picture of the Paris of the forties, and of the true Bohemian life. Rosa Bonheur Sinel, the jealous model, might well be a character out of Murger. The artist's descriptions of the parents of some of his models are full of characterization ; of Madame Tusserand, for example, who insists that no part of the thumb of either of her daughters should be concealed :—

"Allez-y franchement ; you just draw them as they are, hands and feet and all, comme qui dirait (there they are those two girls, les fillettes à la mère Tusserand)."

The author has evidently enjoyed to the full the exceptional opportunity an artist has of studying the characters in the byways of a large city.

The Parisian [he says] has an ever varying way of asking you to take his likeness. "Tirez ma binette," "Fixez moi cette frimousse," or "Relevez moi le plan de mon image," are amongst those I recollect. "Draw my mug," we might say, although translation does not go far to render that sort of colloquialism. "Fix my phiz," and "Just you give me the map of my image."

Mr. Moscheles' "fragments" do not tell us anything of his experiences as Chairman of the International Arbitration and Peace Association, which we notice are in "Who's Who" classed among his "recreations." But as they stand they make, though a trifle desultory, excellent reading, if only on account of the geniality with which the author brings them together. He is cheerful in speaking of the most gloomy situations. When, after a stormy voyage to America, during which his autobiographic eye never wavers, he is deprived of his liberty by the interviewers, his only reflection is, "What a splendid institution this interviewing is !"

A BRITISH OFFICIAL IN UGANDA.

Under the African Sun. By W. J. Ansorge, M.A., LL.D., Medical Officer to Her Majesty's Government in Uganda. 10½×6½in., 355 pp. Illustrated. London, 1899. Heinemann. 21/- n.

The author of this volume remarks upon the indescribable fascination in African travel and adventure which draws men again and again to the Dark Continent and in the end, only too often, makes of its votaries victims. The same attraction extends itself to much of the writings upon the subject. Even where the literary form of the work cannot be admitted to be wholly felicitous, the interest attaching to the contents remains unimpaired. In the present instance the compiler has made a *levée en masse* of his notes without much attention to marshalling his forces. There is neither index nor map. It is true some approach to broad classification is given in the titles of the chapters, but the paragraphs of which the latter are composed are thrown together indiscriminately after the manner of ingredients for the camp kettle at the end of a tiring day's march. To give a casual specimen of the style :—

Amongst the Falua neither men nor boys go uncovered. The Falua spear has a very small but sharp spearhead. The villages lie quite unprotected ; they seem to be well stocked with sheep, goats, and poultry. Spiral coils of brass wire were worn by the wealthier ladies, and ornaments of beads by the poorer class. A curious cornbin is manufactured by the villagers.

However, if the cooking be rough, the fare is plentiful. Six journeys between Uganda and the coast, with a residence of nearly a year in remote Unyoro, enabled the writer to acquire a wide knowledge of the country, while his official and professional position furnished exceptional opportunities for close observation of the native races. We therefore have no hesitation in paying tribute to the variety of his information. When to this is added the value of his list of collections, ornithological, lepidopteral, and mammalian, with expert descriptions appended by Mr. Ernst Hartert, the Hon. Walter Rothschild, and Mr. W. E. de Winton, F.Z.S., it will be seen that the book engages the specialist no less than the general reader. To Dr. Ansonge belongs the distinction of adding several *sp. nov.* to each of the above branches, some of which are carefully depicted in coloured plates.

Incidentally a good deal is to be gleaned from these pages concerning Uganda, its people, and products. The Waganda exhibit marked feudal instincts in their method of government. To the same force is traced much of their spontaneity in adopting Christian forms of religion. As to the capabilities of the territory, "hitherto neither gold, nor coal, nor any other mineral resources have been discovered." Arab traders tell of a land of gold, lying far beyond Lake Rudolf, warded by wastes of foodless solitude. But this is as mythical as Raleigh's El Dorado. Less speculative minds will find more incentive in cotton, sugar, and ivory. To protect the elephant from extermination the British Government has already defined a large area as sanctuary; other game and forest laws will doubtless follow. The Uganda Protectorate has even now such vague acceptance in the public mind, and comprises so many adjacent districts, that few apprehend how near we came to losing our ascendancy for a time during the recent mutiny of the Sudanese garrison. When Sir Charles Dilke lately stigmatized the representatives of the Government in the Protectorate as "odds and ends of administrators picked up anyhow" he excepted the British officers by whose energy the situation had alone "been saved from absolute disaster." We do not know if Dr. Ansonge will feel himself included in the former stricture or the latter encomium. He might claim to belong to both categories. For four-and-a-half months we find him Acting Commissioner at Kampala, single-handed, combining administrative, military, and medical duties; and during the subsequent rebellion he appears as instrumental in keeping disaffection at bay in Unyoro by his personal influence and actively exerting himself for the maintenance of our authority. In this emergency his life was repeatedly in jeopardy. There were other occasions, too, when risks, though of another sort, had to be encountered, and their recital constitutes some of the best portions of his book. It is as a shikari in pursuit of lions, elephants, rhinoceros, hippo, and smaller game that his sporting and naturalist proclivities find scope in adventurous narrative. There is a stirring account of the death of the "maneater," which, by the way, as represented in the frontispiece, seems not to have thriven largely upon its irregular diet. The illustration of the text is throughout lavish and faithful. When Africa shall in process of years have merged its barbarism in civilization, Dr. Ansonge's volume may find its place among the tomes of history, a position which, from its exceeding weight—4lb.—it will be well fitted to occupy.

THE FRENCH COURT IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

Lives and Times of the Early Valois Queens (Jeanne de Bourgogne, Blanche de Navarre, Jeanne d'Auvergne et de Boulogne). By Catherine Bearné. Illustrated. 8×6in., xx.+345 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 10/6

All who love Froissart and the old chronicles of France will give a cordial welcome to this book. It is far more than a dry record of the lives of the three Queens, and might almost have been termed "Chronicles of the French Court in the Fourteenth century." But the author's aim is not that of a mere analyst. She portrays the characters and manners of the leading

royal personages in that brilliant after-glow of chivalry, which attended the opening of the Hundred Years' War. At that period, France, though geographically not so extensive as to-day, was by common consent the most powerful monarchy in Europe. And there is much in this volume to make the reader ponder on the vast influence which dynastic changes and the character of individual rulers may have on the progress and the happiness of the people.

Mrs. Bearné has been a diligent student of the ancient French chronicles, and has made good use of the works of modern antiquaries on old Paris. She carefully explains the perplexing and complicated relationships at this period between the great houses of France, Burgundy, and Navarre; but she would have been even more successful in this respect if, at the risk of some repetition, she had compiled three genealogical tables instead of one. The best part of the work is undoubtedly the life of Queen Blanche, whose personality is clearly outlined in marked contrast to the more shadowy figures of the two Jeannes. Remarkable for her beauty and virtues, and at eighteen the affianced bride of the heir-apparent, she so fascinated the king, Philippe de Valois, that, in his son's absence, he married her himself, though more than forty years her senior. She only shared his throne for a few months; but her widowhood of nearly fifty years coincided with the disastrous, though eventually successful, struggles against the English, the Navarra, and the Jacquerie. Her position and high character enabled her often to act as mediator between Jean, "Le Bon," and her brother Charles, "Le Mauvais," King of Navarre; and one is disposed to wonder whether her efforts would have met with greater success, if her original betrothal to King Jean had been carried out. Mrs. Bearné shows some reason for questioning the propriety of these sobriquets of the two kings; but her defence of Charles of Navarre is not very convincing. The life of Jeanne d'Auvergne is necessarily much shorter than the others; for the defeat at Poitiers and the disorders that followed it have already been brightly sketched in the chapters upon the Queen Dowager. The statement in this life that Edward III., between 1347 and 1350, was a suitor for the hand of Jeanne is surely an error. At least, if he wooed her, it was for the Black Prince and not for himself, as his own queen Philippa survived till 1369.

The chief charm of the book, however, consists in the numerous little details, derived from inventories, wills, and similar sources, which bring vividly before us the social life of high circles in these long vanished days. And this merit is enhanced by the excellent sketches, mainly of châteaux and royal residences, which have been taken by Mr. Bearné from prints and ancient drawings. The reader will find lively descriptions of state pageants, of popular festivities, of the ravages of the Great Pestilence (though its arrival in Provence is dated some months too early), of the insecurity of travel, and of country life and rural sports. One protest we must make in this connexion. Mrs. Bearné tells us, on the authority of a French writer, that the English learnt football from the French during the Hundred Years' War. Patriotic feeling recoils at the mere suggestion; but it really seems to be quite unfounded. The rural game of *la soule*, to which she attributes the origin of football, is expressly distinguished from it by so high an authority as Bibliophile Jacob; while, according to Fitzstephen, the London apprentices were much addicted to football at least two centuries earlier, in the reign of Henry II.

"THE QUAKER CITY."

Philadelphia, the Place and the People. By Agnes Repplier. Illustrated. 7½×5½in., 392 pp. London and New York. 1898. Macmillan. 8/6 n.

To any one who has followed with interest the number of volumes that have appeared in the last few weeks on various general phases of American History, it will be a relief to turn to the picturesque sketch published by Miss Agnes Repplier of the results of all the counteracting influences described by Sir George Trevelyan, by Mr. Ford, by Mr. M'Carthy, and by Mr. Lodge,

when they are concentrated within the limits of a single city. In sketching the slow rise of Philadelphia to her present assured position of respected eminence, the author of "Essays in Idleness" has chosen the very best example possible to confront the unguarded foreigner with conclusions the very opposite of those he would be likely to draw from the pages of the authors just referred to. As a matter of fact, the Englishman whom her graceful pages may possibly enamour with the thought of transatlantic cities must not imagine that many other communities between the Golden Horn and the Statue of Liberty will tempt his wandering fancy with so strong a charm. If he has been fortunate enough to follow Miss Repplier's example and to see the place itself; if he has stood in Fairmont Park, and from above Rockland watched the play of light and shade upon the River Drive; or if upon Race Street Wharf he has lingered beneath the ancient gables where Neal makes his sails and Levin sells his fish; then, perhaps, he will be more in sympathy with the old Quaker City and its beloved founder, just because of its difference from any other place he is likely to visit in a country of hurrying wealth and somewhat too obvious industrial preoccupation. Because a Philadelphian has been for long accustomed to reposeful dignity and to the associations of a great tradition in the past, he is commonly described as sleepy by his energetic comrades of the West. But he has to live up to his still visible surroundings in a manner very rare upon his continent. He dwells beneath the shadow of Independence Hall where the famous Declaration was signed; he passes every day the place where the first Continental Congress met in Carpenter's Hall. The very furniture of either building is an education in itself. Within the same town is the old Swedes' Church of 1700; and he may wander to and fro, not through the numbered chessboard of an Avenue B leading to a West Sixteenth Street, but by way of such rustic appellations as Chestnut or Walnut Street, savouring of colonial paths cut in the virgin forest, and of an age that could lay out its towns without regard to cable-cars or elevated railroad tracks. If his mind be of the classical persuasion, as often happens when the Gods of ancient Greece and Rome are furthest from his reach, in the Custom House and in the Mint, in Girard College and in the Ridgway branch of Philadelphia Library, he will find columns and peristyles and friezes to his fancy. Above everything, upon the soaring pedestal of the City Hall, stands the statue of the Quaker William Penn, whose admirable portrait in an astonishingly martial suit of armour forms the frontispiece to this record of his peaceful victories.

To the ordered gaieties of the old colonial days Miss Repplier does better justice than to the man who made them possible. The news that ended them, and gave to Philadelphia for the first time her position in an independent country, was received by the slumbering city in a very characteristic fashion. For the few burghesses who were awake before the sun rose on the 23rd of October, 1781, might have heard a tranquil watchman announcing to the night:—"Past three o'clock, and Lord Cornwallis taken." The period of revolution, of which that message marked the close, gained its distinction, upon both sides of the Atlantic, from a citizen of Philadelphia who has left an impression upon her history second only to that of William Penn himself. It was when he was seventeen that Benjamin Franklin left his home at Boston, after two years at school and an education chiefly derived from odd volumes of the *Spectator* and a few well-thumbed classical authorities. He walked into Philadelphia with his pockets stuffed with shirts and stockings and his head full of his plans for becoming a master printer. In ten years he was owner and editor of the *Pennsylvanian Gazette*, and in ten years more he had done so much for his adopted city that she was behind her English contemporaries in nothing "except a close corporation and a bullring." His talents rapidly secured him public recognition at home, and when he visited Paris on the business of the new and victorious country he had helped to make, he was welcomed as an equal by the most fastidious spirits in the capital which led the fashions and the taste of Europe.

"The Quaker City," writes Miss Repplier, "lacks discriminating enthusiasm for her own children." She proves the truth

of the remark too well in her own book, for we could have spared a good deal of gossip about less important people to hear more of Penn and Franklin in the Philadelphia they loved. But her reticence is perhaps only a reflection of the proud and somewhat stoical composure of the town she chronicles. Her citizens have been roused by the fighting last summer, not so much to realize that "America has whipped Spain," as to remember proudly that Cramp's Shipbuilding Yard is in the same city as Independence Hall.

THE SPORTSMAN'S BALANCE-SHEET.

The Cost of Sport. Edited by F. G. Afalo. 8x5½ in., xiv. + 364 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 6/-

The intention of the editor of "The Cost of Sport" is evidently a serious one, and he has been at considerable pains to harness his team of writers, but it would not be difficult to make fun out of the result. There is material for another "Soapey Sponge" or "Market Harborough" in the following sentence alone:—

An initial outlay of £140 and an annual expenditure of £80 should cover all out of pocket expenses of any man of moderate weight, well carried to hounds in a provincial country, three days a fortnight.

The writer, Mr. Rumbold, has just told us that the non-hunting public are in error as considering hunting to be a costly sport, "which, considering the health and pleasure that it affords, it most assuredly is not." Absolute cost, however, on which alone Mr. Afalo professes to give information, remains the same whatever be the return obtained in enjoyment, and to say that hunting is not a costly amusement shows considerable hardihood. In his anxiety to prove that it is cheap, Mr. Rumbold supplies some estimates which scarcely bear analysis. The average price of a hunter for a man of middle weight is set down at £120; this, we presume, must be reckoned as part of the "initial outlay," leaving £20 to spend on saddlery and hunting clothes. Now saddlery is estimated at £15 17s. 6d. per horse, leaving just £4 2s. 6d. for boots, breeches, and the rest of the kit! The problem is made bewildering by our Mentor's statement that a man must spend "anything between £12 10s. and £25 per single outfit," and warns the neophyte in the same breath that "almost every article of apparel must be duplicated, and sufficient pairs of breeches bought to allow time for the dirty pairs to be cleaned."

So the estimate of initial outlay must be taken, on Mr. Rumbold's own showing, not at £140, but £160 17s. 6d. Turning to his estimate of annual cost, we find nothing allowed as a depreciation fund for replacing the £120 nag when he goes the way of all horseflesh; and Mr. Rumbold's calculation is based on this valuable animal running *four months* at grass, treatment against which Lord Coventry utters a sound and solemn warning on p. 139.

Now we have taken some pains to analyse Mr. Rumbold's figures and precepts, because he addresses himself specially to the "private individual," who is the most likely person to consult a book of this kind. The only possible value of a hand-book on prices lies in absolute precision, but, in turning to the paper on the cost of salmon fishing, the reader finds Mr. Charles Walker alternating between vagueness and inaccurate details.

It is quite impossible to make any definite statement as to the rent of a stretch of salmon water. All that it is possible to say is that in Devonshire and Ireland the rents are much less than in Scotland, where some pieces of salmon water have lately let at a yearly rent of over £1,500.

What does that convey unless the writer mentions the length of water let for that figure?

Again, he says that on some rivers and lakes a boat and man are necessary, the man getting 5s. 6d. a day and his luncheon. But Mr. Walker ought to be aware, and if he is aware he should tell his readers, that on such waters as the river and loch of Tay two rowers are indispensable, implying 11s. a day and two luncheons. To one definite statement he does commit himself—

namely, that "during the past season (1898) the cost of salmon waters rented in Scotland was about £5 to each salmon caught." Now last year was the worst of a series of bad ones, and if it were possible, which it is not, to check Mr. Walker's calculation by actual statistics, we are perfectly sure that his estimate would be found far under the mark. On the Helmsdale, for instance, usually one of the most prolific salmon rivers in Scotland, rents run very high; the spring fishing of 1898 was a miserable failure, and the long-continued drought in summer utterly put an end to fishing. We do not underrate the difficulties Mr. Affalo has had to face in getting a number of gentlemen to jot down their ideas of the cost of different kinds of sport: that he has not succeeded better is perhaps inseparable from the complexity of the subject. There is, let us do him and his staff credit for this, a great deal of useful miscellaneous information scattered up and down the volume, but some of the calculations we have been at the trouble to verify tend to make one cautious in putting implicit faith in the rest. The article on the cost of cycles and cycling is a useful one; and in the matter of games such as cricket, golf, and lawn tennis, precise information has not been difficult to obtain.

CHINA.

China. (The Story of the Nations Series.) By Professor Douglas. 8x5½ in., xix. + 451 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 5/-

With just a little more care and sense of proportion, Professor Douglas' contribution to "The Story of the Nations" Series might have been made much more valuable than it is. To attempt to reduce the history of an empire so ancient and so unfamiliar as that of China to the compass of a handy volume is no small undertaking. Professor Douglas has accomplished it by condensing the first three thousand years of the Chinese chronicles after they emerge from the region of fable into twenty three pages. This is after all rather a slender allowance for a period which includes the three great influences that made Chinese civilization such as it has existed down to the present day—viz., Confucius, Lao Tszé the founder of Taoism, and the introduction of Buddhism from India. Moreover, a few dates would have been decidedly acceptable. The casual reader, for instance, would probably like to be told at least in what century Confucius lived. Professor Douglas devotes most of his space to the history of the present Manchu dynasty, and specially to the fifty years which have elapsed since the first Chinese war with England brought the Empire into direct contact with "the outer barbarians." Doubtless this is the most important period as far as we are concerned with the political questions which have grown up out of it in the Far East. But it is a period of which already much has been written, and often in a no less readable form. If Professor Douglas had given us an equally readable sketch of the earlier periods of Chinese history which still lie buried for the general public in the somewhat dreary pages of erudite specialists, he would have supplied an acknowledged desideratum. He has shown, in this and in other works, that he is fully qualified for the task, and we can but regret that he did not apply himself to it more thoroughly.

In CHINA AND ITS FUTURE (Stock, 3s. 6d.) Mr. James Johnston has been startled out of his "philosophic calmness" by the "pretensions of the upstart nations of Europe to carve out for themselves that vast and venerable empire . . . which was civilized thousands of years before they emerged from barbarism." We are not surprised after this to find that he sees "in the movements of Japan and China all the difference between the agility of the monkey and the slow and heavy tread of the elephant," or that he regards the absence of ancient monuments in China as a further proof of her superiority over countries which are burdened with such relics of despotic power and priestly tyranny as the Pyramids of Egypt or the temples of India, or the cathedrals of medieval Europe. We cannot say that this sort of sentiment disposes us to set much value upon Mr. Johnston's

views as to the future of China. But what he has to tell us about the habits and customs and modes of thought of the Chinese people is pleasant enough reading, and if he lays more stress upon their many good qualities than upon their failings, this is not perhaps an undesirable corrective to the general tendency nowadays to hold the patient and industrious millions of China responsible for all the vices of their rulers.

MEDIEVAL NORMANDY.

The Story of Rouen. By T. A. Cook. (The Medieval Town Series.) 7x4½ in., xvi. + 400 pp. London, 1899.

Dent. 3/6 n.

No medieval town offers a more direct and personal interest to the English traveller than the quaint old capital of Normandy. It would be difficult to conceive the story of Rouen told in a more brilliant and effective manner than in this slim volume. Mr. Dent deserves the thanks both of the stay-at-home, curious of things over seas, and of the more enterprising traveller who desires to see these things for himself. You may read Mr. Cook's "Rouen" in your library or in the more suggestive solitude of your hotel chamber at Rouen with equal pleasure and interest. The book is packed with the instructive results of research, and there is not the faintest whiff of pedantry, unless it be the Gothic spelling which mars our recognition of our old friend Chilperic. What is the gain in presenting him to us as Hilperik? Many an innocent and unerudite reader will only be enabled to identify him by mention of the immortal pair, Brune-haut and Frédégonde, with whose names his is ever associated. What remains the permanent interest and ever-surprising charm of these old towns of Europe is the diversity of their associations. So many nations, races so dissimilar, have contributed to form their home history. The flow of events in the troubled story of Rouen introduces us to Roman, Goth, Viking, before we meet the familiar Norman, the semi-civilized, cunning, quarrelsome, and money-loving Northman, transformed by atmosphere and environment into a Frenchman. Naturally, the two most arresting figures in the book are William the Conqueror and the Maid, though, if a preference must be given to any special chapters in so admirable a volume, we should incline to regard Mr. Cook's treatment of medieval Rouen in the chapters "Life" and "Death" as superior to his less vivid and striking chapters on William and Jeanne d'Arc. Of the former he gives a terse and suggestive picture, but he has not been quite so successful with the Maid. All that erudition can tell us most of us know. What we now demand in each fresh interpretation of that radiant mystery in human history is interpretative imagination, the gift of seizing words, of memorable effect. Mr. Cook, which is perhaps befitting in a traveller's *vide mecum*, writes more lovingly of the Rue de la Grosse Horloge than of Jeanne. True, the street is fascinating enough to justify his enthusiasm. This street affords him agreeable occasion to stand still and refresh us with medieval gossip which differs from our own by such qualities as picturesqueness, dash, what the French call "*allure*," a certain stamp of courage and humour civilization has made us strangers to. He proves to us that it was neither healthy nor safe nor pleasant to live in old Rouen in the days of her brilliant renown, when she was the capital of a haughty and powerful people. But the vicissitudes of the inhabitants are full of charm for us to-day, recalling the times when a villain knew how to be a villain with splendid recklessness, and when kings interfered in the lives of their subjects with the most surprising results. The illustrations are charming, and the book is full of a quantity of fresh and delightful information.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

THE POEMS OF THOMAS CAREW, edited by Arthur Vincent (Lawrence and Bullen, 5s. n.), is distinguished by all the care and scholarship which have characterized the previous volumes of "The Muses' Library," and Mr. Vincent has made a conscientious

tious attempt to omit all discredited anecdotes from his biography, as well as all spurious poems from his collection. Unfortunately, so little is known of the poet that, in this case, the true story of his life is dull and colourless. Warmth and incident no doubt it had, but the record thereof is lost beyond recovery. Mr. Vincent has performed a real service by establishing the distinct identities of Thomas Carew, author of "The Rapture," &c.; "sweet" Thomas Carey, of Sunninghill, collector of "all the King's short poems that are not printed;" and Thomas Carey, translator of Puget de la Serre. Of the first two both the portraits and the poems have at different times been confounded; and Mr. Vincent has so far respected the traditional errors of his predecessors as to include, in a kind of appendix, the two extant poems of Thomas Carey, attributed to Carew. These are followed by three of Shirley's poems and one of Suckling's, with the versions of the same which appeared in Carew's works. They are given on the ground that the variations are considerable and may have been introduced by him. As a critic Mr. Vincent is correct but cold, and we confess that we should have been glad if he could have prefaced his sound labours by a slightly more enthusiastic appreciation of the poet to whom he stands as sponsor.

IN THE MUNICIPAL PARKS, GARDENS, AND OPEN SPACES OF LONDON (Stock, £1 1s.) Lieutenant-Colonel J. J. Saxby relates their history from the earliest times to those of the London County Council. His work is of a truly monumental character, the number of its pages being 640, and the number of its pictures—some of which are taken from modern photographs and others from old prints—184. No one, or hardly any one, is likely to read it straight through from cover to cover; but it is an excellent book to pick up from time to time for the satisfaction of an occasional curiosity. Wherever the author takes us he is ready with anecdotes—sometimes familiar, sometimes unfamiliar—about the distinguished residents of the past. Take Red Lion-square, for instance. On the subject of Red Lion-square the minds of the majority of us are a blank. But Colonel Saxby gives us a wonderful picture showing what it looked like in the year 1800; he reminds us that Jonas Hanway, the popularizer of the umbrella, lived at No. 23, and goes on to chat at length about Jonas Hanway's travels in Russia and his argument with Dr. Johnson about the desirability of drinking tea. Moving a little west, he invites us into Whitfield-gardens, and hands us a copy of the letter in which the great Methodist preacher made a proposal of marriage. "You need not be afraid," he wrote, "of sending me a refusal, for if I know anything of my own heart I am free from that foolish passion which the world calls love." The perusal of that love-letter is certainly calculated to brighten a visit to a somewhat dreary open space. Clapham-common evokes recollections of Pepys, Evelyn, and Macaulay. Hackney Marsh recalls the invasion of the Danes, and a fish story about a monster fresh-water eel weighing 22lb. 7oz. which was caught in 1766. Tooting-common, of course, suggests the name of Mrs. Thrale, and, once started on Mrs. Thrale, Colonel Saxby proceeds with several pages of miscellaneous anecdote about Dr. Johnson. And so on with all the other open spaces. Not one of them is omitted, nor does the history of any one of them seem to be scamped. The book has evidently been compiled from sources that are open to all of us, but it is well compiled and interesting, provided that one does not read too much of it at a time. Moreover, the illustrations are admirable and the book is handsomely got up.

The distinguished author of "The Nation in Arms" remarks in *THE CONDUCT OF WAR* (Kegan Paul, 10s. 6d.) that "the study of war is often accused of dealing in platitudes." There is much to be said for the indictment. Axioms and definitions cannot be avoided when one of the objects in view is "to introduce the beginner in an easy manner to the more thorough study of the art" of war; but General von der Goltz occasionally enshrines them in a profusion of verbiage which is irritating. With the exception of some ponderous periods, in which simple ideas lose

force and distinctiveness, the latest volume of the *Wolsey Series* is a useful contribution to military literature. A broad view of the Offensive, the Defensive, and the reciprocity existing between them, occupies the first part of the book, and is afterwards amplified. The pedantry which divorces tactics from strategy is absent, but the want of maps and diagrams will be sorely felt, especially in the second part, which bristles with examples drawn from military history. Even "the advanced student," for whom the book is intended as an "aide memoire," will find it difficult to follow the author as he flies from the Seine to the Potomac, and brings the great theatres of war of the world under rapid review. The lavish citation of isolated operations, apart from a full presentment of the circumstances, encourages looseness of thought. Thus the author points out that—

There will, as a rule, not be any pursuit, for troops advancing on convergent lines will cross at the moment of victory in such a way that order must first be established amongst them. They cannot at once undertake new operations. This circumstance partly explains why there was no pursuit after the battle of Königgratz.

The use of the word "partly" seems inadequate when the magnificent devotion of the Austrian cavalry and artillery on the day of Königgratz is remembered. The tremendous influence of sea power on strategy does not receive the attention which might be expected in a modern work. On the whole, however, "The Conduct of War" may, as the editor claims, be regarded as "a short and convenient introduction to a deeper study of the rules which should underlie the direction of the ever-varying incidents of modern fighting."

The motive and main theme of Mr. Walter J. Mathams' book *COMRADES ALL* (Chatto and Windus, 2s.), which he hopes will help "to play the soldier along the march and up the hill," is expressed in Whitman's lines:—

"Comrado, I will give you my hand!
I will give you my love more precious than money,
I will give you myself before preaching or law;
Will you give me yourself? Will you come travel with me?
Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?"

It is this rough spirit of good feeling that inspires the writer of these fourteen short essays and illustrative anecdotes. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to criticize the collection from a literary point of view, for Lord Roberts, who knows the British soldier well, has said of these stories, in his interesting introduction, "they may be read with benefit by any one because of the excellent feeling and principles they inculcate, and they will, I feel sure, strongly appeal to my comrades in arms." After these brave words it seems almost unkind to point out that such an essay as "The Sirdar's Luck" is a rather obvious tract, freely sprinkled with proverbial philosophy and only relieved of its dulness by the quotation of the poem "Then Ag'in," which epitomizes Mr. Mathams' essay in the last verse:—

"But we're all like Jim Bowker, thinks I, more or less—
Charge fate for our bad luck ourselves for success,
And give fortune the blame for all our distress,
As Jim Bowker, he said,
If it hadn't been for luck, misfortune, and sich,
We might a-been famous, an might a-been rich,
It might be jest so,
I dunno;
Jest so it might been,
Then agin—"

Mr. Mathams does not give the name of the writer of these verses. They are, as a matter of fact, the work of an American humorous poet, Mr. S. W. Foss, who should be better known in England. At the end of "Comrades All" is a collection of military "wise saws" for daily use, which the author calls "Maxim Shots," and which Lord Roberts thinks likely to be of especial value to army men.

ANNALS OF COAL MINING AND THE COAL TRADE, by Robert L. Galloway (Colliery Guardian Company). History is not, as a rule, a strong point with technical men; ninety-nine out of

every hundred care nothing at all about it and the hundredth has, as often as not, either no time for historical research or no power of literary expression. Thus the histories of trades are, for the most part, the result of the "reading up" of amateurs, and are consequently lacking in true proportion and insight. When, therefore, a practical "mining engineer and certificated colliery manager" betakes himself to historical research and embodies the outcome of his labours in a more or less readable volume the fact is worth noting. Although these annals are little more than a collection of facts, the facts are well selected and arranged, and are lightened up by gleams of humour and sentiment.

Mr. A. R. Dewar in *FROM MATTER TO MAN* (Chapman and Hall, 3s. 6d.) sets down metaphysics as an old wife's tale that has for years hindered the progress of scientific searchings for truth, and boldly launches his "New Materialism" into a world where he sees nothing but "hurly-burly" and chaotic disorder. Rejecting the "nebular hypothesis," and compelled to acknowledge our inability to conceive a beginning or an end, he concludes that the only true basis for a rational theory is that the universe is uncaused that it never had a beginning and never can have an end. But it is as difficult to conceive something uncaused, as it is to believe that something issued from nothing. Nevertheless, Mr. Dewar ridicules the latter and gravely predicates the former. The absence of any definition of "matter" in such a volume is remarkable. When, however, we leave behind these difficulties and reach the chapters dealing with magnetism and vegetable and animal evolution we are repaid for our journey thither. Mr. Dewar is most interesting when he illustrates with homely similes the wonders of nature, despite his comparison of such of her works as are not dreamt of in his philosophy to the "clumsiness of a blundering mechanical apprentice."

IN DANGER'S HOUR (Cassell, 1s. 8d.) is a collection of true stories of stirring deeds, sought out and set in order by Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forster. They range over a large variety of subjects, and are written out by all manner of authors. We have John Evelyn's account of the Fire of London, beside Mr. E. F. Knight's account of his landing in Cuba, the story of the Revenge told by Sir Walter Raleigh, the story of the Battle of Albuera told by Napier, and the story of John Brown, whose body lies a-mouldering in the ground, told by Ascott R. Hope. No boy to whom this book is given for a present is likely to say that he would rather have had something else instead.

"I will now tell you something about Merton College," wrote Little Mr. Bouncer, in his famous letter home. Mr. Bouncer had got hold of a good subject—a better subject, perhaps, than he imagined. Merton has a remarkable history for a seat of learning, and Mr. Bernard W. Henderson, in his *MERTON COLLEGE* (Robinson, 5s. n.), does ample justice to it. Its dominant notes seem to have been an exuberance of animal spirits on the part of the undergraduates, and the vexation of the College as a whole by the encroachments of the sex supposed by the pious founder to have no particular use for its advantages. Town and gown rows abound in Mr. Henderson's vivacious pages. He begins with a fine fight in the fourteenth century, records a "temporary lull" in the seventeenth century, and shows us what broad views the dons of the Restoration took of these violent diversions. The Vice-Chancellor, it seems, had complained.

The College, however, when it received his complaint merely inserted an *obiter dictum* in its Register that "Never had College produced so many eminent examples of piety as had Merton—*quod bono vertat Mertonensibus*"—and went on its way rejoicing.

When we turn to the other branch of the subject, the distressing encroachment of woman, we find contemporary chronicles full of complaints about the Wardens' wives. Reynolds' wife, for example, is described by Anthony Wood as "covetous and insatiable," and is accused of having hindered her husband's proposed benefactions to the College. Clayton's wife is denounced

by the same authority for her extravagance. The furniture was not good enough for her, and the College had to buy her new, including "a very large looking-glass." Further disquietude was caused by the visit of the ladies of the Court of Charles II., the great grievance being that founder's prayers had to be recited in English "because there were more women than scholars in the chapel." Finally, there was the trouble connected with the opening of Merton Garden to the public in the eighteenth century. "An intruding tide of ladies," says Mr. Henderson, "drove studies in Oxford to the winds, and morals after them." But the academic misogynist of the period was not slow to pen his protest against the innovation:—

"I am not the only one [he wrote] that has taken notice of the almost universal corruption of our youth, which is to be imputed to nothing so much as to that multitude of Female Residentiaries who have of late infested our learned retirement and drawn off Numbers of unwary young persons from their studies."

This state of things, as was not unnatural, was found to tend towards "imprudent marriages," and when the fellows awoke to a lively sense of that danger they shut up the gardens and turned the ladies out. "The riddance," says Mr. Henderson, with more candour than gallantry, "was to the permanent benefit of Merton College."

GLEAMS FROM GOETHE (George Allen, 2s. n.) is a collection of 690 sayings of the Sage of Weimar, selected and arranged by Mr. Henry Attwell, who also contributes a critical and biographical introduction. In the same format, and at the same price, Mr. Allen also publishes *WORDS FOR THE WIND: A Book of Prose Points* by William Henry Phelps. Though the prose points are of no startling audacity or profundity, they may stimulate thought.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON: A MEMOIR, published originally in two volumes in 1897, and in an Edition de Luxe of four volumes in 1898, now appears complete in one volume. Messrs Macmillan have done well to give us this more handy edition, which is similar in format to the Poems.

Mr. Sebastian Evans' translation from M. Paul Sabatier's edition of the *Speculum Perfectionis*, under the title of *S. FRANCIS OF ASSISI, THE MIRROR OF PERFECTION* (Nutt, 2s.), which we reviewed last month, has already run into a second edition. We have nothing to add to our notice of the first edition, except that the good taste then shown by the publisher in the printing and paper of the book has guided him in the choice of a new cover of a neat and appropriate character.

SPINOZA: His Life and Philosophy, by Sir Frederick Pollock (Duckworth, 8s. n.). The first edition of this book appeared nearly twenty years ago. The second, which has just been published, contains a special introduction on the bibliography of the subject, taking cognizance of important contributions to Spinoza literature which have appeared in the meantime. As regards the alterations introduced into the body of the work, Sir Frederick Pollock explains:—

I could not undertake to revise my estimate of Spinoza's philosophy as a whole, or to examine and weigh all the meritorious contributions of recent writers to the subject, without far more leisure than is at my disposal, or likely to be. Moreover, I should have no assurance that all or any of my readers would agree with me in preferring my later opinions to my earlier ones, in case of difference. I have, therefore, confined myself to adding a few explanatory and supplementary passages, and altering such parts of the text as appeared to me, on returning to them, clearly erroneous or misleading.

Simultaneously with Sir Frederick Pollock's new edition, Messrs. Duckworth issue a third and revised edition of Mr. Hale White's translation of Spinoza's *ETHIC* (7s. 6d.), revised by Miss A. H. Stirling.

THE MYSTIC ROSE FROM THE GARDEN OF THE KING, by Mr. F. L. Cartwright, which we noticed a little more than a year ago (when it was only privately printed) as a book strikingly impregnated with Persian thought though the work of an Englishman, has now been published by Messrs. H. S. Nichols for 21s.

PSYCHE RAPTA.

When Psyche from the granite brow forlorn
 Leapt down she knew not whither, in despair,
 Under her falling feet she was aware
 Of Zephyr : down thro' gulfs of sunlight borne
 (An almond-blossom from the orchard torn),
 Dropping she heard the eddies of the air
 Sigh on her cheek and whisper in her hair.
 Great pinions, coloured as the snows at morn,
 (Poised on his diving head she dives) to left and right
 Arose and fell, arose and floated in the light.

Faint-coloured far below the plain appears
 A dawning Paradise undreamed of man ;
 Softlier past the living plummet ran
 The push of ever-yielding atmospheres.
 The haven which the strange sky-vessel nears,
 Takes clearer brilliance and a lesser span ;
 Now smells of Earth, now butterflies began
 To meet her, when her sudden Zephyr veers :
 She slips her perch, and settles like a flake on deep
 Piled meadow-beds of grass, thick furred with flowers, asleep.

My soul had climbed the weary slopes of Thought
 To that high edge where Thought no further leads,
 And blind with such despair as thinking breeds,
 Stared into unattempted seas of Naught ;
 When Music on her angel-pinions caught
 The tearless brain, cold heart, and foot that bleeds :
 Easy as rivers lapsing thro' their reeds
 I plumb the golden gulf of Truth untaught ;
 And all the balmy zones of Contemplation past,
 Decline on fields of Peace, a dreaming child at last.

JOHN SWINNERTON PHILLIMORE.

Among my Books.

A fascinating little volume to take in hand and linger over is one that appeared in 1591, with the title "A Short Treatise of Hunting, Compyled for the delight of Noble men and Gentlemen." It was written by Sir Thomas Cockaine, one of the noted Cockaines of Ashbourne. The vigorous and persistent knight declares he had "never missed following the Bucke in Summer and the Hare in Winter for half-a-century, two yeares onely excepted"; and this leaves no doubt that what he says of buckhounds, foxhounds, and the kennel generally came from a fine experience. His book, he manfully makes known to his readers, is not produced by "a Skoller, and you must not looke to have it decked either with Eloquence or Arte," it comes from a "Professed Hunter," and as it records the Hunt-doings of Tudor Derbyshire, with the confines of Shakespeare's Warwickshire thus reached in the very years when Shakespeare was in it, let it be that "Eloquence and Arte" are not present. Their place is filled by something rarer.

See, for instance, the advice about Breeding-hounds. Says Cockaine, "Foresee they bee durable, well mouthed, cold nosed, round footed, open bulked, and well let down there, with . . . small tayles." When you are thinking of their keep, or board, "bee sure that meate bee made in the morning to feede them withall at evening when they come home"; and the exact and accurate old "Hunter" adds, "I know of my own experience that the

purest and finest feeding is with ground Otes put in a tub and scalded with water, which tub being made close with a cover, will keep the meate hot till night." In the case of buckhounds, there might be a small deviation from this. Their "meate" need not be "Otes," it might be bread and milk; but, comes the warning, "you must beware of giving them newe bread, for then will they not hunt of two days after." Indigestion would seize the creatures, even as new bread of modern shop-sale will bring indigestion now!

Concerning "reliefe" for hounds at a hunt, or "reward," or "quarry," as the Tudor word is (its meaning, "given to Hounds after they have taken the Same," standing in Bailey's Dictionary, 1730), Cockaine is equally explicit. After a kill of a hare, "a good huntsman," he says, "ought to blowe the death, and carry with him a peece of bread in his sleeve, to wet in the bloud of the Hare for the reliefe of his whelps." After the kill of a "stagge," or of a roe, let the skin be taken "cleane off"; let it be spread upon the ground (a kind of impervious cloth, or tray); let the paunch and blood be put upon it; let bread be sent for, "if any towne be neare hand"; then break the bread "in the bloud, and let all hounds come and eat." Should this game be the stag, "let the huntsman have the head, which should be given to the hounds at home a week after" (to keep their memories well polished, of course); and should it be the roe, let the "bodie" be put in a "sheet" and sent home, and it will "make delicate meate, if your cooke season it, lard it, and bake it well." Caution must be observed over that "stagge" and his head, however. "Your Huntsmen," says Sir Thomas, "must be careful to be in when the stagge is readye to dye, and must houghsnew him with their swords" (hamstring him, in that military manner), "otherwise he will greatly endaunger your hounds, his head is so hard."

Then there are other topics. Here is one: "Your huntsman must have a Combe to combe the hounds he leadeth from fleas, and a hairecloth to rub the hounds withall after, to make them fine and smooth." Here is another: "Enter your whelps" (a falconry term, also, for letting hawks first begin to kill) "two or three weekes before Bartholme's Day, and continue untill the feast of All Saints." Here are a couple more: (1) If a hound should "hunt from his fellowes, or run at raskall" (run at something "trash or trumpery," not worth the kill), "take him up in a line, and, beating him, say, 'Awe! Ware that!'" (2) If, "when you cast off your houndes in a close that is thick of bushes," they "so double their mouthes and teare them together that you would think there were more hounds in companie than your own," do not "mervaille what it is your hounds find of." You may be sure "a Marterne hath been a birding there al night"; and, as your hounds think "marterne" the "sweetest vermine," they are sure to raise their voices "so soon as they light upon the scent of it." Should your hounds not lose their noses, but show legitimate joy in similarly lively manner, be sure they have found a roe, "for the sent of the Roe is farre sweeter to hounds than any other chase"; and a

piece of Natural History appertaining to the roe, as taught under the Tudors, stands thus: "He sweateth not outwardly, as other Deare do, but in his foreleg is a little hole, through which all his moysture issueth."

A personal anecdote is narrated to illustrate a case where hounds lose their noses over a hare. Says Sir Thomas, "I was once in the field my selfe where . . . the hounds were at fault by reason of a flocke of sheepe which were driven along the high way where the Hare was gone before." There were "ten or twelve couple of good hounds in the companie," yet "not any of their noses were serving them"; but "I saw a Gentleman come in by chaunce with a Beagle"; this beagle took the scent "downe the way and cride it," bringing "it from off the foyled ground," and then did "the hounds all fall to hunting and recover the Hare, which was squat, and killed it." It is nice to read, and nice to think of that Gentleman and Sir Thomas Cockaine finding each other well met, and telling one another so, in proper Tudor manner, and with proper As-You-Like-It surroundings.

The hunt of the otter is not forgotten by our good "Professed Hunter." He recommends, "if it bee a great water" that two men be engaged in it, each man armed with his otter-spear; and he advises the huntsman to get to the water, and "seek in the mud or gravell for the sealing of the otter's foote, so shall he perceive perfectly whether hee goe up the water or downe." Further, Sir Thomas gives his opinion that "the best sporte" will be made of an otter "in a moon-shine night, for then he will runne much over the land, and not keepe the water as he will in the day." But, any way, the otter is "chiefly to bee hunted with slow hounds, great mouthed, which to a young man is a verie earnest sporte, and may last, if you list, two or three houres."

A rule is laid down over a false scent at any hunt, over any game. It is that "every huntsman that hath a horne ought to begin his rechate"—that being the "lesson" to be wound to bring back the hounds. A rule is to be observed by a huntsman, also, when he has the luck to "spie" a deer in any "thick copie or great brake." He is to cry, "He thats he that!" But he is to cry it once and no more, "which is knowledge to the other huntsmen that he seeth him." Altogether, Sir Thomas is certain that if you will treat your hounds by his method they "will serve you to hunt four severall chases; that is, the fine and cunning Hare, the sweet scented Roe, the hot scented Stag, and the dubling Bucke when he groweth wearie." Over the Huntsmen's Horn, whether blowing a rechate or another, Sir Thomas is fascinating. He adheres, he declares, to the "Measures in Blowing" laid down by "Sir Tristram, one of King Arthure's Knights." Sir Tristram, he says, was "the first writer and (as it were) founder of the exact knowledge" of the Hunting Art; and the "first principles" he wrote are yet extant. Now, it is in that statement that fascination lies. Can it be true? Is it a fact that copies of Sir Tristram's book (apocryphal, or otherwise) are really in existence? Surely, if, in 1591, Sir Thomas Cockaine could show intimacy with its pages, it can hardly have disappeared

from everywhere to-day. Some library somewhere may be in happy, if unknown, possession of a copy—it will be in a hunting district, on the shelves of some Tudor hunting-lodge, where the Tudor master was a kennel enthusiast—and how enjoyable it would be, if such a copy could be discovered, and if literary hands might be allowed to be laid upon it! As a fact, however, Sir Tristram's "Measures in Blowing" absolutely are yet extant, for Cockaine quotes them. They are printed at the end of his own Treatise, for the reason that he considers them "the best and fittest to be used." They read in this fashion, to give a couple, out of scores:—

To Blowe to the coupling of the Hounds at the Kennell doore, blow with one, one long, and three short.

First when you goe into the field, blowe with one winde, one short, one long, and a longer.

Further, they embrace How to blow "the earthing of the Foxe when he is coverable"; and when he is not coverable, How to blow "the death of the Foxe at thy Lord's Gate." How to blow "the death of the Bucke, either with Bowe or Hounds or Greyhounds," together with "the knowledge upon the same." Also, How to blow for the "Terriars" where "the Foxe is earthed"; How to blow "the call of the Keepers of any Parke or Forrest"; and "when the Hounds hunt after a Game unknowne"; and when "the Game breaketh covert"; and "at the prize of an Hart royale"; and many, many more. And, says Cockaine, note this, "for it is the chiefest and principallest poynt to be noted:—Every long containeth in blowing seaven quavers, one minome and one quatter. One minome containeth foure quavers. One short containeth three quavers."

To listen to these, and to learn them, getting to know which told of the "Hart royale," which of the "Bucke," which of "the game unknowne,"—to ride with him when he followed, and to be as joyous and as fearless over it as himself, Sir Thomas Cockaine had agreeable neighbours and fellow-hunters. He was often invited, he says, by "that most honorable . . . Ambrose, the late Earl of Warwicke . . . to go on a hunting journey with him." He was often sent for "to await upon . . . Francis, Earle of Huntingdon, and the Marquess of Northampton, now deceased . . . if either of them had heard of a Stagge lying in an out wood farre from the Forrest Chase or Park," and thought it good, "presently to repaire" there. And his private history is well worth putting down, in a brief manner. He was the son of Francis and Dorothy Cockaine (she *née* Dorothy Marrow), and he was born, in 1519, at Ashbourne. In 1530, when he was only eleven years old, he was received into the family of the Earl of Shrewsbury, with "extraordinary favours," the intention being that he should learn Hunting under that nobleman, and serve him when learning-time was over. But, in 1538, he was suddenly recalled to Ashbourne by the death of his father. He was the heir, and beginning at that moment, a mere stripling of nineteen, he thenceforth had his own estates to manage, his own stables and kennels, and hounds and beagles, to see to. In 1544, "just before his maiesties going to Bulleine," he received "letters to serve in the warres in Scotland"

under the Earl of Hertford (afterwards Duke of Somerset and Protector); he went, he did his service, and, for his gallant conduct before Edinburgh, was knighted. In 1548 he married, his wife being Dorothy Ferrers, of Tamworth Castle, his widowed mother having recently become Lady Ferrers by marriage with Dorothy's widowed father. In the same year a force was wanted "to rescue the siege at Haddington, which town was then kept by that valiant gentleman, Sir James Wilford, Knight;" Cockaine's own patron, Francis Earl of Shrewsbury, was told off as "his Grace's Lieutenant" over it; and Cockaine, led by friendship and duty both, joined the Earl's expedition and served under him.

These two Scotch services no doubt mark the "two years onely excepted" when Sir Thomas did not "follow the Bucke in Summer and the Hare in Winter;" and they mark the only lengthy absences from Ashbourne recorded by him. He did county-service, of course, with full and usual county propriety. One has peculiar interest. It was in 1568, when Mary Stuart was to be moved to Tutbury, Staffordshire, to be placed under the surveillance of the Earl of Shrewsbury—Sir Thomas' own Shrewsburys linked with him once more. An escort was wanted to ensure the royal captive's safe custody on her journey, and Sir Ralph Sadler, who had the management of it, called upon Cockaine to meet him "with a small traine" and accompany the cavalcade through Derby city. Thus, again and again, this Tudor huntsman was brought into contact with the leading personages of his day; and he did good home duty by founding a school at Ashbourne and becoming the governor of it. His death took place shortly after the appearance of his quaint little treatise.

JENNETT HUMPHREYS.

SHAKESPEARE'S "TEMPEST."

I.

How far was Shakespeare influenced in writing the *Tempest* by the recently reported wreck of Sir George Somers at the Bermudas? Most critics now agree that Shakespeare did utilize the materials which he found in Sir George Somers' book. Some little time ago, however, a writer in a weekly journal upheld the view that Prospero's island had no existence in Shakespeare's world, but was "woven out of such stuff as dreams are made on," and his remarks impelled Mr. Kipling to uphold Bermuda's claim to be that island, and to give his impressions on the question received on the spot. His surmise that Shakespeare obtained an account of Sir George Somers' shipwreck from a sailor just returned from that disastrous voyage is particularly happy, and impresses one with its probability. Dr. Georges Brandes says:—

Shakespeare borrowed several details from this book, the name of Bermoothes mentioned by Ariel in the first act, for instance; and his only reason for not following the narrative in detail was his desire to lay the scene in an island of the Mediterranean.

It has given me the keenest pleasure to trace the connexion between my native place and the *Tempest* and a close examination of the matter has convinced me that Shakespeare did, without a doubt, take his inspiration from the wreck of Sir George Somers at Bermuda, and that the parallelism between the two accounts is much nearer than is generally thought. As some of the evidence I have collected may, I think, be new to your readers and is, I think, not without interest, I venture to give

you the results of my labours. Before producing the evidence in support of this assertion it will be necessary first to relate what is known of the history of the play. The date of its composition has never been certainly fixed. Malone stated that it was first performed at Whitehall on Hallowmass (Nov. 1st.), 1611, but the page containing this entry in the Account Book of the Master of Revels preserved at the Public Record Office, has been proved a forgery. Mr. S. Lee says that Malone doubtless based his positive assertion on evidence which has since been mislaid and that the forger probably worked on Malone's published statement. To me it seems more natural to suppose that Malone was deceived by the forgery. The first indisputable notice of the play is its performance at the marriage festivities of the Princess Elizabeth to the Elector Frederic on February 14, 1613. I am convinced, for reasons given later, that this later date is probably more nearly correct.

Sir George Somers sailed for Virginia in 1609, with a fleet of nine ships. His vessel, the *Sea Venture*, was carried out of her course and wrecked on the Bermudas. The shipwrecked crew spent nine months there, and then sailed for Virginia in two pinnaces which they built. They arrived at Jamestown on May 21, 1610, but finding the colony in great straits they left for England on June 8. Whilst on their way down the bay, they met Lord de la Warre with supplies for the colony and returned to Jamestown. The first news of the safety of Sir George Somers' crew was brought to England in September, 1610. Very shortly afterwards three accounts of the shipwreck were published. They were, "A true Declaration of the Estate of the Colony in Virginia, &c.," published by advice and direction of the Council of Virginia; "A Discovery of the Bermudas, &c.," by Silvanus Jourdan; and "News from Virginia," a poetical tract by R. Rich. In 1612 a much fuller account was published entitled "A true repertory of the wreck and redemption of Sir Thomas Gates, &c.," by William Strachey. This latter is reprinted in "Purchas his Pilgrims," 1625, and against it is put the date, July 15, 1610. Sir J. H. LeFroy in his "Memorials of the Bermudas," has taken this as the date of its original publication, but it is evidently an error because the news could not have reached England at that date.

There is every probability that Shakespeare was familiar with the whole story, as his patrons, the Earls of Southampton and Pembroke, were members of the Virginia Company, and afterwards of the Bermuda Company; two parishes in Bermuda are called after them to this day. Apart from the probable accidental meeting with Mr. Kipling's mariner in a tavern, Shakespeare would have had many opportunities of hearing of the shipwreck at first hand. It will be remembered that Shakespeare was interested in both the Blackfriars and Globe Theatres, one on either side of the river, and was necessarily continually passing over the ferry from Paris Garden Stairs on the Surrey side to Blackfriars. We learn that this part of the river was the headquarters for foreign going vessels. It was quite the busiest part of the river, and thousands of watermen plied their calling about there. Many of them were old sailors who had served with Drake, Hawkins, &c., and we can be quite certain that these watermen followed very closely the fortunes of the various expeditions fitted out for the scenes of their old adventures. The setting forth of Sir George Somers' fleet of nine ships would have been particularly noticed, and the return of the eight from Virginia, with the report of the loss of the Admiral's ship, the *Sea Venture*, would have caused a buzz of comment amongst them. When in September, 1610, some of these very mariners, who had been long given up for lost, returned from Virginia with the marvellous account of their adventures, the fame of it would have spread like wildfire amongst the watermen, and the whole story would have been poured into Shakespeare's ears on the very next occasion on which he crossed the river. The great interest taken by the watermen in the theatres is shown by a pamphlet written in 1613, by John Taylor, the water poet, called "The true cause of the Watermen's suit concerning players, and the reasons that their playing on London side is their extreme hindrances."

It is, however, to the internal evidence, that Shakespeare studied the above-mentioned publications very closely, that I wish to refer particularly, and as I am not aware that it has been given *in extenso* heretofore, I hope I may be permitted to do so here. I am indebted to Sir J. H. LeFroy's "Memorials of the Bermudas" for the text of the tracts and also for several of the following coincidences.

It will be first noted that of the real and ideal Fleets in each case it is the largest vessel with the leaders on board that is wrecked. The rest go "sadly home" to Virginia and Naples respectively thinking,

They saw the King's ship wrecked,
And his great person perish.

There are two chief personages on board each of the doomed vessels, Sir George Somers and Sir Thomas Gates in the one, Alonso, King of Naples, and Antonio, Duke of Milan, in the other. In both instances they had given themselves over for lost. Jourdan says, "Our men, utterly spent, were even resolved to shut up hatches and to have committed themselves to the mercies of the sea, or rather to the mercie of their mightie God and Redeemer," and the *Tempest*, Act I. Sc. 1. "All lost! to prayers! to prayers! all lost!" Continuing, Jourdan says, "Some having good and comfortable waters fetcht them and dranke one to another," and Antonio, Act I., Sc. 1. :—

We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.

Also, Ariel, Act I., Sc. II. :—

Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mind, and played
Some tricks of desperation.

The appearance of corposant fires is thus described by Strachey :—"The apparition of a little round light like a faint starre, trembling and streaming along with a sparkling blaze, half the height upon the maine mast, and shooting sometimes from shroud to shroud—half the night it kept with us, running sometimes along the maine yard to the very end, and then returning."

Could this be better paraphrased than by Ariel, Act I., Sc. II. ? :—

I boarded the king's ship ; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement ; sometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many places ; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join.

The ocean round Bermuda had been long noted for terrific thunderstorms. Sir Walter Raleigh says (*Discouerie of Guiana*, 1596) "the Bermudas, a hellish sea for thunder, lightning, and storms" ; and Strachey, "These Islands are often afflicted and rent with tempests, great strokes of thunder, lightning and rain, which hath so sundered and torn the rocks and whurried whole quarters of the Island into the maine sea."

In the *Tempest* thunderstorms play quite an important part.

Act I., Sc. II. :—

Ari. The fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble.

Act II., Sc. II. :—

Trin. If it should thunder as it did before, I know
not where to hide my head.

Act III., Sc. III. :—

Alon. and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper.

Further describing the storm Strachey says, "The sea swelled above the clouds, and gave battel into heaven." And Act I., Sc. II. :—

Mir. The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out.

Just when all seems lost there is a sudden marvellous rescue in both cases. "Sir George Somers, when no man dreamed of such happiness, discovered and cried, Land! The ship fell in between two rocks, where she was fast lodged and locked, and with the

present help of our boat, did safely set and convey our men ashore." Act I., Sc. II. :—

Pros. The direful spectacle of the wreck,
I have with much provision in mine art
So safely ordered, that there is no soul,
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel.

And Gonzalo, Act II., Sc. I. :—

but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation ; few in millions
Can speak like us.

Strachey remarks of the harbours in Bermuda, "Yea, the Argosies of Venice may ride there with water enough and safe land lockt." And Ariel tells, Act I. :—

Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship ; in the deep nook, where once
Thou calledst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still vexed Bermoothes, there she's hid.

The description of the physical characteristics of the island by Strachey, "The Bermudaes be broken islands, 500 of them at least if you may call them all islands that lie how little soever into the sea by themselves," would give the hint for the following in Act II., Sc. I. :—Seb. "I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it to his son for an apple." Ant. "And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands."

Jourdan says, "For the islands of the Bermudas were never inhabited by any Christian people, but were esteemed and reputed a most prodigious and enchanted place."

Prospero. Act I., Sc. II. :—

Then was this island—
Save for the son which she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born—not honoured with
A human shape.

Continuing, Jourdan says, "Yet did we find the ayre so temperat and the country so abundantly fruitful of all fit necessities for the sustentation and preservation of man's life," and in Act II., Sc. I. we find :—

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert . . .
Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible—
It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.
The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

W. G. GOSLING.

St. Johns, Newfoundland.

(To be continued.)

Notes.

Next week's *Literature* will contain a poem by Mr. Austin Dobson—"For a Copy of 'The Compleat Angler.'"

* * * *

We publish elsewhere a letter from the Principal Librarian of New South Wales, from whom we have received a copy of the "Guide to the System of Cataloguing," issued by the Trustees of the Public Library of that colony. It must be a great boon to students, for the most lucid scheme of cataloguing does not seem absolutely lucid to the novice until it is explained. In the main the principle adopted at Sydney seems to be identical with that adopted (and we believe invented) by Mr. G. K. Fortescue for his great subject-index. What the compilers of the old subject-indexes tried to do was to classify human knowledge. The modern principle is that this classification is outside the province of the bibliographer. His business is not to decide, for example, whether bacteriology is a branch of biology, of botany, or of medicine. His arrangement is purely alphabetical; and when the book on bacteriology comes to him, he enters it under the head of bacteriology, and troubles himself no more about it. Experience has proved that subject-indexes put together on these simple lines are far more useful, even to the most advanced students, than the more ambitious bibliographies which preceded them. Turning to a lighter branch of the subject, one notices with satisfaction that the Regulations for Visitors rigidly prohibit the

pernicious habits of "smoking in the doorway" and "spitting on the floor," which seems to prove that literature is taken in a properly serious spirit in our Australian colonies.

* * * *

The general features of the important collection of Hebrew fragments recently acquired by the British Museum are the same as those of the now well-known collections of the University Libraries of Oxford and Cambridge. The original Hebrew text of Ecclesiasticus is represented by two leaves among the fresh fragments, containing large portions of chs. xxxi., xxxvii., and xxxviii. An edition of the newly recovered verses, about forty in number, is now nearly ready for the press, the editor being the Rev. G. Margoliouth, of the British Museum. The collection also contains two autograph responses of Moses Maimonides (ob. 1204) whose works are still held in highest honour among the Jews of both the east and the west. Letters of divorcements, neatly written on parchment, and dated in various years of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, give an interest of a different character to the new acquisitions. There are also many marriage contracts coming from Cairo, Rashid, Damascus, and other places. The great mass of the collection (largely written in Arabic) deals, as may be expected, with Rabbinical law and various controversies, but there are also many fragments of Biblical commentaries in Arabic.

* * * *

A wide circle of readers will have heard with regret of the death, at the early age of forty-eight, of Mr. J. F. Nisbet. Mr. Nisbet began life as a reporter; he was, at one time, we believe, the fastest shorthand writer in the gallery of the House of Commons. Too good to remain long at such mechanical work, he became the editor of *Life* (and subsequently of the *Morning*), and the dramatic critic of *The Times*, and ultimately found his *métier* as a writer of causeries on the more serious of the topics of the hour, his principal contributions appearing in the *Idler*, *St. Paul's*, and the *Referee*. He was a slogging writer of robust common sense, who delighted to "penetrate through sophisms and give to conventional illusions their true value," and this tendency had earned him the name of cynic. His philosophy was certainly gloomy, but his writings always stimulated thought. His books on Genius and Insanity, and on Marriage and Heredity excited a good deal of attention; and at the time of his death he had just passed the proofs of another work, to be published almost immediately under the title of "The Human Machine." It is to be feared that overwork was one of the principal causes of Mr. Nisbet's comparatively early death.

* * * *

The aged widow of Michelet has just died in Paris. The part played by her in the work of her husband for many years would make her death last Sunday night at the age of 73, worthy of note even if she had written nothing herself. The circumstances of her death, as reported by a friend in the *Temps*, are characteristic. She had preserved the apartment at 75, Rue d'Assas, where she had lived with Michelet, keeping the furniture, books, and papers exactly as they were when he died. There she lived among the souvenirs of the great dead, and there she conceived the centenary celebration of Michelet which, once realized, seemed to relieve her mind of a load and to give her the consoling sense that her work, too, was done. A quarter of a century had gone by and the lodgings had become sadly in need of the visit of the carpenter, and were rapidly becoming unsuitable for habitation. Only after the apotheosis of Michelet at the Pantheon did the faithful wife seem to feel released from her vow. She let the workmen in for repairs. *Quand la maison est bâtie la mort vient* says the French proverb. It was true for Mme. Michelet. In spite of her friends' advice she lingered to keep faithful watch over the relics, sleeping there amidst the damp air of the fresh plaster. Two weeks ago, when the "cold snap" came, she caught a chill and the affection degenerated into inflammation of the lungs. Born in October, 1826, at Montauban, she made Michelet's acquaintance when he was Professor at the Collège de France. The romantic circumstances of their marriage she herself related last year in

the *Temps* in a letter which we noticed at the time. She had only recently rewritten her will, and has probably bequeathed to the City of Paris for the *Musée Carnavalet* numerous relics of her husband, besides the portrait of him by Couture which she gave in her lifetime.

* * * *

Mr. William Brown, Edinburgh, the purchaser of the valuable collection of letters of Sir Walter Scott which was sold recently at Sotheby's, is thinking of making a book out of them. Sir Walter's correspondence with his brother Thomas is specially interesting. The latter was credited by many persons with the authorship of the Waverley novels, and Sir Walter himself, in the general preface to the novels, dated January 1, 1820, alluded to the rumour that his brother was "the Author of 'Waverley'" as the only one which had "some alliance to probability, and indeed might have proved to some extent true," although, as a matter of fact, it was "as unfounded as the others." Sir Walter, it appears, warmly pressed his brother, who was then resident in Canada, to make an experiment as a writer of fiction, and undertook the trouble of correcting and superintending his work as it passed through the press. Thomas Scott was at first well disposed towards the suggestion, and had fixed on a subject and a hero, but the state of his health prevented him from beginning the projected work—not a line of which, it seems, was ever written.

* * * *

The death of Mr. Birket Foster removes the last link which joined the old school of illustrators with the new. The modern revival of the illustrated book in England began in the early thirties. Turner, Prout, Harding, Roberts, and many others were then illustrating the deluge of "Annual Tours" and "Garlands," with which the literary world was flooded. A reaction set in, and fine book illustrating languished until a renewed interest in it was created by Mr. Foster. Curiously enough, he gained much of his early fame in following Turner and supplying a new set of illustrations for the works of Rogers. One of the last extensive series of illustrations that Mr. Foster was employed upon before devoting himself to water-colour painting was for the edition of Poe's Works, published by Redfield in New York in 1858. These illustrations form a charming series and are quite equal to anything that Mr. Foster ever did. But, besides this, the book referred to forms a noteworthy connexion between the past and the present, for it contains some early work of Sir John Tenniel, who supplied a set of vigorous and suggestive plates for illustrating "The Raven."

* * * *

In connexion with the death of Mr. Birket Foster, F. E. W. sends us the following lines:—

Limner of beauteous scenes of hill and dale,
Of moor and field and flower and rippling stream;
Of red-roofed hamlet, farm, and wooded vale,
And sunset glow and distant ocean's gleam;

Gone to thy rest art thou—O eye that saw,
O soul that lived true beauty and true art!
O skilful hand, most sweetly skilled to draw
Soft rural scenes that charm the generous heart!

Thou thousands mourn on whom thou didst bestow
The best of all thy heart and hand could give;
Their solace, now that thou art gone, to know
Albeit such worker dies his work doth live.

* * * *

Mr. G. S. Layard, who is authorized by the family of the late Mrs. Lynn Linton to write her biography, will deem it a great favour if owners of letters, newspaper cuttings, portraits, and any other documents or illustrations germane to the subject, will send them to him at Lorraine Cottage, Malvern. Every care will be taken of them, and they will be returned as soon as they are done with. It need hardly be added that he will also welcome any personal reminiscences that may suggest themselves to our readers.

* * * *

We regret to learn that "Vailima" has just fallen into alien hands. The purchaser of Robert Louis Stevenson's Samoan

home is a Herr Kunst, who has lately been residing in the island. English admiration for the creator of "The Master of Ballantrae" seems to have stopped short at subscribing the £3,000 which formed the selling price of his Pacific resting-place.

The American *Critic* says that the publishers of the American "Who's Who?" which is being prepared in imitation of the English volume, have been trying to get into communication with De Tocqueville! A reprint of "Democracy in America" has recently been issued, and it seemed to them that the author ought certainly to be included in their work. Mr. Douglas Sladen's compilation is to be imitated even in its defects, we fear. The American one is to be "particularly comprehensive in its inclusion of authors, of the younger as well as of the older generation," which seems to suggest that it will be filled up with the small fry of letters, who will be allowed to give particulars which no one wants, and to cut small jokes about their several recreations.

The Balzac centenary is to be celebrated at Tours on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of next month, and great preparations are being made for it. The French Minister of Education, M. Leygues, is the honorary president of the committee of organization, and he is assisted by the departmental senators and deputies, the Tours local authorities, and by M. Brunetière, M. Claretie, and M. Spœlbech de Lovenjoul, who has long been the authority on Balzac bibliography.

The election of M. Marcel Prévost last week as president of the Société des gens de lettres is memorable. M. Coppée, M. Lemaitre, "Gyp," and a few others bestirred themselves to secure the election of a committee which would make the choice of M. Prévost impossible, for as friend of the *avocat* Me. Leblois and of M. Zola he was an object of suspicion to the members of the League of the Patrie Française. These manoeuvres failed, but the text of the expression of the new president's speech was not given in the anti-revisionist papers the publicity which it deserved. M. Marcel Prévost said:—

Our political opinions here must remain silent. They must remain silent, but they remain free. If liberty of thought were ever proscribed we should offer it an asylum here. Moreover, when one of our *confrères* has worked, has written books by which the Society has benefited in its pensions and the aid it offers to the indigent; when this *confrère* has sat at this table, has given us his time and his labour, if one day he chances to be the victim of changes of opinion, we owe him—we owe it to ourselves—we owe it to the true literary and French tradition not to stir up the mob against him, not to cast stones at him with those hands which he has pressed.

This dignified and fraternal greeting to M. Emile Zola is one of the most pleasing things we have had to record for many weeks in the world of French letters.

M. Maurice Barrès has begun the publication in the *Quinzaine* for April 1 of portions of the second part of the "Roman de l'Énergie Nationale" which forms the sequel to his "Déracinés," and is to be entitled "L'Appel au Soldat." An editorial note confirms what we said on March 11:—"Considerations of various sorts prevent M. Barrès from publishing at present the whole of his novel. He has kindly extracted from it, however, for our readers this fragment which stands by itself." The *Quinzaine*, by the way, edited by M. George Fonsegrive, is too little known abroad. It represents the best thought in French liberal Catholicism to-day, and at a time when the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is becoming more and more reactionary it is gaining from the organ of M. Brunetière a considerable portion of his former clientèle.

The founder and editor of the *Revue d'Alsace*, M. J. Liblin, has just died at Neuilly, at the age of 87. M. Liblin played a considerable rôle in the intellectual movement which renewed the history and literature of Alsace. When in 1850 he founded the *Revue d'Alsace* he succeeded in gathering about him a number of authors who did great credit to their province. He published

in this review the "Unpublished Works of Grandidier" which, when reprinted, formed six big volumes, very valuable for the history of Alsace. He was on one occasion imprisoned for refusing to submit the *Revue d'Alsace* to the Imperial censorship. He then transported the headquarters of the review to Belfort and afterwards to Paris.

The town of Bruges is about to pay its tribute to the memory of Georges Rodenbach, the author of "Bruges la Morte." This is to take the form of an obelisk with a medallion portrait of the poet executed by the sculptor, Rodin, to be erected near the Béguinage.

An original one-act play has been seen lately on the stage of the Cracow Theatre. A Polish lady, Marie Zapolska, who is known as a successful playwright, has tried the experiment of writing a drama without a single male character in it. Out of sixteen *dramatis persone* fourteen are unmarried women who attend a reception at the heroine's on the eve of her wedding. Another *einakter*, written in celebration of the anniversary of Chopin's ninetieth birthday, brings not only that master himself on to the stage, but George Sand, Heine, Liszt, and other contemporary celebrities. The result has not proved altogether successful.

The Ashburnham manuscripts, which Messrs. Sotheby are to sell on Monday, May 1st, form an important collection. Many of the MSS. are exceedingly rare, and one or two are unique. Among the illustrated manuscripts is a copy of the "Historia von Leiden und Sterben," with seventeen highly finished paintings by Rubens. There is also a finely illuminated copy of Higden's "Polychronicon," dated 1420. Among the Books of Hours and Missals there is a thirteenth century "Pealterium," in double Latin and Anglo-Norman columns, which was originally bequeathed to the Abbey of Whalley in Lancashire by a member of the Legh family, and "Missale Secundum usum Anglicanum," fourteenth century, a beautiful manuscript which at one time belonged to Richard Fitz-james, Bishop of London and Almoner to Henry VIII. Of notable French work there is a choice copy of Froissart's "Chronicles," fifteenth century, in three vols., written in double columns with rubrics and illuminations, "Le Roman de Gauvain," thirteenth century, which formerly belonged to Louis Philippe. There are four fine examples of Eastern calligraphy, the principal being a copy of "Sahib Muslim," a collection of traditions referring to Mahomed, a very rare and beautiful vellum MS. of the eleventh century.

The English section contains three copies of the Chronicle of Brute, all of the fifteenth century, and four Wardrobe-books of the time of Edward I. There are also six copies of the works of Chaucer, none of them, unfortunately, perfect, but three date from the fourteenth century, and were, therefore, written within the poet's lifetime. Another volume, contains a copy of "The Vision of Piers Plowman," circa fourteenth century. This is the famous MS. containing the note, generally attributable to John Ball, which ascribes to Langland the writing of "The Vision." There are also copies of Hoccleve's "Poems," written in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and his "The Regiment of Princes," fifteenth century, and a copy of Sidney's "Arcadia," sixteenth century. The most interesting among the many fine Bibles and Testaments is an excellent copy of the later version of Wycliffe's Bible, early fifteenth century. This volume contains 404 folios, which have been carefully collated with the Royal MS. of the same Bible. For a long time this valuable manuscript was in the possession of the Davenports, an old Cheshire family living at Bramhall, near Stockport. It was ultimately sold by one of the members of that family, and it is of interest in regard to this collection, for it was the last MS. purchased by the late Earl of Ashburnham.

On April 27 Messrs. Sotheby will sell an important collection of the minor works of R. L. Stevenson, many of which are but

rarely seen. These were given by the author to his mother and are being sold by order of her executor. The most noticeable entries in the catalogue comprise a copy of the original unpublished leaflet edition of "Kidnapped," "Father Damien," the original Sydney Edition, 1890, the scarce "Notice of a New Form of Intermittent Light for Lighthouses," 1871 (four copies), several copies of "The Pentland Rising," 1866, "Black Canyon," an extremely scarce brochure of four leaves, printed by the author at Davos-Platz, and the single leaf of the "advertisement" of the same pamphlet, which, if anything, is scarcer still. It has been said of one of these Davos pamphlets, a little four-page pamphlet lettered "The Marguerite, Lawks! What a beautiful flower!! T. S." is unique, and in the collection of a well-known London amateur, but no fewer than eight other copies figure in the catalogue. The "T. S." stands for Thomas Stevenson, the author's father, and Robert Louis used to say that it was the only "poetry" he was ever guilty of. It is curious that collectors should be prepared to pay such high prices for trifles which have only a sentimental interest. Among the other entries in this catalogue we notice "The Graver and the Pen," "A Martial Elegy for some Lead Soldiers," and "Moral Emblems."

Mr. Paul M. Chapman calls our attention to a remark made by a correspondent in our last issue as to a poem of Meredith called "The Meeting." Our correspondent said that it must be very little known "even to the Meredith enthusiasts." He has met it "by chance" in *Once a Week*.

It is [says Mr. Chapman] known by heart to all "Meredith enthusiasts," and appears in due place amongst his poems "Modern Love and Poems of the English Roadside, &c." (Chapman and Hall), 1862. I think we are all agreed that we should welcome an edition of Meredith's poems, reproducing the (very well known) illustrations by Rossetti, Sandys, C. Keene, Millais, and others.

The Canadian Society of Authors has now formulated its demands for the amendment of the laws governing copyright in the Dominion. Reduced to its lowest terms, the request practically amounts to this: that, when authors have made arrangements with Canadian publishers for the production of Canadian editions of their works, the importation into Canada of editions printed elsewhere shall be prohibited. This, of course, is a very different proposal from that understood at one time to convey the irreducible *minimum* of the Canadian publishers' demands; and, provided that no attempt is made to coerce the British author into contracting with a Canadian publisher, when it suits his interest better to supply the Canadian market with sheets printed at home or in the United States, no objection need be taken to it on his behalf. The question, in short, becomes a purely domestic one, concerning only the Canadians themselves.

The Canadians whose interests are affected are the four classes of authors, publishers, booksellers, and book-buyers. The publishers' views are expressed in the proposal summarized; for, as we have more than once pointed out, the Canadian Authors' Society is, on its business side, merely a publishers' (or printers') association. As regards the interests of the three other classes, in Canada, which the suggested legislation would affect, we have received an interesting letter from "A Canadian Bookseller." Our correspondent writes:—

Toronto, March 16th, 1899.

As a Canadian bookseller I am naturally interested in anything affecting or likely to affect the business of book-selling. I am therefore urged, both by reasons practical and sentimental, to call the attention of British authors and publishers to the extraordinary interest which our newly-formed "Society of Canadian Authors" is taking in the question of Canadian copyright. It is very curious that the sympathy and energy of this society should be devoted almost exclusively to the interests, not of Canadian authors, but to those of Canadian publishers.

Under present conditions the Canadian author has perfect protection not only in his own country but throughout the Empire, and it is not clear in what way he is to be benefited by a copyright law that would prevent the importation of English editions. Do not the most successful Canadian writers first

seek the English market? Is not their success in that country an almost certain indication that they will succeed here? And, conversely, if they do not succeed there they are little likely to fare much better in their own land. One may safely assume that Canadian publishers will run eagerly after the successful author, no matter from what land he comes. As a consequence the Canadian author who is unknown to fame is even less likely to succeed in his own country than he was before. It is also to be feared that, should an Act such as the "Society of Canadian Authors" is so strenuously working for become law, the Canadian public would have to pay considerably more for "light literature" than it now does. Supposing the Colonial editions which are now so general in all Canadian book shops were prohibited, is it likely that Canadian publishers would continue to issue paper editions of popular authors? I believe not, and for two reasons; in the first place, the relatively small editions which Canadian publishers issue make it difficult to produce a book that will yield even a moderate profit to the publisher. It is to the cloth bound copy that he looks to make his profit, and if it was not for the competition of the Colonial editions few paper copies of popular authors would appear. Regarding the finer and more elaborate works, such as "In the Forbidden Land," "Farthest North," &c., we are faced with a difficulty still more serious. Should an inexpensive edition of such works as these be issued in Canada, we should be compelled to accept it, no matter how inferior this edition might be.

As far as I am aware, British authors are not specially complaining of their neglect in this country; but, if they are content, our Authors' Society is not, and insists with great fervour that they (the British authors) would reap a rich harvest here if only Canadian publishers were given complete control of their works. Possibly there is a good deal in the argument, if only the negotiations could be carried on directly between the English author and the Canadian publisher, but this I fear is not at all what our publishers want. They have too small a field for experiments, and what they are looking for is your successful book, and to find this one must wait. But when success comes, quick action must come on the part of our publisher, and as a consequence the arrangement must be with the American publisher and not with the English owner of copyright, who is too far away. Thus it is to be seen that English authors will be advised to leave the arrangements for Canadian editions in the hands of their American publishers, and as a result the territory which justly belongs to the English publisher will be divided between the American and Canadian publishers—and, mark you, not in part as at present, but entirely, as the English editions are to be excluded. I believe Canadian booksellers have much to lose by the proposed change. At present they can sell any English book published, and at a fair margin of profit, and more than that, the very thing which makes our shops so interesting to American tourists and so profitable to us, is that we can show them ever so many things they never see in their own country. In conclusion, I would say that the only people certain to profit by the proposed change are the Canadian and American publishers, while almost certain loss will be incurred by English publishers and authors, and Canadians, both booksellers and the general public.

If there were any likelihood that the Colonial office would be frightened from the straight path of justice by the feeling that Canadian opinion was unanimous against it, the perusal of this letter should be sufficient for the most timorous of officials.

American Letter.

A CASE IN POINT.

The question of expansion in American fiction lately agitated by a lady novelist of Chicago with more vehemence than power, and more courage than coherence, seems to me again palpitant in the case of a new book by a young writer, which I feel obliged at once to recognize as altogether a remarkable book. Whether we shall abandon the old-fashioned American idea of a novel as something which may be read by all ages and sexes, or the European notion of it as something fit only for age and experience, and for men rather than women; whether we shall keep to the bounds of the provincial proprieties, or shall include within the Imperial territory of our fiction the passions and the motives of the savage world which underlies as well as environs

civilization, are points which this book sums up and puts concretely; and it is for the reader, not for the author, to make answer. There is no denying the force with which he makes the demand, and there is no denying the hypocrisies which the old-fashioned ideal of the novel involved. But society, as we have it, is a tissue of hypocrisies, beginning with the clothes in which we hide our nakedness, and we have to ask ourselves how far we shall part with them at his demand. The hypocrisies are the proprieties, the decencies, the morals; they are by no means altogether bad; they are, perhaps, the beginning of civilization; but whether they should be the end of it is another affair. That is what we are to consider in entering upon a career of Imperial expansion in a region where the Monroe Doctrine was never valid. From the very first Europe invaded and controlled in our literary world. The time may have come at last when we are to invade and control Europe in literature. I do not say that it has come, but if it has we may have to employ European means and methods.

It ought not to be strange that the impulse in this direction should have come from California, where, as I am always affirming rather than proving, a continental American fiction began. I felt, or fancied I felt, the impulse in Mr. Frank Norris' "Moran of the Lady Letty," and now in his "McTeague." I am so sure of it that I am tempted to claim the prophetic instinct of it. In the earlier book there were, at least, indications that forecast to any weather-wise eye a change from the romantic to the realistic temperature, and in the later we have it suddenly and with the overwhelming effect of a blizzard. It is saying both too much and too little to say that Mr. Norris has built his book on Zolaesque lines, yet Zola is the master of whom he reminds you in a certain epical conception of life. He reminds you of Zola also in the lingering love of the romantic, which indulges itself at the end in an anti-climax worthy of Dickens. He ignores as simply and sublimely as Zola any sort of nature or character beyond or above those of Polk-street in San Francisco, but within the ascertained limits he convinces you two-thirds of the time of his absolute truth to them. He does not, of course, go to Zola's lengths, breadths, and depths; but he goes far enough to difference his work from the old-fashioned American novel.

Polite readers of the sort who do not like to meet in fiction people of the sort they never meet in society will not have a good time in "McTeague," for there is really not a society person in the book. They might, indeed, console themselves a little with an elderly pair of lovers on whom Mr. Norris wreaks all the sentimentality he denies himself in the rest of the story; and as that sort of readers do not mind murders as much as vulgarity they may like to find three of them not much varying in atrocity. Another sort of readers will not mind the hero's being a massive blond animal, not necessarily bad, though brutal, who has just wit enough to pick up a practical knowledge of dentistry and to follow it as a trade; or the heroine's being a little, pretty, delicate daughter of German-Swiss emigrants, perfectly common in her experiences and ideals, but devotedly industrious, patient, and loyal. In the chemistry of their marriage McTeague becomes a prepotent ruffian, with always a base of bestial innocence, and Trina becomes a pitiless miser without altogether losing her housewifely virtues or ceasing to feel a woman's rapture in giving up everything but her money to the man who maltreats her more and more and finally murders her.

This is rendering in coarse outline the shape of a story realized with a fulness which the outline imparts no sense of. It abounds in touches of character at once fine and free, in little miracles of observation, in vivid insight, in simple, and subtle expression. Its strong movement carries with it a multiplicity of detail which never clogs it; the subordinate persons are never shabbed or faked; in the equality of their treatment their dramatic inferiority is lost; their number is great enough to give the feeling of a world revolving round the central figures without distracting the interest from these. Among the minor persons, Maria Macapa, the Mexican chorewoman, whose fable of

a treasure of gold turns the head of the Polish Jew Zerkow, is done with rare imaginative force. But all these lesser people are well done, and there are passages throughout the book that live strongly in the memory, as only masterly work can live. The one folly is the insistence on the love-making of those silly elders which is apparently introduced as an offset to the misery of the other love-making; the anti-climax is McTeague's abandonment in the alkali desert, handcuffed to the dead body of his enemy.

Mr. Norris has, in fact, learned his lesson well, but he has not learned it all. His true picture of life is not true, because it leaves beauty out. Life is squalid and cruel and vile and hateful, but it is noble and tender and pure and lovely too. By-and-by he will put these traits in, and then his powerful scene will bear reflection of reality; by-and-by he will achieve something of the impartial fidelity of the photograph. In the meantime he has done a picture of life which has form, which has texture, which has colour, which has what great original power and ardent study of Zola can give, but which lacks the spiritual light and air, the consecration which the larger art of Tolstoy gives. It is a little inhuman, and it is distinctly not for the walls of living-rooms, where the ladies of the family sit and the children go in and out. This may not be a penalty, but it is the inevitable consequence of expansion in fiction.

W. D. HOWELLS.

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BOOK BINDINGS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

The Museum possesses but few bindings—about 325 only—but it has a goodly collection of rubbings from bindings, diligently gathered from the principal libraries at home and abroad. As the books in these libraries are not accessible to the many, a great boon has been conferred upon students and lovers of books by means of such a collection. To make this readily available, a good catalogue was necessary, and in 1894 Part II. was issued officially at the moderate price of 1s. 6d. This part contained an explanatory enumeration of both books and rubbings, under the heads of the several countries whose work the Museum possessed, and it is the only book of reference dealing with early stamped bindings. This part appeared without preface, but it was understood at the time that a proper introduction would be forthcoming in due course. Art, however, is long, and "in due time," in the case of the National Art Library, meant about five years. Those who admired and studied old bindings heartily welcomed the contribution to their knowledge and assistance to their researches embodied in Part II. of the Museum Catalogue, and it filled a gap and became a standard work of reference. To make this complete, a preliminary dissertation was needed, and the introduction which was to fill Part I. of the Catalogue has at length come to light.

The protracted delay, in such an institution as the South Kensington Museum, could be accounted for only by reason of the extra care and elaboration required for the production of a complete and exhaustive disquisition on the art of bookbinding, as exemplified in the various countries enumerated in Part II. of the Catalogue. It is therefore somewhat disappointing to find an obviously unfinished work published as if it were complete. And what we get makes us naturally desire more. We have been accustomed to vain repetitions for a great many years on the subject of early book-bindings. A multiplying of writers did not mean a multiplication of facts, but the same story told over and over again. There was little encouragement for students. By students we mean not only the numerous band who attend the art library, but also the larger world outside addicted to old books and every part of them. The information conveyed in the new publication is undoubtedly a boon, but at the risk of making an unpleasant comparison, we must say that had the introduction

emanated from the British Museum it would have been complete in all its parts and details—and not an unfinished production.

We have first a terse but comprehensive general introduction to the art, combining facts which ought to be known, with dogmatic teaching which the writer is evidently well qualified to give. Then there are short treatises on the earlier bindings in England, the Netherlands, and France—which are dealt with in a satisfactory manner and contain information quite new to students—for instance, a curious statement as to the suppression by foreign binders of the apocrypha in Bibles given to them to bind. But Germany and Italy appear to have scant measure meted out to them. The latter in particular is summarized so much as not to touch upon some important details. Nothing is said, for instance, as to the influence of Eastern art on that of Italy and particularly on Venetian designs, although there is in the South Kensington Museum a collection of stamps and tools which have been used in Persia for bookbinding. It would seem as if it had been intended to amplify the articles on Italy and Germany before publication. Scandinavia, Poland, Hungary, Croatia, Serbia, and Armenia are just noticed; but Turkey, Spain, and Portugal are not named, though examples are given in Part II. Scotland and Ireland may be regarded as included in the introductory remarks on England.

We now come to a very weak point in the Catalogue as now presumed to be perfect—the illustrations. Many are merely repetitions of those already given in Part II., and the rest are most unequally appropriated—in fact they are mostly illustrative of details of French bindings. From certain internal evidences it would appear as if the Museum had become possessed of a “job lot” of *clichés*, and that these had to be written up to. Why else should such a number of illustrations of French bindings be crowded in, whilst other countries are left unadorned? Nor is the character of these good enough to warrant such a “*coup de main*.” Moreover, proper care and intelligence have not been shown; observe, for example, cut No. 2 on p. 113 and cut 5 on p. 124.

Part II. of the Catalogue started well with a fair number of reproductions of the marks used on various bindings, thus enabling the student to identify them by the binder's initials or trade-mark. It would, however, have been better if the reproductions had been by a photographic process. We looked for these being supplemented in the introduction by woodcuts reproducing a fair number of the distinctive bindings of each country, typical examples, in fact. But they are not here. Above all, the index is poor; there should, of course, have been a really good one—the value of which to students of all sorts is too well known to require enforcement here. To criticize it in detail would be tiresome. It has been done inartistically and over-classified.

It remains to say that, whilst we are more than satisfied with the text of the portions of introduction which are given to us, we cannot regard it as creditable to the Museum to publish such a partial and incomplete series of monographs.

FROM THE MAGAZINES.

In the *Contemporary* Mr. Clement Shorter's article on illustrated journalism is worthy of so accomplished an expert on the subject. He traces it from the appearance in London of the “*Swedish Intelligencer*” in 1632 to that epoch in pictorial journalism the foundation of the *Illustrated London News* two hundred and ten years later with an interesting review of contemporary illustrated papers and a glance at the future. Here is a word of consolation for those who regret the death of wood engraving:—

Sir John Gilbert and his contemporaries drew their illustrations on the wood and sent the blocks direct to the engraver. Thus it happens that, as Sir John Gilbert on one occasion told me with regret, not a single one of his beautiful drawings for the *Illustrated London News* is in existence. The innovation of photographing the drawing on the wood left the

drawing intact for artist or newspaper proprietor—a valuable asset in the case of a great artist.

This, too, is hopeful for the future:—

So large a part of life, and particularly of public life, cannot be depicted by the camera. It has, it is true, been seen in the battlefield, and now and again in the church; but I am inclined to believe that there will always be a place for the artist in illustrated journalism, for the war-artist who makes rough sketches at the seat of war, and for the elaborate black-and-white draughtsman who works at home. Not only on the battlefield is the artist indispensable, but the Royal wedding, the Royal christening, the public funeral in the Abbey, and a thousand other functions dear to the heart of the public, belong to him alone.

The immense Sunday issues of the *New York World* or the *New York Journal* would not, Mr. Shorter thinks, ever be popular here:—

There will, however, no doubt be produced in this country journals approximating to the other Sunday papers of New York—to the *New York Times* and the *New York Tribune*, for example. With each of these is given week by week a supplement about the size of the *Illustrated London News*, less excellently printed and on inferior paper, it is true, and well-nigh entirely composed of photographs. It is perfectly certain that ten years from now this kind of journalism—the journalism of the supplement, one might call it—will be a universally recognized factor in journalistic London.

We miss, by the way, in Mr. Shorter's review, any mention of the defunct *Pictorial World*, founded, we think, by Mr. Vizetelly, which contained good work.

Blackwood's and *Macmillan's* both have a good programme of contents on a variety of subjects, but their more purely literary contents are confined to reviews of books. In the latter Mr. S. Gwynn writes agreeably on Mr. Doyle's “*Susan Ferrier*” —

Immortality [he says] is freely claimed for authors who have very much less to show for it than a lady who has amused four generations of readers. If she had been content to do that her fame might rest secure; but, unhappily, she was possessed with the desire to convey moral instruction, and that has overlaid her humour and her genuine faculty of creation with a dead weight of platitudes under which they must inevitably sink.

Another attack on Sir George Trevelyan's “*American Revolution*” is contributed by Mr. J. W. Fortescue, who describes it bluntly as “a party pamphlet which can please few and profit none.” *Blackwood's* has what seems to us a somewhat excessively severe criticism of Dr. Knapp's praiseworthy “*George Borrow*,” and a minute appreciative investigation, the authorship of which most readers will recognize, of Mr. Hume Brown's “*History of Scotland*.” We hope the very capable editors of these magazines will pardon us for expressing a regret that literature should only be recognized in the form of reviews of recent books which, in most cases, the daily and weekly journals have dealt with copiously already. Of course a monthly magazine gives scope for a closer and more leisurely examination of books of importance, and this may be very useful; it is so, we admit, in the case of both magazines this month. But we feel a little disappointment when we find none of those stimulating studies in general literary history or criticism so often found in these and similar magazines of a high class. Of the articles of a general character the Thames as a game fish river in *Blackwood's* should be read by all London fishermen, and that on the “*Nevada Silver Boom*” is highly interesting. So is “*A Night in a Hospital*” and “*With a Camel Post to Damascus*” in *Macmillan's*.

We are glad to see in the *National Review* Sir Frederick Pollock's scholarly sketch of King Alfred's career which he recently gave as a discourse at the Royal Institution, now put before a wider public. This is his view of the extent of Alfred's learning:—

The many duties and distractions of the King's office left him but little time to pursue letters for himself, though he did much to make them accessible to others; much less, certainly, than he wished for. He preferred, it seems, to have some one to read to him if possible; but this may be intended only of Latin. There is nothing, so far as I know, to show that he could write with ease, or wrote much. He may have been but

little better as a penman than Charles the Great. He learnt Latin, probably from Asser, in the later and more settled part of his reign; but he cannot have known it like a trained clerk. Our present Sovereign Lady, acting quite in the spirit of her great ancestor, is said to have attained a competent mastery of Hindustani. But Latin, apart from the difference of alphabet, is a much harder language than Hindustani, and the Queen, though her life is busy enough, is not called upon to administer all her departments and command her frontier expeditions in person. . . . In the translations of Latin books which bear Alfred's name, the English was, no doubt, largely dictated by him; but, as I read his preface to the earliest of them, he did not trust himself alone with Latin. He got the sense—a "construe," in fact—from his learned men, and then put it into such English as he chose himself. . . . It would be absurd to think of him as a scholar like Henry II., who could not only read but criticize Latin charters. On the other hand, the copious English additions, often characteristic, were beyond question made by Alfred's personal direction, and they may well be in his very words.

The centenary of Poushkin's birth, which takes place on May 26th next, lends appropriateness to a sketch in *Temple Bar* of the career of that wild and erratic Russian genius, whose strangely conflicting qualities are traced to the blue blood which came to him from his father, and the negro origin of his mother. Another paper treats of Hartley Coleridge—a somewhat unduly neglected poet. Without the perseverance needed to ensure fame and success, he had a charming personality:—

He lived and died among the country folk of Cumberland, and they rated him far more highly than they did Wordsworth, who, in spite of all his efforts to reproduce their life in his poetry, never became their intimate friend as Hartley did; in fact, practically remained a stranger to them all his life. It was Hartley Coleridge, not Wordsworth, who was to be found in the cottages, at the sheep-shearings, in the village school. They turned from the "desolate-minded man," as one of them described him, to "li'le Hartley, who always had a bit of a smile or a twinkle in his face," while "Wordsworth was not lovable in the face by no means." They missed, as we all do, the sense of humour in their great poet. "His poetry had no laugh in it, quite different work from li'le Hartley"; "Hartley ud goa running along beside o' the brooks and mak' his, and goa in the first open door, and write what he had got upo' paper." If Wordsworth had the greater share of their respect, "a man folks thowt a deal of in the dale, he was such a well-meaning, decent, quiet man," "li'le Hartley" had their hearts.

Students of early Renaissance literature will read with interest Mr. Norley Chester's article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* on "Early Tuscan Poets," more especially Latini, Guinicelli, Cavalcanti, and Cino—"respectively the Tutor, the Father (in a literary sense), the Friend of Youth, and the Friend of Manhood" to Dante. Another interesting paper gives an account of the publisher round whom gathered the early French romanticists—Eugène Renduel, who produced the masterpieces of Lamennais, Paul Lacroix, Alphonse Karr and Eugène Sue, and fought their literary battles for Victor Hugo, Sainte Beuve, Gautier, the two De Mussets, and Gérard de Nerval.

Canon Hayman has, in the *Sunday Magazine*, an ingenious little study of Burns' "To a Mountain Daisy," which, by a strict application of the principles of the "higher criticism," he conclusively proves to be the work of two writers, B1 and B2, with traces of that of the compiler, C. He concludes, after producing his evidence:—

"Where," as in the case before us, "the differences are," in proportion to the very slight bulk of the whole, "at once numerous, recurrent, and systematic, they may be regarded as conclusive evidence that the compositions in which they occur are not the work of one and the same author."

Here, and elsewhere in the article, the phrases put in inverted commas "are from the valuable article of Professor S. R. Driver on 'Genesis' in his enumeration of the characteristics which distinguish P of the critics from their J or J E." It is an instructive essay in the method of theological controversy begun by Archbishop Whateley.

FICTION.

A Double Thread. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. 8x5½in., 376 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 6/-

We doubt whether the expectations which readers of this novel will have formed from Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's well-deserved reputation, and from the reception which the book has received from reviewers dazzled by its brilliant conversations, will always succeed in justifying themselves. It is hardly necessary so far to consider the susceptibilities of those who have not yet read the novel as to conceal the fact that the two sisters, one rich and the other poor, on whose love for the same man the story is founded, are one and the same person. It is an ingenious idea, which, however, will not be quite new to any one who read a story in one of the magazines a month or two ago by the same writer. It is worked out to its final *dénouement* with very great skill, and Miss Fowler makes full use of her quick play of fancy and wit in the telling of it. Her merit is that though her writing is "smart" in its unwearying cleverness, and frequently deserves to be called brilliant, it is very seldom strained or affected; her wit very seldom, if ever, over-reaches itself, and her people talk spontaneously enough, and, in fact, just as clever people do talk. Our complaint is that at least a quarter of the talk in the book has nothing whatever to do with the story and does nothing to help out the characters, so that as the plot grows more interesting we want less of it and on the contrary get rather more; that when the revelation of the identity of Ethel and Elfrida has once been made, instead of having the curtain rung down we still have a third of the book to get through, during the perusal of which much of the freshness and zest of the story vanishes; and, lastly, that many of the characters show little careful insight or observation. Miss Harland, the heroine, has no individuality, and, indeed, the way in which Miss Fowler tells the story prevents her from having any, inasmuch as through two-thirds of the book she is "two ladies rolled into one," and each of these ladies is entirely different from the other in manners and temper. Excellent as are the pages of provincial gossip, the Welfords, as provincial types, seem to us crudely drawn; Percy Welford, the prig, we do not believe in, and the transformation of his sister Julia at the end of the book makes much too large a demand on our credulity. Mr. Cartwright, the ideal parson, with a romantic history, comes alarmingly near being a bore—though his love story in the past is delightfully told—and we are at a loss to understand why, if he meant to go out as a missionary to lepers, he should choose the moment at which he was offered a Bishopric for doing so. And we entirely refuse to believe that so clever a girl as Miss Harland should have convinced herself that he was going to propose to her, and should have expressed "consternation"—in her face—when she found that he never had any idea of doing so. On the other hand, the hero, Jack Le Mesurier, his uncle Sir Roger, and a loquacious gardener, are well pictured. Miss Fowler has such very high gifts as a writer of fiction that we wish she would always make her characters as consistent and well thought out as these are. Something she still lacks, in the structure of her story and of its *dramatis personæ*, to enable her to rank with the higher artists of fiction. But we freely confess that the excellence of her writing makes most of her book delightful reading. She is genial and sympathetic without being futile, and witty without being cynical.

One of the Grenvilles. By Sidney Royse Lysaght. 8x5½in., 490 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 6/-

Here is a novel that calls for some little notice, as being the work of a (comparatively) unknown hand, and as displaying qualities all too rare in the bulk of modern fiction. A book conceived in a larger mould than usual—there is a good deal of reading in four hundred and ninety pages—it is never tiresome. Mr. Lysaght is fortunate in his characters, who are many in number and excellently well chosen to illustrate his view of life. They are well drawn, too, with humorous perception and a keen

insight into human conduct. The household of Sir Parkes Macey (not forgetting the colonial Bishop) is delineated with a succession of delightfully satirical touches; the character of Captain Grenville, on the other hand, is handled with an affectionate sympathy that repels any accusation of cynicism. Mr. Lysaght has no laboured cleverness, no affectation of literary mannerisms; but there is a well-ordered strength and simplicity about his style, with now and then a pleasant shock of novelty or some illuminating phrase that strikes with unexpected power. He has the art, too, of leaving pictures that imprint themselves upon the mind. There are certain scenes in this book, as that of the old sailor's death on board the Pegasus, which are touched with just that preservative sentiment: it leaves a distinct impression such as few modern descriptions give. Indeed, there is nothing cheap or tawdry about Mr. Lysaght's effects. At present his fault appears to lie rather in the direction of incoherence. Possibly there is too much material here for a single story; the love affairs are many and complicated, and although the author comes triumphantly through his difficulties at the finish, and the sentimental reader is gratified by a pleasing rearrangement of hearts, it is only accomplished with difficulty and by rather violent means. For all that, "One of the Grenvilles" is a good novel—one of the best we have seen for a considerable time. It comes near to being a great novel. Perhaps Mr. Lysaght's next venture will produce that rarest of birds. He has little to learn in the essentials of his art.

A DAUGHTER OF THE VINE, by Gertrude Atherton (Service and Paton, 6s.), belongs to what Mrs. Atherton calls her "Californian Series," of which "American Wives and English Husbands" was the immediate predecessor. It tells, with no little brilliancy and grip, of the degradation and horror of dipsomania. This is the "note" of the book. Mrs. Atherton opens her story with some delightful sketches of Californian life in the early sixties—in the land, where there are at least sixteen different climates to choose from, where every one is gay, every girl is a queen, and, for a time, every goose a swan. Mr. Randolph is an Englishman with all the uncalculating hospitality of a Californian of his period; Nina Randolph is the belle *par excellence* of San Francisco where every girl is a beauty. But, as Captain Hastings tells his English friend, Dudley Thorpe, there is something behind the scenes in the Randolph household, and we are soon on the track of it. An admirably-written scene between Nina and Thorpe shows us how at first she symbolizes to him the hope and joy and individualism of the New World; but she tells him of the wickedness of the people of California and demonstrates at once her queer weakness and her extraordinary charm. In this part of the book the author holds the reader for every page; the characters are clear and human, the heroine is subtle and impressive. As the particular appetite which has been implanted in Nina by her mother grows into an all-absorbing passion, the story darkens and the lilt of the *joie de vivre*, which added an engaging charm to the earlier chapters, fades, and an air of desolation and remorse haunts every incident. "A Daughter of the Vine," notwithstanding some unconvincing incidents, some *lacunæ* in the development of the characters, is a really engrossing novel. Good and interesting as this book is, we have no doubt that Mrs. Atherton will yet give us a more concentrated novel of manners, for even when this work is at its weakest it is full of abundant promise.

Those who have unlimited time at their disposal and can afford to read carefully and patiently will probably find *LIFE AT TWENTY* (Heinemann, 6s.) a much better book than the title would lead them to suppose. Those who buy novels with a view to amusing themselves easily for a few spare hours will very soon lay it down with a sigh, for, to tell the honest truth, there is more exercise than relaxation in the perusing of these pages. Mr. Charles Russell Morse is distinctly clever. It is impossible to read his book without perceiving that we are in the company of a man well-informed above the average, gifted with acute perception, and with a certain turn for epigram. Only, after a

time, the constant display of erudition—several of the characters are members of a scientific society—and the persistent touches of psychological observation with which he ornaments his character-drawing tend to become wearisome. It is evident that Mr. Morse has read his Meredith to some purpose. He has not only caught his tricks of style (many of his paragraphs reproduce all Mr. Meredith's mannerisms with a distressing fidelity), but he has acquired something of his model's insight into character. His people are painted laboriously, but they are not altogether puppets. Now and again, amidst a wilderness of mere verbal cleverness, Mr. Morse will produce an illuminating sentence, a phrase that reveals something new and true. The chief complaint against his book is one not often preferred in these days of easy writing—it is overloaded with material. There is too much psychology, too much general information, too many characters. None but a determined reader will survive to the end; even the elect will find, in all likelihood, that the effort has not left them with any very clear idea of the contents. It is an exasperating book, but it shows promise.

LONE PINE, by R. B. Townshend (Methuen, 6s.). Mr. Townshend's name is new to us, but in "Lone Pine" he has achieved a distinct success within the limits which he has proposed for himself. In a simple if occasionally too slangy style he beguiles the reader with a rattling story of New Mexican life. These are new pastures for the novelist. Mr. Townshend writes of a life and of peoples with whom he is obviously well acquainted (and yet *muchas gracias* is hardly the Spanish for "many thanks"). The first chapter introduces us to the Indian pueblo of Santiago, and is skilfully devised to interest us in the love affairs of two young members of that naïve, self-restrained, and yet passionate people, who combine so many domestic virtues with so terrible a cruelty and cunning. The habits of these Indians, equally obnoxious to the Anglo-Saxon race in their hatred of strangers and their methods of warfare, are cleverly thrown into contrast by the character of Stevens, Turquoise-eyes they called him, an "American prospector who has come along to wake up the fertile, fossilised territory of New Mexico by finding a long-disused mine. The Indians receive him as a friend, and he renders them great services, but, by reason of their terrible memories of Spanish cruelties and slavery in the mines, they jealously guard the secret of that mine which the prospector is seeking.

"Gold," said Tostado, one of the chiefs, as Stephens sat in the midst of them on the occasion of his first visit, "we ask you what sort of life you live, and you answer us that you live only to search for gold. Why here is the gold. You carry it with you," and with a reverent grace the fine old chief laid his dark fingers gently on the long yellow locks that flowed down from under the prospector's wide sombrero.

But, in spite of those yellow locks and turquoise eyes, the hero does not immediately command our sympathy, and he has an irritating trick of soliloquy. Presently, however, as the love of Manuelita, the velvet-eyed daughter of Don Nepomuceno, a wealthy Spanish Mexican, grows upon him the contrast between the passionate hearts of the sons and daughters of Mexico, the Children of the Sun, and those of the Americans, the chill of whose frozen North has eaten into the very marrow of their bones, begins to disappear, so that, at last, the hero proves himself as ardent a lover as he has already been shown a staunch friend and a splendid fighter. And as a fighter he leaves nothing to be desired, even by the most blood-thirsty of old maids. That single-handed conflict with eleven Indians makes our pulses beat quicker. Grimm's Tailor, with his Seven at one Blow, was nothing to it. We take our leave of Mr. Townshend with the hope that he will work this vein further and give us before long another tale of Indian life.

THE TREASURY OFFICER'S WOOING, by Cecil Lewis (Macmillan, 6s.), gives a capital picture of official life in Burma. The native element—dacoits and all—comes in occasionally to make the thing more convincing and to remove an inconvenient character by assassination. But the chief interest lies with the Europeans, whose loves and jealousies, marriages and attempts

at marriage, go on much as if the Burmese forest were in Mayfair. The style is clear, simple, and good, and the dialogue not particularly brilliant, but always easy and true to life.

It seems early to be presented with a story of the recent war between America and Spain. An artist would have preferred to wait a little longer, to let his impressions settle down and actual history be sufficiently forgotten to give fiction a fair chance to compete with it. Mr. M. P. Shiel—for whatever inartistic reason—has thought it better to be absolutely up to date, and rushes out, first in the field, with *CONTRABAND OF WAR* (Grant Richards, 6s.). It is not a bad story. But it is not quite so good as the narratives of actual events now appearing in the American magazines; and we can detect none of those touches of human nature which might compensate for this inferiority.

In *THE COUNTESS TEKLA* (Methuen, 6s.) Mr. Robert Barr has an excellent story to tell, and works it out with great skill, on the whole, though an occasional heaviness of style a little handicaps him. We think perforce of the charm Mr. Anthony Hope would have bestowed upon the masquerading Emperor—a charm which is somehow absent from Mr. Robert Barr's gallant Rodolph. Countess Tekla is better, and when she wheedles her bearish old uncle she is irresistible. Altogether, the book makes good reading, and kept our interest steadily up to the grand final scene where the Emperor claims his own and the hand of Tekla with it.

Miss Lily Dougall, the talented authoress of so many successful novels, has given us in *THE MORMON PROPHET* (Black, 6s.) a half historical, half imaginative account of Joseph Smith, the real founder of the Mormon sect. But, to be frank, we cannot say that she has succeeded in interesting us in her hero.

MISS NANSE, by Sarah Tytler (Long, 3s. 6d.), is a pleasant volume, having decided affinities with Mr. Oliphant's stories and with the immortal "Cranford." It abounds in quietly charming descriptions of the two old Scotch gentlewomen who, in their fallen fortunes, take to high-class dressmaking, while for those who find such subjects tame there is a villain and a well-managed mystery.

THINGS THAT HAVE HAPPENED, by Dorothea Gerard (Methuen, 6s.), is a readable collection of short stories, some of them in the author's best manner. The first story is the most humorous. Its picture of the impecunious French geniuses would make an excellent little *lever de rideau*. A few of the tales are very slight, but worth reading for their pleasant style. It is certainly a curious coincidence that Madame Longard de Longgarde should, in "Paula's Caprice," have hit upon almost precisely the same central idea as Guy de Maupassant in "Les Bijoux," but involuntary plagiarisms of the sort have happened before, and it would have injured the little volume to omit so fascinating a story as Paula's. Her husband is, perhaps, the most human and sympathetic character in the book.

There is something about the manner of Mr. G. B. Burgin's writing that is sufficiently akin to humour to deceive the careless reader. He has caught the trick of disguising the most commonplace remarks so that they acquire an air of originality. His characters seldom say anything smart or illuminating, but we feel that this is merely because of their wonderful self-restraint; they could astonish us if they chose, but they have schooled themselves to talk like conventional people. It is well for Mr. Burgin that he has this faculty, for it gives a certain flavour even to so unsatisfactory a story as *THE HERMITS OF GRAY'S INN* (Pearson, 6s.). Were it not for a constant feeling that he is on the brink of something comic no reader would care to wade through a volume so full of false sentiment and forced situations. The central idea of the book—that of a brotherhood of confirmed bachelors—extorted its last smile, one would imagine, several decades since; and the humour afforded by Mrs. Pag, the laundress, and her son Simon, is of the thinnest description. Thin as it is, however, we prefer Mr. Burgin's humour to his pathos. The love-story of Colin and Eunice gives a welcome touch of freshness to the book.

Correspondence.

BORROW AND GIFFORD.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In Dr. Knapp's elaborate work upon George Borrow there is a statement of some interest to readers of "Lavengro." Borrow came to London in 1824, and applied to Sir Richard Phillips for literary employment. Phillips was just starting the *Universal Review* (called by Borrow the *Oxford Review*), and took Borrow to call upon the editor. Borrow describes the interview in "Lavengro" (chap. xxxiv.). The editor is a "little old man" living in a house with a small garden in "one of the purlieus of the city." He is surrounded by musical instruments and a pile of books. These books are unsold copies of a translation of Quintilian made some years before, and the editor offers to sell one to Borrow at half-price. The review collapsed in January, 1825, and the editor was left, says Borrow, to compose music and sell his Quintilian.

Now, says Dr. Knapp (vol. I., p. 93), this editor was William Gifford, of the *Quarterly Review*, and the "Quintilian" was Gifford's "Juvenal." Though Dr. Knapp is clearly a most careful and accurate student of Borrow, the identification seems to be impossible. Gifford, it is true, was a "little old man"; but at this time he was a rich bachelor with a sinecure of £1,000 a year and large savings; he was living at 6, St. James's-street—not in a "purlieu." He had edited the *Quarterly* from its start in 1809; his health had broken down in 1822; the review had fallen into arrear; and in the autumn of 1824 he resigned the editorship. He was courted or hated by all the leading authors of the day. Is it conceivable that he should just then have undertaken (though "*sub-rosa*," as Dr. Knapp says) to edit a new review, to be written by literary hacks and published by that singular person, Sir R. Phillips? The "Quintilian" was pronounced by Phillips to be "a drug," as Borrow tells us. Now Gifford's "Juvenal," as Dr. Knapp himself observes, had reached a third edition in 1817; and another edition appeared, I may add, in 1826. Clearly it was not a "drug," and Gifford, though penurious, was not likely to have a pile of unsold copies in his room, or to be offering them at half-price to stray visitors.

Who, then, if not Gifford, was the editor? I find in Lowndes' "Manual" that an edition of Quintilian was published in 1822. The editor was J. Carey. Now, in the "Dictionary of National Biography" there is a short notice of John Carey (1756-1826) (uncle of the American economist, Henry C. Carey). Carey was a classical teacher, and edited a number of Latin works. He also edited the *School Magazine* and contributed to the *Monthly Magazine*, both of which belonged to Sir R. Phillips. Obviously he was exactly the kind of man whom Phillips would be likely again to employ as editor. Moreover, he died in 1826 at Prospect-place, Lambeth, which was then in the "purlieu," and might probably have a small garden. I submit, therefore, that Carey was the editor, and that Quintilian means Quintilian. Though Borrow puts a "translation" instead of an edition, he does not appear even to have opened the book. Borrow's accuracy, if I am right, is thus vindicated, though his biographer must (on this occasion only) be convicted of a slip.

Yours, &c.,

LESLIE STEPHEN.

SUBJECT INDEXING.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I was deeply interested with the article in *Literature* of January 7th, entitled "A Record of Contemporary Literature." The subject index already issued from the British Museum, covering the period 1880-95, is of the greatest possible value to us in this distant part of the Empire, and if it could be kept up to date year by year it would be invaluable. Recognizing the great use of a good subject index in a national library, as this one is, I have given special attention to the question of indexing all our books with considerable minuteness; and having soon realized that the first necessity was absolute uniformity of methods, based upon an authoritative set of rules and list of subject headings which could be consistently used by any number of workers who might be engaged upon the task, I compiled a "Guide to our System of Cataloguing," which gives fairly minute instructions and rules, and a list of the 6,000 subject headings which we have already found necessary to use for indexing the 120,000 volumes in our own library. We index every article and paper that is published in the Australasian scientific and literary periodicals.—Yours truly,

HENRY C. L. ANDERSON,

Principal Librarian.

The Public Library of New South Wales,
Sydney, 25th February, 1899.

A FIELD FOR MODERN VERSE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—A month ago, while fresh from the study of Dante, I received news which greatly astonished me. The final raptures of the "Paradiso" had hardly ceased to vibrate in my memory, and for some time I had been dwelling in the charmed atmosphere of the "Vita Nuova," when suddenly I learned from my admired contemporary, Mr. Stephen Phillips, that a "revelation of the life after death" was "slowly filtering into the intellect and imagination of the modern world," was, indeed, "gradually usurping the modern imagination." I was deeply interested, and followed Mr. Phillips eagerly through three pages of the *Dome*, while he conducted me among "realms of darkness, of ice, of twilight, of glory," explaining how the spirits of the departed created their own atmosphere, environment, and scenery, exhibiting "a conception capable of infinite variety of treatment, with all the fascination of scientific truth," and "behind and above all these phenomena . . . the central idea of evolution." Through Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise Mr. Phillips led me in the brief space of ten minutes, and after such a journey performed in so short a time I was naturally a little out of breath, and did not immediately recover my ideas. When I had recovered them I began to ask myself how Mr. Phillips knew all this, and whence had come this revelation of which I now heard for the first time. A passing phrase in his article about "communications made through trance or by the governed hand" gave me a sad suspicion that he had been among the mediums, while the general tenor of his doctrine seemed to indicate that he had perhaps been reading the *memorabilia* of Swedenborg, the most prosaic soul ever blessed with poetic visions. The writers who, in another number of the *Dome*, criticize Mr. Phillips' article seem to have received the same impression, and a month's reflection, followed by a perusal of their criticisms, leaves me full of doubts as to the value of this new "field for modern verse" which Mr. Phillips has discovered. I return to my Dante, and, as my lips pronounce inaudibly the rhythmical syllables of his verse, I keep wondering whether an age enlightened by "communications received through trance or by the governed hand" is really likely to produce a song of the unseen world more impressive or more convincing than this of the long dead Florentine, who believed in the pseudo-Dionysius, and had no chance of "applying the law of evolution" to his visions.

Dante "imagined a definite place of darkness, or fire, or beauty, to which the soul repaired"; he believed that the

place of torment was in the centre of the earth; that Purgatory was on an island in the antipodes; that appointed angels controlled the movements of the celestial spheres; that the souls of the blessed enjoyed the beatific vision in the Empyrean, beyond the *Primum Mobile*. He had not read Swedenborg or Omar Khayyám, and did not know that the spirit "creates its own atmosphere, environment, and scenery." Yet he produced the greatest poem in modern literature, and expressed the despair of the lost and the rapture of spirits who see God in language which, in spite of all the havoc that time and knowledge have made with his cosmology and philosophy, still moves us as if the suffering and blessed spirits had themselves spoken. Why was this? Whence did the poet draw his inspiration? How was he prepared to receive it? By what experience did he gain such vision and such utterance? Had he played with the planchette? Had he listened at *séances* to spirits that mutter and peep? Had he been directed by a magazine article to "a new field for modern verse?" I open the "Vita Nuova," and at paragraph XXIX. I read:—

"*Quomodo sedet sola civitas plena populo! facta est quasi vidua domina gentium.* Io era nel proponimento ancora di questa canzone, e compiuta n'avea questa sovrascritta stanza, quando lo Signore della giustizia chiamò questa gentilissima a gloriare sotto l'insegna di quella Reina benedetta Maria, lo cui nome fue in grandissima reverenza nelle parole di questa Beatrice beata."

Then at paragraph XLIII. :—

"Appresso a questo sonetto apparve a me una mirabil visione, nella quale vidi cose, che mi fecero proporre di non dir più di questa Benedetta, infino a tanto che io non potessi più degnamente trattare di lei. E di venire a ciò io studio quanto posso, al com'ella sa veracemente. Sicchè, se piacere sarà di Colui per cui tutte le cose vivono, che la mia vita per alquanti anni perseveri, spero di dire di lei quello che mai non fu detto d'alcuna."

And in the 25th Canto of the "Paradiso" I read of

"il poema sacro,
Al quale ha posto mano e cielo e terra,
Sì che m'ha fatto per più anni macro."

In such passages as these we see the working of Dante's mind; we watch the growth of his conception. We come near to the strenuous spirit who loved Beatrice with a passion of white fire; who thought and wrote for her as the knight of romance fought for his lady; who brooded on her memory when she was dead, and associated her beatified spirit with all his best moments, his highest reveries; who was exiled and afflicted, and hated as intensely as he loved; who threw himself with ardour upon the strange scholastic learning till it broke into light and music. The song of Dante was wrought out of his life with labour, with agonies, with blood and tears. It was conceived in a passion of love and regret, matured through years of struggle and sorrow, born in moments of inspired rapture. That world of torment and blessing—he knew it, for he had lived in it. He had tasted the bitterness of the outcast, the joy of mystical vision; he had learnt by experience that the soul has no hope and no stay save in the Eternal. Thus he came to feel and to make us feel with overpowering conviction the reality of the unseen, the want of God which is the one abiding misery, the knowledge and love of God, which is the goal of all love, all thought, all knowledge. What does it matter that his cosmology, his physics, and his metaphysics, his politics and his Biblical criticism are not ours? St. Peter, in the "Paradiso," catechises him, and is entirely satisfied of the soundness of his faith. He worships one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity, neither confounding the persons nor dividing the substance, in the most irreproachable fashion. We are less particular than St. Peter. We do not much care what was the theology of Dante; his heart speaks to our heart.

If the "half a dozen of the younger men who have written indubitably fine poetry" will believe me, these are the rules of the game. The planchette and the mediums will not help them. Only out of arduous thought and deep experience come those inspired moods to which the unseen world reveals itself. I entirely share Mr. Phillips' impatience with the narrow materialism of our day; I doubt not that the great poet, when

he comes, will find "our little life" the threshold of an infinite existence opening itself in glimpses to the eye of faith and hope. But I do not think it likely that any poet, great or small, will find in the rapping of tables or the ravings of trance the suggestion of a music which shall express seraphic ecstasy more piercingly than the *terzina* :—

O gioia ! ò ineffabile allegrezza !
O vita intera d'amore e di pace !
O senza brama sicura ricchezza !

or touch the source and spring of eternal beatitude more unfailingly than the incomparable line :—

In la sua volontade è nostra pace.

CHARLES CAMP TARELLI.

LITERARY AGENTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Referring to your article on "Literary Agents" in *Literature* of April 1, there is one point—I think an important one—which has apparently escaped your attention, viz., that the literary agent will add one more "middleman" between the author and the public. There were already two—publisher and bookseller, now there will be three. Must not this addition necessarily lessen the profits hitherto divided by three, but now to be shared by four?—Yours faithfully,

ONE OF THE THREE.

Junior Athenæum Club, 116, Piccadilly, W,

MR. BEESLY'S "DANTON."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your reviewer of the above-mentioned work sneers at what he is pleased to term "the foolish old stories" concerning feudality in France on the eve of the Revolution. I would commend to his notice a work lately published—viz., "*La France d'après les Cahiers de 1789*." In these *Cahiers* we find recorded a state of things that defies exaggeration.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Officier de l'Instruction Publique de France.

April 4, 1899.

"THE RAPIN."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In a notice of my book, "*The Rapin*," this week your reviewer says, "We are introduced to a princess living in the Faubourg St. Honoré, who receives actresses and out-at-elbows painters from Montmartre—a thing which the princesses who live in Paris never do." In the book the word "*Montmartre*" never occurs once. No painter of any sort is represented as having been received by the only princess in the story, and actresses from Montmartre do not call upon her, nor does she call upon them. The princess receives an actress, but the actress is a star of the *Comédie Française*. May not a great French actress drink tea with a princess whose husband was once a banker? The heroine of my book was sketched from a living girl. I never asked her whether she could cook omelettes or not, perhaps because she was a person unsuggestive of frying pans. The grisette who can't cook an omelette is, according to your reviewer, unfit to figure in a romance. I make no comment on this statement; it is a statement that makes comments on itself.

Yours truly,

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

Our reviewer writes :—

On reference to Mr. Stacpoole's book I find that for "painter" I should have written "poet," and that the poet in question did not live in Montmartre, but in the Rue Turbigo, in the Quartier Montmartre. For these mistakes I apologize. But I insist that the poet was of the well-known Montmartre type, and that neither poets nor painters of that type are received by the princesses who live in Paris. As regards the actresses, I see that the omission of a comma has made me say, "actresses from Montmartre," when I meant to say "actresses" simply. For this, too, I apologize. But when Mr. Stacpoole asks, "May not a great French actress drink

tea with a princess whose husband was once a banker?" I can only reply, "No, she may not." Any one who knows French society will bear me out in the statement that that rule is absolute—for reasons into which it is unnecessary to enter here. Mr. Stacpoole's statement that he does not know whether a certain grisette of his acquaintance can cook an omelette or not does not seem to me to have any bearing on my statement that "the grisette who cannot cook an omelette is so exceptional that she may be ignored." The technical term for Mr. Stacpoole's retort is, I believe, *ignoratio elenchi*.

EXCEPTIONS PROVE THE RULE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The following appears in "*Among my Books*" of April 1 :—

And if I were a man I suppose I should constantly be writing, "However, Mrs. Dash cannot be denied that rarest gift of her sex, a sense of humour"; and each fresh exception would only establish the rule a little more firmly in my mind.

The quotation is not made with any idea of controverting any theory or statement about women and humour, but to draw attention to what seems to be a misunderstanding of the sense of the aphorism that "exceptions prove the rule." Nowadays, in nine cases out of ten, when the phrase is used, it is noticeable that "proves" is given a signification certainly almost diametrically opposed to what it had when first it came into currency. "Prove" is not to "establish"—it is to "test." Exceptions do not establish the rightness of the rule. They test it. And a moderate amount of them will break it down and show it to be a bad one. The proof of the pudding is the eating of it. It is tested when it is eaten. It may be found out to be of all kinds as well as of a good kind. And a rule may, when tested by exceptions, be found to be no rule at all.

J. STEPHEN.

50, Guilford Street, London, W.C.

Authors and Publishers.

Mr. Fisher Unwin is bringing out a new series entitled "*The Overseas Library*." Published at a shilling, paper, and two shillings, cloth, the Overseas Library will make an attempt to paint Colonial life for readers in the home-country. The local colour of Paraguay is the inspiration of "*The Ipané*," a volume of characteristic sketches with which Mr. Cunningham Graham will open the series. After that South Africa and British Guiana will furnish volumes.

At Easter next year will fall what may be described as the sixth centenary of the "*Divina Commedia*"—that is to say, next Good Friday will be the six hundredth anniversary of the assumed date of Dante's departure on his journey through the three kingdoms of the other world. In commemoration of this centenary, Messrs. Methuen propose to issue a new edition of the text of the "*Divina Commedia*." The editing of the volume has been entrusted to Mr. Paget Toynbee, whose text will in the main follow that of Witte's minor edition, published at Berlin in 1862. The original Witte, of which a faulty reprint was issued several years ago, has long been out of print, and is now very scarce. Messrs. Methuen's venture will, we hope, supply a long-felt want—namely, a sound text of the "*Commedia*," in a clear, readable type, on good paper, and at a moderate cost.

Messrs. Methuen are also going to issue yet another edition of Cary's translation, under the editorship of a well-known Dantist, which will form three volumes of their "*Little Library*." The history of Cary's Dante is a curious one. The complete work was first published in 1814, at the author's own expense, in three diminutive volumes in boards, at the price of 12s. It was noticed with praise by the *Gentleman's Magazine* and with contempt by the *Critical Review*, and then for several years lay dead and forgotten. In February, 1818, it was mentioned in a lecture on Dante by Coleridge, who had accidentally made the author's acquaintance on the beach at Littlehampton a year or two before. The effect was immediate. A thousand copies of the neglected first edition were at once disposed of, a new edition was called for, and within a few months Cary pocketed a sum of nearly £250 by what he had come to regard as a dead failure. The *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*

both published favourable articles on the work, which, in spite of all attempts to supersede it, has now for more than eighty years held its place as the translation of Dante, the translation, in fact, as Dr. Garnett has well expressed it, which first occurs to the mind on the mention of Dante's name.

A re-issue in five pocket volumes is also announced by Messrs. Isbister of Dean Plumptre's translation in *terza rima*. The Dean's performance was not an unqualified success, and is hardly likely to become a standard work. The notes especially require a severe pruning, though we hope that such gems as the Dean's delightful personally conducted tour of Dante from Wissant to London and Oxford, and thence into Somersetshire, and into his own cathedral at Wells, will be allowed to remain. When the translation first appeared the Dean was accused, or thought he was, by one of the quarterlies of having made unfair use of the work of a fellow labourer in the same field. This accusation excited the Dean's indignation, and was the occasion of a warmly worded communication to the *Guardian*, copies of which he sent to his friends. He had no difficulty in disposing of the charge, which practically amounted, in his view, to one of petty larceny against a dignitary of the Church.

The new volume of the Highways and Byways Series, Mr. Gwynn's book on all that is picturesque in Donegal, Derry, and Antrim, is to give Mr. Hugh Thomson a long looked for chance to contribute a series of landscape drawings for book publication. Although Mr. Thomson's successes have mainly been in the revivifying the classical novelists or the elder poets, his predilection is for water-colour and landscape. Donegal, Derry, and Antrim are well known to him, for his early days were spent in Ireland.

"Dissolving Views" is the English title Dr. Georg Brandes, the Danish critic, has given his latest volume of æsthetic studies, which consist, for the most part, of holiday criticisms made on his travels in Italy, France, Belgium, and Germany.

Messrs. Bell will publish this season the first volumes of the new Shakespeare, which Mr. Byam Shaw is illustrating. It will be called the "Chiswick Shakespeare," and will be in pott 8vo. size, printed in a special type. Each volume will contain a single play, and will be illustrated by six full-page drawings, as well as head and tail pieces. The title-page and end-papers have been designed by Mr. Gerald Moira, and Mr. John Dennis has supplied a short introduction and glossary to each play. The first two volumes, *Hamlet* and the *Merchant of Venice*, are nearly ready. Others will be published at intervals.

In a recent note in regard to some books by the author of "The Washer of the Ford" we regret to find that we had placed the name of Fiona Macleod in inverted commas. We understand that she has the natural wish while sacrificing publicity not to sacrifice her own name.

Mr. Sidney Whitman writes on April 1:—

I notice a review of my "Story of Austria" in this week's *Literature* in which I am credited with being an M.A. This is a mistake of the publisher, to which I immediately drew his attention at the time, although you will find that the M.A. is only printed on the cover and is absent on the title-page of the book. It is my collaborator, Mr. McIlraith, who is an M.A., as you will perceive by enclosed slip, which was issued by Messrs. Fisher Unwin before the book was out.

Messrs. Blackwood's "Modern English Writers Series" is to be begun by Professor Saintsbury's monograph on Matthew Arnold, which will be ready shortly.

Messrs. Hutchinson are bringing out immediately a book by Mrs. Aubrey Richardson entitled "Famous Ladies of the English Court." It is a vindication of the characters of many ladies of the English Court whose lives have been depicted unfavourably by contemporary memoir writers.

"The Sovereignty of the Sea" is to be the title of Dr. T. Wemyss Fulton's book on the origin of the English claim to the ruling of the "British Seas." It will contain many maps and illustrations, and will be published by Messrs. Blackwood shortly, in one volume.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus have again commissioned Mr. T. W. Speight, the author of "The Secret of Wyvern Towers" and many other novels, to write the "Gentleman's Annual," the title of which will probably be "The Web of Fate."

Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's new novel, "Fortune's My Foe," will be published by Pearson about the 12th instant, while the Appleton Co., of New York, will produce it at the same time in the United States. The story introduces both the Siege of Carthage and the Battle of Quiberon. Mr. Bloundelle-Burton has received offers from Germany for both the translation and dramatization of his last novel, "The Scourge of God."

Mrs. Archibald Little's volume, "Intimate China: the Chinese as I have known them," which will shortly be published by Messrs. Hutchinson, is to contain some hundred and twenty illustrations.

A new and cheaper edition of Mr. Frederic M. Halford's "Dry Fly Fishing in Theory and Practice" will be issued early in April by Messrs. Vinton. The entire work has been thoroughly revised.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

CLASSICAL.

The Classics for the Million. New Ed. By Henry Grey. 7½x5in., 351 pp. London, 1899. Sonnenschein. 3s. 6d.

FICTION.

Shueyplingsin. A Story made from the Chinese Romance "Hau-keuchuen." By An Englishman. 7½x5in., 97 pp. London, 1899. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d.

One Poor Scruple. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. 7½x5in., 384 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 6s.

Wild Humphrey Kynaston. By Henry Hudson. 7½x5in., xiv. + 375 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 6s. n.

Samuel Boyd of Catepole Square. By B. L. Farjeon. 8x5in., 359 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 6s.

The White Lady of Khaminavka. By R. H. Savage. 7½x4in., 370 pp. London, 1899. Routledge. 2s. 6d.

The Guardians of Panzy. By Dolf Wyllarde. 8x5in., 309 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 6s.

A Millionaire's Daughter. By Percy White. 7½x5in., 313 pp. London, 1899. Pearson. 6s.

Grey Weather. By John Buchan. 7½x5in., 297 pp. London, 1899. Lane. 6s.

Under a Strange Mask. By Frank Barrett. 7½x5in., 307 pp. London, 1899. Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.

Well, After all. By F. Frankfort Moore. 8x5in., 362 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 6s.

L'Aiguille d'Or. By J. H. Rosny. 7½x4in., 328 pp. Paris, 1899. Collin. Fr. 3.50.

L'Innocente de Roche Vignon. By Ed. Dupré. 7½x4in., 283 pp. Paris, 1899. Perrin. Fr. 3.50.

Le Sang des Races. By Louis Bertrand. 7½x4in., 344 pp. Paris, 1899. Ollendorff. Fr. 3.50.

L'Inimitable. By Ernest La Jeunesse. 7½x4in., 401 pp. Paris, 1899. Fasquelle. Fr. 3.50.

HISTORY.

The Chronology of India from the Earliest Times to the beginning of the 16th Century. By C. Mabel Duff. 9½x5in., xi. + 409 pp. London, 1899. Constable. 15s. n.

The Rise of Portuguese Power in India. 1497-1550. By R. S. Whiteway. 9½x5in., xvi. + 337 pp. London, 1899. Constable. 15s. n.

Mary, Queen of Scots. 1542-1587. Scottish History from Contemporary Writers. No. II. Ed. by Robert S. Rait. 6½x4in., 298 pp. London, 1899. Nutt. 2s.

Bonaparte et les Iles Ionienes. (1797-1816). By E. Rodocanache. 9x5in., 316 pp. Paris, 1899. Alcan. Fr. 5.

Légendes Démocratiques du Nord: La France devant l'Europe. By Michélet. Etude par Michel Breal. 7½x4in., 511 pp. Paris, 1899. Calmann Lévy. Fr. 3.50.

Prisonnier. Coblenz 1870-71. By Prince Georges Bibesco. 9½x6in., 216 pp. Paris, 1899. Plon. Fr. 4.

LITERARY.

A Key to the Waverley Novels. New Ed. By Henry Grey. 7½x5in., 134 pp. London, 1899. Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.

Nouvelles Etudes d'Histoire et de Critique Dramatique. By Gustave Larroumet. 7½x4in., 356 pp. Paris, 1899. Hachette. Fr. 3.50.

Portraits Intimes. 4me Série. By Adolphe Brisson. 7½x4in., 374 pp. Paris, 1899. Collin. Fr. 3.50.

MISCELLANEOUS.

How to Get on the Stage, and How to Succeed There. By Leopold Wagner. 7½x5in., 181 pp. London, 1899. Chatto & Windus. 2s. 6d.

The Oxford English Dictionary. Part IV. Germano-Gloss. cloth. Part V. Hod—Horizontal. Ed. by Dr. J. A. H. Murray. 13x11in. Oxford, 1899.

Les Arts de la Vie et le Règne de la Laideur. By Gabriel Mourey. 7½x4in., 132 pp. Paris, 1899. Ollendorff. Fr. 1.

PAMPHLETS.

The Catholic Church and the Social Question. By R. E. Dell. Catholic Press. 6d. n.

POETRY.

From Veld and "Street." Rhymes by M. E. Grenville. 7½x5in., 62 pp. London, 1899. E. Wilson. 1s.

Poems. By Andrew Wells. 7x4in., x. + 263 pp. Glasgow, 1899. Hodge. 5s.

REPRINTS.

France and England in North America. Parts IV. & V. By Francis Parkman. 8½x5in., xix. + 459, xv. + 522 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. n. each vol.

Alfred Lord Tennyson. A Memoir by his Son. 8½x5in., xxiii. + 929 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 10s. n.

Maud, The Princess, Enoch Arden, and other Poems. By Alfred Lord Tennyson. 8½x5in., 106 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 6d.

Redgauntlet. By Sir Walter Scott, Bt. (Border Ed.) 8x5in., xxxvi. + 653 pp. London, 1899. Nimmo. 3s. 6d.

Three Recruits. By Joseph Hutton. (Popular Ed.) 8x5in., 157 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low. 6d.

SCIENCE.

On Buds and Stipules. By the Rt. Hon. Sir John Lubbock, Bt., M.P. (The International Scientific Series.) 7½x5in., xix. + 239 pp. London, 1899. Kegan Paul. 5s.

Report of Observations of Injurious Insects and Common Farm Pests. By Eleanor A. Ormerod, F.R.Met.S. 9½x6in., 138 pp. London, 1899. Simpkin, Marshall. 1s. 6d.

Les Microbes et la Mort. (Les Livres d'or de la Science.) By Dr. J. de Fontenelle. 6½x4in., 179 pp. Paris, 1899. Schleicher Frères. Fr. 1.

SPORT.

The South Country Trout Streams. By G. A. B. Dewar. (The Angler's Library.) 7½x5in., viii. + 195 pp. London, 1899. Laurence & Bullen. 5s.

THEOLOGY.

The Ascent Through Christ. By E. Griffith Jones, B.A. 8½x5in., xxii. + 469 pp. London, 1899. Bowden. 7s. 6d.

Literature

Edited by J. D. Traill.

Published by The Times.

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BOOK PRICES CURRENT.

National idiosyncracies express themselves in many divers ways and leave their mark in many unexpected places; but it may be questioned whether there is any more striking example of the Anglo-Saxon genius for individualism, and for going as one pleases, than the system, or want of system, on which the Anglo-Saxon publisher fixes the prices of his books. In Continental countries, where they have their *état civil* and their compulsory military service to popularize the habits of orderliness and method, a row of books has the uniformity of a regiment of soldiers; while a bookseller's shop, viewed as a whole, suggests a number of such regiments massed together in a brigade, a division, or an army corps. The case of France may be taken as typical of that of the Continent in general. We begin with the popular reprints

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(mostly in blue uniform) at one franc a volume; we proceed to the new novels (almost invariably mustard-coloured) at three-francs-and-a-half a volume. A certain class of graver works (taller and stouter than the novels) are sold at seven-and-a-half francs; for twelve-and-a-half francs we buy books of travel and memoirs, on large paper, with, in most cases, a certain number of illustrations. Other prices, of course, are to be encountered now and then and here and there; but these are mostly what the physiologists call "sports." The general scheme of prices no more varies from year to year, or from publisher to publisher, than does, for instance, the general scheme of charges for admission to the different parts of a West-end theatre. It is found that there is money in the book trade on those conditions, and the publishers are satisfied to let well alone, instead of competing with each other by making rash experiments.

It does not require to be proved that, in passing from the foreign to the English book trade, we are passing from the region of applied science to that of indiscriminate experiment. The fact salutes the eye in every bookseller's shop, and is, at the present moment, more conspicuous than it has ever been before. In the old days of the three-volume novel, order did, to a certain extent, prevail. But the three-volume novel was sacrificed to a sudden caprice of the circulating libraries; and since that time confusion has got steadily worse confounded, and every man has set himself to undersell his neighbour. According to the taste and fancy of the publisher, any given new novel may make its first appearance at six shillings, at five shillings, at three-and-sixpence, at half-a-crown, at two shillings, or at eighteenpence; and it is understood to be only a matter of days before the experiment of publishing new novels at sixpence will be tried. This is a splendid example of Anglo-Saxon energy, enterprise, and ingenuity, and it is not impossible that a publisher here and there may profit by it. But to the majority of publishers—and in a greater degree to the majority of authors—the immediate results of this cheapening of books threaten to be exceedingly disastrous.

Certain aspects of this important question are discussed by a correspondent whose letter we print in another column. Our correspondent's main point is that cheap books need a large circulation to yield a profit, and that a reduction in the price of a book does not necessarily—or even normally—mean a proportionate increase in the demand for it. At the first blush of the thing, such a statement certainly has all the air of a deliberate denial of ascertained economic truth. In the case of the ordinary articles of commerce—in the case, for example, of tea, coffee, tobacco, silk hats, and fur-lined overcoats—the increase of the demand keeps pace with, if it does not run ahead of, the cheapening of the supply. Why, it might plausibly be asked, should not the same

thing be expected to happen in the case of books? The answer to the subtle question is a simple one. In the first place, books differ from a good many other articles of commerce in the fact that a single copy, however cheap, may serve the wants of a good many people. One copy of Tennyson may satisfy the needs of a whole household of thoughtful persons, but each thoughtful member of the family will require a separate pipeful of tobacco to smoke while reading it. In the second place, a man's demand for books is strictly limited by the time at his disposal for reading them. Even with books at their present prices, most of us read as many of them as we care to read, and should not trouble to read a great many more if they were actually given away. A few calculations will suffice to show how herculean is this task of making books more profitable by making them cheaper. In the case of the sixpenny book, our correspondent has pointed out that 50,000 copies must be sold before any profit worth considering is shown. But we all know that many books—and these by no means worthless books—appear, for which it would be impossible to find 50,000 readers, even if the copies were delivered gratis as supplements to the morning newspaper. Equally hopeless, however, is the case of the really popular author who thinks to increase his profits by issuing his books in cheap editions. The record sale, up to the present, of a six-shilling novel is, we believe, about 150,000 copies. Twelve times as many copies would have to be sold of a sixpenny novel to make it pay equally well even if the margin of profit on a sixpenny book were the same. As a fact, this margin is only about half that on a six-shilling book, and it would therefore be necessary to sell about twenty-four times as many copies in order to attain the same pecuniary result. This works out at 3,600,000 copies. That is to say, unless one out of every five adults in the United Kingdom bought a copy, the successful author would be a loser by this cheapening of his work.

We have purposely treated the question from the author's point of view because it is, in the main, an author's question. It touches the publishers to a certain—and even a considerable—extent; but to authors it is absolutely vital. For this reason: the publisher can multiply himself, and the author cannot. Suppose author and publisher are dividing equally the profit earned on each book published, and that the profit on each book amounts to no more than £20. A publisher who publishes fifty books a year will still be doing pretty well; though each of the fifty authors whose books he issues will be in a very poor way. Consequently, though the price of a book is generally fixed by the publisher because he is the man of practical experience, it is really the authors who have most to apprehend from the new craze for cheapening books. Not being men of business, they probably do not completely realize the precise bearing of the movement on the value of literary property. The committee of the Society of Authors understands, however; and it seems to us that the case is eminently one for a well-considered word of warning on the part of the committee, if not for *pourparlers*, with a view to con-

certed action, with the committee of the Publishers' Association.

All literary men (in America no less than in England) will endorse the sentiments expressed in the Poet Laureate's letter to the United States Secretary of State on the subject of international copyright. It certainly is one of life's little ironies that, while the French, who regard us as their enemies, respect the property of our literary men, the Americans, who consider us their friends, decline to do so, except on conditions that are always onerous and inconvenient, and sometimes absolutely prohibitive; and there could be no more convincing proof of the sincerity of the recent talk of Anglo-Saxon brotherhood than the application of the policy of the open door to Anglo-Saxon literary goods. The United States and Russia are, at present, the only great nations that refuse adherence to the Berne Convention; and the adherence of Russia is promised as soon as Russian domestic copyright law has been set in satisfactory order. If the United States would follow suit, it would be hard for the other recalcitrants—such as Holland, Denmark, and Sweden—to resist the increased pressure of public opinion that would be brought to bear upon them.

It is, of course, neither the authors nor the publishers (but only the printers) of the United States who insist upon the principle of the "manufacturing clause." The existence of such a clause in a Copyright Act is obviously just as indefensible there as in Canada, and our opinion of the attempts to introduce it into the Canadian Acts has been frequently and frankly given. But, in the United States, there is not even the excuse that the printers must either print foreign books or none at all. The literature of the United States has, of late years, been increasing by leaps and bounds; and the printing of English books (whether pirated or copyright) is now quite an insignificant fraction of the printing business of the country. The printers, in short, would hardly suffer at all by the act of justice which Mr. Alfred Austin asks for; while the gain to authors would, in many cases, be enormous.

The annual report of the Royal Literary Fund, showing an income of £4,000, and an invested capital of nearly £60,000, has elicited some characteristically energetic comments from Sir Walter Besant in the current *Author*. Sir Walter's point is that, in view of the present flourishing state of the literary industry, this is more than enough, and that it is time for us all to discontinue our benefactions to the Fund. We should be glad if we could share his view that literature is no longer any more precarious than any other profession; but the facts hardly seem to warrant such optimism. It is still, with few exceptions, only in light literature that a writer can earn an income comparable to that of a solicitor or a doctor; and, even in light literature, he is at the mercy of the incalculable caprices of the public, in a sense in which other professional men are not. Alterations of the law and new discoveries in medicine have very little effect upon the earnings of the lawyer or the general practitioner; but a sudden shift of the fashion from idealism to realism may, in the twinkling of an eye, knock a big hole in the emoluments of any novelist who is not exceptionally adaptable, and give the Royal Literary Fund good opportunities of usefulness. The fact that, in the same number of the *Author* in which he declares that the Fund is large enough, Sir Walter Besant repeats his demand that the Civil List Pensions should be confined to persons distinguished in Literature, Science,

and Art, seems to indicate that he is not always equally sure of the prosperity of men of letters.

An accomplished *chef* of M. Sardou's nationality is supposed to be almost independent of his material, and to be able to produce dishes of exquisite savour from meats of most unpromising quality. It must be with something of the same faith in M. Sardou's culinary gifts as a playwright that all London is awaiting the presentation of his *Robespierre* on the Lyceum stage to-night. That his hero played the most important of parts in the crisis of the First Revolution does not prevent him from being absolutely the least picturesque and dramatic of all its leading actors. Rivarol's caustic saying that every one in this much vaunted Revolution was "below the mark, even down to the assassins" seems specially to fit Robespierre. He is almost the only one of the Jacobins who, though finally the most powerful of them, never seems to gain any dignity from his power. One would have felt it no dishonour to have been put to death by Danton or even by Marat—men whose political stature would have struck one as at least on a level with their crimes. But to have been sent to the scaffold by Robespierre must have seemed like falling a victim to the rigours of a country pedagogue *enrage*, whom Nature had intended to whip little boys and only Chance had endowed with power to cut off the heads of men.

One departure from history, or at any rate from tradition, M. Sardou, it is understood, has felt himself bound to make in order to lend a touch of humanity to this ferocious pedant. He has had to work in "the love-interest" by representing Maximilian as the hero of an early amour, which, as the fruit of it has, in the play, attained to manhood, and as the father only lived to be thirty-six, must be supposed to have taken place while Maximilian was still in his teens. This does not sound eminently probable, and is certainly very unlike the Robespierre of the Revolutionary era, who, though he was followed at the height of his power by an adoring train of women worshippers, like a bloodthirsty Bunthorne, was always supposed to be as indifferent to the allurements of the "eternal feminine" as the younger Pitt himself. Likely enough, however, M. Sardou will be able to adduce some historical authority for his new reading of the part; there is historical authority for new readings of every part in these days. Only the figure of the hero whom Sir Henry Irving is to "create" to-night promises to differ widely enough in many respects from the "sea-green incorruptible" of Carlyle.

We do not suppose that everybody, as one of the new Sunday papers said in its first issue, was last Sunday discussing the question of Sunday journalism, for the simple reason that every newsagent in London has for years been selling Sunday journals, and then the existence is at least a hundred years old. If we are to have Sunday newspapers at all, it is certainly a relief to have something worth reading. The excellent people who are protesting against Sunday issues do not realize, we fear, what Bishop Jackson called "the sinfulness of little sins." They are horrified at sensational crimes, but they condone peccadilloes; and it is only when two well-known papers simultaneously follow the example of numerous smaller proprietors that they remember that Sunday should be a day of rest—a day of rest, that is, for the newsagents. No one seems to have a word to say for the journalists and compositors who produce Monday's papers.

Reviews.

Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. LVIII., Ubal dini—Wakefield. Edited by Sidney Lee. 9½ × 6½ in., 463 pp. London, 1899. Smith, Elder. 15/-

The historical interest of the fifty-eighth volume of this Dictionary centres round two great names, Vere and Villiers. The traditional prestige which has attached itself to the former is derived from the continuance of the family in the male, though not the direct male, line and its possession of the Earldom of Oxford for more than five centuries—from 1142 to 1703. Perhaps the best known members of it are the ninth Earl, the favourite of Richard II., and the seventeenth Earl, that eccentric and violent courtier of Elizabeth's reign, whose strange career is related by Mr. Sidney Lee. But the two brothers who form the subject of Sir Clement Markham's book, "The fighting Veres"—Sir Francis and Sir Horace—rank high in military annals for their services in the Dutch War of Independence, and the former particularly earned a place among the great commanders of history. The Villiers present a truly varied list. The first and second Dukes of Buckingham occupy nearly twenty pages. The career of the former, the favourite of Charles I. and the victim of the knife of Felton, is told by Dr. S. R. Gardiner; that of the second, the Buckingham of the "Cabal" and the "Zimri" of "Absalom and Achitophel," by Mr. C. H. Firth, who adduces the evidence which refutes Pope's account of his death in "the worst inn's worst room." With pitiless historical fidelity Mr. Thomas Seccombe recounts the *liaisons* of Barbara Villiers, my Lady Castlemaine, adding the remark that "much work upon the dark corners of her career and the secret influence that she exercised awaits the historian of the reign of Charles II."; and side by side with the fairest and most wanton of the mistresses of Charles II. we have the fourth Lord Clarendon, Foreign Secretary at the outbreak of the Crimean War, and his brother, Charles Pelham Villiers, whom he supported in his crusade against the Corn Laws. The life of the former is from the pen of Mr. J. A. Hamilton, who narrates it with care and impartiality, though he omits to mention that Clarendon refused an advancement in the Peerage after the conclusion of the Treaty of Paris. The younger Villiers, the veteran champion of Free Trade, who only died, it will be remembered, at the beginning of last year, is dealt with in an admirable biography by Mr. H. J. Robinson. It is a good example of the treatment of the lives of more recent, and contemporary men of note, which we venture to think are in this Dictionary sometimes subordinated to those which appeal more to the historian's love of research. It may be doubted, for instance, whether a man of no greater note than Edward Veel, the Nonconformist, whose chief claims to distinction were that he was tutor to the father of John and Charles Wesley, and published two volumes of "Discourses," would have found a place in this volume had he been a contemporary. His biography is very nearly as long as that of Sir Thomas Upington, the South African statesman, who died last year. Upington's life is of just about the same length as that of Richard Usher, the clown, and a third as long as that of John Varlo, an agriculturist of the last century. Another recent biography which we cannot regard as wholly complete is that of the late Dean of Llandaff. There is no hint of the fact that his father, the Rev. E. T. Vaughan, belonged to a distinguished family—his brothers, Sir Henry Halford, Sir Charles Richard Vaughan, and Sir John Vaughan, having attained the highest

eminence in medicine, diplomacy, and law. There is no mention of his work on the Revision Committee, or of his Court appointments. The notice of his life at Harrow does not include a reference to his work in rebuilding the chapel, or his presentation of a chancel, or to the Vaughan Memorial Library—a permanent witness of the regard which he inspired in Harrovians. And, lastly, his unique position in a time of keen ecclesiastical controversy is hardly fully explained by a mere reference to his “freedom from sectarian bias” and to his own statement that he “stood on the old paths of Christian belief.”

An interesting editorial question no doubt received due consideration from the originators of this Dictionary—that, namely, of the interpretation of the word “national.” Should admittance to the distinguished company rest on place of domicile or on place of origin, or on both? The former is rightly accepted as a qualification complete in itself. The claims of the latter must depend, we suppose, on circumstances. M. Waddington, the son of an English manufacturer, educated at Rugby and Cambridge, finds no place in this volume; nor did Count Taaffe, an Irish Viscount, in Volume LV. But they were both born out of the country, and their parents were in each case, we think, naturalised abroad. On the other hand, the very first volume of the Dictionary admitted, and no doubt rightly admitted, Pope Adrian IV. At any rate, the recognition of domicile as conferring a complete right of *entrée* brings out in this volume a very remarkable phase in the history of English painting. Royal patronage of Art had begun in the fifteenth century; but it was not till the eighteenth century that a really national indigenous school of painting began to form itself. During the intervening centuries England was mainly content to extend her patronage and hospitality to foreigners, and among foreigners mainly to those who hailed from the Netherlands. How far the Dutch, who struck a progressive note unknown to the countries where classical art had its home, influenced the English school we need not here inquire; but any one who turns over the pages of this volume of the Dictionary will be struck by the continual recurrence of Dutch names of artists—chiefly portrait and flower painters. There are some five-and-twenty such names, one after another, beginning with Van—including, of course, Van Dyck, and only not including Peter Van der Fas because he is better known, under the sobriquet adopted by his father, as Peter Lely. The influx had begun under the Tudors, and it was encouraged by the early Stuarts, who were liberal art patrons. Cromwell was painted by Lely. During the Commonwealth English noblemen made the acquaintance of many artists in the Low Countries, and helped to keep up the vogue of the Dutch after the restoration. Kneller, whose training was Dutch, continued the tradition well into the eighteenth century. To a student of English art the collection of lives which are brought together under the letter V will certainly prove of the greatest interest.

No reader of this Dictionary can have failed to find in each volume certain classes more numerous than others. No doubt this is fancy, though the instance we have just given is a curious proof that it is not always so. The last volume had an extraordinary number of scholars and antiquaries. The present one is noticeable for its actors, among whom the most famous, perhaps, are Cave Underhill—“a comic for three generations,” as he is called in “The Tatler,” and Mrs. Vanbruggen, the famous Restoration *comédienne* of whom Aston wrote—“Whatever she did was not to be called acting; no, no, it was what she represented. She was neither more nor less,

and was the most easy actress in the world.” The names of Vassall, William Vaughan, Vines Underhill, and, far greater than all, of Edward Gibbon Wakefield (whose life Dr. Garnett has recently written) and his brother William, are connected with Colonial expansion. Literature has but few representatives—Urquhart, the translator of Rabelais, Sir John Vanbrugh, Vaughan the Silurist, Lord Vaux, Polydore Vergil, and a few others of less note among whom we may perhaps reckon Wainewright, the poisoner. One error in a date we may point out—viz., that of the foundation of the Church Missionary Society, which has its centenary this year, and is given, under John Venn, as 1797. Any criticism of this kind, or of any other, we may offer cannot lessen our admiration for the scholarly care and truly masterly ability which is devoted to this great Dictionary, now so closely approaching its completion.

Studies in Some Famous Letters. By J. C. Bailey. 8×5½ in., vi. + 308 pp. London, 1899. Burleigh. 6/-

No doubt it is true, as Mr. Bailey remarks, that “Letters, whether regarded simply as a form of literature, or as affording not the least sure material for the study of character, have not, at the present time, as many readers as they may fairly claim to deserve.” But we only wish that Mr. Bailey, or any other student of contemporary “tendencies,” could point to any “form of literature,” save fiction, and—in the case of a very few exceptionally notable subjects thereof—biography, of which the same observation could not be made. Has the very form in which the author pleads the cause of the “letter,” and which he handles with much skill and grace—the essay—as many readers in these days as it may fairly claim to deserve? Most publishers, we imagine, could answer the question with a very decided negative; and would add that the essay is far from being the only literary form to which our highly cultured generation shows an indifference, that their “unlettered” ancestors would have been ashamed to acknowledge. Certainly they used to read letters not only in manuscript—that, of course, was less meritorious in the days of costly postage—but also in their printed form, with far more appreciation of their literary merits than is common in these days, when “correspondence,” valued only and generally only valuable for its matter as distinct from its manner, is “shot” so voluminously and indiscriminately upon the world whenever any new biography of a deceased celebrity makes its appearance.

Mr. Bailey, however, approaches his subject in the sympathetic and leisurely fashion of the eighteenth century, and distinguishes the “points” of the various famous letter-writers on whom he discourses in the volume with much delicacy of critical discrimination. Cowper and Gray head the list (as by incontestable right), and if the author seems to us to rank the former a little higher than his deserts, exalted as they are, we cannot greatly complain. When, as is the case with Cowper, a man has been placed with such universal assent among the first of English letter-writers, it needs but a very slight dash of the “personal equation” for a critic to regard him as supreme. Gray, who challenges him for first place, is put near enough to him by Mr. Bailey to satisfy most of Gray’s admirers, who, if they put him first, would almost certainly unite in voting Cowper a “Themistoclean” second. The papers on these two poets, as on Gibbon, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and Edward FitzGerald, have already appeared in various periodicals; the essays on Swift, Johnson, and Lamb appear for the first time. Of these, the first is somewhat unsatisfactory, as, indeed, might well result from the scantiness of its material. The “Journal

to Stella" may, of course, be regarded, if we please, as one long letter, and is in its way unique; but, as Mr. Bailey himself observes, the powers of a letter writer can only be tested, and, in fact, can only be developed, by a certain variety in his correspondence, one of the chief excellences of Gray and Cowper consisting, as he justly points out, in the variety of forms, each appropriate to their various correspondents, in which their personalities appear. Apart from the "Journal to Stella," there are few remarkable specimens of Swift's epistolary style; and, indeed, it is noteworthy that the longest extract to be found in the paper on Swift is a quotation from a letter of Pope. Johnson, of course, is a far better subject, and Mr. Bailey does no more than justice to the charm of the letters which Mrs. Thrale received from the gruff old scholar whom she had so triumphantly attached to her train. But we rather regret to see a critic of Mr. Bailey's accomplishment lending countenance to what surely is an exploded theory of Johnson's prose style. "His written language," we are told,

Is sometimes called clumsy; but that is a complete mistake. It is turgid, pompous, heavy, if you will; but there is never a doubt of its doing the work he meant it to do. He uses an axe, perhaps, where a penknife would be enough; but his axe cuts as clean as another man's penknife.

How many the "some times" were when Johnson's style has been described as "clumsy," and to whom is to be attributed the monumental ineptitude of that description, we cannot guess; but whoever it was would be capable, we should think, of finding "clumsiness" in the deliberate steps of the minuet. "Pompous," perhaps might pass, though it is clearly only the denigratory equivalent of "stately," and we have again only to substitute "weighty" for "heavy" in order to convert blame into praise. But "turgid," we must submit to Mr. Bailey, is a totally misleading adjective. Turgidity is an affair of swelling words and inflated phrases. Johnson is no more turgid than Gibbon, whose so-called "pomposity" is due, like Johnson's, to a certain inflexible ceremoniousness sustained in small matters as well as in great, and in the former case, of course, suggesting the use of the axe when the penknife would be enough. But Johnson's prose at its best—as in the "Lives of the Poets," or the Preface to the Dictionary—is, so far as regards his choice of words, a model of vigorous English, which could not be in the slightest degree strengthened or purified—as a turgid style certainly would be—by the excision of its polysyllables. The legend in short of Johnson's sesquipedalian diction was founded upon certain merely occasional and accidental characteristics of his style; and it is very significant that the parody of it in the "Rejected Addresses," excellent where the parodists are content with mimicry of the formal balance of his sentences, degenerates, as soon as they begin to string polysyllables together, into a mere clowning caricature.

The essay on Charles Lamb as a letter-writer is certainly the most original of the whole set, and the most courageous, for Mr. Bailey boldly commits himself to the statement that Lamb was "evidently not a man of generally attractive personality," and that the reader of his letters to-day "cannot but see and feel that there is an unpleasant element in Lamb which had its effect on his contemporaries." If by a "not generally attractive personality" is meant—what should in strictness be meant—that Lamb repelled as many, or almost as many, persons as he attracted, the proposition strikes us as an exceedingly rash one to hazard. That he did not "universally" attract is, no doubt, as true of him as it is of anybody else worth knowing. The personality which

universally attracts is not a personality at all: it is the artfully disposed mirror of the personality with which it is for the moment in contact. We all know that Lamb did not attract Carlyle; and some of us, perhaps, remember a certain brutality about a "stammering, staggering" essayist, and the savage retort which it drew from Mr. Swinburne. But we suspect that the charm of Lamb was quite as generally felt as that of one of the two men with whom Mr. Bailey compares him, and more generally so than that of the other. "No one, I suppose," he says of Cowper, "ever came into close contact without loving that beautiful character. The man who knew FitzGerald and did not like him has yet to be found." Doubtless it would have been hard for any one actively to dislike Cowper, but surely one can easily imagine a minority, and perhaps not an inconsiderable minority, who, in spite of his virtues, would not have loved him; while as to FitzGerald, Mr. Bailey's own pages will put us on the track of people who were quite in a position to refute the dictum that "the man who did not like him has yet to be found."

With the author's second reason, however, for denying to "Elia" the first rank as a letter-writer, we have no fault to find; and the passage in which he puts it forth contains so masterly an analysis of the "true inwardness" of a perfect letter that we must transcribe it almost entire:—

The other reason why Lamb's letters cannot carry with them the charm of these others lies in his literary habit and manner. What is a letter? It is written talk, with something, but not all, of the easiness of talking, and something, not all, of the formality of writing. It is at once spontaneous and deliberate, the idle occupation of an hour and the sure index of a character. It must not be all serious, for then it ought to have been an essay or a book; it must not be all trifles, for then it will not have deserved ink and paper. But the most essential of all its qualities are its spontaneity and, so to speak, its personality. . . . These two points are vital. A letter, indeed, will not be literature unless it be written according to the rules of the art of writing; but unless it flows spontaneously from the writer's mind and pen, unless, too, it be *from him* and no one else, to his correspondent and no one else, it not only will not be literature, it will not be a real letter at all. Now Lamb's letters are weak in both these points. They are too much alike, wanting the play of varied personality, which we get, for instance, in the comparison of Gray writing to West, and the same Gray writing to Bonstetten.

But

The real defect of Lamb's letters, I make bold to say, is their want of spontaneity. . . . It does not strike one in two letters, or ten, or twenty, but read the whole of one of Canon Ainger's volumes, and, charming as so much of it is, there gradually arises a sense of something artificial which fatigues the mind. Lamb plays delightfully in them, it is true, but it is too often the play of a man who has set himself to amuse the company. . . . It is often admirable fooling with admirable seriousness thrown in, too, very likely; but it is too often also a professed essayist working out a set theme.

The ideal letter-writer should be this and that. Charles Lamb was neither this nor that. *Ergo*, Charles Lamb was not an ideal letter-writer. Many people, we suspect, will be found ready with their *Nego minorem*: for our own part we are disposed to admit it; but Mr. Bailey's "major" is unassailable. No more ample, acute, and accurate account, in fact, of the ideal letter-writer could possibly have been rendered.

AN UNHAPPY RECENSION.

The addition of the RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM to the Golden Treasury Series (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.) forms a fitting opportunity for a brief examination of some of the unhappiest adventures in

recension to which any eminent poet, so far as we can remember, has ever committed himself. There appears, after all, to be a later and greater than that "last and greatest art, the art to blot;" for the fastidious critic of his own work who can stoically delete fine and favourite passages because of slight blemishes in them is less uncommon, after all, than he who can judiciously amend instead of ruthlessly obliterating them. FitzGerald's greatest friend, Tennyson, was one of the most accomplished and unerringly well-inspired of revisers; FitzGerald himself was apparently his exact opposite in these respects. A comparison, stanza by stanza, of the first version of the Rubaiyat published in 1859, and conveniently reprinted in the appendix to this volume with the revised text of the poem, will show that it is hardly going too far to say that FitzGerald has seldom touched any of his original work save to mar it, or varied its form of expression except for the worse. Who, for instance, being familiar with the splendidly audacious opening stanza of the 1859 edition:—

Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight;
And, lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light.

can forget the blank discomfiture with which he saw that both these daring strokes of Oriental imagery had disappeared under the reviser's hand in the edition of 1868, and that, for the novel and vividly picturesque figure of the hunter with his lasso of rays, has been substituted a hackneyed comparison with the archer in the lines:—

And to the field of Heav'n ascending strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

Even if it were possible to plead the greater translative fidelity as an excuse for the change, it would be difficult to allow such a defence to this freest of paraphrasts. But considering that, as the editor points out, "the first stanza of FitzGerald's version is entirely his own," this perversity of such mishandling of his own work is impossible to forgive.

A disappointment as acute as this prepares us for anything, and though we meet with no other quite so grievous, the revised version abounds with small alterations which are sometimes merely fidgety and vexatious, as making no real difference of any moment, but are more often distinctly weakening to the force of the quatrain in which they occur. "What," for instance, ran the original rendering of quatrain XXX.

What, without asking, hither hurried *whence*,
And, without asking, *whither* hurried hence?
Another and another cup to drown
The Memory of this Impertinence!

In its revised form the last two lines of the stanza run:—

Oh, many a Cup of the forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

a change which is doubly disconcerting, first, as being fatal to the fine "exclamatory" effect of the poet's protest as originally rendered, and, secondly, as substituting the too limited and definite word "insolence" for one which carries with it not only the idea of "affront," but also of logical inconsequence and incoherence.

Again:—

A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste
Of Being from the Well amid the Waste,
And lo! the phantom Caravan has reached
The Nothing it set out from—oh, make haste.

is surely but a tame equivalent for:—

One moment in Annihilation's waste,
One moment of the Well of Life to taste!
The stars are setting, and the Caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing. Oh, make haste!

Even a single line like:—

Rolls impotently on as Thou or I
cannot be let alone, but gets changed into the rhythmically inferior

As impotently moves as you or I.

Quatrain XLV. of the revised version is an addition having no

counterpart in the Rubaiyat of 1859 and is, no doubt, a striking one:—

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest
A Sultan to the realm of Death address;
The Sultan rises and the dark Ferrash
Strikes and prepares it for another guest.

But though "local colour" is no doubt attained by the word Ferrash many will regard the alternative quatrain given in the prose preface to an earlier edition as incomparably superior in dignity and force. There the human body is described as:—

A Tent where rests anon
A Sultan to his Kingdom passing on
And which the swarthy Chamberlain shall strike
Then, when the Sultan rises to be gone.

Again, the two effective stanzas of the original version beginning "Then to the rolling Heaven itself I cried," &c., and "But leave the wise to wrangle and with me," &c., have been "revised" out of existence altogether, and the vigorous quatrain which begins:—

For in and out, about, above, below,
'Tis nothing but a magic Shadow Show, &c.,

reappears on revision in the much weaker form of

We are no other than a moving Show
Of Magic Shadow shapes that come and go, &c.

Everywhere, in short, there is visible the same strange determination to substitute the expanded and elaborate for the terser and more pregnant phrase—the same wanton sacrifice of striking thoughts in order that, freed from them, the line may say what it has to say at greater length, and in a more prosaically narrative form. Thus:—

Then said a second "Ne'er a peevish Boy
Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy,
And he that with his hand the Vessel made
Will surely not in after wrath destroy?"

The last two lines originally ran:—

Shall he that *made* the Vessel in pure Love
And Fancy, in an after rage destroy?

"With his hand," for "in pure Love and Fancy!" What an "amendment!" There are, indeed, two noble additions to the revised version for which we can forgive many sins of omission and perversions—the two quatrains which run:—

I sent my Soul through the Invisible
Some letter of that After-life to spell,
And by-and-by my Soul returned to me
And answered, "I myself am Heaven and Hell."

Heaven but the vision of fulfill'd Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

But, in truth, the omissions and perversions are too many to be atoned for even by the excellence of this new matter. FitzGerald's recension of the original Rubaiyat must for ever remain on record as a melancholy example of the way in which the most perfect critical taste may fail a man who sets to work to improve the unimprovable.

THE ANGLO-SAXON'S BURDEN.

The Philippines and Round About. By Major G. J. Younghusband. With Illustrations and Map. 9x6in., xiv. + 230 pp. London and New York, 1899. Macmillan. 8/6 n.

In a short time we shall know all there is to know about the late victorious American campaign, and perhaps even get a little more than we want. "The Sinking of the Merrimac, by the Man Who Did It," "The Catastrophe of the Maine, by the Captain Who was Blown Up," "What I Did with the Spanish Fleet," by Admiral Dewey—these are a few of the titles that have already appeared, or will doubtless appear in the immediate future to enlighten an eager country as to the details of the war with Spain. Yet it may be safely said that the inevitable book about the Philippines will be the greatest surprise to readers on both sides of the Atlantic. In the meantime, Major Younghusband

in a narrative that is astonishingly frank and outspoken, lets us into many malodorous secrets with the breezy air of a cheerful British officer to whom expense is no object in comparison with telling the truth. What says the great Mr. Dooley on this subject? "It's a poverty-stricken counthry," writes our Hibernian sage from Chicago, "full iv goold an' precious stones, where th' people can pick dinner off th' threes an' ar-re starvin' because they have no stepladders." Major Younghusband fully confirms these views. One passage filled with fairly appalling revelations is to be found in chapter five, from which we gather that the same reasons which compelled the Sirdar to abandon Omdurman as hopeless have also forced American officers to begin their sanitary operations on Manila by clearing as many Spaniards out of the houses as possible. To close these instances of candour in a chronicle which is refreshing in its absence of the usual reserves, we may refer the student of international politics to pages 104, *et seqq.*, whence it would appear that it is not only in Samoa that Germany has to deplore being represented by officials who are not in touch with sentiment at their own headquarters, and who are positively dangerous in any crisis of unusual delicacy. The remark of an English captain on the spot that "the Germans have got no sea manners" certainly seems justified by the extraordinary conduct of the German man-of-war, "Irene," during the blockade. Admiral Dewey was at last driven to declare that if the Germans did not behave as neutrals he should fire on them. "But that, Sir, would mean war with Germany," said the horror-stricken German. "I am perfectly aware of the fact" was the American's suave reply.

The history of the Philippines might be very fairly anticipated from that preposterous edict which decreed the Western Hemisphere to Spain and the Eastern to Portugal. Fighting immediately began, to settle on which side of the dividing meridian Manila lay. An exhausting struggle about a geographical fact as unalterable as the Equator is a thoroughly appropriate introduction to the story of the islands finally secured by the Power which was on the wrong side of the Papal line of demarcation. They were named after Philip, Prince of Asturias, son and successor of Carlos I. of Spain. In 1762 an inconsequent and apparently inadequate expedition set out from Madras, under Colonel Draper, to "annex" the Philippines before the declaration of war between Spain and England could be known by the garrison. The result was only what the trick itself deserved. For after Draper had taken Manila and secured a million dollars in "war indemnity," the islands were promptly given back to Spain by the home authorities at the Peace of Paris (which seems to be responsible for a good many of our present foreign worries), and a monument was set up to celebrate "the expulsion of the English Army." The marks of Draper's cannon shot can still be seen on the walls of the Polverina, a little bastion which Admiral Dewey's fleet bombarded "by arrangement" last August, as the signal for the surrender of Spain "with all the honours of war." Major Younghusband has no mercy towards the Spanish officers and their ways, and after his dispiriting tale of cruelty and extortion it is a relief to come upon his truly astonishing account of Aguinaldo, the man who appeared above the misty horizon of Filipino society just because the time was ripe for him. He is evidently a person of considerable force of character, and the news of his doings cannot be very refreshing reading for those Americans who imagined that it was all over when the Spanish fleet was sunk by Dewey's merciless and businesslike attack. Major Younghusband's comments on the American soldier, and on the strange development of the great Republic's citizens in their new surroundings, are very interesting. Of their newspapers, of their advertisements, of their chilled beer, and of the complications introduced by an electioneering agent in the midst of a regiment at the front which has several candidates for Congress in its rank and file, the major has much that is of direct and immediate value to report. He was met one fine evening by "an avalanche of horsed vehicles, each head on to the nearest saloon, each driven at top speed by an American soldier, with all its occupants yelling like Sioux Indians." He asked a sentry an unguarded question

as to the reason for this outburst. "Lord alive, man," was the reply, "why the Pennsylvania boys has beat North Dakota"; and so they had, at the noble game of baseball. This reminds us of the Russian officer's eager inquiry as to the activity of the English garrison in our latest acquisition in China. He was told that the officers of the English club were laying out their cricket pitch. If the American soldier can approach his own new territorial acquisitions in the same excellent spirit, there is every hope that the United States will develop into a great Imperial Power, in spite of any objections to the contrary from Mr. Carl Schurz or Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

CHILD-STUDY.

The appearance this month of an organ—to be issued three times a year—of the "British Child Study Association," and the recent publication of an original and interesting book called *A STUDY OF A CHILD*, by Louise E. Hogan, illustrated by over 500 original drawings by the child (Harper, 6s.), will serve to call the attention of those outside the strictly-educational world—a class among whom, we fear, we must reckon most parents—to what is now called the "child-study" movement. "A Study of a Child" comes from America, and in America the "child-study movement" is being prosecuted with characteristic ardour and exaggeration. In England it has its devotees who invite American lecturers to schools and training colleges, there to discourse of "methods" and "results."

The contributors to the new serial are largely American, and it is introduced by Dr. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts. It is called "The Paedologist," a name "intended to be unattractive to children, and to those who, from lack of special interest in the topics treated of, would be 'bored' by that which the title represents." In no spirit of disparagement we may add that the contents of the magazine are conceived in a similar spirit. It will undoubtedly interest the scientific "student" of the child; and what is more important, Dr. Stanley Hall and his colleagues seem to be aware of some of the dangers of the movement, and to take a quite non-professional view of the real meaning and object of "child-study" and of the difficulties of making it subserve a really wholesome purpose. When we consider the work done by Herbart Froebel and others in establishing a more intelligent method of training children, we cannot attach to the "movement" all the importance that some of its advocates claim for it. We are not sure that the task of impressing upon parents those more enlightened principles of education which have been already established is not much more urgent than that of further experiment on the *corpus vile* of the child. To bring parents and schools together, however, is one of Dr. Stanley Hall's avowed objects; and no exception can be taken to the following result which he claims to have followed from work "in the field of child psychology":—

Child-study has greatly helped the communities in which it has been wisely directed, and increased the love of childhood, and has taught the fact that its ways are not as adult ways, and the recognition of certain inalienable rights of childhood, and has mitigated the severity of the eternal but generally unconscious warfare between children and adults. It has lessened the number of misunderstood children, and taught us to appreciate the great rule that everything pertaining to a school, whether buildings, rooms, desks, text-books, subjects, methods, curricula, should all be plastic and secondary to the supreme law of the nature and needs of childhood.

Professor Earl Barnes, who gives an interesting description of the leading methods of child-study now being employed, divides them into personal isolated studies and organized observations. He recognizes the value of the observations made by mothers and teachers "who know nothing about child-study but know all about children." A mother, though she is experimenting unconsciously, "gets nearer to the real child than she will be likely to get when she has incased herself in a mental suit of psychological nomenclature and formal syllabi." As to the general organized study "the thing most needed to-day is brilliant

studies on masses of commonplace children." He recognizes that the gathering together of statistics requires "genius of the first order," and is not accomplished by the mere printing and circulating of a syllabus. "It will be well for us," says another American professor, "if such circulars be not ranked among the common pests of life."

We wish all success to "The Paidologist" if it will continue to bear in mind the necessary limitations of all pure method, and the paramount importance of sympathy in dealing with children. No doubt education as an art has benefited by a close experimental study of child life. But this experimental method is apt to lead to a neglect of certain very essential factors in education, to an exaggeration of method as compared with result, and to a forgetfulness of the fact that the completed moral and intellectual product is the final test of educational practice. It is a far cry from the alternate slapping and coaxing period of child education to the anxious tinkering of modern educationalists. Yet, of the two evils, the latter system, at its fullest development, is quite capable of producing the more pernicious results. Capricious treatment at least develops varied characters. The methodized system tends to produce the prig. And the prig, though often admirable, is always annoying. The vexed question of education, so provocative of cranks, of new and rival "systems," must, we fear, be often very trying to a real child lover. The old, unreasoning, haphazard treatment of children was undeniably bad; yet so many and so great are the dangers of the "child-study movement" as prosecuted by enthusiasts, that it is difficult to give it all the welcome they expect. It may well be disputed, though possibly the attitude is unreasonable, whether a child should be scientifically "studied" at all. It seems almost like taking a base advantage of a defenceless little boy, for instance, to chronicle his baby lisps—not to send to grandma, but merely as a record of mental development—to classify his later remarks, and to ask him to define words without telling him that you are going to send his artless replies to Professors to be annotated.

Nevertheless truth and fairness make it necessary to add that, if the thing is to be done at all, it cannot be better done than in the manner indicated in Mrs. Hogan's book, which is practically a minute record in diary form, of a child's life. It takes a high place, in fact, among the "brilliant studies of commonplace children." She follows in the steps of Prayer and others in her careful observation of a single child, and though she may have hardly realized the possibility of so alarming a result, she affords material for those philosophers who, to adopt Dr. Stanley Hall's phraseology, seek "to build a system of psychogenesis upon a monopaedic basis." The following, taken at random, is an extract from the diary which was regularly kept from the time the child was fourteen months old till he had reached his eighth year:—

February 24th. To-day he said at various times, "Did she take 'em out?" (alluding to some action of his nurse with regard to some toys), "luffy wheel," and "lof Dr. T—," meaning a physician who called recently to see him.

He wanted a book of photographs this morning which he called "Uncle Henery's book," because it contained a picture of his uncle. He said, "Mamma, give Harold pictures," then said to himself "ask mamma gib Harold pictures," as if approving of his method for getting them.

He said to Annie to-day about a broken toy, "I thought you fixed it." He also said, "Hang it up on a nail," pronouncing the "g" hard when saying hang.

In spite of the fact that to the initiated the diary makes a depressing background to his existence, Harold appears to be a childish and happy child, intelligent, but not abnormally clever, which is encouraging. Those parts of the introduction to Mrs. Hogan's book with which we are in most cordial agreement, are on the subject of non-interference:—

It is a well-established fact [she says] that a child learns through playing, and by having opportunity to let nature assert itself spontaneously and without restraint, under watchful supervision, of which, however, it must be unconscious; yet how commonly we see nurses, and even parents endeavouring to attract the attention of an infant, perhaps

with the idea of amusing, when most probably its only requirement at the time is to be let alone to do what pleases it. . . . Instead of being quietly placed where the child may reach it, a ball will be shaken to and fro, or up and down, so rapidly that the babe's eyes are unable to follow it; hands will be clapped so loud that the child becomes frightened; the nurse will keep up an eternal jogging on the knee of the body of the child with some curious notion of the necessity for constant movement as a pacifier.

Here again is a passage showing much sound sense and discernment:—

Undoubtedly one of the greatest dangers to be found to-day in the average kindergarten lies in the absorption of method and the aggressiveness of the teacher's personality to the exclusion of spontaneity and the self-effacement necessary upon the teacher's part for the promotion of unconscious development in the child. . . . The child is certainly unformed at this period, hence may be moulded for good or evil, and in consequence man's methods in training must be carefully adjusted so as not to brush away the bloom of the "lovely grace of childhood" [the italics are ours] . . . to treat children sympathetically in order that we may obtain a clearer insight into their mental processes and know better how to guide them, we must certainly absorb the spirit of Froebel, who begs us to live with our children, not only for them.

This is the root of the whole matter. It is the letter that killeth, and unfortunately, in much of the training of latter-day children, it is the "letter" that is apparent to the total exclusion of the "spirit." Theories would do very little harm if every parent, if every teacher, were wise, sympathetic, tolerant, and, above all, possessed of a sense of humour. It is to this fatal lack of humour that most of the extravagancies of the child-study "movement" may be attributed. Why are educationalists so portentously solemn? The care and training of children is a very serious matter, no doubt, but when grave discussions are held as to whether wool or straw-plaiting best educes (we believe that is the correct term) this or that particular faculty, when every trifling communication is made to the child with the air of a priestess officiating at a sacred rite, it is perhaps time that the voice of the scoffer should be heard in the land. The spirit of the movement is right enough; but let parents, guardians, and teachers examine the letter very closely. Methods, schemes, theories have their place, but, after all, it is *personality* which really counts. Give a child an exhilarating human being to deal with, and, from his nonsense even, he will learn more of real value than from all the wisdom of the Education-machine.

THE CRITIC AS AUTHOR.

The Musician's Pilgrimage: a Study in Artistic Development. By J. A. Fuller-Maitland. 8x5in., 152 pp. London, 1899. **Smith, Elder. 5/-**

Mr. Fuller-Maitland, who has more than once approached the public in the attitude of the scholar in music—as in his work on the German masters—now gives us a book of a more intimate kind, the result of his experiences as a musical critic. In "The Musician's Pilgrimage," the pilgrim (i.e., the executant) begins as "the prodigy" in the nursery, either idolised or misunderstood, and develops into the student "at the point of time when his will is enlisted on the side of his education, when the impulse to learn takes the place of coercion." The student in due time becomes "the prig." Then love of his art transforms him into "the amateur," and the desire for applause into "the virtuoso." Finally, reverence for the great in music induces the virtuoso to lay aside his knavish tricks, and to use his technical skill only for the furtherance of the sane ideals of "the artist" himself. And now as to "the critic." It might have been expected that the musical critic who has so long had to suffer the waywardness of living performers, persons with feelings that must be delicately handled, would feel a pleasurable excitement in revealing their iniquities when they appear as abstractions—prig, prodigy, veteran, and so forth. But Mr. Fuller-Maitland is most chivalrous in his new hunting ground; so much so that we trust that the few shafts which he does let loose

may reach their quarry, whether he be the virtuoso, "whose object is to play louder, to sing higher, or to fiddle faster than any one in the profession," or the conductor whose "sole care is for the delicate shading and the violent contrasts of tone that he gets his hand to produce."

Only in one particular does the author's experience as critic lessen the interest of the book. He is now and again the least bit axiomatic. As critic it may be necessary for him to say that Miss So and So emits a series of meaningless sounds; but as author he need hardly tell us that something more than this is required. An occasional axiom, however, is more than relieved by the ingenious way in which Mr. Maitland has planned the pilgrimage of the performer, with its clear demarcation between the right and the wrong paths at each critical point. He is at times even the reverse of axiomatic, as in his interesting chapter on "the artist," where he says that, "in order to succeed in the portrayal of feeling, the feeling must have ceased to affect the performer himself," a remark which at first sight seems a paradox. Imagine the rage of a performer on reading in his daily paper that it was obvious from his rendering that all feeling for the composition had ceased to affect him! Yet though Mr. Maitland has, perhaps, a little overstated the point, no doubt the fine frenzy of much modern music would a little upset the equilibrium of the virtuoso should he really feel it all at once. On the other hand most great music is of a kind too deep for the tears even of an artist. It can be appreciated, like the highest wit, with little or no muscular results. No one, for instance, who has heard Madame Albani in the *Messiah* can doubt that, though she rises calm and unshaken to sing the most immortal of songs, she is moved by a deep feeling of conviction in her rendering of the opening words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

A CONTRIBUTION TO SPANISH HISTORY.

The Story of the Princess des Ursins in Spain.
By Constance Hill. 8½ x 5½ in., xiii. + 256 pp. London, 1899.
Heinemann. 7/6

There must be many readers, not ill-informed upon the whole, to whom the Princess des Ursins is little more than a name, though no less an authority than St. Simon declared that her history would be well worth writing. His memoirs, indeed, supply a good deal of the material for writing it; and the Princess's letters have been published in instalments in 1777, 1806, 1826, and 1859, the last instalment, discovered at Stockholm by M. Geoffroy, being preceded by a biographical sketch. The full and careful presentment of her career, however, by Miss Constance Hill is a welcome addition to historical literature. The Princess was a widow of an Italian Prince of the Orsini family. At the age of fifty-nine she was appointed Camerara Mayor to the Queen of Spain; and she was the power behind the throne in Spain at the time of the wars between the French and Austrian claimants. Most of the leading events of the period—Marlbrough's victories, the capture of Gibraltar, and Lord Peterborough's expedition—are sufficiently familiar. What is comparatively new, and, therefore, noteworthy and acceptable, in Miss Hill's book is that she enables us to look at the events in detail from the Spanish point of view. There may be little in the book that the student could not get for himself, without much trouble, from the letters; but the picture is well and graphically drawn.

The distresses, for example, of the Court, driven in a hurry from Madrid to Burgos, are described with piquant touches in a letter to Madame de Maintenon:—

I must give you some amusement, dear Madame, by a description of my apartments. They consist of a single room of about twelve or thirteen feet square. A large window, facing south, occupies nearly the whole of one wall. The window is open, and we are unable to close it. A small door leads into the Queen's chamber, and a second door, yet smaller, leads into a winding passage. I dare not explore this passage, for, although there are lamps hung here and there which shed some light, it is so ill-paved that I might stumble and break my neck. I cannot describe the walls as white, for they are

blackened with dirt. The furniture consists of my small travelling bed, a camp stool, and a deal table. At this table I alternately arrange my toilet, write my letters, and eat my bread and fruit. As to appliances for cooking, there are none, and perhaps if there were, we should have no money to spend on dainties.

The final fall of the Princess des Ursins from power was due, of course, to the intrigues of Cardinal Alberoni; he objected to her advanced views about the Inquisition, and arranged a second marriage for the King for the express purpose of getting rid of her. The falling of the blow makes a dramatic story, which Miss Hill wisely allows St. Simon to tell for her. The Princess had waited upon the new Queen "in full Court costume richly jewelled." The young Queen asked what the old lady meant by appearing before her so attired "and with manners that were disrespectful." The Princess defended herself; but the Queen pushed her out of the apartment by the shoulders; and the soldiers arrested her and packed her into a coach, and drove her, with "no proper food nor even a change of clothes, for the twenty-three days, at the end of which she reached the border town of St. Jean de Luz." And so ended a career which would have been interesting in any case, but is made absorbingly so by the judicious selection and picturesque vivacity of Miss Hill's narrative.

THEOLOGY.

Sermons, Biographical and Miscellaneous. By Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College. Edited by the Very Rev. the Hon. W. H. Fremantle, Dean of Ripon. 7½ x 5½ in., x. + 870 pp. London, 1899.
Murray. 7/6

The men now living who look up to Jowett as their academic father, having learnt to value that dry, brusque, but very bracing paternity, will alone provide a respectable band of readers for this second volume of his sermons; and they will, we may hope, be supplemented by a still larger number who value a frank treatment of great subjects, and appreciate original thought, even when they disagree with it. The sermons before us are mainly biographical; there is some theology in the first part, but there is some biography even in the eight "miscellaneous" sermons which conclude the book. Through it all runs the master's special message, which was not so much a theological as a moral one,—a claim for tolerance and charity, a plea for more trust in the light that flowed so rapidly into the world during his lifetime, a warning against traditional conservatism.

This is the spirit which would pursue truth as a duty, in the faith that no inquiry into the origin of man, or his duration upon the earth, nor into the facts of Scripture history, or any other investigation which relates to us as mortal or immortal beings, can ever be displeasing to the God of Truth. They do not seek to defend this or that belief which has been handed down from past ages; if they are true to themselves they are not a party, and have no party interests; they would test all religious beliefs by the principles of morality, and read all controversies in the light of history.

How completely this spirit has been vindicated since Jowett preached his sermon on "Church Parties" in Westminster Abbey nine and twenty years ago! The sentiments appear almost commonplace or old-fashioned to us now. Yet, when they were uttered, their author turned in despair from the clergy and could only claim "the majority of the educated laity" on his side. In the present year of grace it seems to be rather the laity who are inclined to forget the lessons of tolerance and faith in the *praevalēbit veritas*; while the thoughtful clergy of all parties have assimilated the ideas which, as Jowett truly said, were of no party.

Jowett would have made an excellent biographer; therefore we cannot regret that he took Orders, and thus saved to us estimates of men which would very likely have been buried with him, had not the pulpit drawn him from his reticence. Yet it is curious that one so untrammelled in most things should have bowed to the convention which demands from the preacher a Biblical peg for his remarks. When he ignores his rather perfunctory texts he is best; but in the case of the sermon on

T. H. Green, he wastes a third of his space in moralizing over a not particularly appropriate quotation from the Second Book of Samuel, and thus gives us but a slender appreciation of a most interesting man. It spoils, too, the chance of these sermons becoming permanent literature to find an appreciation of Dickens (lately dead) tacked on to the sermon on "Church Parties"; and there could have been no reason in the inwardness of things for combining Ignatius Loyola and Benjamin Disraeli in one discourse. The attempt to make Bunyan and Spinoza the subjects of a common eulogy strikes us also as a little forced—an athletic exercise in toleration—and we cannot see that these two men of genius "arrived, if not quite, yet nearly, at a common end," although the very most is made of Spinoza's religion; indeed, Jowett seems to see more Christianity in Spinoza than Spinoza would perhaps have seen in Jowett.

But all these biographical studies are good reading, from that of Wycliffe to that of Pascal (which shows curious affinities with Pater's essay on the founder of French prose), and that of "Léon Gambetta and Archbishop Tait." The most valuable are those of the master's own personal friends, foremost among whom is Dean Stanley. Surely nothing more unlike the traditional panegyric was ever delivered than these curious funeral orations; scant in superlatives, strong in criticism, yet by no means wanting in appreciation. They are just what most wise men would wish to be said of them by their friends. For Queens a Bossuet; for Deans a Jowett. Certainly, praise from the Master was deserved; and when, having learned that Tait was "not a great scholar," that his lectures, though plain and clear, cut the knots "rather after the Gordian fashion," that his manners, though kind, were "sometimes what is called brusque," that "he has been charged with regardlessness of truth, and this, rightly explained, is not an accusation wholly without foundation"—when, after these deductions, we are told also of his self-reliance, good sense, courage, and energy in promoting good works, we feel that he must have possessed these latter qualities in a very high degree indeed. Jowett is a lesson to all biographers to pull themselves together and look facts in the face. He is, in truth, extraordinarily fair; and, while condemning the views of an opposing body of churchmen, he can throw in the remark, "But we must also remember that we cannot show the same devoted lives, the same willingness to give up worldly interests for the sake of an idea."

There are many valuable passages scattered up and down in this collection, as the description of mathematics, "the purest of knowledge, the truest of knowledge, the most luminous of knowledge," on pp. 201-2; or the comparison of faith without knowledge and knowledge without faith, on p. 57; or the defence of subscription to the Articles, the enumeration of "the weighty considerations which may induce men of a liberal cast of mind to take Orders at the present day," on p. 145. Once or twice he rises to higher flights:—

Yet we may be allowed to think of him as in the presence of God, with whom is the fountain of light, and in whom the parts of knowledge which we see through a glass darkly, the laws of nature, the truths of figures and numbers, the ideas of justice, love, and truth, which are his attributes, are beheld face to face. But there is no tongue of man or of angels in which such things can be expressed. We meditate on the infinite possibilities of another life, and are silent.

THE PARSON'S HANDBOOK, by the Rev. Percy Dearmer (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.), appears at an opportune moment. It is an attempt by a competent ecclesiologist, whose literary skill is as conspicuous as his absence of fanaticism, to guide "parsons and others" as to what is, as a matter of fact, the English use in all the details of the management of the parish church and its services. His point of view is thus stated:—

There can be no doubt that the only satisfactory settlement of the question of ceremonial will be through the constitution of an authoritative committee of experts, such as is recommended by the present Archbishop of York. Such a committee, deciding all the questions brought before it with strict impartiality and with exact knowledge, will secure the support of all loyal churchmen, and will gradually establish throughout

the land a type of service such as the Prayer-book contemplates, a service unequalled in Christendom for dignity, beauty, and reverence. But, meanwhile, something must be done, both to satisfy the consciences of those who cannot be content with mere nonconformity, and to establish the ceremonial of the future on a sound foundation. No individual, or unauthorized committee of individuals, has any right to dictate in such a matter. But yet much may be done in the way of suggestion; for, in the great majority of cases, it is now certain on what lines a committee of experts would decide.

It is a commendable undertaking to set down the main points which may be taken as settled by liturgical experts, and Mr. Dearmer has done his work extremely well, but his exposition of particular matters of ceremony will probably be accepted more readily than his view of what is, after all, the crux of the controversy—the Ornaments Rubric. He will not allow that the famous rubric refers to the first Prayer-book at all, on the ground that, though the first Prayer-book received Parliamentary authority in the second, it did not come into force till the third year of Edward the Sixth. The conclusion at which he thus arrives is that "the ornaments ordered by our Church are those of 1548, unless their use has been taken away by a rubric of the Book of Common Prayer." In fact, no ornaments whatever had been disallowed, except that the injunctions of 1547 had "ordered the removal of all shrines and everything connected with them, of those images which had been abused by offerings and other superstitious observances, and of those pictures which represented feigned miracles." Mr. Dearmer does not seem to leave much sense to the words, "By authority of Parliament," and shows no reason why the second year of Edward the Sixth was chosen as the standard date. Mr. Dearmer is a Ritualist (in the best sense), and he, of course, assumes that whatever is not expressly forbidden in the Prayer-book is allowed. The result at which he arrives by this method of reasoning is that every article that was to be found in any church cupboard, whether it can be shown to have been in the actual legal use or not, may be, and ought to be, still employed, and that we have practically no rule to go by except the usage of the medieval English Church as interpreted by archaeologists. This usage we have here set out. Into its details we have no space here to enter, but parsons may cheerfully accept Mr. Dearmer as an intelligent guide who has made a serious study of his subject. Of course, they cannot expect certainty. How uncertain usage may be is seen from Mr. Dearmer's disquisition on Colours, from which it appears that so grave a question as whether a confessor ought to be commemorated in green or yellow is still undecided. As befits a scientific student of the subject who believes that the English Church has a mind of her own, he expresses a strong objection to merely fancy ritual on the one side, and to the unintelligent following of Roman use on the other. Lastly, Mr. Dearmer has well-defined artistic views and instincts, and it is in "the vulgarity in the Church" that he finds a cause for the alienation of literary people from the Church. On this subject he is outspoken and even racy:—

For vulgarity in the long run always means cheapness, and cheapness means the tyranny of the sweater. It has been pointed out that the modern preacher often stands in a sweated pulpit, wearing a sweated surplice over a suit of clothes that were not produced under fair conditions, and holding a sweated book in one hand, and with the other he points to the machine-made cross at the jerry-built altar, and appeals to the sacred principles of mutual sacrifice and love.

This is from the "Introduction." In the remaining eight chapters, which have a list of authorities appended to them, the book is severely practical, though by no means dull or pedantic. And if any one, for instance, should be anxious to know what a "Tenebræ Herse" ought to be in a church where "they do things properly" he cannot do better than ask Mr. Dearmer.

SOME COMMENTARIES.

Canon Gore's PRACTICAL EXPOSITION OF THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS (Vol. I., Murray 3s. 6d.) will be read with very great interest. For this Epistle has been for at least three centuries the keystone of Christian controversy. Justification by faith,

predestination, election—these doctrines found their authority, or were thought to find their authority, in what St. Paul wrote to the Romans. Now the first half of this most interesting Epistle is here explained for us by a most interesting man. For Mr. Gore stands for the unifying influence of modern religious thought. The average member of Parliament and the average journalist are under the impression that we are on the eve of a religious Armageddon; nothing could be farther from the real truth; there has never been a time when men of opposite parties were so close together as now—thinking men, we mean, of course; the others do not count for more than a twelvemonth. The popularity of Canon Gore's writings with Nonconformists, Broad Churchmen, and High Anglicans alike is a sign that those who agree with the same person cannot be very far from agreeing with one another. How Mr. Gore deals with the deep problems of the most closely reasoned of all St. Paul's letters, we must leave readers to discover. His fairness and common sense are nowhere better shown than in his introductory essay on what Paul meant by "faith" and by "works," and on the rival claims of individualism and ecclesiasticism in religion. We rise from the book with a feeling of wonder that there could ever have been any controversy about these matters at all. Certainly, the misunderstandings of the past will not long survive the wider spirit of which Mr. Gore is so true an exponent.

The scope and limitations of *THE BOOK OF JOB*, by Edgar C. S. Gibson, D.D. (Oxford Commentaries, edited by Walter Lock, D.D., Methuen, 6s.), are clearly defined in the preface:—

The primary object is to be exegetical. The editors will not deal, except subordinately, with questions of textual criticism . . . but will aim at combining a hearty acceptance of critical principles with loyalty to the Catholic faith.

To a certain extent such a foreword disarms criticism; but it remains to the reviewer to point out what these prefatory remarks portend. Nearly all the points at which modern criticism has led to theologically unpleasant conclusions are passed circuitously. Take, for example, the rôle played by Satan. Of the origin and growth of Satanic belief among the Jews—of the change of view evident between 2 Samuel, "Jehovah moved David against Israel," and 1 Chronicles, "Satan stood up against Israel and moved David"—of the change by which the Divine attorney of Job I. and II., maliciously inclined against man, developed into the adversary of the Deity—of all this Dr. Gibson says next to nothing. He contents himself with an attempt to reconcile the portraiture in Job with that of the New Testament. Satan's entrée is taken to show that even now "we ought to regard him in some sort as having access to God." "But the whole subject of the fall of Satan is confessedly obscure." To take a second point. Dr. Gibson clings to the old inspiring interpretation of that famous passage, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," &c. While mentioning that alternative views exist, he does not think it necessary to notice that the old view has been abandoned by critics (except by those who regard the passage, in geological parlance, as an "error") almost unanimously. Dr. Cheyne's late contribution to the subject seems to have been quite overlooked.

It is in his patient, lucid, interest-sustaining explanations of the text that Dr. Gibson is at his best. Sometimes, as, e.g., with regard to Rahab, his notes are really admirable; and this fact makes one regret the more that he has not taken pains to make them always so. In the whole book there does not seem to be a single reference to the curious phenomena presented by the patristic quotations. When notice is taken of Job's aberration from Mosaic rule in making his daughters inherit with his sons, one misses a reference to the Talmudic sentence attributed to Christ, "The son and daughter shall inherit alike." Strangest of all is the omission to make any mention of the recently republished "Testament of Job." Dr. Gibson's work is primarily addressed, so he tells us in the preface, "to clergymen and theological students," and to this circumstance one may attribute its peculiar limitations. The author feels

restrained from telling his readers more than may be good for them. Of what is good enough for them he takes, we believe, too low a standard.

Both in respect of its scientific method and the thoroughness of its exegesis, *THE BOOKS OF SAMUEL*, by Dr. H. P. Smith (T. and T. Clark, 12s.), is worthy of its place in the International Critical Commentary. The task of the commentator is far from easy, owing to the serious corruptions of the Hebrew text, and the peculiar phenomena of "a complex historical process" which the Books of Samuel exhibit. On some points of criticism Professor Smith is cautious. For instance, he questions whether the two distinct streams of narrative found in I. Samuel, 1-15, can be unreservedly identified with J and E respectively. In one of the two documents he finds as many resemblances to the work of the Deuteronomic school as to that of the "Elohist." A useful section of the introduction is devoted to the "Religious Ideas of the Books of Samuel." Professor Smith draws attention to the traces of pre-prophetic religion which survive in these books, and also to the comparatively low and primitive conceptions of Deity. The commentary is the most complete and minute hitherto published by an English-speaking scholar.

Dr. Swete, in his *THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MARK* (Macmillan, 15s.), says that the second Gospel "has gained far less attention than it deserves." The present magnificent edition certainly supplies a want which has been long felt by students of the New Testament. It is strange that the vivid narrative of St. Mark attracted so little attention among early expositors. No doubt there was a common impression "that the second Gospel was a mere abridgment of the first," and that Mark was a mere *pedisequens et brevior* of Matthew. Recently the practical certainty that the second Gospel stands nearest (at least in its main portions) to the common source has enhanced its historical importance, and in this commentary ample justice is done to Mark's peculiar excellences as a narrator of facts. Dr. Swete, on the whole, adheres to the traditional view of St. Mark's connexion with St. Peter. With regard to the last twelve verses of the Gospel, he approves Mr. F. C. Conybeare's suggestion that their true author is Aristion, who is said by Papias to have been, with John the presbyter, a disciple of Christ. Probably the verses belong to a collection of Aristion's "expositions" (*διηγήσεις*) of Christ's teaching, and became attached to the second Gospel as a "genuine relic of the first generation." The whole introduction is very careful and scholarly, one section being of exceptional value—viz., that in which Dr. Swete describes the "external conditions of the life of Christ as depicted by St. Mark." The notes represent the very best style of Cambridge scholarship, and suggest comparison with the commentaries of Bishop Lightfoot. At every point the importance to the New Testament expositor of an intimate acquaintance with the Septuagint is made apparent. There are one or two points which demanded fuller treatment in an excursus or additional note. We could have wished for a discussion of Jewish demonology, a subject which the second Gospel brings into prominence. On the whole, however, the commentary leaves little or nothing to be desired, and its attractiveness is enhanced by Dr. Swete's frequent quotation of the spiritual and devotional comments of Jerome, Bede, and other patristic writers. Another valuable feature of the book is the complete index of words used by the evangelist. Finally a reviewer can but cordially endorse the well-deserved compliment paid in the preface to the workmen and readers of the University Press.

Professor Hort's *FIRST EPISTLE OF ST. PETER*, 1: 1-2: 17 (Macmillan, 6s.), is unfortunately only a fragment of a fragment. It was a part of a commentary originally designed to be one of the author's contributions to a great scheme, which he formed in 1860 in conjunction with the late and present Bishops of Durham, of an exegetical series upon all the books of the New Testament, interpreting them "with loyal obedience to the strictest rules of criticism to the most exact scholarship, and to the frankest

historical inquiry." It is therefore a sad reminder of one of the most important proposals ever made by a brilliant knot of scholars, but destined unhappily to fall very far short of fulfilment. It is, of course, characterized by that refinement of scholarship, reverence of mind, and "infinite power of taking pains" which always marked Professor Hort's work. It necessarily suffers by the circumstances under which it comes out, and there are questions which the student would desire to have discussed but which go without discussion. In his essay on "The Provinces of Asia Minor included in St. Peter's Address" he makes a suggestive addition to Ewald's theory in explanation of the order of the enumeration. There is an interesting "Introductory Notice" by Bishop Westcott, and the book is edited with the utmost care and loyalty to its author.

It is to be hoped that Mr. G. W. Garrod's ANALYSIS OF THE EPISTLE TO THE COLOSSIANS (Macmillan, 3s. n.) will have the sale it deserves. People who have not time or money for Lightfoot and Godet can yet obtain a reasonable mastery of the Epistle with the help of this analysis. We wonder how many of those who read the Bible as a religious duty take the trouble to understand what its writers really meant. The increase of sound and sensible commentaries makes one hope that the number is becoming larger than it was. The arrangement of Mr. Garrod's book is remarkably clear; on one page is the text, generally one verse only, which leaves a generous space for MS. notes; the Authorised Version is printed in full, and in a column by its side are those words which are altered in the Revised Version; the opposite page is full of notes, both critical and explanatory; and the more suggestive passages from other commentators are quoted. The book concludes with questions and an index, and contains an introduction, biographical and geographical notes, a comparison with the Epistle to the Ephesians, both a short and a detailed analysis, and three most interesting pages on the Creed as embodied in this Epistle. It would be difficult to suggest any improvement.

We can only hope that the result of the constant output of Commentaries, of which Professor A. B. Bruce's new book on the EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS (T. and T. Clark, 7s. 6d.) is an excellent example, will be to make the Bible more and more a reasonable basis for our common Christianity. The washy sermon is really a crime, when any one who is not mentally deficient can easily, by the expenditure of 7s. 6d. (for instance), talk sense for six months about the Epistle to the Hebrews. Dr. Bruce's book is rather a series of expositions than a strict commentary; in twenty-one chapters he explains the teaching of this Epistle, so attractive by reason of the beauty of its style, so misleading if the circumstances of its composition are ignored. It was written to Jewish Christians who clung to their old rites, and found it hard to accept the humane simplicity of the Gospel and the humiliation of Christ. This being so, it is hardly necessary to say that certain ingenious Germans discovered that it was not written to Hebrews at all, a theory which shows the refined sense of humour of which the Teutonic mind is capable.

We are glad to see a new edition of Dr. Plummer's THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE (T. and T. Clark, 12s.). The author will find some satisfaction in the fact that his cautious and judicious treatment of the problem of the "Census" (St. Lk. ii. 1 foll.) has been amply justified by the recent investigation of the subject in Professor Ramsay's volume, "Was Christ born at Bethlehem?" It may be safely said that this careful and elaborate edition will not be quickly, nor, indeed, ever, wholly superseded.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

POURTRAITS IMAGINAIRES, par Walter Pater, traduits par Georges Khnopff (Mercure de France, 3f. 50). The latest edition to the series of "Foreign Authors," edited by M. Henry D. Davray, should find acceptance in France. No English writer more

scrupulously worked in accord with the paramount French literary tradition than Walter Pater. Not that Pater was an Englishman who wrote as a Frenchman; far from it. He learned a great lesson, but it was a lesson of art only; the lesson of the application of the finest means of expression to the winnowed residue of thought. If any wish to discern how essentially English Pater is, or how absolutely a Northerner, now Flemish, now Anglo-Saxon, let him read this translation of the "Imaginary Portraits." M. Khnopff has acquitted himself well in a task which might have daunted the most daring. But we must add that the "Imaginary Portraits" is incomparably superior to the "Portraits Imaginaires." M. Khnopff's rendering is always faithful, and sometimes admirable; but that living spirit of art which animates the original is absent. We have the voice, but not the intonation; the subtle words, but not the subtle accent. Is it the fault of the language or what, that one reads unmoved so able as well as literal a translation as:—

Il y a un ton en lui qui me frappe comme s'accordant bien avec la grâce de ces bouleaux sans feuilles qui se détachent sur le ciel, l'argent pâle de leur écorce et une certaine délicate odeur de ruine qui s'élève du sol.

and is moved by the (at first sight) seemingly equivalent:—

There is a tone about it all which strikes me as going well with the grace of these leafless birch trees against the sky, the silver of their bark, and a certain delicate odour of decay which rises from the soil.

In fact, the scrupulous sobriety, the rarefied art of Pater, is beyond the reach of absolutely equivalent translation.

In reading this book and M. Khnopff's translation of Mr. Arthur Symons' admirable essay on Pater one is struck by the thought that Pater's work is too Flemish, too Anglo-Saxon in thought, to read as well in French, for all its æsthetic kinship with that language; while the essay of Mr. Symons, on the other hand—and Mr. Symons is the most French in style of all our younger writers—seems finer in M. Khnopff's version than in the original.

A PICTURESQUE HISTORY OF YORKSHIRE (Dent, 1s. n., in eighteen monthly parts), which Mr. J. S. Fletcher is writing, may be judged by the first part, entitled "The Humber and Ouse, from Spurn Head to Howden." The whole will prove to be a useful addition to our county histories. The author has not only made use of his researches among other writers, but also of a wide personal observation and an acute sense of the picturesque. In the present issue he is well supported by the small army of artists which is engaged with him. Mr. Herbert Railton is at his best with the west front of York Minster, his gargoyles of Patrington, and his sketches of Hedon; Mr. William Hyde lends the magic of his romantic method to such subjects as Hull from the Humber, and the Lighthouses on Spurn Head; and the many other drawings all add interest to the book. In an easy and agreeable fashion the author travels from Spurn Head to Howden, and everywhere finds subject for his notes and inspiration for his researches. We have seldom seen a more promising "first part" of a popular historical and topographical work.

Serving his country at a station of no particular importance on the Ganges, Mr. Mark Thornhill had a good deal of leisure on his hands. He spent much of it in observing the birds and beasts and insects, and he kept a diary. Out of the material thus accumulated, he has built a book, HAUNTS AND HOBBIES OF AN INDIAN OFFICIAL (Murray, 6s.), mostly consisting of stray notes on the phenomena of his Indian garden. It is a curiously amorphous book, shifting from ants to elephants, and from locusts to narcotics, with what seems like reckless defiance of all known laws of the association of ideas. But it is light reading, and gives a clear picture of certain phases of the life of Indian Civil servants. Ants seem to have been the inhabitants of his garden which had the greatest fascination for Mr. Thornhill. His first chapter is exclusively devoted to them; and if you open any later chapter at random you will almost certainly find that he has returned to them. He made experiments to test their intelligence, satisfying himself, by the most careful and

conclusive methods, that a single ant, on discovering something good to eat, straightway went off and communicated his discovery to all the other ants; and he organized battles between ants and ant-lions, and watched the strategy and tactics of the campaigns. Though one cannot say that the book is brilliantly written, amateurs of natural history will certainly read it with a lively interest.

Fourteen bright and sensible essays, mostly on subjects which concern married women and young women who wish to be married, are brought together in *SALVAGE*, by Lady Magnus (Nutt, 1s.). The views of the essayist are what is called "old-fashioned." She is opposed to high schools and examinations, holding that a knowledge of cookery and house work is more to the point than a knowledge of the dead languages and the higher mathematics. Yet her pen is trenchant, and, in a controversy, she would certainly hold her own against any girl graduate of our acquaintance.

Vol. XI. of the *GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE LIBRARY* (Stock, 7s. 6d.), edited by Mr. Laurence Gomme, is devoted to the topography of Staffordshire and Suffolk, and is as usual a storehouse of quaint information, as, for example:—

At Walsall a very remarkable custom still prevails. On the eve of Epiphany a gift of one penny is regularly distributed to every person resident in the borough and neighbouring villages. The origin is uncertain. Some say a person of the name of Roxley, hearing a child cry for bread on that day, was so affected that he vowed the like should never occur again, and so he left his manor of Bescot as means to prevent it. And so forth, for the passage quoted is typical of many.

ON *CENTENARIANS* (Layton, 7s. 6d.) is the title of a carefully-written work setting forth the results of certain inquiries instituted by Mr. T. E. Young, formerly President of the Institute of Actuaries. He particularly writes upon the difficulty of proving "centenarianism," and draws our attention to the fact that only twenty-two indisputable examples of it are known to the Insurance offices, one of them being the eminent Sir Moses Montefiore. It appears that more females than males, more annuitants than assured persons, and more spinsters than wives live to be one hundred years of age. The prize, however, falls to a widow, who was born before the Reign of Terror, and lived until the year of the Diamond Jubilee; the longest lived of the males was born nine years before the Declaration of American Independence, and lived to see the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War. The part of the book devoted to this branch of the subject is very interesting; the later chapters, which discuss the ages attributed to the patriarchs in the Book of Genesis, are less worthy of serious attention.

If Mr. Alexander Macpherson of Kingussie, who is obviously an enthusiastic antiquary as well as a loyal clansman, has not thrown much fresh light either upon the Highland rising in 1689 or upon the '45 in his *GLEANINGS FROM THE CHARTER CHEST AT CLUNY CASTLE* (Inverness, *Northern Chronicle* Office), his burrowing industry has enabled him to unearth a number of letters from such historical personages as Dundee and his Killiecrankie opponent Mackay, Prince Charles, Lord George Murray, and Lochiel. Cluny Castle has always been the residence of the Chief of the Clan Macpherson, who was invariably a good Jacobite. So he was in the habit of receiving friendly epistles from the leaders of the different Risings, and letters occasionally the reverse of friendly from the other side. It is rather to be regretted that Mr. Macpherson has burdened his brochure—his own writing in which is always to the point—with long extracts from forgotten authors.

IN THE *CYCLOPEDIA OF HOME ARTS* (Pearson, 7s. 6d. n.), by Mr. Montague Marks, we have an indication of the great increase both in numbers and intelligence among all the educated classes of those who practise technical art. The book certainly meets a want, and the strictly practical nature of its counsels is a refreshing contrast to many of the innumerable manuals on special arts, such, for instance, as landscape painting, which already exist. It is

fairly exhaustive—treating of drawing and painting in all their branches, and in their latest developments, and on a variety of materials—and not neglecting as a distinct branch of art that of "approaching the publisher"—of modelling, wood carving, leather decoration, metal work, and applied design of various kinds. We do not regret the space saved by omitting any full treatment, for beginners, of photography, and we welcome the place devoted to its stead to taxidermy. The book is well and fully illustrated, and will be found, we think, of real practical value in the home.

Mr. F. H. Deverell visited the Holy Land as "one of a party under the direction of Mr. Cook." In *MY TOUR IN PALESTINE AND SYRIA* (Eyre and Spottiswoode), he has written the most thoroughly pious book of travels that we remember having read. The note is struck quite early in the volume. A casual acquaintance had suggested to the author that a British occupation of Palestine was predicted in Nahum II. 3, 4, and that the passage, in question, also indicated that the British soldiers—"the valiant men in scarlet"—would be conveyed to their destination by railway. Mr. Deverell's comment is:—

For my part, if this interpretation is correct, I am struck with the boldness of the Prophet in writing these words, not understanding them, and with his entire sense of duty, his implicit obedience, his complete surrender to be led by the inspiring Spirit within him. If, too, this explanation is the true one, and a British occupation of Palestine is really predicted in the Bible, what a splendid thing such an event would be!

The whole book is in this tone and will be appreciated by devotional travellers who follow in the author's track. It contains a good map, and is illustrated with photographs of moderate merit.

We are not quite sure that it was worth while for Mr. Bernard W. Kelly to write the *LIFE OF HENRY BENEDICT STUART, CARDINAL DUKE OF YORK* (Washbourne). The Cardinal in question is principally remarkable because he was a splendid pluralist, and because, after proclaiming himself Henry IX. of England, he accepted a pension from George III., who had previously had occasion to put a price upon his brother's head. It is clearly better for the reputation of such a Cardinal that the world should be allowed to forget all about him. Still, Mr. Kelly has written his biography passably well, and the members of the Order of the White Rose will, no doubt, be curious to read it. Now and again Mr. Kelly's desire to show that the Roman Catholic religion enjoys a special measure of Divine protection leads him to make statements scarcely warranted by the facts. On page 96, for example, we are invited to observe the Pope "relying for aid on that Almighty power which has ever preserved the Holy See in the hour of danger"; while on page 98 we are told that "the halls of the Vatican resounded with the shouts of an exultant soldiery," that "the Vicar of Christ stood alone amidst flashing sabres and bristling bayonets," and that "the Tricolour waved over the Castle of St. Angelo." The collocation of these passages produces an impression which a more adroit dialectician would have avoided.

EUROPEAN HISTORY (Macmillan, 6s. 6d. n.), by George Burton Adams, of the University of Yale, is the most recent of American school-books; and the most important thing about an American school-book is its politics. For a long while—until quite lately, in fact—these were such as to teach the lads of the United States to regard Englishmen as their natural enemies. In "The Land of the Dollar" Mr. G. W. Steevens quoted some truly terrible examples. By Professor Burton Adams this policy is reversed. Even in writing of the War of Independence he does not spread the Eagle further than it will conveniently go; and he concludes by pointing out that his country and ours—the two great Anglo-Saxon nations—are doing, and have to do, different phases of the same work—"of training up to freedom millions upon millions of alien and uneducated races." It is, in fact, "The White Man's Burden" translated into sober prose for use in schools. It is a pleasure to add that Professor Adams' book is also admirable as a text-book. Shorter and less comprehensive than the similar work by Mr. Lodge, it is better.

adapted to the particular requirements of schoolboys. It contains eight coloured historical maps.

Books of purely local interest are always sure of commanding a certain limited circulation; and we believe that in Norfolk the number of collectors of everything printed which at all concerns East Anglia is curiously large. It is hard to see what attraction *SOME NORFOLK WORTHIES*, by the late Mrs. Herbert Jones (Jarrold, 3s. 6d.), contains for any readers not specially interested in Norfolk and Norwich. Nelson's Letters to Sir Thomas Troubridge, indeed, are valuable, and deserved to be made more easily accessible than they were in the *Century Magazine*; and the short sketch of the Princess Pocahontas, with its really lovely portrait of "the great king's daughter of Virginia," is a useful little reminder of an incident which is not without its romantic side. But the essay on "A Poet of the Eighteenth Century" is very thin, and that on the "Worthies of Norwich," which runs to nearly 120 pages, ten of which are filled with extracts in small print form of poems of Henry Earl of Surrey, is a dreary piece of work—a literary attempt to make bricks without straw. Mrs. Herbert Jones was, we believe, a daughter of Mr. Daniel Gurney; as such she was in duty bound to stand by her clan; and, accordingly, we have in this volume a rather attractive memoir of Mrs. Fry and her philanthropic work. Here again the portrait is a striking one. We commend the volume to the usually friendly reception which such books may reasonably expect to receive from East Anglians. We are sorry that we can say no more.

Mr. Edward Carpenter's *ANGELS' WINGS* (Sonnenschein, 6s.) is an enthusiastic book on the fine arts. His remarks are sometimes suggestive, especially in the chapter on the representation of angels' wings in painting and sculpture, where he deals with the difficulty of reconciling wings with the anatomy of the human body. But, on the whole, the book suffers too much from the author's continual attempt to be eloquent, and from his tendency to over-estimate the emotional as opposed to the scientific element in art. "Naïve" does not seem to be a very appropriate epithet to apply to the frieze of the Parthenon, coming as it did at the end of a long series of scientific work of the same kind; not surely, as Mr. Carpenter says, at the moment when the Greeks were emerging from barbarism into civilization, but more than a hundred years after the death of Solon. The same one-sided view of art leads him to regard the perfection of Mozart as "often rather a cheap perfection," and to the remark that "Mozart might care to create a lovely tune; Beethoven's first need was to say what he had to say." This distinction not only implies—what is untrue—that Mozart sacrificed meaning to melody, but leaves out of count the immense amount of scientific resource which he showed in developing "what he had to say," every bit as characteristic of him as the beauty of his tunes. It would be easy to quote many other equally misleading passages, but we have only space to regret that a writer of Mr. Carpenter's capability should have given us such arbitrary sketches of the history of art; and to hope that, if he gives us another work, he will strike out from his vocabulary such words as "mediumship," "mass-people," "shadow-celestials," "gigantesque," and "forthright."

A TREATISE ON PHOTOGRAPHIC OPTICS, by R. S. Cole (Sampson Low, 6s.). "Photographers" and "Dabblers" are, in the vast majority of instances, convertible terms. That this should be so is, at first sight, somewhat puzzling, seeing that photography summons to its aid so large a portion of the beautiful science of Optics and so large and interesting a portion of the science of Chemistry. But, as a matter of fact, the reason is not far to seek. First of all, as the author of this work rightly remarks, "the photographer is dazzled by the results of his work and his main idea is to turn out each picture more perfect than the preceding one"; in other words as the late Col. Russell paradoxically expressed it, "Photography would be a most interesting subject were it not for the pictures." Secondly, to quote again the words of the author, "writers on optics have for some occult reason deemed

it necessary to surround the simplest optical matters with a cloud of symbols repulsive to those who are not mathematically minded"; and writers on the chemistry of photography have been equally "repulsive" in another way, owing to the obscurity of the subject. Thirdly, photography, being from its earliest infancy a source of gain, has attracted into its ranks a number of men who know little and care less about the scientific aspects of the art; and to-day, by reason of the wonderful facilities offered by enterprising manufacturers who work on the principle of you-press-the-button-we-do-the-rest, dabblers are almost as numerous as professionals. We do not suggest that no one should be allowed to take a photograph until he can show a certificate of attendance at a six months' course of evening lectures on optics and chemistry, but we do suggest that the interest of photography would be enhanced tenfold, if the taker of pretty pictures would try to master the elements of these two sciences and understand their bearing on the art of "snapshotting." So far as books can aid him in this laudable purpose the photographer has several excellent treatises on the chemical side of the question, not the least excellent being Professor Meldola's well-known work. Then, as to Optics, there is the present volume. "The object of this treatise is to provide an account of the principles of Optics, so far as they apply to photography, in a form which is of scientific value, while not of too abstruse a nature to place it beyond the reach of all but the professional mathematician or physicist." The author has thus set himself the always difficult task of steering a middle course. In our opinion he has, on the whole, done this successfully though we think he would have been better advised had he not gone quite so deeply into the subject; the amateur, however earnest he may be, is easily repelled and the author has treated him to too many pages of "repulsive symbols" and over elaborate tests. "Photographic Optics" is, we are afraid, quite over the head of the "snapshotter," but it should prove helpful and interesting to the more serious photographer.

Mrs. Edgeworth David's *FUNAFUTI* (Murray, 12s.) is described as an unscientific account of a scientific expedition to an island of the Ellice Group not very far from Samoa. The purpose of the expedition was to put a diamond drill down a coral atoll, and bring up a core of rock from a depth of 500ft. or so, in order to test the truth of Darwin's coral atoll theory. Mrs. David frankly admits that it was a matter of absolute indifference to her whether Darwin's theory was true or not; but as her husband, Professor David, of the Sydney University, had undertaken to go to Funafuti and investigate the matter, she went with him and looked on. Her concluding chapter on "What the Expedition Accomplished" shows that she was an intelligent, if not a sympathetic, spectator of the operations. Such statements as "excessive monkeying telescoped the lining pipes" indicate an acquaintance with the technicalities of engineering which is seldom acquired by those who are content to judge engineering by its results. In the main, however, Mrs. David's book is merely anecdotal. She gossips about the natives—their morals, their missionaries, their schools, their entertainments—in a bright and chatty style. The most interesting chapter is that which gives literal translations, furnished by a Sydney clergyman, of thirty-one native songs. Most of these, it seems, are songs composed, for educational purposes, on Biblical stories, or geography, astronomy, or natural history. Geography, for instance, is represented by

Oh! Thames! The river on which London stands!
Measure its miles inland—measure its miles inland!

Astronomy by:—

There are two moons revolving around the planets at the back of Saturn.

And Biblical stories by:—

Paul said to Timothy, e! He should leave off drinking cold water, e! but drink some wine as good for his sickness. Give the cup of Kava to him who is thirsty, e! Leave off drinking cold water, e!

The book, which is excellent reading, is satisfactorily illustrated by photographs.

FOR A COPY OF "THE COMPLEAT ANGLER."

"*Le rêve de la vie champêtre a été de tout temps l'idéal des villes.*"—GEORGE SAND.

I care not much how men prefer
To dress your *Chub* or *Chavender*;—
I care no whit for line or hook,
But still I love old IZAAK'S book,
Wherein a man may read at ease
Of "gandergrass" and "culverkeys,"
Or with half-pitying wonder, note
What *Topsell*, what *Du Bartas* wrote,
Or list the song, by *Maudlin* sung,
That *Marlowe* made when he was young:—
These things, in truth, delight me more
Than all old IZAAK'S angling lore.

These were his Secret. What care I
How men construct the Hawthorn-fly,
Who could as soon make Syllabub
As catch your *Chavender* or *Chub*;
And might not, in ten years, arrive
At baiting hooks with frogs, alive!—
But still I love old IZAAK'S page,
Old IZAAK'S simple *Golden Age*,
Where blackbirds flute from ev'ry bough,
Where lasses "milk the sand-red cow,"
Where lads are "sturdy football swains,"
And nought but soft "May-butter" rains;
Where you may breathe untainted air
Either at *Hodsden* or at *Ware*;
And sing, or slumber, or look wise
Till *Phæbus* sink adown the skies,
Then, laying rod and tackle by,
Choose out some "cleanly Alehouse" nigh,
With ballads "stuck about the wall,"
Of *Joan of France* or *English Mall*—
With sheets that smell of lavender—
There eat your *Chub* (or *Chavender*),
And keep old IZAAK'S honest laws
For "Mirth that no repenting draws"—
To wit, a friendly stave or so,
That goes to *Heigh-trollicie-loe*,
Or more to make the ale-can pass,
A hunting song of *William Basse*—
Then talk of fish, and fishy diet,
And dream you "Study to be quiet."

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Among my Books.

SWISS SCHOLARS IN THE ALPS.

Students of mountaineering literature have discovered that they can hardly follow the subject back for a century without finding themselves in the midst of the Dark Ages. *Alpina*—a civilized Alpine journal much on the modern lines—made its first appearance in 1806. In its pages Ulysses von Salis and Escher von der Linth exhorted the tourists to climb the giants of the Oberland; but they were preaching to a generation which took little interest in climbing. The statement of the leading guide-book of the period that a visit to the glaciers requires "undaunted

intrepidity," and that Grindelwald is the "least dangerous" place from which to inspect them, may be taken to give the measure of their ambitions and their powers; while their point of view is fairly put by the French General Guibert who visited Grindelwald in 1784. He had looked at one glacier, and his guide had invited him to go and look at another. "But," he says, "I was satisfied with looking at it from a distance. It could have taught me nothing more, and I have seen as much of the glaciers as I ever wish to see."

From the modern standpoint nothing could be more wrongheaded. But let the tourists pass. The Swiss, who owe so much to foreign tourists, may at least boast that they are not indebted for the tourists for the early exploration of their mountains, or to the early books about them. So far as this was attended to at all in early times, they attended to it themselves; and Swiss scholars are entitled to reflect with pride that nearly all the early mountaineers were professors at their universities. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, we have the Geneva professors—de Saussure and the rest—exploring the mountains of Savoy. In the middle of the same century we have the Berne professors—Altmann and Gruner—turning out ponderous tomes on the snow mountains of the Oberland. Further back, at various dates, scattered over a period of two hundred years, we find the Zurich professors—Scheuchzer, Simler, and the great Conrad Gesner—going to and fro, over the passes, and up the hill sides, mainly for their instruction, and partly also for their amusement. They all wrote books about their mountain travels—rare books that are not to be picked up every day—books written, for the most part, in barbarous Latin, and printed with abbreviations most puzzling to the reader—but books which, when one can get them, it is delightful to pull down and turn over.

Professor Scheuchzer, for example, is a very charming personality; and his *Opusculum Helveticum*, published in 1723, is a very fascinating book. One's respect for him is established on a sound basis by the frequent indications that he climbed from a stern sense of duty, and not because he liked it. He was evidently a short-winded person. For he wrote: *Anhelosæ quidem sunt scansiones montium*; and he gave out that the name of the Gemmi was derived from the Latin *gemitus*, a groan—*quod non nisi cum crebris gemitibus superetur*. But there were Alpine problems awaiting solution, and he felt that he was the man to solve them. Were there, or were there not, dragons in the Alps? To the settlement of that question he devoted the best years of an active life. He thought there must be dragons there, because, with his own eyes, he had seen a "dragon-stone" in a private museum at Lucerne; and he knew that the stone in question must be a dragon-stone, because there was sworn testimony to the effect that it had been tried as a medicine, and cured "plague, dysentery, diarrhœa, poison, hemorrhage, and bleeding of the nose." So, year after year, Professor Scheuchzer panted about the mountains, looking for the dragon. He never found one, but he examined all likely witnesses with the zeal of a special commissioner, and

issued a report of the evidence which he had collected. His book is full of pictures of these beasts, drawn from the descriptions furnished.

Professor Gesner, though he flourished nearly two hundred years earlier than Professor Scheuchzer, was of a far less credulous disposition. But he also was concerned with the solution of a problem. There was a legend, which we read in the History of Lombardy, of Jacobus de Voragine, Bishop of Genoa, published in 1290, to the effect that the body of Pontius Pilate had found its last resting-place in the marshy lake on the top of Pilatus, "where, according to some accounts, certain diabolic machinations and ebullitions are still seen." Vadianus of St. Gallen had climbed the mountain in 1518, in order to investigate the matter, and had printed the results of his researches in (of all places in the world) a commentary on the *De Orbis Situ* of Pomponius Mela. He had been told that, if he flung a stone into the lake, Pilate would stir up a tempest; and, though he did not venture upon the experiment, he declared himself "moved to accept the greater number of the stories, in view of the marvels of nature which are established by the experience and authority of many observers, and have received confirmation in almost every quarter of the globe." This confession of faith sounded like a challenge in the ears of Professor Conrad Gesner. How he took the challenge up, and instituted inquiries of his own, may be read in his *Descriptio Montis Fracti juxta Lucernam* (Zurich, 1555).

It is a book that is a pleasure to dwell upon, because it breathes the mountaineering, as well as the scientific, spirit. Everything delights Gesner—the exercise, the cheese, the view, the solitude. "There is nothing here," he says, "to annoy the ears, nothing to importune them—no tumults or noises from the cities, no brawls from men at strife. Here, from the lofty mountain crests, in a deep and solemn stillness, you will seem to hear the very harmony (if there be such a thing) of the celestial spheres." As for the toil and hardship, he refuses to consider them; though he remarks that those who are not satisfied with the rude mountain fare can have other food carried up for them by their servants. And, he adds, "It will be pleasant to remember the toils and the dangers after they are over, to think of them, and to talk of them to your friends. Nay, more, the very pleasure derived from future rest is the greater when it follows upon hard work, and a man's health is strengthened by it—provided that, as I assume, he is a man of moderately vigorous constitution."

This, though written in the sixteenth century, is as modern as may be; and hardly less modern is the Professor's downright pronouncement on the Pilate legend: "This belief, having no *raison d'être* in the laws of nature, commands no credence from me." Let us leave him to the glory which it gives him, and pass on to the one earlier Swiss scholar who climbed and wrote a book about his climbing.

His name was Johann Müller (though he wrote as Rhellicanus), and he was a Professor at the University of Berne. The mountain which he climbed was the Stockhorn near Thun, and his account of the ascent is

contained in a set of hexameters—very poor hexameters for a Professor—dedicated to Dr. Peter Cunzen, clergyman, of Berne. The poem has little to say about the sublimities of nature, but is principally concerned with the refreshments of which the picnics partook. They had four meals on the way up, and three on the way down—a grand total of seven meals in all. I have ventured upon the experiment of rendering the hexameters into English verse. An example or two may illustrate the spirit of the expedition. Here we observe the party at the moment when they reach the summit.

Thus to deceive the tedious hours we tried,
And then went up a ridge scarce three feet wide;
Thence over fields and pasture lands until,
Through rocks, and towering crags, we've climbed the hill,
And reach the Stockhorn's top. Whence, looking down,
Eastward we see lakes, marshes, and a town,
The torrents of the Simmenthal,—to West
Mountains like billows on the sea's broad breast.

The refreshment department next demands attention and receives it.

Our eyes are sated: 'tis our stomach's turn.
Making a rock our table, we adjourn
To chamois' shoulder, wine, and bread and cheese.
Our rude forefathers lived on meals like these—
The elder Swiss who craved nor foreign spice,
Nor foreign wars, but peace at any price.
While thus we lunch, a cowherd comes and makes
A little offering of milk and cakes.
Pleasant, indeed, we find this second meal;
Like Attic gourmets at dessert we feel;
For A is eating sausages while B
Drinks milk; cream cheese is good enough for C.

On their way down the picnics shot a ptarmigan. Arriving, after further refreshment, at the foot of the mountain, they were hospitably received, and invited to supper, by the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood.

Young men and old, all toasted us the same,
One filled our goblets in the nation's name,
An aged gentleman of fluent speech,
Like Hector, and—so wide his broad lands reach—
As rich as Croesus—called Lenberrius—
A man of mark, and very vigorous.
And Lupus welcomes this man; that man's light
A third host takes from him. His smile is bright,
He welcomes all, the Master of the Feast;
Whereby we see old customs have not ceased,
But the Swiss manners of old time survive,—
The Simmenthal is keeping them alive,
By kindness to the stranger. Supper done,
We rose and said goodbye to every one,
Vowed that, so long as life stayed with us yet,
Their hospitality we'd ne'er forget.
Then once more started on the homeward track,
And on the morrow to the town got back.

So the poem ends, and such is the manner in which the Swiss scholars cultivated their mountains in the sixteenth century.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

SHAKESPEARE'S "TEMPEST."

II.

A very close following of the narrative by Shakespeare is shown in the following. There are no rivers in Bermuda, and the first care of Sir George Somers was to find springs and dig wells, and often they found they got brackish or salt water in them. (A

well is still shown in St. George's as Sir George Somers' well). Caliban on three occasions refers to fresh springs. Act I., Sc. II. :—

And showed thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile.

Act II., Sc. II. :—

I'll show thee the best springs.

Act III., Sc. II. :—

He shall drink nought but brine ; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Also Prospero threatens Ferdinand as follows, Act I., Sc. II., 462 :—

Sea-water shalt thou drink,

Strachey tells us that " in Furbushers Bay wee had a large Sein or Trammel net, which our Governor caused to be made of the Deere Toyles which we were to carry to Virginia, with which we have taken 5,000 of small and great fish at one haul." This was doubtless in Shakespeare's mind when he makes Caliban sing. Act II., Sc. II. :—" No more dams I'll make for fish." For some cause or other Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers took up their abode in different parts of the island, and Ariel says :—

In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.

Strachey's narrative, only, tells of several mutinies which took place during the time spent on the island, in which we find the hint for Antonio's meditated crime, and the revolt of Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo. Whilst Gonzalo's commonwealth is, of course, taken from Florio's Montaigne, it is curious to note that the mutineers in Bermuda had somewhat similar ideas in their minds.

Strachey tells how " the outlaws retired into the woods to make an habitation and settlement there, but happily found out, were condemned to the same punishment they would have chosen, and to an island farre by themselves were carried and there left," and Caliban complains Act I., Sc. II. :—

And here you sty me
In this hard rock, whilst you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

The shipwrecked crew were principally employed in fishing, gathering berries, digging wells, capturing sea birds, and cutting wood for the two pinnaces which were built. This round of duties agrees very accurately with those of Caliban, Act II., Sc. II. :—

I'll show thee the best springs ; I'll pluck thee berries ;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve !
I'll bear him no more sticks,
I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow ;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts ;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset ; I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock.

In a note to the Temple Edition of the *Tempest*, I find that " scamels " is " evidently some kind of rock breeding bird, not yet satisfactorily explained." In one edition of Shakespeare that I have it is written " seamells." It is, perhaps, a pleasing task to explain it satisfactorily and to add another important piece of evidence to my contention at the same time. It is undoubtedly simply a mis-reading for " sea-mews." It is obvious that sea-mews in manuscript can be easily mistaken for " sca-mells." I would like to know whether the first Folio uses the single or double " l." Strachey and Jourdan both describe at some length " a kind of web-footed fowle of the bigness of a ' sea-mew,' that have their burrows in the ground like coneyes in a warren, which all the summer we saw not and in the darkest nights of November and December (for in the night they onely feed) they would come forth but not fly farre from home, and howling in the ayre make a strange hollow and harsh howling. Our men found a pretty way to take them, which was by standing on the rocks or sands by the sea-side, and hollowing, laughing, and making the strangest outcry that possibly they could ; with the noise thereof the Birds would come and settle upon the very arms and head of him who cried ; by

which our men would weigh them in their hands, and which weighed the heaviest they tooke." " With many young birds very sweete and fat."

Notice Act II., Sc. I. 185 :—

Seb. We would so and then go bat-fowling.

Such a " traveller's tale " would undoubtedly impress Shakespeare, and, therefore, he makes Caliban say, to cap the climax of his proffered services :—

And sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-mews from the rocks.

This sea bird became known later in Bermuda as the " Cahow " from the curious noise it made, but it has been extinct for at least twenty-five years. There is a MS. " Historie of the Bermudaes " in the Sloane collection at the British Museum, which has been published by the Hakluyt Society. It is supposed to have been written by Capt. John Smith, 1624. I find in it the following reference to this sea bird :—" For the cahowe (for so sounds his voice) it is a night bird, and all day long lies hid in holes of the rocks, where both themselves and their young are in great numbers extracted with ease, and prove (especially the young) so pleasing in a dish as I am ashamed to tell how many dozen of them have been devoured by some one of our northern stomachs at one meal."

A remarkable parallel can be drawn between Strachey's Narrative and the *Tempest*, in reference to the employment of cutting wood and carrying logs. It forms an important feature in both cases, being the hardest toil of the shipwrecked mariners of the *Sea Venture*, and the cause of their mutiny, as also the task set to Ferdinand and Caliban, at which the latter rebels. Speaking of the building of the pinnaces, Strachey says :—" For the furtherance of which, the Governor, persuading as much and more, an ill-qualified parcel of people, by his owne performance, than by authority, thereby to hold them at their worke, namely, to fell, carry, and sawe Cedar, for the Carpenter's purpose, yet nevertheless were they hardly drawn to it." The first mutinies which occurred took the shape of refusing to perform this duty. Several of the shipwrecked crew became so enamoured of the island that they did not want to leave it, which " begat such a murmur and such a discontent and disunion of hearts and hands from this labour, and forwarding the meanes of redeeming us from hence as each one wrought with his Mate how to divorce him from the same. And first a conspiracy was discovered of which six were found principals, who had promised each unto the other, not to set their hand to any travaile or endeavour which may expedite or forward this Pinnace." That Shakespeare was considerably impressed with this portion of Strachey's Narrative, the following quotations bear witness :—

Act I., Sc. II.

Pros.
Fetch us in fuel.

Hag-seed, hence !

Act II., Sc. II.

Cal. Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly.

Act II., Sc. II.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee,
I'll bring my wood home faster.

Act II., Sc. II.

Cal. A plague upon the tyrant that I serve !
I'll bear him no more sticks.

Act II., Sc. II.

Cal. Nor fetch in firing
At requiring.

Act III., Sc. I.

Ferd. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up
Upon a sore injunction.

Act III., Sc. I.

Mir. I would the lightning had
Burnt up these logs that you are enjoined to pile.
If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while.

Act III., Sc. I.

Ferd. and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.
And for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Apart from these parallel passages which I have quoted, there are many resemblances which cannot be definitely instanced. The same spirit and general tenour which pervades these humble narratives will be found divinely immortalized in the *Tempest*.

To recapitulate the resemblances which I have noted, we find two fleets overtaken by a terrific tempest, the chief only wrecked, two leaders in each ship, a sudden unexpected rescue, an island reputed enchanted, but proving possessed of all things needful for men's welfare, many striking physical and natural resemblances, the same daily tasks, dissensions, mutinies, and a happy termination. Altogether, these make up a sum total of evidence which cannot be gainsaid. And, having granted that Shakespeare did make use of these tracts, especially of Strachey's Narrative, published in 1612, we must come to the conclusion that there is no foundation for the theory that the play was performed in 1611, but that February 14, 1613, was more than likely the date of its first performance.

So far all that I have written but confirms Mr. Kipling, but I regret that I cannot follow him further. His vivid imagination has led him astray when he thinks he has discovered the scene of the shipwreck in a cove about two miles from Hamilton. It seems a pity to destroy such a pretty idealization, and to prove it but "the baseless fabric of a vision," but the actual scene of the shipwreck and landfall of Sir George Somers are known beyond doubt, and I am only surprised that Mr. Kipling was not conducted to the spot by local antiquarians. The rocks on which Sir George Somers' ship, the *Sea Venture*, was wrecked lie off St. George's, about twelve miles from Hamilton, and are still known as "Sea Venture Flats," i.e., shoals, and the landing place is a small bay almost opposite these shoals, a little to the eastward of St. Katherine's Point.

The MS. "Historye of the Bermudaes," above referred to, is a very full account of the first thirteen years of Bermuda's history. In it we find that about 1617 "on the north side of St. George's Island is erected upon a rock the smale fort of St. Katherine's in garde of a certaine sandy baye; being the same whereon the first that ever landed in thoes parte first set their feete." Again, in 1622 the Governor sent out divers "and made a discouvrie upon the rotten ribbs of a ship called the *Sea Adventure*." They recovered from her "a very fayre saker," "a great shete anchor," and "divers barres of yron and steele with some pigges of lead." We read that at this time there was living there a man named Christopher Carter, who was one of the original crew of the *Sea Venture*, so there can be no possibility of a mistake. This man was one of the chief mutineers beforementioned. He refused to leave Bermuda when Sir George Somers sailed for Virginia, and never afterwards left the island. Thus history and tradition concur in locating the scene of the shipwreck, and alas! it is not Mr. Kipling's "cove near Hamilton." If Mr. Kipling had walked from St. Katherine's Point to the Cut he would have found the actual spot to be equally well suited to the requirements of the play. I am pleased to see that Mr. Sidney Lee in his newly-published "Life of Shakespeare" considers Bermuda's claim to be the original of Prosper's Island "unquestionable." Bermudians jealously guard their claim and their thanks are due to Mr. Kipling for the support he has given to it, in which thanks, as a native, I beg to join.

St. Johns, Newfoundland.

W. G. GOSLING.

(1). Note.—In my reference to the Earl of Pembroke's close connexion with the Bermuda Company I am, of course, assuming the theory, long accepted, but now disputed, that he was a patron of Shakespeare. The expressions used in the dedication of the First Folio seem to show some such relation between them.

Notes.

In next week's *Literature* "Among my Books" will be written by Mr. Edmund Gosse.

The era of cheapness which seems to be before us in the prices of books—or at any rate of novels—will appear no new thing to those who study the history of bookselling during the century. At the beginning of it popular books were published at truly popular prices by such firms as Walker and Cooke. The Copyright Act of 1842 made the ownership of literary works more secure, and in that way established the value of the property and incidentally added to its selling capacity. The perfection of cheap publishing was attained during the years 1848-51, after the passing of the Copyright Act, by Lord Langdale and Sir Antonio Panizzi, who between the years in question issued a number of farthing periodicals, and many farthing brochures have been issued in our time, though only for the sake of making prospective claim to a chosen title which might otherwise have been seized. The Langdale-Panizzi ventures consisted of "The Elf," published in 31 numbers in 1848; "The Fairy," in 18 numbers, 1848-9; and "Works of the Mite," in 78 numbers, 1849-51. Each number was issued at a farthing, though the circulation must have been very restricted, for the full set of 127 numbers or parts is scarcely to be met with or heard of at the present day.

The publishing world is certainly illustrating the method of experiment which we refer to elsewhere, and running to extremes in the matter of price. Side by side with the penny monthly magazines we shall have Lady Randolph Churchill's guinea quarterly, and while books, new and old alike, are racing down to a standard in which shillings and even pennies are the rule, Messrs. Goupil, as we have already stated, are putting on the market a volume, illustrating pictures in the Louvre, for which the sum of £96 is to be charged. Only five-and-twenty copies, we believe, are to be available for purchasers in England.

In reference to the announcement of Lady Randolph Churchill's forthcoming quarterly, the *Anglo-Saxon*, it is interesting to note that this will not be the first quarterly magazine issued under this title. In 1849 Messrs. Longmans published a quarterly entitled the *Anglo-Saxon*. The magazine was partly printed in colours—red, blue, and green—and was evidently considered at the time a very fine specimen of the typographic art. It was illustrated with coloured and other plates, and had an Anglo-Saxon map and calendar. The letter-press dealt principally with matters pertaining to the Anglo-Saxon race, ancient and modern. In "An Address to Anglo-Saxons," the editors stated their object to be "to establish a valuable and sterling work, which shall become as necessary and acceptable and interesting to the Anglo-Saxon in every quarter of the globe as is the daily delivery of his letters by the post." Only four parts of the work were issued, but these form a large and handsome volume.

Four weeks ago we referred to Mr. G. K. Fortescue's invaluable catalogue which for the first time renders the French Revolution Pamphlets at the British Museum accessible to the student. Like the Goethe collection, which, we believe, cannot be matched in any single library in Germany, these pamphlets form one of those collections of material at the British Museum in which other national libraries might be expected to surpass it. Among the material now made accessible, but, as we pointed out, unknown to the author of "The French Revolution" owing to the want of a catalogue in his time, some of the twenty-three volumes labelled "Angleterre" would, we think, have specially recommended themselves to the picturesque humour of Carlyle.

The ignorant hatred of the English Government, the wild suspicion of Pitt, his machinations and his gold, that characterized

the revolutionary party in France, assume an almost incredible aspect, even to us, the alleged paymasters of the Dreyfus syndicate. The following pamphlet was put forth in all seriousness in 1793. "Full details of the insurrection just broken out in London, and of the tragic end of George III." Here we read how "George and Pitt" sent a young Englishman to the execution of "Louis Capet," charged to bring back a handkerchief dipped in the monarch's blood wherewith to inflame the English against the Revolution. The handkerchief, being hung out from the flagstaff of the tower, produced a quite contrary effect, for the mob were so inflamed by this ocular proof of the death of a tyrant that they hung out a Cap of Liberty by way of defiance from the top of St. Paul's, and proceeded under the guidance of the "virtuous Lord Stanhope" (the president of the Society of Friends of the Revolution) to arrest and butcher wholesale the House of Lords and the *émigrés* who were attending there as spectators. Next they dragged George III. from his palace and cut off his head, which, when this veracious chronicler sent off his "copy," was being paraded through the streets on the point of a pike.

Not only anonymous pamphleteers, however, were afflicted with this Anglophobia. Barère, reporting to the Committee of Public Safety on the "assassinat" of Collet d'Herbois, finds the guilty hand of England wielding the blow, and adds a delightful sketch of the history of England from the time of their ancestors the Carthaginians and Phœnicians, to that of Clive, who "with the cold cruelty characteristic of his nation," starved to death many millions of the people of Bengal. Turning to other aspects of the Revolution we find, for instance, three volumes on printing, containing forty-one pamphlets, three volumes on Libraries, thirteen on the Theatre (besides collections of plays), and twenty on Hospitals and Hospices. As a last instance of the completeness of the collections it may be mentioned that it contains Barère's report of May 29, year II, which Mr. Belloc in his recent study of Danton prints, as he supposes, for the first time.

Apropos of current discussions on the morality of publishing newspapers on Sundays, it is refreshing to remember that Sunday newspapers have been with us for rather more than 120 years. The first of them, *Johnson's Sunday Monitor*, began to appear in 1778, and lasted well into the present century. No number of it earlier than 1804 is to be found in the British Museum, but it is referred to by the poet Crabbe in some lines in which, in 1785, he stated the Sabbatarian case:—

No changing season makes their number less;
Nor Sunday shines a Sabbath on the Press.
Then, lo! the sainted *Monitor* is born,
Whose pious face some sacred texts adorn.
As artful sinners cloak the sacred sin
To veil with seeming grace the guile within,
So moral essays on his front appear,
But all is carnal business in the rear—
The fresh coined lie, the secret whispered last,
And all the gleanings of the six days past.
With these, retired, through half the Sabbath day,
The London lounge yawns his hours away.

In 1799, owing to the success of the *Observer*, Lord Belgrave brought in his Sunday Newspapers Suppression Bill. His lordship thought these newspapers "an additional weapon in the band of infidelity"; he pointed out that "the demon of Atheism, whose breath was poison and whose embrace was death, had been stretching out his arms from France, with the malignant hope of destroying every country within his reach"; and he therefore proposed "to make the sale and circulation of Sunday papers a breach of the peace, and to empower churchwardens, constables, &c., to arrest the vendors, and take them before the next magistrate, who should have power to confine such persons for any period not exceeding fourteen days." The Bill was supported by Mr. Windham, who "was afraid the public would have all sorts of ribaldry and Atheism let loose upon them through the medium of these papers," and by Mr. Wilberforce, who "was far from supposing that the reading of papers on the Sunday was among the means of improving the public morals," opposed by Mr. Sheridan, who said that "stale news was as bad as stale

mackerel," and rejected by forty votes to twenty-six. As a consequence Sunday papers flourished exceedingly. According to Mr. Fox Bourne, there were, in the year 1813, no fewer than sixteen of them.

Quite recently we chronicled the windfall that had come to the British Museum reading-room. Another institution of the same sort has also been smiled upon by Fortune. This is the New York Public Library, which, through the munificence of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, has just been enriched by the acquisition of the famous collection of books and pamphlets, &c., gathered together by the late Gordon C. Ford. The total number of literary items is said to amount to about one hundred thousand, and the collection is considered to be "the most comprehensive of its kind in books and documents relating to American history."

Those who read *The Gay Lord Quex* in its privately-printed form before the production of last Saturday evening can hardly have been surprised at the enthusiasm aroused by the third act. The play is the most perfect piece of dramatic workmanship Mr. Pinero has given us, and in this act, questionable though its details may be, is its great scene. The two characters who so completely hold the attention of the spectator (or, for the matter of that, of the reader) are really the only ones who make much impression at all. Mr. Pinero has put all his knowledge of character and his talent for displaying that knowledge into the parts of Sophy Fullgarney and Lord Quex, and he is extremely lucky in finding such artists as Mr. Hare and Miss Irene Vanbrugh to interpret them. The play, however, strikes one as too purely a matter of mind and observation to appeal to a very wide public. The ordinary playgoer, one would think, will prefer the strained sentiment and the "prettiness" of *Sweet Lavender* to the lack of sentiment and the ugliness of too many episodes in *The Gay Lord Quex*.

Many, too, who admire the play for its power and its wit would admire it still more if the point of view were not quite so "detached" and cynical. Our age is not really heartless, although it tries hard to seem so. It likes to wipe away the furtive tear and to be shown the softer as well as the harder and colder sides of life. Quex as a lover has a grave defect—he is only two years short of fifty. If the public—the big public, not the small number of those who are interested in the Drama for its own sake—accept a play which is without any love story to speak of, it will be a wonderful tribute to Mr. Pinero's talent. This piece supplies one more argument against those who think that epigrams and brilliant dialogue not connected with the main theme can be of any real service to a play. There are very few epigrams in *The Gay Lord Quex* which would bear being torn from the text. On the other hand, every speech comes naturally from the character who speaks it, and the wittiest sayings are those which would have little effect by themselves, but which are exquisitely appropriate in their place in the drama. The piece will be published in due course by Mr. Heinemann, who has bought Mr. Pinero's other plays.

Literary men in plays are not generally very lifelike. Mr. Wyndham in Mr. Haddon Chambers' new piece is a novelist and journalist, but there is little of "the literary life" introduced into *The Tyranny of Tears*. Except that Clement Parbury admits to making a very comfortable income out of his novels and that he dictates (in an amusing scene) part of an article to his lady secretary, he might be a member of any or of no profession. However, the label "novelist" perhaps adds a little interest to the character, for a certain mystery still hedges an author—at any rate among people who are not familiar with the profession of letters. Mr. Chambers' comedy is the best piece of work (with the possible exception of *Captain Swift*, which was in a different vein altogether) that he has yet given to the stage.

A correspondent who wrote as to Mr. Meredith's poem, "The Meeting," in our issue of April 1, writes us that he greatly regrets that he suggested the poem was not mentioned in

the bibliography at the end of Mr. Le Gallienne's interesting work "George Meredith, some Characteristics," in which, by the way, it is also quoted. He says:—"As Mr. Lane's bibliography is chronologically arranged, and as 'The Meeting' had appeared in 1860, I turned to the pages that deal with the years '59-'61 for mention of the poem on its original appearance, expecting to find it with some others of that period—such as 'The Crown of Love,' which appeared in *Once a Week* Dec. 31, '59. Seeing that there was no reference to it in 1860, I failed to note that 'The Meeting' is spoken of on its first republication, two years later, in 'Modern Love,' where the date of its first issue is given, and Millais, not Rossetti, is correctly named as the illustrator. I must apologize for this oversight. The point of my communication was, however, that the poem mentioned is not included in the last edition of the poems, nor in the 'Selections' published in 1897 and 1898. This is merely a personal regret, and, no doubt, as the volumes have been issued with the authority of Mr. Meredith there is good reason for the omission."

It is strange, perhaps, that the only life of Daudet that approaches adequacy is the work of an Englishman. The master himself provided abundant material in "Le Petit Chose," in "Souvenirs d'un Homme de Lettres," and in "Trente Ans de Paris." There is plenty more material in some of Ernest Daudet's fugitive writings, and in de Goncourt's diary. But the material has only been sorted and set in order by Mr. Sherard, in the book which he published on the occasion of Daudet's visit to London. The task, however, is one which properly belongs to a Frenchman, and belongs to M. Léon Daudet more properly than to any one else; and it is to be hoped that he may even yet see his way to undertake it. He certainly cannot be said to have achieved this task in his so-called "Life of Alphonse Daudet," the translation of which, by Mr. Charles de Kay, is just published by Messrs. Sampson Low (6s.). Strictly speaking, it is not a life at all, but a chaotic and hysterical jumble of reminiscences, set down without order or method, empty of dates and facts—an example of impressionism run mad. The most that one can get from it is a few examples of the master's table-talk; as, for instance, "Every Thursday he explained to our guests that Stanley was not a cruel man." Or this on the subject of actresses:—

As to actresses, my father always showed himself amiable and respectful to them. But this very respect was one way of avoiding that familiarity of the green-room, that vulgar use of thee and thou which he hated just as he did everything which was not sincere. He always counselled me, with respect to them, to avoid linking dreams with life and to fly from the disillusionment of the reality. It was his opinion that those of them whose business it is to change souls as they change costumes, however frank and charming they may be, offer very few guarantees to a faithful heart. I was never able to make him admit that that very suppleness itself was their charm. That was one of our quarrels.

On another page we have an account of Daudet's visit to Mr. George Meredith, and here we certainly are made to feel that impressionism is a poor substitute for verbatim report. This is M. Léon Daudet's emotional recollection of the interview:—

How I cherished you that day, O master of the bitterest thought, of the most robust and liberal thought! I understood you to the verge of tears! What things passed that day between the looks you gave forth, and those that emanated from your brother in intellect! What hours worthy of you and of your power of analysis were passed in that cottage where lights and shades played about your aureole. O vast and subtle heart and friend of the French to the point of having defended them in 1870 with a piece of verse unique in its generosity! You are the genius whose brain devours him, and who, with a subtle smile, rails upon evil! Hamlet? Yes, you were Hamlet for Alphonse Daudet.

And so forth. Concerning the great things that the great men said to each other there is not a single word.

The amazing popularity of "In His Steps" engages the

attention of M. Abel Chevalley in *Le Temps*. Finding the book "as badly written as a *feuilleton*, as theatrical as a melodrama, and as moral as a sermon," he can only speak of "literary epidemics," and refer the phenomenon to what, if he were less polite, he would no doubt call the "madness" of the Anglo-Saxon. But this would be only a fresh statement of the fact, and not an explanation of it. The Anglo-Saxon tendency is to forgive a writer for want of talent if only he is in earnest on more or less conventional lines; the French tendency is to forgive a man for want of earnestness if only he is clever, and fairly unconventional. Whence it follows that the French literary epidemic is generally started by a book like *Les Demi-Vierges*; while a similar epidemic in England and America is usually set up by books like "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "In His Steps."

In spite of the emancipating influences of the bicycle and the *culotte*, it is still understood in France that *les demoiselles ne lisent pas Balzac*. Apparently the same fact may be predicated of the Municipal Council of Tours, which has decided to refuse any financial support to celebrations of the centenary of Balzac's birth which are to be held next month in his native city. The reason assigned is not any lack of money, but that Balzac's political opinions do not square with those of the Tours Council. The majority of that body are Socialists, and they feel that they cannot take any steps towards honouring so pronounced a clericist as the panegyrist of the "Curé de Campagne." As Balzac's works have been placed on the Roman Index amongst the books prohibited to all devout Catholics, it seems rather hard on him to be thus cast out by the Socialists for the opposite fault. But the Tours Municipal Council do not know their Balzac. If there ever was a novelist who was, at any rate, a sociologist, it was the creator of the *Comédie Humaine*, who announced in his famous preface the desire to write a history of manners, to do for mankind what Cuvier had done for the lower animals. The action of the egregious Tourangeau body is a fitting parallel to the attempts to discredit M. Zola as a writer on the score of his political opinions; and this in France, the native land of *esprit*!

A very attractive new review called *La Revue Parisienne* has just made its appearance in Paris, printed by Lemercier and published by Ollendorff. The first number, sold for one franc, contains articles by M. Ad. Brisson, M. Jules Lemaitre, M. Coquelin aîné, and drawings by Olivier Merson, Van Beers, Caran d'Ache, and Friant. The effort of the publisher betrays the influence of the best American and English illustrated magazines.

The collection of early newspapers formed by the late Mr. William Rayner, which will be sold at Sotheby's on the 21st instant, contains a copy of the exceedingly scarce *Continuation of our Weekly Avisors*, printed in 1632, described in the catalogue as "the first newspaper printed in Great Britain." This would seem to be correct, though only in a very limited sense, for it was not until August 31st, 1661, that the first regular paper was published, under the title of *The Public Intelligencer*. All the earlier journals, of which there were many, were in effect intermittent accounts of proceedings in Parliament, being issued as and when circumstances warranted. Of these no fewer than 156 appeared between the year 1641 and 1660 inclusive. It is almost unnecessary to state that the *English Mercurie*, dated 1588, purporting to give an account of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, is a forgery from the press of James Beltenham, of St. John's-lane, Clerkenwell, and that its date is somewhat later than that of its near neighbour the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which was founded in 1731. In 1696 there were nine weekly newspapers in London, but not one daily, in 1709 eighteen papers, of which one only was a daily paper, were published, and in 1724 there were three daily; six weekly, and ten evening papers, the last-named appearing three times a week. In fact, at that time and for many years afterwards, more evening papers were published in London than appear now. They were read chiefly in the coffee houses, of which there were numbers in almost every street.

Foreign Letter.

SCANDINAVIA.

NORWAY.

The winter book season in Norway was not distinguished by any monumental work. In writing of Scandinavian literature it is necessary to treat the plays as books, as most of them, certainly all coming from the pen of distinguished writers, make their first appearance, indeed, not seldom their only appearance, in book form. Amongst the books which sold best at Christmas was Björnson's "Paul Lange and Thora Parsberg," one book-seller alone selling 206 copies in Christiania; next on the list came Knut Hamsun's "Victoria: A Love Story." Herr Braekstad's exceedingly able translation will enable English admirers of Björnson to judge of the merits of the play for themselves. It is polemic, as most of Björnson's later work, and deals with the struggle of a vacillating man in a political crisis. The interest and allusions are too local to appeal greatly to foreign readers, but it is none the less a fine play, and in Thora Parsberg, Björnson has added one more great character study to his gallery of worthy women.

Knut Hamsun's charming "Victoria: A Love Story" is not so characteristic of Hamsun the psychologist, the brutal realist, as of Hamsun in a lyrical, tender mood, as one has known him at moments in all his work, pausing in his narrative to point to some change of aspect of nature, or to interpolate two incidental love episodes, as told by the Monk Vendt, so poignant, so exquisite, and so simple as only genius can ever give us. One of the most interesting events in the early winter was the representation on three successive nights of Hamsun's *Trilogy of Plays*—*Ved Rigets Port* (written 1895), *On the Threshold of Fortune*; *Livets Spil* (written 1896), *The Game of Life*; and *Aftenrøde* (written 1896), *Sunset*. The whole form a fine dramatic conception. In the first we meet the hero, Ivar Kareno, as a young enthusiastic man in his thirtieth year. He is fighting a brave fight, endeavouring to break way for the free expression of his philosophic idea—the elevation of the individual by means of the egoistic principle as opposed to the slave levelling tendency of democracy. The play opens at a crisis, for he is seeking a publisher for his great philosophic treatise. His views bring him into conflict with all the bearers of the old liberal ideas, the adherents of Spencer and Mill, and all the "monstrous mountains of school-learning"—draw upon him the enmity of the entire democratic party of his native land. Through one telling scene after another we follow this martyr to his convictions, through a bitter struggle to the end in which wife and the powers that be forsake him, as he refuses fortune just as he is on the threshold sooner than pay the price at which it is offered—namely, an open recognition of the principles of the great ignorant majority, and a retraction of all the views for which he has suffered so much. The curtain falls on a deserted, ruined man setting out with a brave heart to carry his ideas into a wider sphere of activity. Up to this he has merely been fighting the social powers; henceforth he must do battle with life itself. In the second play we find him a somewhat grotesque victim of life and its irony, the play-ball of adverse circumstances, the whipping-boy in a fantastic drama, in which tragedy and comedy and the "troll" powers of life seem to conspire to tear his philosophy to tatters. At fifty years of age Ivar Kareno has finished with ideas and dreams of individual worth and liberty of opinion. He is a broken, disillusioned man with an intense longing for monotonous respectability and the solid comforts of the snug appointment that he knows await him if he will go in under the yoke. He has fought for twenty years, is a hero in the eyes of a section of the youth of his native country, but he is weary, and he knocks, hat in hand, at the door of the State, prepared henceforth to vote with the majority, and become an expedient "pillar of society," and so enters into the "sunset" of his life.

The first play is a pregnant drama of youth and the dreams of youth; the closing play is a fantastic farce almost cruel in its scathing ridicule of age and the rounding of the circle of life. *Sunset* is scarcely convincing; perhaps Hamsun did not mean it to be so. One has almost always a feeling that he is laughing genially at his audience, but his irony and mordant humour find a happy play-ground.

SWEDEN.

Amongst the notable books in Sweden may be noticed Ellen Key's "Jankebilleder." "Reflections" is perhaps as good a translation as any. The two volumes contain many illuminative, often daring, and always intensely honest and individual views upon a variety of subjects—the woman question and its dangers, morals, the advance of culture, æsthetics, individual freedom, &c. It also contains an extremely interesting and sympathetic study of Vauvenargues, whom the author considers as a forerunner of Friedrich Nietzsche. She writes with a wonderfully keen insight into the less common sides of human life, and is absolutely free from any of the ordinary prejudices. An open letter to another Swedish writer, Verner v. Heidenstam, in which she treats of the Swedish national character and their strained relations with Norway, is of interest at the present moment.

Of the many translations of Northern writers at present offered to the public I can recommend "Gösta Berling's Saga" (Chapman and Hall) or "The Story of Gösta Berling" (as Messrs. Gay and Bird have it). Of the two versions the former has more literary grace, but the latter adheres more faithfully to the original and is not cut in any way. Miss Selma Lagerlof, the Swedish authoress, has sprung into fame with "Gösta Berling's Saga" and "The Miracles of Antichrist." Her latest book, "Invisible Fetters," is, as far as is possible where all were excellent, an advance on the others. "The Story of Gösta Berling" is a fine romance with fascinating descriptions of wild life, forest scenery, sleighing tours through magic winter landscapes, bear hunts, and pleasant gatherings. The conception is strikingly original, and her treatment of it instinct with power and poetry. The book teems with fascinating personalities, from Gösta Berling, the unfrocked clergyman, lovable, untameable, working his way back to grace through scenes of wild living and erotic adventures, to the fine portrait of Margarethe Celsing, the lady of Ekeby, woman of iron will and golden heart, who founded a refuge for the cavaliers, astonishing wastrels who win our liking and sympathy—a book with much genial humour, a fine sense of the tragic-comedy of life and the wizardry of nature. The style of the original is lost in the translation.

Amalie Skram's "Professor Hieronimus" (Lane) from the Norwegian is much more ably done. Prefaces are often unfortunate, and the quotations from a criticism of Björnson's on this author contained in the one fronting this book are especially so in the case of this most able of woman writers. Many English readers of this clever book will fail to see why he should have called it "epoch-making," and will form a false estimate of her genius when they read that he considered it interesting as showing Fru Skram at her best. Björnson's intense sympathy with everything which throws a light on dark places in society or State might explain it. He was thinking rather of the effect it might have in redressing a crying evil. It must be remembered, too, that it was a *roman à clef* in Scandinavia, the identity of the professor being but thinly disguised. It is a tremendous indictment (Amalie Skram is too great an artist to make this directly apparent) of the whole private asylum system. She shows logically and calmly how authority absolutely vested in one man, however clever a specialist he may be, is bound to lead to abuse. The ablest, sanest human being might appear to be mad if the doctor and students start with that premise. It is the analysis of the mental processes of a highly-strung, nervous, but absolutely sane woman going through the torture of treatment as a lunatic. There are many poignant descriptions, but no highly-coloured scenes and no brutality. But to realize why Amalie Skram is rightly considered as great a realist as Zola, with perhaps a greater mastery of her material, the English

reader must wait for a translation of "Sjur Gabriel," the story of a starving West coast fisherman, or "Two Friends," with its intimate knowledge of life aboard-ship, or the brutal naturalism of "Lucie."

DENMARK.

The Gyldendalske publishing house are issuing a complete popular edition of George Brandes' works. Hitherto the price for single works has been prohibitive. It will come out in sixpenny numbers, the entire collection to cost thirty-five kroner—about two pounds of our money. The value of the edition is enhanced by the fact that Dr. Brandes has revised, emended, and added to it.

FICTION.

The Etchingham Letters. By Ella Fuller-Maitland and Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart. 7½ x 5½ in., 328 pp. London, 1899. Smith, Elder. 6/-

Sir Richard Etchingham, a retired "political" of the Indian Civil Service, has returned to take up his position as head of the Etchingham family at Tolcarne, the family seat in Devonshire, where he settles down with his daughter to keep house for him. Lady Etchingham, his stepmother, moves to London, accompanied by her niece, a pretty Miss Cynthia Leagrave, and by her stepdaughter, Miss Elizabeth Etchingham, a lady some five-and-thirty years old. Sir Richard and Miss Etchingham resume the habit of lengthy correspondence which grew up between them when Sir Richard was in India, and they continue it until a series of marriages rearranges the family group—Cynthia Leagrave marries Major Harry Etchingham, of the Intelligence Office; Laura Lady Etchingham, the trying stepmother, marries a solemn baronet who has previously been rejected by Miss Etchingham; Sir Richard's daughter is disposed of to an agreeable archæologist, so that there is every reason for Miss Etchingham to return to Tolcarne and look after the brother who is more to her than any one living, since her lover was killed in a gun accident seven years before the correspondence begins.

That is the scheme of the book; and it explains sufficiently why "The Etchingham Letters" gain everything by being read continuously. They replaced in the *Cornhill* Mr. Beeching's charming "Pages from a Private Diary," and the comparison was to their disadvantage; for one can dip with pleasure into a clever man's journal, but one cannot begin at haphazard in the middle of a correspondence largely concerned with the affairs of a family circle. There was, of course, in each instalment plenty of comment upon current topics; but no number of the series could be properly appreciated by itself. The charm of the book lies mainly in that slowly elaborated presentment of character in which no method can rival the epistolary. We get to know very thoroughly at first hand Sir Richard and his sister who are lookers-on at the comedy that is played out before them; and we see through their eyes the other personages in the story; for the few letters which are put in from other members of the family circle only seem to corroborate an impression already conveyed. We understand Laura pretty well before she writes from the Highlands to London for her bronchitis kettle; and we have a very clear idea of some of the subaltern personages, for instance, of Mr. Follett, Sir Richard's scholarly rector, who make no appearance in *propria persona* at all.

The epistolary method has also the great advantage of lending itself to collaboration as no other can do. Mrs. Fuller-Maitland, one may presume, writes the women's letters, Sir Frederick Pollock the men's; but her contribution to the group of characters is much larger than his. He gives us, besides Sir Richard, only Mr. Follett and a young college tutor, Jem Etchingham, whose letters are so good that one would gladly have seen more of them; but he does not succeed in making us see any woman. Even Margaret, Sir Richard's daughter, is not clear; whereas Mrs. Maitland can present both sexes with impartial skill. Her tedious and fussy stepmother is a creation;

but so is the pompous baronet, Sir Augustus Pampesford; Cynthia Leagrave is faintly sketched, but emerges much more distinctly than Margaret; and the devoted Major Harry, whose spare hours are spent in rescuing Cynthia's pet cat, is a well marked character. But the diversity of hands gives an air of good faith and reality to the correspondence and does not destroy the total unity of impression. The family group stands out as a family group, and every page in the book is pervaded by a charm which one values in proportion to its increasing rarity—the charm of scholarship. There is a fine disregard for the suffrages of the million in writing like this, full of allusion, especially to those books which have never been hackneyed, and keep a faint old-world aroma about them. It is agreeable to be reminded that there are people in the world who can do justice to the new and yet have an honest preference for the old, and who do not clamour for crudities. There will always be thousands to welcome thoughts and words hot from the anvil; but there are also the tens who prefer both thoughts and words mellowed by the passage of a century or two, and it is these that keep literature alive. The scholar is not necessarily dead to the present; but times past are necessarily alive to him; that is why the instinct of every literary man is to cherish both scholarship and the scholar. There are many virtues that would less endear a man to us than Sir Frederick Pollock's delight in the old song quoted by Molière in the *Misanthrope*, with its refrain "J'aime mieux ma mie O gué, j'aime mieux ma mie." In the same letter there is a delightful wish that Charles Lamb might see somewhere in Elysium one of Molière's pieces played by a strong company of the Comédie Française. It is pleasant to see that the reader of Lamb almost grudges himself a pleasure that his beloved author never had the chance to share; also that among the spectators at the performance Musset is to have a seat by Shakespeare. That is a merited tribute, and one rarely paid, to the memory of the only man who ever wrote prose dialogue rivalling in grace and gaiety that of *Much Ado* or *Twelfth Night*. Yet we are all human, and even scholars have their defects. Sir Frederick Pollock is less than fair to Maeterlinck and commits the error of parodying him. The game is too easy to be worth playing; who would think of parodying Blake? Maeterlinck works with a method as liable to ridicule as Blake's, but he achieves a great deal more with it. Has Sir Frederick ever read *Intérieur* we wonder, or *L'Intruse*?

The best things in the book, however, are not literary criticism, and they are mostly the lady's:—"I never saw a man," she writes, "who looked to me as if he would, if he could, so thoroughly enjoy the importance of his own funeral as does Sir Augustus." The turn of the phrase is not particularly neat—Mrs. Maitland leaves a good deal to be desired in that respect—but the turn of thought is excellent. And this is a pretty saying, though it loses by detachment from its admirable context:—"Richard, is it a fortunate or unfortunate accomplishment, to be able at the same time, as I am, to laugh with one's mind and cry with one's heart?" A certain Mrs. Vivian, who appears constantly in Elizabeth Etchingham's letters, is always witty. This is how she recommends Christian Science for Lady Etchingham's many ailments:—

"I think you might like it very much. Don't you think, Elizabeth, that Lady Etchingham might be very much amused by Christian Science? Lady Clementina Mure says it's done wonders for her, and she means to stick to it and not try the new fresh air treatment. Not that Lady Clementina had anything but *malade imaginaire*-ism the matter, and, as Hugo Ennismore says of Christian Science, imagination cures what imagination creates."

A saying is attributed by Elizabeth to another of her friends less happy in her life:—"You see one can be dead and be still going about and people don't know that one is dead." Has Mrs. Maitland remembered, or has she forgotten, Mr. Stephen Phillips' "Woman with a Dead Soul?" Another remark—"When Job was afflicted, the loss of his wife was not included among his affliction," ought surely to have been capped by Sir Richard with a quotation from Coleridge's epigram which ends with the line "Short-sighted devil, not to take his spouse." Sir Richard's letters are less quotable than his sister's, but there are plenty of acute

things in them too ; for instance this :— “ I know nothing of Colonel Newton's affairs except that he was the kind of man who is apt to leave most trouble to survivors—that is, he thought he was businesslike and was not.” And there is a really impressive passage (arising out of a reference to Leconte de Lisle) about the Jahvé of the Old Testament and His dealings with the unruly Israelites. It suggests to the writer the attitude of “a modern frontier leader managing Afridis in almost the same stage of tribal education.”

What would the tellers of those wild stories of palace treasures and feud and murder in the Books of Kings have thought of a peaceful rustic congregation sitting in an English church to hear them droned out as First Lessons and taking them in a hypnotised fashion as something which must somehow be edifying to modern readers since it is in the Bible ?

Altogether the book is a brilliant book, which appeals only to such people as can at least appreciate scholarship in others ; but for them is decidedly a book to read and to keep.

Obituary.

SIR M. MONIER WILLIAMS.

Indian scholarship suffers a great loss by the death, early in this week, of Sir M. Monier Williams. Born at Bombay, and educated at King's College, London, he was intended for the service of the East India Company, and passed, first of his year, out of the Company's College at Haileybury. Instead of proceeding to India, however, he went to Oxford, where he rowed in the Balliol boat in 1839, took the Boden Sanscrit Scholarship in 1843, and was elected to the Boden professorship in 1860. The most tangible monument of his fame is the Indian Institute at Oxford, which he founded with the view of reviving the *esprit de corps* among Indian civilians which, in the old days, used to centre round Haileybury, to the library of which he presented his own collection of Oriental books and MSS., and of which he was ultimately appointed keeper and perpetual curator. To secure support for the Institute he undertook three journeys to India, in 1875, 1876, and 1883, and, as a public recognition of his services, he was made C.I.E. in 1880, and K.C.I.E. in 1887. He was the author of many books on Indian subjects. Among them may be mentioned “Indian Epic Poetry,” “Religious Thought and Life in India,” “The Holy Bible and the Sacred Books of the East,” “Buddhism,” “Brahmanism,” and “Indian Wisdom.” The great literary work of his life, however, was the compilation of the Sanscrit-English Dictionary. This occupied the greater part of his time during a period of more than twenty years ; and, as was mentioned in *Literature*, a fortnight since, he had just completed a second edition of this great work, containing about 60,000 more words than the first edition, as well as a preface justifying the application of the Roman alphabet to the expression of Sanscrit. Sir Monier Williams was a great friend of the missionaries, on whose behalf he often spoke.

Another distinguished Oriental scholar whose death is recorded is Mr. ALMERIC RUMSEY, Professor of Indian Jurisprudence at King's College, London, and author of “The Muhammadan Law of Inheritance and Rights and Relations affecting it,” and various other legal works.

There have been few more industrious archæologists than MR. JOSEPH STEVENS, who died last week at the age of eighty. He began life as a pharmaceutical chemist, but subsequently became a doctor, taking prizes at the Middlesex Hospital for surgery, physiology, and general proficiency. His professional life was passed at St. Mary Bourne in Hampshire, where he not only suppressed the local endemic fever, but sought and found neolithic implements and other relics of primitive man. Appointed surgeon over a portion of the line between Salisbury and Basingstoke, he utilized the opportunity of making a collection of chalk fossils. On his retirement from practice in 1879, he settled at Reading and devoted the remainder of his life exclusively to scientific research, holding, for many years

the post of honorary curator of the Reading Museum. The list of his publications includes “A Parochial History of St. Mary Bourne,” “Discovery of Pit Dwellings at St. Mary Bourne,” “The Inn Signs of Hampshire and their Probable Origin,” “Remains Found in an Anglo-Saxon Tumulus at Taplow,” and “Flint Jack : A Short History of a Notorious Forger of Antiquities.”

The death is also announced of MR. THOMAS MOFFITT STEVENS the editor, since 1893, of the *Law Journal*. Mr. Stevens, who took a studentship at Gray's-inn in 1886, had written a book on “The Elements of Mercantile Law,” and edited the second edition of “Edmunds on Patents.”

Correspondence.

BOOK PRICES CURRENT.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The over-production of six-shilling novels and the plethora of copyright sixpenny reprints are having a serious effect on the welfare of the book trade. The abolition of the three-volume novel was an act of mental shortsightedness, and is the main cause of the first evil to which I allude. When this form of publication existed it acted as an excellent filter, for copies were only bought by the circulating libraries, and if a work was received with small favour it perished without general loss, and the bookseller was spared the risk of stocking it.

Under the present system, if a novel is over sixty thousand words, it is usually issued in one volume at six shillings, and the consequence is that the bookseller is now asked to buy a large number of books which under the old rule would not be offered to him. It may be said that he need not stock these works, but it must not be overlooked that it is sometimes difficult for him to resist the pressure of the publishers' traveller, and as the books are issued in a form to appeal to the buying public, there is naturally some spirit of speculation. Also, what is popularly termed in the trade as “making up the number” (thirteen copies to the dozen) is a dangerous trap for the purchase of unsaleable stock. The result is that when stock-taking time comes round the bookseller finds on his shelves a sad collection of novels impossible to sell. Of course, this cannot go on. If bookselling is to prosper as a calling, and young authors are to get a hearing, we should revert to the old system. A sale of five hundred copies of a six-shilling volume is poor business, but an edition of this number at thirty-one and sixpence yields a fair profit. The libraries thrive well in the three-volume days, and there is no reason why they should not do so now.

Let us turn to the question of the copyright sixpenny novel. This is having a baneful effect on the sale of cloth-bound books, and authors who have any say in the matter should not sanction the issue of their works in this form. The public is growing accustomed to expect its fiction for this sum ; consequently the demand for higher-priced novels is slackening to a serious extent, and the railway bookstall proprietors can confirm me in this.

A sale of fifty thousand copies is required to realize a profit worth consideration on the average sixpenny novel, and it is only very popular writers who can command this circulation. Therefore, I think it would be wise for authors and publishers to join together for its suppression.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

March 14.

J. EVELEIGH NASH.

DANTON.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I ask you in fairness to allow me to answer a review of my “Life of Danton,” which appeared, April 1, in your columns. A reviewer can, and your reviewer does, make numerous allusive comments, which may prejudice a casual reader, in very few words, the real character of which it is, nevertheless, impossible to expose except in very many. But some charges I can answer briefly.

1. By way of first "blow" to my "unfortunate performance," he complains that I "refute Courtois, Prudhomme, and Peltier." Courtois coupled with Prudhomme and Peltier! How could I, where do I, refute Courtois? When your reviewer realizes that it would show equal knowledge or rather ignorance of the Dreyfus case to talk of a man refuting "Zola and Beaurepaire" he will see that though his first "blow" has fetched blood it is not mine.

2. He asks where I get my "extraordinary story of the Montmorin plan." From no more recondite source than Bertrand de Moleville, who here, as Royalist, is an excellent authority, and relates the "story" in full.

3. He sees no evidence of my acquaintance with Sorel except my mention of him in the preface—where I expressly name him as one of my main authorities. This "blow" is a blow below the belt, but it recoils, as do the others, on my "unfortunate" assailant. Any one having elementary acquaintance with Sorel cannot fail to see that long passages of my book are based on his. Your reviewer unwittingly helps me to one example when, a few lines later, he refuses to believe that Danton "proposed to compensate Piedmont with part of the Papal States." Now I do not say that. *More suo* your reviewer manipulates my words. I first state that it is impossible to lay a finger on this or that negotiation and say Danton prompted it. But, as Sorel does, I affirm that the foreign policy of France was in his hands. What that policy was I summarise from the summary by Sorel of a document drawn up as an instruction to representatives on mission, and assigned by him to May, 1793. Sorel, *summarising*, says that the Republic "se prêtera à dédommager le Piémont: un partage des États du Pape pourrait en procurer le moyen"; and, *quoting*, says, "Le Pape resterait comme simple évêque de Rome." I could produce passages by the score equally fatal to your reviewer's imputation. As to his secondary contention that Danton would not have advocated such a policy because "strong for non-intervention," it will not hold water. Danton would, as we may gather from his speeches, have drawn a wide distinction between temporal and spiritual rights, and would not have regarded interference with the Pope's temporal possessions as the same thing as interference with the possessions of other Sovereigns.

4. He asserts that I think "Danton knew England because he knew Tom Paine." I can only contradict this point blank. I record Danton's stay in England, his acquaintance with Christie and probable connexion with other English politicians, his reported communications with English noblemen, his having two relatives in England, one of whom wrote to him in English, his dinners with Englishmen in Paris, and his persistent desire for an English alliance.

5. He says that I call Lanjuinais a "bragging Breton." I do not. I say, "There is a story told by one of the Lanjuinais family," and "We may therefore discard this story as that of a bragging Breton."

6. He says that I "accept Barère as an authority." Your readers would naturally conclude that I do so unreservedly, and probably often. But, besides my disparaging remarks on Barrère elsewhere, on the very occasion on which I adduce his testimony, I am careful to say that such force as it has depends on a special reason, which by quotation I make clear, and I add "All this gossip, certainly malevolent, and much of it perhaps untrue,"

7. He suggests that I call the ceremonies of the Catholic faith sacerdotal mummeries. I say that Danton objected equally to sacerdotal and atheistic mummeries—a very different thing. And, though Danton did object to "le prêtre du fanatisme" and "le prêtre de l'incrédulité," I go on to show how little sympathy he had with intolerance towards the ordinary spiritual ministrations of the priesthood.

8. As to his complaint about the absence of textual references, there are, as he very well knows, two sides to that question, which I will not touch on now, but, as usual, he is singularly "unfortunate" in his illustrations. He sniffs, e.g., at my quoting "an eye-witness" without naming him. In translating a passage from the *Souvenirs* of Arnault, quoted by

M. Claretie, I call him an "eye-witness," which, with reference to the execution-scene, has significance where the man's name would have none. Even your reviewer can hardly refer to this and must, I suppose, therefore refer to my "eye-witness" on p. 203. Now, if any one looks at the headlines of pp. 203, 205, he will see that the eye-witness is named on each.

9. I could not, except at length, deal with your reviewer's interjected sneers with regard to "foolish old tales of the horrors of the feudal system" (!), Cholet, the Royalist exploitation of Paris scarcity, the Eighteenth of April (about which he probably is unacquainted with Robinet's rectification of Schmidt), the closure of the Scheldt, &c. On these subjects I adhere to every word that I say, though not to what he says that I say. I doubt his ability to teach me history or how to write English, and I hope your readers will not, on the strength of his insinuations, credit me with reliance on Hébert or sympathy with Marat. I wish I could attribute to the haste and carelessness which he, in strong contrast to the great majority of my critics, imputes to me, the palpable animus which actually makes him mutilate for his purpose the motto of my book. If, as reviewers have been known to do, he rides off on fresh issues, I trust that it will not be thought that I cannot if I do not reply, and I should not have replied to him now if his mistakes and mis-statements had been less flagrant.

I am yours obediently,

A. H. BEESLY.

P.S.—Your reviewer asks for my authority for stating that the *noyade* contrivances at Nantes were of pre-revolutionary invention. M. Dubost is my authority, and it will be seen that he vouches for what he says after investigations on the spot. I append the whole of what he says on the subject, in his "Une Page d'Histoire":—

On nous permettra de citer un fait bien curieux qui nous a été révélé dernièrement, pendant un séjour à Nantes. On a beaucoup parlé du trop célèbre Carrier, commissaire de la République à Nantes, pendant la Révolution, et du moyen qu'il avait, dit-on, imaginé pour faire disparaître les prisonniers royalistes. On les noyait, paraît-il, dans la Loire, à l'aide de bateaux dont le plancher mobile s'ouvrait pour donner passage à ceux qu'on voulait précipiter dans le fleuve. C'était effroyable. Mais il est établi que Carrier n'a pas eu le mérite de l'invention. Il appartient aux royalistes nantais, qui avaient autrefois fait la traite des nègres. En ce temps-là, ils avaient fait construire des bateaux qui leur permettaient, quand ils étaient poursuivis, de noyer leur marchandise, et d'échapper ainsi à la justice. Or, le matériel, l'outillage qu'ils avaient fait construire étaient encore là, sur les quais de Nantes. Carrier le trouva, et il appliqua aux royalistes le traitement qu'ils avaient eux-mêmes fait subir les nègres.

EXCEPTIONS PROVE THE RULE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your correspondent who explains that "*exceptio probat regulam*" means "the exception tests the rule, and may invalidate it," has the authority of Professor Skeat ("A Student's Pastime," s.95). But the interpretation does not appear to be in accordance with the historical facts, given in the Oxford Dictionary s.v. *Exception*, nor to give the logical value of the maxim as now employed. The value of "negative instances" is preached by Bacon and Mill, and an exception in the modern sense of the word is a negative instance, particularly valuable, because it is "in proximo"—in close relation to the rule. I conclude, e.g., that the greenhouse cistern is filled every evening by the gardener (the rule) because (1) it is always full when he has been at work (2) it was empty (the exception) on the day he was at home with influenza. If a rule is a rule at all it has no exceptions; any contradictory instances ("exceptions") are instances of the counteraction of the rule by some force outside it, and are, therefore, proofs of the rule. It is, however, deplorably true that this is known only to logicians, and the ordinary person, who says merrily in face of a contradictory instance, "the exception proves the rule" means only "if that is the only instance you can quote, it shows that my rule is good for

all other cases." And this approaches more nearly to the original legal maxim "exceptio (making exception, excepting) probat (or figit) regulam in casibus non exceptis."

I remain your obedient servant,

C.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I fear that the rule laid down by your correspondent Mr. J. Stephen is open to worse than "exception." The general understanding of the proverb, if not quite historically accurate, and apt also to be logically vague, is at least nearer the truth than Mr. Stephen's interpretation. *Exceptio probat regulam in casibus non exceptis* is the true form of the maxim, and the original meaning is that in applying for exemption of a particular case you by implication admit the existence of the rule from which you seek exemption. By a slight extension from the legal to the logical meaning of the words we reach the sense—*There could be no exception were there no rule.* In other words, if a particular case strikes you as singular it is because you recognize a rule to which it is the exception. The history of the proverb will be found in the New English Dictionary s.v. Exception.

April 8.

J. P. GILSON.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The origin and true meaning of this much-misapplied maxim are not far to seek. It is a maxim of law—*Exceptio probat regulam*—that is, as Cicero more fully expresses it, "*Si exceptio facit ne liceat, ibi necesse est licere ubi non est exceptum*" (*Pro Balbo*, 14). For example, if there is a law that a certain thing is not to be done on Sunday, it follows that it is permitted on other days.

Dublin.

T. K. ABBOTT.

PARLIAMENTARY REPORTING.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Parliamentary reporters will take exception to the epithet "mechanical" which, in your notice of the late Mr. J. F. Nisbet, is applied to their work. It is true that a reporter must know shorthand, but, if he uses it mechanically, he will be a failure in the Gallery. To write intelligent and intelligible summaries of speeches, often badly delivered and imperfectly heard; and on all manner of subjects, too, of which the reporter cannot be supposed to have expert knowledge, and to do this against time is by no means mechanical work; but that, nine times out of ten, is what a Parliamentary reporter has to do. Shorthand writing is not reporting.

Yours truly,

OLIM.

Authors and Publishers.

We mentioned a few weeks ago that Mr. Rudyard Kipling had in MS., but had never issued to the public, a volume of travel articles dating back as far as 1889. Some of these papers, then entitled "The Book of the Forty-Five Mornings," will be included in a volume announced for early publication by Messrs. MacLure and Doubleday under the title of "From Sea to Sea."

Almost immediately before his death Mr. J. F. Nisbet passed the last proofs of his new book, "The Human Machine: an Inquiry into the Divinity of Human Faculty in its Bearings upon Social Life, Religion, Education, and Politics." Mr. Grant Richards will publish it almost immediately. The book is a somewhat daring advance upon Mr. Nisbet's last work, "The Insanity of Genius," and shows that the ordinary man is as much the creature of his organization as the man of genius. The book, in fact, might have been entitled "Man the Automaton," as the writer absolutely rejects free will and all influence of education or surroundings in modifying the organization given at birth. The book contains chapters on dreams, the occult, and on so-called "luck."

We understand that Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes")

has disposed of the acting rights of *A Repentance* which is now being performed at the St. James' Theatre, for performance in France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Russia, and the play will be produced at leading theatres in all these countries during the next six months.

Messrs. Macmillan will publish immediately the popular edition of Mr. Bodley's "France." It will be accompanied by a new preface, reviewing the course of events in France since the first appearance of the work last year. The new preface will also be published separately in a form to permit of its being bound with the editions of 1898.

People seem to be finding out how much they have lost in neglecting "Aurora Leigh." That it has for a long time been in the cold shade of obscurity so far as the mass of readers is concerned is certain. Lately, however, Messrs. Dent have included the poem in their Temple Classics (it makes a delightful pocket-companion in this dainty and convenient form) and now it is announced—rather late in the day—as a volume of the "Canterbury Poets." Has Mr. Swinburne's rapturous eulogy prefixed to the edition brought out last year by Messrs. Smith, Elder anything to do with Mrs. Browning's returning popularity? Or are people finding out for themselves what a wealth of beauty and humanity there is in this work—into which she put all she thought and hoped and saw with eyes so quick to catch the loveliness and pierce the sadness of the world? The feebleness of the story has prevented many readers from really appreciating the poem. But one can surely forget Romney with his platitudes and the overdrawn woman of society when there is so much to charm the senses and stir the heart. If it be read for its poetry, not for its story, "Aurora Leigh" cannot appeal in vain to any one of poetic mind.

There ought to be some interesting pages about the Brownings in the life of the late Miss Kate Field, upon which Miss Lillian Whiting is engaged, and which will be published in America in the autumn. Miss Field—before she commenced authoress—studied music, and studied it in Florence, where she was constantly at Casa Guido, and was on the friendliest terms with the poets. By Walter Savage Landor Miss Field was taught Latin, and she found George Eliot another friend and adviser upon her choice of a career.

Mr. F. S. Stevenson, M.P., has recently completed his work on the "Life of Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln." It deals with the prelate's career as a whole and lays stress on his place in the history of thought as well as upon the relation in which he stands to the religious and political movements of the thirteenth century. The member for North-East Suffolk is the author of a volume entitled "Historic Personality," and numerous articles and pamphlets in English and French.

"The History of Intellectual Development" which Mr. Beattie Crozier was obliged to lay aside on account of his eyesight has now been resumed and his next volume is now in hand. The remaining volumes will probably take less time, as they will be more speculative than historical, and will in consequence require less reading and research. Mr. Crozier's method differs from other essays in the History of Civilization; he aims at making his standpoint one of pure evolution, in which institutions, religions, philosophies, forms of government, &c., are judged from their relation to the necessities of civilization at the given time and place, and without regard to the views of men at the present time; and in showing how all the factors have a temporary and relative value as means but none necessarily a final or ultimate one.

Emeritus Professor Bain, of Aberdeen, is about to issue a fourth edition of his work, "The Emotions and the Will." The third edition is dated November, 1876; and he had long entertained the wish to revise it thoroughly for a fourth edition. In his new preface he says:—"Without having discovered any

essential error during the long interval which had elapsed since the date of the previous edition, I have on many points not merely obtained advanced views and improved statements of various doctrines, but had actually reduced these to published shape, although in a scattered form." The many demands on his time "and diminished energy during the last few years" have prevented him from putting these scattered statements into their proper places in the work, and he has to content himself with providing full references to papers in "Mind," (of which he was the projector) and elsewhere in which his latest views may be found.

Professor Arber's new British Anthologies are so far ready that Mr. Henry Frowde will publish the first volumes (each of which represents a definite period of our literary history) early next month. These are to be the Shakespeare, Jonson, and Milton anthologies. The whole series will contain about 2,500 entire poems and songs written by some 300 poets.

Mr. Edward Granville Browne, of Pembroke College, Cambridge, the Lecturer in Persian in the University of Cambridge, is seeing two works through the press. One is a hand-list of all manuscripts written in the Arabic character (i.e., Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Hindustani, Afghan, Malay, &c.) preserved in the Cambridge University Library. The number of these MSS., many of which have never yet been described or catalogued, is about 1,300. They are arranged under titles alphabetically, so far as is practicable, the residue of untitled MSS. being arranged in a second part under subjects. This hand-list is being printed and published by the Cambridge University Press. The amount already printed is 128 pages, about half the entire work, which, it is hoped, will be published during the summer or early in the autumn. The second work is an edition of Dawlatshah's "Tadhkiratu'sh-Shu'arā," or lines of the Persian Poets.

Scholars have been waiting for an edition of Gower such as Mr. G. C. Macaulay is preparing on the lines of Professor Skeat's "Chaucer." There is, in fact, no thoroughly trustworthy edition of Gower's English poem, the "Confessio Amantis." That of Professor Pauli is in the main based upon Berthelette's edition, published as long ago as 1532. The "Confessio Amantis" in Professor Morley's "Carisbrooke Library" Series is little more than a reprint of Pauli's edition, omitting, however, the story which even the author of the Reeve's Tale considered unfit for publication. The foreign poems of Gower have been still more neglected, though Warton was probably right in considering his French sonnets more poetical than his English work. For the "moral Gower," as Chaucer called him, was as wedded to the devices of Italy and France as he was to his "common-place book," stored with medieval romances and the laws and definitions of the ancients. While Chaucer charms the reader by the new life which he gave to his imitations, Gower gives an impression of patchwork. But Gower had an exceptional gift for connecting subjects which to the ordinary mind seem quite alien to one another; for this purpose the common-place book never failed him.

The first volume of the series of Reprints of Welsh Prose Works of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, which the Guild of Graduates of the University of Wales, fired by the rising interest in Celtic literature, have arranged to issue through Messrs. Jarvis and Foster, will appear very shortly. It will comprise the tracts, letters, and poems of Morgan Llwyd, and will be a literal reproduction of the best early editions. Subsequent volumes will contain the works of Maurice Kyffin, Theophilus Evans, and other Welsh classics.

The new play by Mr. Gilbert Murray, Professor of Greek in Glasgow University, has just been acted for copyright purposes by Mrs. Patrick Campbell's company in the provinces. Mr. Murray had a brilliant career at Oxford, where he was a Fellow of New College, and married a daughter of Lord Carlisle. The play is called *Carlyon Sahib*—a curious coincidence, since the title

of Mr. H. A. Jones' new piece is *Carnac Sahib*. It may be seen shortly in London.

The Rev. Charles H. H. Wright, D.D., is preparing a pamphlet on the Irish University Question, in which he will oppose all grants from Government in aid of a Roman Catholic University. Dr. Wright has also nearly ready for the press a work on Prayers for the Dead, which will survey all the Jewish literature extant from B.C. 160 to A.D. 200.

Mr. James Ward, one of the lecturers on decorative art at South Kensington, is writing a book on plant illustration for the use of designers and art craftsmen. Mr. Ward's "Principles of Ornament" has run through three editions, the fourth is now on the press.

A new volume of "Interludes" (the third of the series), by Mr. Horace Smith, is being published by Messrs. Macmillan. It contains more miniature essays, poems, humorous and serious, and some short stories.

Mr. T. S. Holmes is engaged in preparing an edition of Bishop Bowett's Register, and so much of Bishop Gifford's Register as exists, for the Somerset Record Society. These will correspond with the same author's edition of Bishop R. de Salopia's Register in the same issue.

The report on Lord Charles Beresford's mission to the East is to take the form of a considerable volume upon the subject, which will be published next month.

Four of Dr. Conan Doyle's Songs of Action have been set to music by Professor Stanford for use in schools. They will be issued immediately by Messrs. Curwen.

Mr. Rowland Ward will publish next month a volume on "Sport and travel in Portuguese East Africa," by Mr. F. Vaughan Kirby, author of "In Haunts of Wild Game."

Messrs. Methuen will publish shortly the second volume of their new series of Byzantine Texts—"The History of Psellus" edited by Monsieur C. Sathas.

Mr. John Dickson, F.S.A. Scot., the author of "The Ruined Castles of Mid Lothian," has completed a history of the islands of the Forth, which is to be published by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier under the title "Emeralds Chased in Gold."

Mr. J. F. Meehan, of Bath, has discovered several new facts in connexion with the visits made to Bath by Shelley and the Godwins, and will have an illustrated article on the subject in the new number of the *Beacon* about to be issued.

Mr. E. A. Fitzgerald, who has only recently recovered from a severe illness, has nearly finished his work on the ascent of Aconcagua.

The series of "Stories from Maclure's" is not to consist entirely of fiction. It will also include a volume reprinting an article on "The Dangers of Mountaineering," which Mr. Francis Gribble contributed to one of the earliest numbers of *Maclure's Magazine*.

The Caxton Club of Chicago has published a useful Chronological List of Edward Fitzgerald books and publications. Twenty-two editions of "Omar Khayyām" are included in it.

Mr. Horatio W. Dresser's book on "cure by suggestion" will shortly be published by Messrs. Putnam, who also have in the press and nearly ready for issue Mr. James Barnes' "Life of Paul Jones."

Professor Lionel S. Beale, F.R.S., F.R.C.P., is continuing his series of papers on "Vitality."

Messrs. Keith Johnston and Co. are publishing a new edition of "The Howard Vincent Wall Map of the the British Empire." The London School Board has officially adopted it for the walls of its classrooms, and their example has been followed in many parts of the country and in the Colonies. The map is accompanied by a handbook "Round the British Empire in Ten Minutes with Colonel Sir Howard Vincent, C.B.,

M.P." A monster copy is being prepared for the Greater Britain Exhibition of this year, and for the British section of the Paris Exhibition.

The April number of the *American Critic* is to contain a facsimile of the first stanza of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional."

Mr. Edward Eggleston, of Madison, U.S.A., the author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" and many works depicting life in Southern Indiana in pioneer days, is giving up all other literary work to devote himself to his "History of Life in the United States"; he is at present engaged upon the second volume, which will not, however, be ready for more than a year.

A German publisher has hit on a somewhat original idea in issuing a collection of books dealing with Italy under the general title, "Kennst du das Land?" It includes, among other things, "In Goethe's footsteps in Northern, Central, and Southern Italy," Heyse's tragedy, "The Fornarina," and an anthology of songs about Rome.

The new editor of the *North American Review*, Mr. W. B. Fitts, has appointed Mr. George Leveson-Gower as the English representative of this old and well-known monthly.

The May issue of *Chambers' Journal* contains the fifth of the series of Reminiscences of the late Sir R. Lambert Playfair, in which he discusses Algeria, where he was Consul-General for thirty years. Among some interesting details of the products given by Sir Lambert, he speaks highly of the Numidian marble quarries at Arzew in the department of Oran. He sent a slab of it to Mr. Ruskin, who acknowledged it thus:—

I cannot enough thank you for the lovely slab which reached me yesterday. I have been meditating on it ever since. I think it is nearly the loveliest and most instructive marble I have ever seen, and indeed I hope to make some use of it in the interior of our museum—of the like of it, I mean, for this must remain at Brantwood, whose little museum of the stones I have specially studied will, I hope, be useful after my death.

The Rev. Hugh MacMillan, D.D., Professor G. Henslow, Mr. T. F. Thistlethorn Dyer, Mr. Francis Darwin, Mrs. Jekyll, author of "Wood and Garden," and many other well-known writers are to be among the early contributors to Messrs. Wells Gardner's botanical quarterly, the *Sun-Children's Budget*, which is edited by Miss Phoebe Allen and Dr. Henry W. Godfrey. The magazine will contain a quarterly report of the Swanley School for Gardening.

Mr. H. G. Wells, whose health we are glad to hear is now more satisfactory, has accepted an invitation to lecture at the Royal Institution on June 2; the subject of his paper is to be entitled "The Discovery of the Future."

Mr. Upcott Gill will shortly publish from the *Bazaar* office a cheap quarterly entitled *Pensions and Progress*, with the sub-title—A Magazine of Help, and Old Age Pensions Record. The editor is Mr. Ch. Cook.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett, author of "The Forest Lovers," has written a story of Italian life entitled, "The Judgment of Borso," which will begin to appear in the May number of the *Fortnightly Review*.

The Vienna firm known as the Graphische Gesellschaft have arranged to issue a German translation of Mr. Leonard Merrick's novel "The Actor Manager." They are also about to publish serially in the Vienna *Boudoir* a translation of his volume of short stories entitled "The Stage of Fools." The translations have been made by Mrs. Anna Kellner, wife of Professor Kellner, of that city. Mr. Merrick is engaged on a novel which traces the mental development of a man and a woman in very unusual circumstances, and will probably be called "An Enemy of Society" or "The Weapons of the World."

Mr. W. H. Mallock's new novel, "The Individualist," which will shortly be published by Messrs. Chapman in volume form, appeared in the *Fortnightly* above the signature of "Wentworth Moore."

Mr. John Lane is on the point of publishing a new novel by Mr. Frank Mathew, entitled "Defender of the Faith." Another novel by Mr. Mathew will be ready for publication in the early autumn.

Miss Dora Greenwell McChesney's new romance of the Civil War—"Rupert, by the Grace of God: the Story of an Unrecorded Plot"—is about to be published by Messrs. Macmillan. Miss McChesney is engaged on a sequence of historical articles to appear in serial form.

M. Zola has, at last, officially announced the publication of his new novel, "Fecondité." The novel will come out in *feuilleton* in the *Aurore*.

We understand that the author of "The Autobiography of a Child," which has been attracting a good deal of attention in *Blackwood's Magazine*, is Miss Hannah Lynch.

Miss Hélène Gingold, the author of "Financial Sketches," will have a new novel called "The Chillingfield Chronicles," published in the summer by the Columbus Printing Co.

Messrs. Service and Paton announce a new novel entitled "The Uncalled," by Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar, the author of "Tales from Dixie." Here Mr. Dunbar quits his sketches of negro life to describe the eccentricities of a New England community.

To have your novel published in the sixpenny form which is now so popular is, as it were, to become a neo-classic; one of the youngest authors to reap his laurels in this way is Mr. A. E. W. Mason, whose novel, "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," appears in that form. Mr. Mason has just left London for Tangier and will, we understand, spend a year or more in that country preparing a book which shall embody some of the characteristics of the South.

Owing to the interest excited by the play at the Comedy Theatre in Mrs. Burnett's novels, "A Lady of Quality" and "His Grace of Osmonde," Messrs. F. Warne announce a sixpenny edition of each book.

Messrs. Sands are publishing a novel called "By the Grey Sea," by the author of "An Old Marquise," "Mère Gilette," &c., which is the story of a clergyman who endeavours to reconcile the divergent views of the various sections of his congregation.

Mr. Levett-Yeats' novel, "The Honour of Savelli," is now included in the popular Sixpenny Series which Messrs. Sampson Low are issuing.

Mr. J. Eveleigh Nash's new novel, "The History of Adam's Grandfather," will be published by Messrs. Sands towards the end of May.

Mr. C. Kinloch Cooke, whose memoir of the Duchess of Teck is announced by Mr. Murray, was for some time editor of the *Observer* and of the *English Illustrated Magazine*. On retiring from these appointments he was, for a time, connected with a West of England paper. Mr. Cooke was also, for a certain period, private secretary to Lord Dunraven.

Annie Vivanti is a young poetess who has added lustre to the lyrical literature of modern Italy. She was born and spent most of her childhood in London where, her mother, who was a German, associated with many distinguished literary exiles, and lived for some years in London and New York. Then she went to Italy, where her first work, "Lirica," was published in 1890. Carducci wrote an introduction to it, and the book ran through many editions. Equally successful has been her novel, "Marion, Artista di Caffé Concerto," a moving picture of life behind the scenes of a café-chantant. At present Signora Vivanti's home is in New York. Here she has been writing two dramas in which Duse will appear shortly.

A new edition of Dr. Paul Lindau's "Mayfair" has just been published by Fontane, Berlin. Dr. Paul Lindau, who for many years has been the *intendant* and literary adviser of the famous Saxe-Meiningen Theatre, has lately resigned the post, owing to differences of opinion with Prince Georg of Meiningen on the subject of lighting the stage with electric light. Dr. Lindau is the able editor of *Nord und Sud*, one of the most distinguished of German periodicals; he is also a very prolific and popular novelist. The *milieu* of most of his novels is fashionable Berlin society, but the scene of some of his short stories is laid in London and depict low life there with a faithfulness and insight which are remarkable in a foreigner.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.
Descriptive Notes on the Tapestry in Haddon Hall. By Lady Victoria Manners. 6½ x 4½ in., 33 pp. London, 1899. Bemrose. 1s.

BIOGRAPHY.
Alphonse Daudet. By His Son, Léon Daudet. Translated from the French by Charles De Kay. 7½ x 6 in., ix. + 281 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low. 5s.

EDUCATIONAL.
A School Arithmetic. By R. F. Macdonald. 7 x 4½ in., 264 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.
Iphigenie auf Tauris. Ein Schauspiel von Wolfgang von Goethe. Ed. by H. B. Cotterill. M.A. (Siepmann's German Series.) 7 x 4½ in., 183 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 3s.

FICTION.
The Etchingham Letters. By Ella Fuller Maitland and Sir Frederick Pollock. Bt. 7½ x 5½ in., 328 pp. London, 1899. Smith, Elder. 6s.

A Semi-Detached Marriage. By Arabella Kenealy. 7½ x 5½ in., 432 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 6s.

The Garden of Swords. By Max Pemberton. 7½ x 5½ in., 328 pp. London, 1899. Cassell. 6s.

The Green Field. By Neil Wynn Williams. 7½ x 5½ in., 367 pp. London, 1899. Chapman & Hall. 6s.

Maureen Moore. A Romance of 93. By R. Alexander. 8 x 5½ in., 265 pp. London, 1899. Burleigh. 6s.

Her Promise True. By Dora Russell. 7½ x 5½ in., 341 pp. London, 1899. Digby, Long. 6s.

Our Code of Honour. By Hope Huntly. 7½ x 5½ in., 380 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low. 6s.

Madame Izan. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. 7½ x 5½ in., 353 pp. London, 1899. Chatto & Windus. 6s.

Morals and Mistakes. By C. Gordon Winter. 7½ x 5½ in., 284 pp. London, 1899. Simpkin, Marshall. 6s.

Sunningham and the Curate. By Edith A. Barnett. 7½ x 5½ in., 353 pp. London, 1899. Chapman & Hall. 6s.

The King Magnificent. An Imagination. By Paul Herring. 7½ x 5½ in., 110 pp. Nottingham, 1899. Pearson. 1s.

God's Greeting. By John Garrett Leigh. 7½ x 5½ in., 405 pp. London, 1899. Smith, Elder. 6s.

My Invisible Partner. By Thomas S. Denison. 8 x 5½ in., 231 pp. London, 1899. Gay & Bird. 6s.

GEOGRAPHY.
The Philippines and Round About. By Major G. J. Young-husband. 8½ x 6 in., xiv. + 236 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. n.

The Handbook of Jamaica for 1899. By T. L. Roxburgh and J. C. Ford. 8½ x 6 in., 559 pp. London, 1899. Stanford. 7s. 6d.

HISTORY.
A History of Greece for High Schools and Academies. By G. W. Botsford. Ph.D. 8 x 5½ in., xii. + 381 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 6s. 6d. n.

LAW.
The Necessity for Criminal Appeal as Illustrated by the Maybrick Case. Ed. by J. H. Levy. 8½ x 5½ in., 609 pp. London, 1899. King. 10s. 6d. n.

The Law of Partnership. By Arthur Underhill, M.A. 7½ x 5½ in., xvi. + 182 pp. London, 1899. Butterworth. 3s. 6d.

Outlines of English Legal History. By A. T. Carter, M.A. 8½ x 5½ in., 216 pp. London, 1899. Butterworth. 10s. 6d.

LITERARY.
Essays in Modernity. Criticisms and Dialogues. By Francis Adams. 7½ x 5½ in., 253 pp. London, 1899. Lane. 5s. n.

The Green Window. By Vincent O'Sullivan. 9 x 5½ in., 113 pp. London, 1899. Smithers. 3s. 6d. n.

Exotics and Retrospectives. By Lascadio Hearn. 7½ x 5½ in., 299 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low. 8s. 6d.

Ivory Apes and Peacocks. By Israel. 8 x 5½ in., 274 pp. London, 1899. Unicorn Press. 5s. n.

MEDICAL.
A System of Medicine. Vol. VI. Ed. by T. C. Allbutt. 9 x 6 in., 944 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 25s. n.

MILITARY.
From Cromwell to Wellington. Twelve Soldiers. Ed. by Spencer Wilkinson. With Introduction by Lord Roberts. 9 x 6 in., xii. + 508 pp. London, 1899. Lawrence & Bullen. 10s. 6d.

PAMPHLETS.
The Encore Reciter. Part II. Ed. by F. E. Marshall Steele. Warne. 6d.

The Strength and Decay of Nations. By Giles A. Daubeney. Simpkin, Marshall. 1s.

POETRY.
Poems at White-Night. By Gordon Bottomly. 6½ x 5 in., 96 pp. London, 1899. Unicorn Press. 2s. 6d. n.

REPRINTS.

The Works of Henry Fielding. Vol. XI. Miscellaneous I. 9 x 6 in., 406 pp. London, 1899. Constable. 7s. 6d. n.

Poems: Narrative, Elegiac, and Visionary. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. (Temple Classics.) 6 x 4 in., 307 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 1s. 6d.

The Confessions of an English Opium Eater. By Thomas De Quincey. (Temple Classics.) 6 x 4 in., 335 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 1s. 6d.

Treasure Trove. By Samuel Lover. 8½ x 5½ in., x. + 469 pp. London, 1899. Constable. 6s.

The Honour of Savell. By S. L. Yeats. (Popular Ed.) 8½ x 5½ in., 123 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low. 6d.

SCIENCE.

A Manual of Optics. By the late Rev. S. Haughton, M.D. New Ed. Revised. 6½ x 4½ in., 110 pp. London, 1899. Cassell. 2s. 6d.

SOCIOLOGY.

The Theory of the Leisure Class. By Thorstein Veblen. 7½ x 5½ in., 400 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 7s. n.

THEOLOGY.

The Parson's Handbook. By the late Rev. Percy Dearmer, M.A. 6½ x 4½ in., 227 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

Letters from a Mystic of the Present Day. 3rd Ed. revised. By Rowland W. Corbett, M.A. 7 x 4½ in., xx. + 211 pp. London, 1899. Stock.

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Literature

Edited by H. D. Traill.

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CHEAP WISDOM.

All educated Englishmen have learnt by this time, we should hope, to admit with due meekness the inferiority of their language to the French as a medium for the terse and pointed expression of thought. Considered as an instrument of the emotions and the imagination, we are still allowed to flatter ourselves that it has the advantage in compass and power. But, whenever the two languages come into competition in the presentment of the pure products of the speculative intellect, we have long been accustomed to acknowledge and to lament the shortcomings of our own tongue. Wit, we feel, is wittier, and wisdom weightier, in French than in English. The French epigram comes more happily off; the French maxim of conduct or reflection upon life assumes a more concise and complete, a more memorable and quotable, above all, a more impressive form, in the best French than it does in the best English prose. This, we fear, is a proposition which even our sturdiest patriotism, at any rate if associated with critical competence, would find it hard

to deny. Most disabilities, however, have their compensations of one kind or another; and we may console ourselves with the reflection that a language which is so generally unequal to the thought can be in little danger of ever surpassing it. When, as a rule, you cannot say a thing as well as it deserves to be said, you can obviously be but seldom misled into imagining that a thing was worth saying because it is capable of being said supremely well. And there is no doubt that this particular vain imagination—this tendency to mistake excellence of form for value of matter—is, and has always been, a snare to the feet of the accomplished French *littérateur*.

Mr. John Morley, whose excellent address delivered some years ago before the Edinburgh Philosophic Institution, and since published among his "Studies in Literature," contains the best that has been said on the subject, is, perhaps, a little too indulgent to this weakness. He argues that, as "the substance of the wisdom of life, being the result of the common experience of the world, must itself be necessarily commonplace, its most universal and important proposition must in a certain sense be truism"; but he goes on to add that "the truism, however, and the commonplace may be stated in a form so fresh, pungent, and free from triviality, as to have all the force of new discovery." Theoretically, no doubt, this is possible, but, practically, it is of rare occurrence; and the besetting danger of the aphorist of this description is that of mistaking a mere elegance and precision of utterance, which he may owe mainly to the genius of his language, for that freshness and pungency which Mr. Morley rightly regards as essential qualities. This danger, however, is one, to which, as we have said, the French maxim-coiner is more exposed than the English. In his case the production of the illusory epigram is a far easier matter, and the detection of the true character of the product a far more difficult one, than it is on this side of the Channel. The false semblance of wit is much harder for the Englishman than for the Frenchman to achieve. But, on the other hand, the simulation of wisdom is, perhaps, all the more readily within the former's reach. Our language, if it does not with facility become epigrammatic, lends itself very aptly to the sententious. We may safely back ourselves to assume an air of profundity with any nation in the world. Indeed, we doubt whether the solemn Joubert, whose impressive platitudes have, as we know, deceived the very-elect, would not have made even more dupes still, if he had had the advantage of writing in our more ponderous tongue. Mr. Morley, as we notice with interest in recalling a recent controversy in these columns, is not much impressed by this particular sage. He finds him "delicate, refined, acute," but remarks that "his thoughts were fostered in the hothouse of a coterie, and have none of the salt and sapid flavour that comes to more masculine spirits from active contact with the world."

Some of us cannot find in them as much savour as distinguishes the fresh growths of reflection and observation from the *crambe repetita* of insipid commonplace.

Whether it be, however, that a reputation for wisdom is less attractive to most men than the fame of wit, or that our national distrust of generalizations operates as a discouragement, it is certain that very few English writers have deliberately set to work to compose collections of detached *pensées*. The eminent French names which meet us on every page of the essay from which we have been quoting have few counterparts in our own literature. A list of moralists about "both worlds" that reaches from Pascal to Chamfort and includes names so famous as those of De la Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, Vauvenargues, and many others would, indeed, be hard to match in any country. We have in Bacon, perhaps, a greater than any one of them except the first mentioned; but the followers of that particular Immortal, whose so-called Essays are simply so many mines of aphorisms, have been few and far between. Few writers of distinction have sat solemnly down to evolve maxims of conduct and reflections upon the facts of life; and of those who have done so at least one eminent modern writer met with something like disaster. Among minor performers the now forgotten author of "Lacon," in spite of Mr. Morley's too disparaging reference to him, appears to have emerged from the adventure with infinitely more credit than many more famous people. But the Rev. Mr. Colton's note is uniformly that of cynical shrewdness; his wisdom, though genuine enough, does not go very deep, and in genius of course he has no more pretensions to anything like greatness than he had in reputation. The gnomic utterances of our really great writers have been, so to speak, struck out of them by actual dramatic contact with life; we find the best of them, as a rule, in the form of "asides" suggested to them by the conduct or the fate of the personages of their own creation. It is to the pages of the English classical novel, from Fielding to Thackeray and onward to writers who promise to take rank among English classics, that we ought probably to look for the best collection of aphorisms that is to be found in our language.

Such a collection would be of high value: but it would not be large. It is not so in any language, and from the very nature of the case it could not be. The pearls of wisdom and the diamonds of wit are essentially rarities, and an excessive demand for either of them can do no more either for literary or literal jewelry than stimulate the production of counterfeits. This, indeed, is an industry which has already established itself, and which seems to be making considerable progress, especially within the last few years. A sentence in Mr. Morley's paper, dating from before the establishment, or, at any rate, in the very early beginnings, of the industry, has a somewhat depressing significance to-day. In it the essayist speaks with admiration of that budget of moralities and reflections on life which, under the name of "The Pilgrim's Scrip," Mr. Meredith opened to his readers in one of the earliest and most famous of his

novels, and expresses the hope that the author of "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" might one day "divulge to the world the whole contents of Sir Austin Feverel's unpublished volume." But, alas! the wallet has been rifled, or the pretence of rifling it has been made, by a whole troop of Mr. Meredith's disciples since this aspiration was expressed. Or, if their modesty would disclaim the credit of having divined the still hidden wisdom of their master, let us put it that they have all started "pilgrim's scrips" on their own account; and, in the intervals of entertaining us with imitations of the Meredithian dialogue and description, they are all prepared to impress us with flashes of the Meredithian insight into life. The fact that they possess no mines of their own from which to dig these jewels of thought and imagination does not at all disturb them; it is sufficient that they have acquired a certain amount of the lapidary's knack, and can give a superficial air of brilliancy to any worthless pebble that they may pick up. At any rate, they feel bound to be as oracular in manner as their great model; and, at every second page, they arrest the flow of their narration in order to bestow upon us a few scraps of that cheap wisdom by which the half-educated multitude of the present day are so artlessly and pathetically impressed.

The Cromwell Tercentenary is being celebrated by the publication of various books about the career of the great commander. It seems to us that it would also be a good idea if it were celebrated by the cataloguing of the enormous collection of pamphlets relating to his period in the British Museum. No period of history—not even the period of the French Revolution—called forth pamphlets in greater profusion, and an adequate list of those in the national collection would be of enormous service to students.

We must congratulate Mrs. Richmond Ritchie on the successful accomplishment of the task which she undertook in publishing a "biographical edition" of her father's works. Thackeray would scarcely have been so anxious to live only in his writings had he known with what taste and accuracy biographers such as his son-in-law, Mr. Leslie Stephen, and his daughter, Mrs. Ritchie, would fill in the picture, already so clearly outlined to the readers of "Esmond" and of "Vanity Fair." That she has herself recognized the necessity for a set biography may be inferred from the inclusion, which is certainly well advised, in the last volume, of a reprint of Mr. Leslie Stephen's life in the "Dictionary of National Biography," published last year. Her own reminiscences serve to fill in and vitalize the concise record of Thackeray's life required for the purposes of the Dictionary. Incomplete lives, like Anthony Trollope's in the Men of Letters Series and Mr. R. H. Stoddard's Anecdote Biographies of Thackeray and Dickens, were already numerous. Whether, now that she has completed her task, any further biography is required such as that by Mr. Lewis Melville, which has been announced, remains to be seen when the book appears. He is said to have been collecting material for some years for two large volumes purporting to shed new light upon Thackeray's private and public life.

M. Edouard Rod lately assured an American audience that the greatest dramatic triumphs were summed up in

the names of Shakespeare and Racine. To English readers this must seem to be an excessive estimate of the author of *Phèdre*, the bicentenary of whose death was celebrated in Paris yesterday. The classical French drama, which reached its high-water mark in the work of Racine, is one of the most local and limited of literary forms. Molière can be read with pleasure in a translation, but Racine becomes a kind of inferior Home or Joanna Baillie in English. Of all kinds of drama this is the most dependent upon the actual words; a demand to "cut the cackle and come to the 'osses" would send it shuddering to annihilation. Its aim is not to hold the mirror up to nature, but to produce the effects of pity and terror by due observance of a well-defined and arbitrary set of rules.

Hence it is that we find it hard to explain M. Rod's estimate of Racine on other grounds than what Mr. Spencer calls "the patriotic bias." Hence, too, Matthew Arnold pronounced the classic French drama to be "a form radically inadequate and inferior, and in which a drama like that of Sophocles or Shakespeare is impossible." Racine's reputation, in short, despite the service that he did—on the authority of Voltaire—in teaching France "to think, to feel, and to express herself," is one of those flowers which cannot be transplanted. But no student of French can be blind to the "artful beauty" of Racine's verse, which has gained him the name of the French Virgil. And those who have seen Rachel or Madame Sarah Bernhardt in *Phèdre* can hardly deny its author the power of evoking, in a suitable atmosphere, the greatest histrionic talent—and this, after all, is a test of the true dramatist.

The committee formed to arrange for a memorial statue of Sir Thomas Browne, to be erected in the Haymarket at Norwich, seem to have about a fourth of the money already promised. The subscriptions, however, come almost entirely from local sources, and the committee are quite right in making a wider appeal. The "*Religio Medici*" has appeared in some thirty-five editions, and its popularity, and that of Browne's other writings, has never varied. Indeed, it is hardly correct to say, as the committee does, that his writings "are again being re-edited"; for, besides recent issues, we have editions appearing regularly at short intervals since 1831. England is not very rich in these local memorials of national celebrities, and they deserve all the encouragement that can be given them.

Reviews.

The Life of William Ewart Gladstone. Edited by Sir Wemyss Reid. 9½ x 6½ in., xx. + 752 pp. London, 1899. Cassell. 7/6

It has frequently been said, though more often perhaps in jest than earnest, that it would be impossible to write Mr. Gladstone's life, except on the joint-stock or co-operative principle. Mr. Morley, as we now know, is addressing himself single-handed to the Herculean task; but it will presumably be a labour of years, and, in the meantime, the rival method naturally commends itself to those who desire to be the first in the field. Sir Wemyss Reid and his colleagues here present us with a biography thus composed—a stout, closely-printed volume of more than seven hundred pages, got up in Messrs. Cassell's well-known manner, and enriched with upwards of three hundred illustrations. The apportionment of the work has been judiciously arranged, and not least so in the

assignment of "the main portion of the political narrative" to a single hand. It might conceivably have been dealt with on the principle adopted a few years ago in a certain co-operative history of our institutions, wherein sundry still "burning" questions—such as that of the English Reformation—were discussed by representatives of opposite schools of opinion. Thus, Mr. Gladstone's political career might have been treated from 1832 to 1858 alternatively by a Tory and a Whig, from 1858 to 1886 by a Moderate Liberal and a Radical, and from 1886 to 1894 by a Home Rule and a Unionist biographer. If, however, the work was to be intrusted to a single hand, it was, of course, essential that the hand should be that not so much of a political partisan of any particular colour, as of a devoted and enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Gladstone—a requirement which Mr. F. W. Hirst, who is responsible for no fewer than twelve out of the twenty chapters of the volume, unquestionably fulfils.

Detailed criticism of Mr. Hirst's share in the work, however, would, of course, be out of place in these pages, and we turn from the political chapters to those which relate to other aspects of this many-sided personality. In all of these Sir Wemyss Reid has secured highly competent assistance—in some of them the very highest that could be obtained. Thus the home life of the statesman is the subject of a contribution from what the editor describes as "a thoroughly authoritative source," and which has, in fact, been supplied by a relative of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. His "Ancestry and Early Years" are reviewed by Mr. A. T. Robbins; Mr. A. J. Butler deals with "Mr. Gladstone as a Scholar"; Canon MacColl discusses him as a theologian; the Rev. W. Tuckwell treats of him "As a Critic," and Mr. H. W. Lucy "As an Orator." The Editor opens the volume with a "General Appreciation of his Character and Career," and closes it with a short chapter on his "Last Days," besides uniting with Mr. George Russell to contribute a chapter—one of the most interesting in the volume—on "Mr. Gladstone in Society." Sir Wemyss Reid, if we mistake not, has already, in other forms of publication, anticipated most of the reminiscences which he gives us in his "general appreciation." We are not sure whether the notes of a conversation with Mr. Gladstone in 1891 formed part of this previously published matter, but, in any case, it would have been more judicious and in better taste to suppress them. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Gladstone would have approved of publicity being given to the language in which on that occasion he spoke of Mr. Disraeli. No doubt it "serves to illustrate what has been said as to the astonishing frankness with which Mr. Gladstone was in the habit of expressing himself in the social circle"; but when the frankness is so very astonishing as it is here, the presumption surely is that the speaker did not intend his words to be carried beyond the "social circle" within which they were uttered. For the rest, too, it is somewhat unfortunate that the Editor's sketch of Mr. Gladstone's *vie intime*, interesting though it is in itself, should have been forestalled in the striking little monograph recently published by Sir Edward Hamilton, with whose opportunities of studying his distinguished subject Sir Wemyss Reid's cannot of course compare. What, however, will be new to many people are the one or two anecdotes illustrative of that harsher and more imperious side of Mr. Gladstone's character which it has been too common with indiscriminate eulogists to ignore. The following, for instance, is in this connexion significant:—

A certain gentleman, in the course of a general election in which Mr. Gladstone played the leading part, had the misfortune

to lose a seat which it had been confidently expected that he would win for the Liberal party. The seat, moreover, had been, under peculiar circumstances, lost through a division in the Liberal ranks for which the gentleman was in part responsible. . . . A few days afterwards Mr. X, the gentleman in question, who felt very sore over his own defeat, and looked to his great leader for sympathy and encouragement, presented himself to Mr. Gladstone, at a house where the latter was staying with a party of political friends. Those who were present on the occasion will never forget the manner in which the statesman turned upon the unfortunate intruder and expressed his astonishment that he should have dared to present himself after losing a seat under circumstances so flagrant. The courteous, kindly man whom everybody knew and admired seemed for the moment to be transformed into the general sternly and imperiously rebuking the officer who had turned traitor on the field. . . . In the discharge of his duty he expected loyalty from all around him who professed to be his followers; and when that loyalty was wanting, or when men by acts of folly disappointed the hopes he had formed of them, he dismissed them from his service with a terrible curtness that the Emperor Napoleon could hardly have surpassed.

Canon MacColl's admiration for Mr. Gladstone as a theologian is profound. He has, however, good warrant for it so far as theology is an affair of learning alone. Dr. Dollinger, in a conversation with the Canon, observed that he should place Mr. Gladstone in the front rank of pure theologians, and the Canon believes that "posterity will ratify the judgment." There is nothing, he contends, of the amateur in the statesman's semi-theological and ecclesiastical essays. But, he adds, they touch upon or discuss various aspects and tenets of theology in its diverse ramifications with an easy familiarity which is a better test than any formal treatise. The range of reading which these essays cover

Is truly marvellous. He seems equally at home in Patristic, Medieval, and Reformation theology: in ecclesiastical history, in canon law, in the philosophy of Christianity, and even in the schoolmen. . . . He had read Aquinas not only from his love of theology and dialectics, but as one of the keys to Dante, who was steeped in Aquinas. He had also read Albertus Magnus, and having had occasion to quote Peter Lombard to him, with reference to a theological controversy in which I happened to be interested, I found that he had read the "Master of the Sentences," though he did not profess to know him as he knew Aquinas and Albert the Great. His favourite among the Fathers was St. Augustine, with whose voluminous works he was so familiar that when he had occasion to quote him he knew at once where to find the passage he wanted.

This is certainly not the equipment of an "amateur"; and, indeed, there never was any question of Mr. Gladstone's having accumulated competent and often vast stores of information on the various subjects which interested him. Mr. A. J. Butler, in his able chapter on Mr. Gladstone as a scholar, bears testimony to his Homeric erudition. Nothing has ever been questioned except the soundness of the critical judgment which he brought to bear on his materials. This, in his Homeric studies, was certainly often doubtful, and with all submission to Dr. Dollinger, the same, we suspect, would almost as often be said by professed theologians of his excursions into controversial theology. Of the sureness and fineness of his taste in scholarship there is much more conclusive evidence. It has been proved by many other far more successful exercises than those unfortunate Translations from Horace, of which Mr. Butler good-naturedly gives as favourable an account as he can. As to his position in English letters, it is well defined in this passage from Mr. Tuckwell's chapter on "Mr. Gladstone as a Critic":—

With the great masters of prose in this country—with De Quincey, Ruskin, Carlyle, Newman—no one, we suppose, will class him. Diversity of learning, firmness of grasp, width of range, directness of informing utterance stamp almost every paragraph of his voluminous writing; he is never tawdry, never hackneyed, never commonplace; and yet—he is never eloquent!

Probably no single passage from his pen could rank among the choice morsels of pure prose which we cull from the models of English style.

And this of his oratory, from the pen of one who has probably listened to as many of his speeches as any living man, explains with much acuteness and insight its most marked characteristic, as regarded from the literary point of view—its astonishing circuitousness of construction. This, writes Mr. Lucy,

Was a constitutional infirmity, the result of excessive intellectual capacity. Observing Mr. Gladstone on his feet in the House of Commons confronting a difficulty suddenly sprung upon him, one understood how the habit grew. Cautious by temperament, subtle in distinction of the meaning of words, having in stock an illimitable quantity, he, as he proceeded, saw pitfalls, morasses, stone walls non-existent to ordinary vision. The involution, parentheses, modifications of his, on the average, prodigiously long sentences, were divagations designed to get round or burrow under these perhaps imaginary dangers. Listening to him, one has often wondered where, on sea or land, a particular sentence could finally end. The closest attention was not equal to following all its tortuous turns. But, when read in print, it was perceived that Mr. Gladstone at least did not lose his way. While he was speaking he was thinking out his position. Being on his legs, he must needs fill out the interval with words. These—a "cloud of vague, brilliant, and imposing verbiage"—were spun out till his active mind had arrived at a decision on the precise line to take.

The "Life of William Ewart Gladstone" is an entertaining volume, which may be opened anywhere at random with fair prospect of deriving pleasure and profit from its contents. But it never for a moment impresses us as an organic whole; or, indeed, as a biography at all, but only as a series of studies of the various aspects of Mr. Gladstone's character "by eminent hands." It will only serve to whet the public appetite for the result of Mr. Morley's labours.

CELTIC LITERATURE.

A Literary History of Ireland. By Douglas Hyde, LL.D., &c. 9 x 5 in., 654 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 16/-

In one of the records of St. Columba it is related that the great Abbot of Iona, after long labours with the pen on the part of himself and his monks, looked at the stored manuscripts, at first with pride, and then with sorrow, and, at last, with a sadness so deep that he said he would not again take pen in hand. We are reminded of this when we think of what Dr. Douglas Hyde has done in this long-anticipated book of his. Here for the first time is told adequately the story of the marvellous literary life of the most fascinating race among the Celtic peoples. Nor, whether Irish or not, could any reader peruse the later chapters without a sense of sorrow for the doom which began so long ago, and has grown to this day, for the race, its literature, its language. The language as a living tongue must perish; the race must be absorbed; the literature, as a living and motive force, can survive, if at all, only in a profoundly desirable, but, alas! no longer distinctively native, resurrection.

That a book such as this is possible at all, that there is a ready public for it, affords the best proof of the immense change which has taken place in the world of letters. It is not so long ago that a famous president of the Royal Irish Academy incredulously asked Dr. Petrie, after an address on Early Celtic Art, "if there was the slightest evidence to prove that the Irish had any acquaintance with the arts of civilized life anterior to the arrival in Ireland of the English," or since a well-known author and lecturer declared that the "sooner the Irish recognized that before the arrival of Cromwell they were utter savages the better it would be for everybody concerned"! There are few now, except those who cannot change their temper of mind or abate confirmed prejudice, who would thus venture to flaunt their ignorance. In literature, in art within a narrower

limit, and in the domain of intellectual and spiritual life, the importance of the Celtic race, at a period when England and the greater part of Europe were in the slough of degradation, has become universally recognized. A few scholars in the three kingdoms, in France, in Scandinavia, and, above all, in Germany, have been mainly instrumental in this change. Perhaps the day is not far distant when the opinion of one of our greatest living philologists and students of literature will be taken to heart—that the study of the language and literature of the Celtic peoples is of as signal importance to us as that of any other foreign language and literature whatsoever.

Among those enthusiasts who have done so much there are few who have deserved more patriotic and scholarly gratitude than Dr. Douglas Hyde. His long and exhaustive exposition will be invaluable both to the student and to those who are striving to preserve what may be of incalculable value not only to the Gaelic people of Ireland and Western Scotland, and to the self-contained Cymric race in Wales, but to our Anglo-Saxon race as a whole.

It will, perhaps, be a disappointment to many that Dr. Douglas Hyde does not concern himself with the very remarkable and interesting development of the Gaelic genius in the English tongue, from Farquhar, Goldsmith, Burke, Sheridan, and Moore to the later and contemporary Anglo-Irish poets, romancists, and dramatists. But Dr. Hyde is right; for these men wrote and write in English, after the English tradition, and with English models; and so, of necessity, must be adjudged as English writers. Dr. Hyde's book, in a word, is not, in a wide sense, a history of literary Ireland, but a literary history of Gaelic Ireland. So regarded, however, there are, despite the labour, the research, and, above all, the scrupulous first-hand investigation, of Dr. Hyde, certain limitations in his work. On the one hand, he seems to have ignored important work already done in the same direction, notably Cusack's deserving and valuable compilation; on the other, he has apparently only casually made himself acquainted with Scoto-Gaelic sources. In what he has to say of the relation of the ancient Irish, the Alban Gaels, and the Picts, he has, for instance, obviously ignored, or is unacquainted with, so important a Gaelic record as the eleventh century Scoto-Gaelic poem preserved in the *Codex Stowensis* (No. XLI.), "A Eolcha Albain Uile," sometimes known as the "Albanic Duan," admittedly the most ancient monument of Dalriadic history remaining. This poem, which throws suggestive light on more than one point constantly in dispute among Gaelic controversialists, begins:—

* * *
A Eolcha Albain Uile

* * *
A shluagh feta, folt buidhe

(Ye learned of all Albain Ye wise, yellow-haired race)

and has this to say of the Cruithné, or Picts:—

Cruithnigh ros ghabhsad iar ttain,
Iar ttiachtain a h'Eirinn Mhuighe,
X Righ tri fheid Righ ran
Ghabhsad dhiobh an Cruithen chlar.

(The Cruithne acquired the western region (i.e., of Scotland) after they had come from the plains of Erin. Seventy noble Kings of them acquired this Cruithné land (the Cruithen plains).)

Which certainly affords testimony—whether convincing or not is a different matter—that Alban Gaels about A.D. 1000 (the Albanic Duan was written about the middle of the eleventh century) believed the Picts to have been, not an indigenous Albanic race, but a people who had come to Alba from Eri (Ireland).

But most students of Celtic mythology and literature will be glad that so important a book as this has Dr. Douglas Hyde as its author, for to a fluent, agreeable, and often singularly persuasive style he adds true scholarship and wide culture. It is, perhaps, particularly in the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth chapters that his guidance is welcome; for it is in the speculation concerning, and in the sometimes scholarly and sometimes unscholarly discussion of "Early History According to Native Sources," "How Far Can Native Sources be Relied on?" "Pre-Milesian Fable and the Early Pantheon," and "Evidence of Topography and

Genealogy," that so many writers prove perplexing if not wholly untrustworthy guides. Dr. Hyde goes carefully, affirms or denies scrupulously, and never with arrogant assurance; and for that we are grateful. It seems to us that on one important point he has said emphatically what needs emphatic iteration—namely, that no stress, or very little, can be laid upon the argument from topography (as to the substantial truth of the pre-historic chronicles, as reflected in place-names, &c.) which has had so much weight with many Irish scholars from Keating and O'Donovan down to O'Curry and others; for if this argument from topography be admitted at all it proves too much. In the selection on the Gaelic Elysium and Belief in Rebirth, Dr. Hyde has nothing to add to what we already know from the scholarly pages of Mr. Alfred Nutt's admirable work on the subject. In the chapters on St. Brigit and Columcille, again, there is little that is not already familiar; and for a fuller survey and understanding of the profoundly interesting and suggestive Brigit lore we must await the long-promised *Ór agus Ób* of the Scottish collector, Mr. Alexander Carmichael, who in the Hebrides gathered more about St. Brigit and St. Michael than exists probably in any published records. For the general reader the most fascinating section of Dr. Hyde's monograph will be the chapters on the Celtic Sagas and romances. Dr. Douglas Hyde is himself a poet and "shenachie," and it is on this subject that he writes with most charm.

All Celtic literature that is worthy the name seems "to have passed under the rainbow." Its beauty is moving, tragic, mysterious. But so is the literature of the North, so is that of Greece, so is that of other lands; its real distinction is alike in its strength and weakness, that it reveals an impassioned spiritual intimacy with all that is moving or tragic or mysterious, an intimacy that does not seem to us moderns so much of the recognizing mind as of the knowing spirit; an intimacy with things and thoughts, passions and emotions, events and lives and the dreams of men, lit with that rainbow light which we indicate when we speak of the light of the Other world.

The Cuchullin Saga. Compiled and Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Eleanor Hull. 7½×5¼ in., lxxiv.+318 pp. No. VIII. in Grimm Library. London, 1899.

Nutt. 7/6

The history of the magic kingdoms has yet to be written; and though it is pleasant to learn that a well-known student has taken up the theme, one can only wonder meanwhile how the story will read. The day certainly is not past when the "shenachie" will find hearers for his tale of how Bran and Maelduin, how Teig the son of Cian, and Brendan of Ara, and Cuchullin and Oisín of the Songs, and others, went and returned, or at the last came back no more from the shadowy kingdoms "beyond the west," "beneath the wave," "under the rainbow," in Hy Brasil, or Flathinnis, or Tir-n'an Óg. But the story-teller of these ancient lovely dreams can arrest his hearers only by words which have been gathered from Magh Mell—the Plain of Honey. These things are alive or are phantoms, in proportion as they are adequately revealed; and, apart from the few students of comparative mythology and folk-lore, there is no public for the "shenachie" whose tale is only glibly repetitive of the outward or verbal part of the old lore. Such an one is as a flower-seller who would offer us flowers without colour or fragrance.

Miss Eleanor Hull's achievement is one for which all who love Gaelic literature must be grateful; and the "Cuchullin Saga," as she renders it in a sequent narrative compiled and adapted (alas, too ruthlessly adapted sometimes) from many sources, is in certain respects a model of industrious and loving labour, with no little supplementary interest in the way of charts and an excellent map of ancient Ireland. But, in no ungracious spirit, it must also be added that Miss Hull has not, when attempting the imaginative retelling of imaginative lore, the art of words. Like the grey crow of Highland legend, "she craws readily, but doesna sing weel." Her narrative is a mosaic; it is not a book. The complex and manifold Cuchullin legend is told in divers ways; when Miss Hull herself redacts the theme, she wavers

between archaic diction, the phrasings of the hour, and the bald succinctness of the specialist. And why, having adopted the variant "Cuchullin" as the Saga-name of Setanta, does she continually vary the narrative with Cúchulainn; and why is Conchobhar sometimes so written and sometimes Conachar? That these are faults incidental to her task, or to her method of achieving that task, and not wholly to be imputed to Miss Hull, is evident from her able and scholarly Introduction—itself a most welcome and interesting piece of work.

But there is one more serious objection to state. There is no living writer who has so well and so beautifully, if not always with scholarly exactitude, told the story of Cuchullin, as Mr. Standish O'Grady. All who have striven to retell, or to work in the spirit of, the old heroic sagas of the Gael, for the sake of their beauty and wonder and romance rather than for their merely scientific interest and value, owe more to Mr. O'Grady than to any other. The Cuchullin story lives in his pages as it does nowhere else, and is told with a passion and beauty (at times, indeed, extravagant) which has made every one of the younger generation his debtor. After reading Miss Hull's careful but catalogue-like account of the most famous of the Gaelic heroic sagas, "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley," will the newcomer to these old tales experience any magic or charm, any beat at the heart, any stir to the pulse? The most terrible conflict in ancient Celtic literature is that of Cuchullin and Fardis at the Ford; but in Miss Hull's compiled narrative, or rather materials for narrative, the reader is, as it were, entertained by a showman at a booth rather than by the living eloquence and passionate imagination of a bardic singer inspired by a transcendently tragic theme. On the other hand, Miss Hull has nowhere claimed to be other than a formal introducer.

While, however, it might well be that Miss Hull did not strive to emulate Mr. O'Grady, it is almost unpardonable that she not once alludes to him—readers must not confuse Mr. Standish O'Grady with Mr. S. Hayes O'Grady, the scholarly author of "Silva Gadelica"—or to his fascinating pages, either in her Introduction, prefaces, notes, or appendices. It is as though some one should write the "Morte d'Arthur" saga, and never allude to the one incomparable telling of the tale of Arthur, nor to Malory himself.

So much it has seemed necessary to say. But this must not prevent acknowledgment of what is welcome and praiseworthy in Miss Hull's book. Her Introduction, as already stated, is admirable. Much of her book will stimulate further study. Her notes and appendices are praiseworthy. She has been loyal to MM. Whitley Stokes, Kuno Meyer, Windisch, D'Arbois de Jubainville, and her other authorities, and that involves no slight credit. The book itself is in every way a welcome addition to the Grimm Library. The type and paper are better than in the "Voyage of Bran" volumes, and to the student the map and charts are of particular interest.

PRIMITIVE MAN IN THE NEW WORLD.

History of the New World called America. By Edward John Payne, Fellow of University College. 9×5½in. Vol. I. (1892), 18/-; Vol. II. (1899), 14/-. Oxford.

Clarendon Press.

Introduction to the Study of North American Archaeology. By Prof. Cyrus Thomas. 8½×5½in., xiv.+391 pp. 1899.

Cincinnati: Clarke and Co. 8/- n.

The remarkable book which stands first of these two is much more than might be supposed from the severe brevity of its title. We call special attention to this at the outset, in case readers might pass it by, not caring, perhaps, to hear over again the story of Cortez and Pizarro, of Washington, of Maximilian, and the Civil War. Mr. Payne takes the word history in its widest sense. He is not content to begin with the Spanish conquest, but he investigates with minute care the early history of the American races, their origin and diffusion, their languages and their degree of savagery, barbarism,

or civilization. More than this even; so instructive has he found these races, that he is led to examine by their means the general questions of the nature and origin of civilization and of language. Throughout the work we have been struck with the thoroughness of Mr. Payne's methods. He is ever on the look-out for general principles, laws of advancement, the tendencies of an age, the pregnant hint of some acute mind which bears fruit in discovery. Through a mass of complicated details he guides the reader by his clues, until the course of history appears inevitable, and the human race moves forward, not in erratic leaps and bounds, but by ordered and regulated steps.

This method is well exemplified in Mr. Payne's account of the Discovery. He examines the opinions of the ancient world as to what lay beyond the great ocean stream, and their inferences from the roundness of the earth that there were probably other continents than those known. He shows how the discovery depended on certain physical conditions; and that given the Arctic current, the Equatorial current, and the trade winds, America was bound to be discovered sooner or later. In connexion with these physical conditions he traces three historical processes—the extension of northerly exploration, the extension of southerly exploration, and the inquiry into the relation between Europe and Asia. The narratives of the early voyagers are full of interest, and Mr. Payne rightly accepts the Norse discovery of "Wineland," Newfoundland, and New England. Columbus appears in his right place, not as a man of great ideas who staked all on the existence of a new world to find, but as a shrewd and determined trader, who was convinced on the evidence that India lay across that wide ocean, and went there for the double purpose of enriching himself and of carrying the Gospel to the heathen. To the last he refused to believe that he had found a new continent; and had he really thought that the land opposite Spain was not India, he never would have sailed thither. To the last he regarded himself as the chosen instrument of God to bring light to the nations that sit in darkness. The story is here told critically and with clearness, and will brush away a number of popular misconceptions.

The succeeding pages open up a wide question of universal interest. What is the cause and what the process of human advancement from savagery, through barbarism, to civilization? McLennan, in his second series of "Studies in Ancient History" (Chapter VII.), points out with his usual insight that the terrible struggles which the human race has gone through have been the cause of its preservation. Mr. Payne goes a step further, and shows how the arduous quest for food has been the cause of advancement. In thus postulating a simple and natural impulse which cannot be called in question, he shows a true philosophical spirit. It is so simple that its importance has been generally overlooked; but Mr. Payne works out his theory in minute detail, and traces each step in so convincing a manner, that we feel sure this will be accepted by ethnologists as an axiom. Human advancement depends on the existence of a food surplus, without which there can be no progress. In his earliest stages man depends on the natural supply of food, and is a fruit-eating or hunting savage. The fruit-eating stage is depicted with great vividness in the early part of the Book of Genesis.

Naked, shameless, and fearful, feeble in force, and languid in desire, largely dependent in the food quest, which principally occupied him, on the industry of his female companion, incapable of self-control, because moral restraint was necessarily unknown to a creature whose only guide in life was the food taboo, though the penalty for the breach of this was death, he grovelled in superstition, heard the voice of the dreaded gods in every wind, and attributed to the sleek, well-nourished, and fatally armed serpent a higher degree of intelligence than he possessed himself.

And a savage he must remain, so long as the natural supply of food remains unexhausted. The gradual advancement of man is traced in the use of fruits and roots, which can be more easily stored and longer kept, and finally to the discovery of cereals. It needs a higher degree of intelligence to perceive the value of cereal grasses, to cultivate them, and to prepare them for food; and these take less room in storing, last longer, and are worth

more. Their cultivation leads to observing the signs of the seasons, and thus makes some kind of a calendar necessary; the measurement of the fields creates a rude geometry; while the necessity of storing, and the habits of industry formed by tending the soil, suggest and make possible the erection of large buildings. Agriculture has also an effect on religion. The old malevolent demons which hunter-tribes fear give place to the benevolent spirits of the food plants, and those heavenly influences are worshipped which foster their growth. Customary rites are done at propitious seasons; food is offered to the spirits which give it, and these are believed to share in the tribal feast, and become the chief members of the community. Custom becomes law, rite develops into right; and the idea springs up of some standard of conduct outside man and superior to him.

But agriculture involves continuous work throughout most of the year; moreover, stores of food offer an irresistible temptation to marauding savages. Thus it becomes necessary to create a class set apart for agriculture, and another set apart for defence. The defenders must also be the ruling class, otherwise they could not live. The cultivators would never consent to work for the support of those who remained idle, unless these were the stronger. In early stages of agriculture the task of cultivating falls on the women while the men defend their stores and eke them out by hunting or fishing. Suppose, now, that the supply of game runs short, or that the tribe is compelled for any reason to become stationary. Virgin soil yields a far richer crop than that which is continually cultivated; and now the labour of the women is insufficient for the needs of the tribe. Some men must assist, and those will probably be such as are not best fitted for hunting or war. The stronger men will compel the weaker to work, and in addition will set to this labour any captives they may have made in the wars. The children of these and of captive or fugitive women will in time become an agricultural class, who are practically the slaves of the warriors. As the number of male serfs increases the women can be withdrawn from tillage and set to domestic tasks; their labour thus lightened, they are able to rear more children, and the tribe increases in numbers and strength. Thus we come to the third great step in human advancement—"the creation within the community of an industrial class, in subordination to a non-industrial class which directs and protects it." Mr. Payne shows how the advancement of the American tribes was limited by the lack of many important cereals, and of all the chief animals which can be domesticated. Both animals and vegetables are most numerous in the Old World, and hence civilization went much further here than it could go in the New.

Mr. Payne now passes to the origin of language, which he describes as an artificial basis of thought. As agriculture and the taming of animals produced an artificial store of food, so language formed an artificial store of experience, and became a means of still further advancement. He enters upon a long and able discussion of the origin of language, which he presents in a new light. Modern philology has too much neglected this matter, doubtless because of its extreme difficulty. The school of comparative philology, led by Karl Brugmann, is concerned with tracing the Indo-European languages to a common source, which is shown to have been a highly organized and inflected language. There have not been wanting speculations as to the stage which preceded this, and the question whether language arose by "adaptation" or "agglutination"; the prevailing belief seems to be that the next stage backwards was one where men talked by means of uninflected "roots," and Chinese is pointed to as a language of a very early type. How those roots arose no one seems to have any clear idea; but there is a vague notion that the chief factor in the origin of language was imitation of sounds, the Kling-Klang theory, as it has been well called. Mr. Payne has come to a totally different conclusion. He finds imitative words to be a comparatively late growth, because they belong to a time when general conceptions were already known. (See ii. 148.) As to roots, they are "one degree more artificial than that which they are asked to explain." He holds that man's original speech was of the nature of a "holophrase,"

that is to say, a conception was expressed by one irreducible utterance, longer or shorter, which could not be analysed into parts having a meaning of their own. It is here that the American languages are so instructive; and he is able to trace, from primitive dialects of low tribes to others more developed, the gradual splitting up of the holophrase, and the development of the noun, verb, and adjective. In a most ingenious way he connects the sounds of human speech with the processes of mastication, and so brings language into direct relation with food. When man assumed the upright posture, he could no longer get rid of things from his mouth by simply opening it. The motions of spitting and puffing developed the organs which pronounce the dental and the labial, which sounds were now added to the guttural or swallowing sound. All the phonetic system he shows to be based on the muscular movements used in food. It thus became possible very early to play many variations on the original cry, according to the position of tongue and lips while the voice issued forth. The sense of hunger may well have "suggested the contacts associated with the satisfaction of hunger," and thus the first words may have been created. Between this and the lowest known dialect, there is, of course, a huge gap; and Mr. Payne does not show exactly how it was bridged. He suggests, however, an influence which was certainly great, and which has, we think, not been suggested before—the arbitrary will of the chief families or the strongest men. He has, moreover, taken us a long step backward in showing that the speech of the most savage American tribes is almost entirely personal. That is to say, they use separate holophrases to express such ideas as "my-father, your-father," and yet have no conception of the general term "father." The missionaries find it necessary to speak of the Trinity as "Our-Father, His-Son, and their-Holy-Spirit." In these dialects the noun is personal, just as the verb is in inflected languages. Mr. Payne is led to the conclusion that "there was once a time when language consisted of irreducible personal terms; of words which advanced grammar would rank as nouns or verbs, according to the nature of the thing designated; and which expressed the limited number of conceptions occurring in savage life under that relation through which conceptions first found oral utterance, the shifting relation of personality." What was mainly present to his mind was not things, but the relation between them; and "as relations are logically indivisible, each was necessarily expressed as a whole, by means of a mass or quantity of sound." This mass of sound might be broken up, doubtless, if it consisted of more than one syllable; but the parts had no meaning whatever by themselves. This is no theory; it is the actual fact in most American languages. By degrees the holophrase does get broken up, and the parts get meanings, just as we speak of "isms and ologies," extracting the common part of a number of words. This is the origin of the general term. The next stage, after the noun is dispersonalised, and the general term is found, is to evolve the abstract term, a great step which opens the way to a new world of thought. The noun, verb, and pronoun are treated by our author in detail; animate and inanimate declension, modes of expressing time, and kind or intensity of action, the negative and object conjugations, number and gender, each has its turn. The rest of the second volume is taken up with a discussion of the origin of the American tribes and their various migrations, and a sketch of the Mexican and Peruvian civilizations.

We hope enough has been said to show the importance and the novelty of the theory of language here set forth, and of Mr. Payne's account of the history of human society. As to the latter, we find no flaw in his reasoning; and his theory of language is the only one we have seen which is based on something more solid than guesses and probabilities. Here we have facts; even those who reject the theory for the Old World cannot but admit it for the New. We have read the book with absorbing interest, and we believe it will give a stimulus both to ethnology and to linguistics. As, a century ago, that brilliant scholar, Sir William Jones, gave the impulse which produced the modern school of comparative philology, so we hope this book may prove a new starting point, and may turn young scholars from the un-

profitable trifles which now too often exercise their ingenuity, to a new and inspiring theme.

Professor Cyrus Thomas' "North American Archaeology" confirms Mr. Payne's theory of the migrations from another side. Mr. Payne shows at some length that man most probably entered the American continent from Siberia, at a time when the climate in those regions was temperate, and in two ways—the first immigration being by land, when the sea was lower than it now is, and there was a neck of land joining Asia to America: the second by sea, after the submergence of this isthmus. The glacial age, he holds, made life impossible in the north, and drove the tribes southward. Professor Thomas comes to the same conclusion—namely, that the migration of tribes has been from north to south. His book is chiefly a summary of the opinions of others, and hence the testimony of American scholars may be taken as supporting Mr. Payne in this point. However, the matter is one which might well have been left out of Professor Thomas' book; there would then have been room for a more complete account of the actual finds. As it is, however, the book contains a great deal of useful information. An account is given of the famous mounds and stone outlines of North America. Some of these represent animals, and Professor Thomas thinks them remarkably life-like. The two specimens he gives do not seem to us to be very life-like: and we think a good many more should have been given. A number of plans, views, and sections are given of the mounds and the fort and village enclosures. In the latter, explorers find a great many beaten surfaces of clay, which it appears some are not ready to accept as hut-sites. There can be no reasonable doubt that they are hut-hearths; such are found elsewhere, and these are remarkably like the hearths at the lake village of Glastonbury, where, as in America, the huts were built with wattling. Professor Thomas treats in turn of all the various objects found in excavation—pots, plain and ornamented, pipes, axes, arrowheads, images of earth and stone, textile fabrics, engraved shells, and so forth. There is an interesting account of the various modes of burial. In some cases the flesh seems to have been removed from the bones before burial; though Professor Thomas does not say so, we have no doubt it was eaten by surviving friends. This book can hardly be called satisfactory or complete; but it may serve for those who wish to get a general idea of the subject without caring to make it a special study.

Creation Myths of Primitive America, in Relation to the Religious History and Mental Development of Mankind. By **Jeremiah Curtin**, Author of "Myths and Folk Lore of Ireland," &c. 9 x 5½ in., xxxix. + 530 pp. London, 1899.

Williams and Norgate. 10/6 n.

The Americans are a remarkable people, and Mr. Jeremiah Curtin is an extraordinary man. Best known, perhaps, for his translations of Polish novels, Mr. Curtin has also made excellent contributions to Celtic and Slavonic folklore. In 1895 he went, by arrangement with Mr. Dana, editor of the *Sun*, to collect myths in Mexico, California, and Guatemala. These myths of the native American races Mr. Dana published in the Sunday editions of his popular newspaper. The Sunday paper is, we understand, the staple of the intellectual food of America's teeming millions. As such it may be a popular institution, but we do not look to it for the dissemination of culture. Yet culture the *Sun* diffuses; for, if mythological research be not culture of the most disinterested kind, what is? The most active newspaper editor in this country would not offer to the most highly educated public a weekly set of records of, let us say, Saunthorpe or Noongaburrah myths collected by a special correspondent. The experiment would spell ruin. That a journal like the *Sun* should present such matter to a huge class which reads next to nothing but Sunday newspapers is a remarkable fact, and does credit to the intelligent curiosity of the Western democracy.

Many of the myths are those of the Wintu people, which used to occupy the right bank of the Sacramento River from its source to the sea. Out of perhaps 10,000 Wintus, the population

fifty years ago, some 500 are now left. In 1889 Mr. Curtin, who was then making linguistic researches for Major Powell, of the Bureau of Ethnology, endeavoured to find some land on which the remnant of the Wintus and their neighbours, the Yanas, might settle undisturbed. President Harrison selected lands for them, but they have no landmarks, and are daily ousted by whites. They hope, poor fellows, that they may be protected and assisted by Congress. We hope so, too! As for the Yanas, they were almost all massacred by white ruffians, in 1864, in revenge for the murder of two women, of which they were not guilty. Plunder was the chief motive of the white miscreants, the Yanas being an industrious people who owned a few dollars. The details are incredibly abominable (pp. 517-520). As to savage myths in general the student is now in an unlucky position. If any traces of a Supreme Being are found, anthropologists can always say that he is "borrowed from missionaries." Though the earliest explorers of America, including, it seems, Columbus, may report exactly parallel myths before missionaries arrived, that does not seem somehow to count for anything. We note this and pass on. "The Wintu system," says Mr. Curtin, "is remarkable for the peculiar development of the chief divinity, Ollebis, called also Nomblietawa." Ollebis means "dwelling on high." Nomblietawa means "The Left-handed Hurler from the West." From his beautiful abode above the world Ollebis sees everything, and, though not all-powerful or all-wise, "is able through the knowledge and services of others to bear rule over the world in all places and everywhere." This is exactly the position of the Australian god, Baiame, or Baiame, with his "All Seeing Spirit," his agent in dealing with mankind. Baiame has been explained away as in his higher attributes a "loan god" borrowed from missionaries. Mr. Curtin says that "no Wintu has been converted to Christianity," their "adherence to primitive religion is unweakened. . . . Their faith is of the firmest: they are full of awe: they believe that Ollebis is up there now in the 'Central Blue' . . . and from there sees everything that happens." His house "has in it and around it all the flowers that have ever bloomed, flowers whose roots can never die" (p. 492). Precisely the same creed exists in Australia, as to Baiame in his land of flowers. Ollebis, the primal Being, "who was in Ollepaniti before there was anything down here on earth," does not look much like the glorified ghost of a dead ancestor. Mr. Curtin is strongly opposed to Mr. Herbert Spencer's doctrine. "We have seen attempts made to show that real gods have been developed by savage men from their own dead savage chiefs. Such a thing has never been done since the human race began, and it could never have been imagined by any man who knew the ideas of primitive races from actual experience or from competent testimony." We are much of Mr. Curtin's opinion.

Having arrived at the idea of the primal permanent Ollebis, the Wintus do not maintain their speculation on the same high level. The result is myth, as among other backward peoples. Thus the Maoris and Zulus have their metaphysical hymns full of the most abstract ideas known to philosophy. But they have also their puerile fables of the creative wars and loves of a pre-existing race. The Australian will say that Baiame or Noorele "made everything," but will also tell innumerable legends of the origin of species in the metamorphoses of a race pre-existing. The Wintus, in the same way, account for all things as results of metamorphoses among a race earlier than the race of men, and as a consequence of their loves and wars. Ollebis looks on, directs, selects, punishes, and blesses; he does not create by "thinking himself out into space," like Awonawilona in the hymns of the Zulus. The legends of these metamorphoses are long, dull, and puerile, an exception being the powerful and satirical myth of the origin of death, sex, and human conditions in general. ("Sedit and the two Brothers Hus," pp. 163-177.) This myth would have pleased Plato; it represents profound early speculation stated in the usual form of a fable. The other tales treat the pre-existing race—"the Alcheringa people," in Australian phrase—as living on the ordinary Wintu level, with more developed magical powers.

Scattered and peeled as the Wintus are, they probably no longer retain, like the Zunis and Navajos, their ancient ritual or any esoteric doctrines which may have been communicated in the sacred rites. Their mythology, as collected, is a detritus, and, though probably free from foreign contamination, appears to have lost the ritual with which it must have been intertwined. At least, we hear little or nothing about mysteries like those of the Zunis and Navajos. The general impression left is that all speculative ideas, good and bad, low and high, were poured out indifferently by the primitive intellect to take their chance of survival in religion and mythology. The consequence was that combination of the adulterer and the Lord of Thunder in the person of Zeus which perplexes St. Augustine in his "Confessions." The business of human progress has been to eliminate the puerile, and retain the lofty, ideas which co-exist in the beliefs of the earliest thinkers. But it is an error to hold that the higher ideas are necessarily the later in evolution, or the result of European influence. They are found everywhere among the least civilized and most inaccessible peoples. "When I talk of these things I am afraid I feel kind of scared," said a Wintu to Mr. Curtin. Obviously he did not talk in Wintu, nor do we gather exactly whether the myths were translated by Mr. Curtin from the original or communicated to him in the American language. It would also be most important to know whether the narrators were paid for their stories. This practice at once produces a shoddy new mythology.

THE ROMANCE OF THE OCEAN.

Idylls of the Sea. By Frank T. Bullen, F.R.G.S. 7½ x 5¼ in., 266 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 6/-

"Immense" was the word which Mr. Kipling applied to this writer's former volume, "The Cruise of the Cachalot," and it would apply equally well to the "Idylls of the Sea." We are told that Mr. Bullen has been a fo'c's'le hand, and we have seen that his manner of writing is occasionally not unworthy of Stevenson. The result of a combination of these capacities is inevitably interesting.

Mr. Bullen writes as a sailor of a sailing-ship. There are no screws, funnels, and smoke in his pages. His ideal or typical ship is not the liner, the "ten thousand ton hotel," but such a boat as he describes in the brilliant sketch called "Running the Easting down," the "5,000 ton four-masted sailing-ship Coryphæa, with every one of her thirty-four wings spread and drawing," the creature of the winds and the slave of calms. Mr. Bullen has looked on the sea with his own eyes, and his descriptions and colouring are of an unexpected newness. The little sketch called "The Birth of an Island" is a beautiful piece of prose, valuable as much for the manner of its writing as for its knowledge and fancies. This idyll is worthy of an enduring place in prose literature. Very little behind it in literary value are the sketches called "In the Crow's Nest" and "Running the Easting down," a description of the ship driving sixteen knots an hour before a gale. Those who might take up this book with a compassionate kindness for the prose of a sailor will find that Mr. Bullen is in need of no such feeling. We have found his work more interesting than the finished style of M. Pierre Loti, for instance, and in some ways it reminds us of Stevenson rather than of Kipling.

The greater part of the volume is devoted to the study of sea beasts, whales, sharks—for whom Mr. Bullen has a tenderness we do not share—devil-fish, and the Kraken. The devil-fish of the Caribbean Sea is new to us. This is an account of one of Mr. Bullen's meetings with the thing:—

When I was a youngster I was . . . one calm afternoon leaning over the taffrail, looking down into the blue profound, on the watch for fish. A gloomy shade came over the bright water, and up rose a fearsome monster, some eighteen feet across, and in general outline more like a skate or ray than anything else, all except the head. There, what appeared to be two curling horns, about three feet apart, rose one on each side of the most horrible pair of eyes imaginable. . . .

Although quite sick and giddy at the sight of such a bogey, I could not move until the awful thing, suddenly waving what seemed like mighty wings, soared up out of the water soundlessly to a height of about six feet, falling again with a thunderous splash which might have been heard for miles.

Mr. Bullen has some words to say about the manning of merchant ships with an undue proportion of foreigners, which should be noted by the authorities. "The Board of Trade scale of provisions is a hateful abomination," he writes, and the wretched wages of chief mates and skippers of many ships in the Mercantile Marine lead to the overmanning of these ships by foreigners. This is a subject which should not be allowed to rest here, and we hope that Mr. Bullen will again take up the cause vigorously.

THE NEAR EASTERN QUESTION.

Travel and Politics in the Near East. By William Miller. 9½ x 6¼ in., xxiv. + 515 pp. London, 1898. Unwin. 21/-

This book is not the work of an ordinary globe-trotter. Mr. Miller is already known as the author of a useful historical sketch of the Balkans, and it is clear from the book before us that he has often visited most of the scenes described, has stayed long in them, and has enjoyed good introductions. Everywhere he has made searching inquiries as to government, trade, industry, natural advantages, and the state of society; and he has filled his book with a great deal of exact information which cannot fail to prove useful. The places which he has studied are Dalmatia, Montenegro, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Albania, Greece, Crete, Samos, Macedonia, Bulgaria, and Stamboul. These districts are well selected, since they are all different, and each has its lessons. Nor is the book without interest for less serious readers. On the contrary, it is full of happy literary allusions, good stories, both tragic and comic, pleasant gossip, and the good humour of a traveller who does not mind roughing it at times.

Within the narrow limits at our disposal we cannot give a fair idea of the amount of information which Mr. Miller has provided. The subjects range from brigandage to agriculture, from falconry to scenery, from finance and high politics to national costume. The portions which are most interesting just now are his description of the Austrian government of Bosnia and his forecast of the future of Greece and of Turkey. The Austrian rule of the occupied provinces wins his highest admiration, and he thinks that it would be a blessing to the world if Austria were to "run down to Salonica." To Baron von Kállay he pays a well-earned tribute for his strong and just administration. As regards Greece, he gives a lucid sketch of the chaotic state of politics and some interesting pictures of the public men of that country. We cannot agree with him, however, in his opinion that King Otho was a man fit to be King of any place; nor does he seem to us to have formed a true estimate of King George. The present King of Greece may be a worthy man, but he must be strongly condemned for his lack of interest in his adopted country. We rejoice to see that Mr. Miller has much good to say of the Greeks: their brave endurance of pain, and their generous relief of their Cretan and Thessalian brothers. But Mr. Miller does not realize that the late war, mad though it was, had something heroic about it, because it arose from burning indignation at the tyranny of Turkey over the Cretans. He says that the Turks "on the whole behaved very well in Thessaly." Here again he is inaccurate; all that can be said is, they have behaved worse elsewhere. Before they left Thessaly they gutted all the chief towns (except Volo) and burnt most of the villages, not to mention instances of the usual outrage. Those who believe that the reform of Turkey is possible will do well to read Mr. Miller's chapters on the utter corruption of the Turkish Government. The studies of Crete and Samos are interesting, but here again we note some mistakes. In Samos Mr. Miller imagined the *gendarmérie* to be composed of Turks; but those smart and stalwart men are the Samian national "army," and the

only Turks in Samos are a small Turkish garrison (placed there in violation of the Constitution) and the crew of a small steamer in the harbour of Vathy. Mr. Miller found the Samians prosperous; but he did not notice the widespread feeling of sympathy for their neighbours which keeps them from being contented. "How can we be happy," they say, "when our brothers in Rhodes, Cos, Calymnos, and the other islands are slaves?"

More important for the present-day politician are Mr. Miller's chapters about Russian and German intrigue and the decline of British influence. England was until lately universally beloved by the oppressed peoples of the Levant; now they are beginning to doubt us. We wish that all members of Parliament and all intelligent voters would ponder the later chapters of this book.

A number of pictures illustrate the work, sufficient for the most part to give a general idea of places, but not always good. We miss the ancient bridge of Mostar and the famous Easter dance of Megara; but nearly everything else of interest has a picture. Many are quite pretty, as the olive groves of Corfu and the harbour of Rethymnos.

GOLD MINES.

KING SOLOMON'S GOLDEN OPHIR (Leadenhall Press, 2s. 6d.), by Dr. Carl Peters, is described in its sub-title as a "Research into the Most Ancient Gold Production in History." The mystery of Ophir is not only a question of archaeological interest, since it is obviously probable that if the site of this famous gold producer can be definitely discovered there will be rich leavings waiting for treatment by processes that Solomon could not command. Dr. Peters shows, in a closely reasoned argument, good cause for believing that "our name of Africa (A-F-Rica) contains the ancient root of Ophir (Aleph, Phi, Reah), and that therein the key must be sought by which the Ophir mystery may be really revealed." He points to the fact that the derivation of Africa has hitherto been a puzzle to philologists.

Further, until this day, the learned men of all nations were of opinion that neither Phoenicians nor Jews had a comprehensive name for that part of our globe which we call Africa. . . . Can it be seriously believed that they had no comprehensive name for regions, the connexion of the parts of which they must have perfectly understood? My theory that Ophir was in the earliest times the Semitic name for Africa as a whole solves this question at once.

Pursuing his inquiry he finds in Sofala or Sofara (Sa-Ophir) another variant of the same name and draws the conclusion that the district which furnished gold for King David's temple was the land between Limpopo and Zambesi, where "have been found the ruins of grand temples and fortifications, in connexion with mining works . . . evidently of Phœnicio-Sabæan origin, and of an age anterior to the time of Solomon." These old workings are calculated to have extended over an area of about 4,000 English square miles. Among the many curious and interesting sidelights that Dr. Peters throws on his argument we may mention that at Zimbabue, the most famous of these mining fortresses, "religious celebrations were still being performed in the ruins on the hill, according to an ancient and curious rite. The sacrifices, in which cattle were killed and their blood sprinkled, appeared . . . to present remarkable resemblance to ancient Jewish rites."

Many books have been written about the goldfields of the Rand, but public interest in this wonderful field expands *pari passu* with its ever growing output, and we have no doubt that THE WITWATERSRAND GOLDFIELDS, BANKET AND MINING PRACTICE, by S. J. Truscott (Macmillan, 30s.), will find a wide circle of readers. Mr. Truscott writes from the point of view of a mining engineer, and his work is severely technical. Slimes and stopes and crosscuts and winzes do not mean much to the general reader, or even to the average investor, but this book will be a storehouse of information to the practical student of mining engineering, and will well repay perusal by all who

wish to know anything of the mechanical means by which this remarkable district, in which mining has been sobered into a steady-going industry, turns out its 400,000 odd ounces of gold per month with the regularity of clockwork. The work is well illustrated with plans, diagrams, and photographs.

IN THE GOLDFIELDS OF AUSTRALANIA, by Herr Schmeisser, assisted by Dr. Karl Vogelsang; translated by Henry Louis, M.A., &c. (Macmillan, 30s. net), we have the results of a rapid journey of inspection made by these two well-known German experts. Herr Schmeisser approaches the subject as a geologist, and his work deals chiefly with the strata and formations of the countries—Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand—that he includes in his survey. He tells us a good deal more, however, in pleasant and chatty style, and has plenty to say about his travelling experiences, some of which were exciting enough, and about the general aspect and conditions of the Australian colonies. He also gives an interesting, but all too brief, sketch of the history of gold mining in these regions; and it is instructive to note that from the very first the industry attracted the genius of shady and mendacious characters. "Dailey, a convict, announced in August, 1780, that he had discovered gold, but confessed later that he had mixed filings of a brass buckle and of a guinea with some earth." The writer does not pretend to give much attention to the financial side of the question, but there are many passages in his work which investors might do to heart with advantage to their bank balances. For instance:—

The Australian prospector is perfectly aware of the fact that the extreme richness found in pockets at the outcrop very often disappears as depth is attained, and he therefore tries to sell his discovery as rapidly as possible. The report of a mining expert, which is a necessary preliminary to such a sale, would probably be optimistic unless he were to insist that deeper trial shafts should first be sunk or levels driven for the careful investigation of the nature of the deposits.

If the unfortunate shareholders in the Londonderry mine—to mention only one flagrant example—had but noted this fact in time they would be richer to-day. As for the experts, on the strength of whose reports millions of English capital have been thrown away to enrich promoters and vendors, it appears that "men of all occupations—sailors, officers, doctors, druggists, merchants, book-keepers—become experts with surprising rapidity." One such expert actually "reported on a deposit solely on the strength of specimens that were laid before him." With facts such as these before us, it is not surprising to find that Herr Schmeisser sums the matter up by saying that "financiers who are not mining experts ought not to be lured into doubtful security . . . they should not invest if they are not in a position to bear the total loss should the investment prove a failure." And if, we may add, they are in this enviable position, why should they jeopardize it by pursuing after wild cats?

THE GREAT PYRAMID.

The Book of the Master, or the Egyptian Doctrine of the Light born of the Virgin Mother. By W. Marsham Adams. Illustrated. 7½ x 5¼ in., xxii. + 204 pp. London, 1898. Murray. 6/-

The Great Pyramid, so far as we know, was built for a King's tomb. Elaborate precautions were taken that it should not be rifled. Unfortunately they were unsuccessful. The body which should be there is not, and the obvious purpose cannot be materially proved. Hence the door was opened not only to Arab burglars and common seekers after treasure, but to everybody who possessed the genius for making theories. It is like roulette, where every one has an infallible system. And, unluckily, the pyramid, it must be confessed, rather encourages theorists. It is built in such a way that it might very well have been an observatory, if it had not been a chief's barrow, and as no mummies were found, it may have been diverted from its original purpose, like Cæsar's dust. Again, it has certain dimensions which, when multiplied by some number or other, will infallibly equal some interesting astronomical measure-

ment. Or, if you divide the base of the pyramid by one of the casing stones, you get the quotient 335·25, which is the number of days in the year; while if you multiply the casing stone (the length, we presume, but this is left doubtful) by ten million you arrive, naturally enough, at the length of the polar axis of the earth. In the same way, the area of Printing-house-square is a certain number of millionths of the surface of Jupiter—*Jupiter towns*, as the late Mr. Anthony Trollope used to say. The curious internal passages of the pyramid offer valuable occasions for speculation to those who will not recognize their obvious purpose as entrances to vaults, and among the imaginative students who have “laboured” this branch of research Mr. Adams holds a distinguished place. We are not sure that an equally brilliant theory might not be constructed to account for the secret chambers and mysterious passages in Sir John Soane’s Museum; and, indeed, since the museum is situated in Lincoln’s-inn-fields, the area of which is commonly believed to equal that of the base of the Great Pyramid, the suggestion may be worth elaborating. Mr. Adams totally rejects all previous theories. According to him the pyramid was neither a tomb, nor a treasury, nor an observatory, nor a “prophet floor-roll of human history,” though it has elements of all these various functions. It was the scene where the neophyte was initiated into the mysteries of the Egyptian religion, and was the visible counterpart of the so-called ritual of the so-called “Book of the Dead.” Mr. Adams brought the subject before the world in an earlier volume, of which the present work is a development. Indeed, the *New Review* was first privileged to receive his “Clue to the Mysterious Religion of Ancient Egypt”:

That clue was afforded by a comparison of the secret passages and chambers contained in the Great Pyramid, or “Secret House,” of Memphis, to which the Egyptians of old gave the title of the “Light,” with the secret passages and chambers portrayed in the sacred papyrus describing the “Entrance on Light,” which we at present call the “Book of the Dead,” but which the Egyptian priests entitled “The Book of the Master of the Secret House.” And the correspondence which I pointed out to exist between them resulted in the two mysteries partially, at least, illumining and disclosing each other.

The accuracy of the theory is supposed to be supported by a positively Delphic saying of Professor Maspero, who wrote “The Pyramids and the ‘Book of the Dead,’ reproduce the same original, the one in words, the other in stone.” It is to be noted that the oracle says “pyramids,” but there is no other pyramid in all Egypt save that of Cheops to which Mr. Adams’ explanation applies. This unique character of a solitary pyramid is one of the objections to the theory. Egyptian kings were not wont to allow their predecessors an uncontested superiority in their buildings, and if the Great Pyramid were really a special temple of initiations it is certain that there would have been imitations in later reigns. Mr. Adams, we admit, works his absurd theory out beautifully, and, we must add, most eloquently. His book is charming, and the mysteries it discloses appeal delightfully to the spiritual, though scarcely to the archaeological, imagination.

A “BORN PREACHER.”

The Unheeding God. By Thomas G. Selby. 82 x 5½ in., 384 pp. London, 1899. Hodder & Stoughton. 6/-

Now and again there appears a volume of sermons, and still more rarely a volume of speeches, which deserves to escape the speedy oblivion that swallows the ordinary discourse. Mr. Selby’s collection of twenty sermons is distinctly one of these. It is worth reading and keeping, for it is the work of a man who evidently goes into the pulpit because he has something to say, and not because he has to say something, of a man, moreover, who can make his points with singular force and acumen. His sermons have curious titles—“An Early Chauvinist,” “The Dirge of the Dead Hand,” and so on, but each of them grapples with a definite, and generally a difficult, subject, dealing with it honestly and thoroughly in a way that comes home to the average

thoughtful person. That is the secret of his power. Most eminent preachers are also scholars; and, however simple their words may be, their thought runs on subtle lines, and can only be appreciated by a University audience. Mr. Selby’s vocabulary is not simple, but his thought is; he writes as a man who has indeed read much and pondered well, but whose reading has been that of a man of the world rather than of a scholar, and his meditations about men rather than theories. To say this is to say that he is a born preacher. He is not an orator in the usual sense of that word. Calmly and steadily his sentences proceed, without a note of passion or any appeal to emotion, and end, without attempt at peroration, in some thoughtful sentence. The weak, vicious methods of those who speak for effect are eschewed by him, and the passion of genius which such speakers attempt to imitate is beyond his province. At the same time his sermons are sermons, not polished essays, weapons too fine for pulpit use, as are the printed discourses of many far greater men. It needed an effort to understand a preacher like Dean Church; it must have required a cultivated mind to appreciate the periods of a Massillon; but Mr. Selby can be understood by every one who can follow a newspaper article. He is true to the function of the preacher, for he mediates between abstract thought and the concrete man.

He is a preacher, but not a writer. He lacks that first necessity in the maker of prose—the power of welding sentences together. Each phrase rises up at you and hits you; his style jumps and bumps along, from full-stop to comma, from comma to full-stop, without grace, without music, without distinction in the choice of words. He writes as a speaker writes. Therein lies his power, and therein lie also his limitations. Take, for instance, as an illustration both of his matter and his manner, his account of the world’s effort to “cure our malady of heart and win us back to its scenes of happiness”:

Look at the glitter and bravery and good-fellowship offered you here, and be content. And if that is not enough it sets its worldly-wise men to frighten us out of our little bit of piety by telling us what a gloomy and purgatorial affair a religious life is. But the heart-sickness persists. It would be the height of infatuation to return to the melancholy illusions of the past. The sadness of the world is a sign of its growing penetration. Material well-being cannot effectually satisfy us. The light literature of the day is weird with the writhings and the wailings of lost souls. Writers who ring the praises of lust, classical nakedness, gilded pruriency land themselves at last behind the iron bars of a despondency from which there is no escape.

That Mr. Selby is a master of the preacher’s art is shown by his use of illustration. An average audience cannot follow a speaker into the regions of thought unless he is constantly enticing his hearers with attractive and informing pictures. Mr. Selby’s fertility of resource in this matter is simply amazing. Does he wish to explain that true order must consist in a living intercommunication of parts? He describes the crypt of the Capucin Church at Rome, with its ghastly arrangement of bones and skulls, to show that, though the grouping is faultless, “this ingenious gruesomeness is the mere travesty of order.” Does he wish to show that distant upheavals of thought may “clog” our spiritual atmosphere? He has ready at hand a volcanic eruption which threw up enough matter to fill a “box as big as Hyde-park, and equal in height to the dome of St. Paul’s,” and filled distant skies with a mysterious darkness. The receptiveness of the Christian life is contrasted, in a sermon on “Cumulative Grace,” with the river which flows for a thousand miles without receiving a single tributary. Faithful to the meticulous duties of the reviewer, we have counted up the number of illustrations in the sermon on “Order,” and have found no less than thirty-five: bridges, battles, machinery, Bedouins, boulders, wrecks, earthquakes, pagodas, all rise up and do his bidding. He is indeed an illustrator rather than a theologian, an expounder rather than an original thinker. He writes broadly and temperately for modern men of average culture, not about the higher ranges of thought, but about the world in which they live, its miseries and difficulties. He is above his hearers, but not beyond them.

TINTAGEL.

I.

Hearken, thou fortress inexpugnable !
 Make answer, rock precipitous and blind !
 What memory of the ages left behind
 Hast thou ? What tales that no man's tongue may tell ?
 Ever with waves that landwards break or swell
 Whitening upon thy gaunt grey cliffs or find
 Passage through thunderous caverns undermined
 The Atlantic holds thee as in a mystic spell.

Hither from Ireland came the bark that bore
 Tristram the hunter and Iseult the fair.
 Rememberest thou the story old and dark ?
 Sleep they in sea, these lovers, near thy shore ?
 Mourn'st thou them now or dost thou rather wear
 The unsatiated sorrow of King Mark ?

II.

Nay, how should'st thou make answer, thou for whom
 A thousand years go past as yesterday ?
 Thy face unchanged, when years have swept away
 All memory of this age's fret and fume,
 And all we lie forgotten in the tomb,
 Will watch the stars' and sun's alternate sway
 Until the old earth's dispeopled orb of clay
 Sinks back to night's unfathomable womb.

Vain as the winds that sweep thy cliffs, our cries
 Assail the deaf ears of the empty skies.
 Vain as the shattered onslaught of thy sea
 From thy fierce walls in wrath flung back again,
 The vaunted works and hopes and dreams of men
 Break on the bastions of eternity.

THEODORE WRATISLAW.

Among my Books.

"UNHAPPY WELSTED."

It is a commonplace of criticism to compare the heroes of the "Dunciad" with flies in amber. We are accustomed to be quite satisfied with their appearance in that cruel museum, and we do not trouble ourselves to ask how they got there. Never, in the history of literature, was an author more successful in smashing the whole regiment of his enemies than was Pope in this extraordinary poem, the adroitness, the courage, and the audacity of which dazzle us more and more the longer we examine it. He long prepared, in silence and obscurity, his cunningly poisoned shell. His friends fretted for the fun to begin. "Why does not Mr. Pope publish ? The rogues he mauls will die in peace," said Swift in February, 1728. But Pope was not to be hurried; he was an artist in destruction, and he would not fling his bomb until the best possible moment had come for annihilating all his enemies in a mass. At last that moment came. The "Dunciad" was flung into Grub Street, and it burst with storm and stink unparalleled. When the rolling vapours cleared away, the Dunces were not. They had disappeared, and they have never been discoverable since.

This disappearance of the Dunces is a positive fact. I doubt if any private person at the present day possesses

a collection of their writings approaching completeness. Colonel Grant made a noble effort to gather them together, but I believe that even he became weary of the hopelessness of it, and dispersed his specimens. If, in an impartial spirit, one wishes to see what manner of men Eusden and Oldmixon, Smedley and Concanan, were, it is very difficult to do it. We know all these people through Pope. It is to their relentless enemy that we have to apply for information about them. After nearly two centuries, the satirist still holds the door of the hospital where those wretches lie, and answers the visitor who inquires after Moore-Smythe or Theobald, "Oh ! you can't see the fellow, but I shall be happy to give you any information you require." To speak of one of the Dunces is to stir the ashes of Pope's resentment, to give his splenetic fury another chance of spitting venom. What a sublimity of cleverness there was in Pope ! How delicate was his instinct with regard to his associates ! He charmed the talent of the age, and called it around him to laugh while he tormented the very soul out of the Philistines and the mediocrities.

Among the Dunces there was one who differed from the rest and apparently gave Pope a considerable amount of discomfort. Leonard Welsted lives in popular recollection solely on the score of the magnificent parody of a famous passage in Denham's "Cooper's Hill." In the Third Book of the "Dunciad" successive generations read with delight :—

Flow, WELSTED, flow ! like thine inspirer, beer ;
 Though stale, not ripe ; though thin, yet never clear ;
 So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull,
 Heady, not strong ; o'erflowing though not full.

A parody in which the antithesis is superior to that of the original it imitates. "Unhappy Welsted," as Pope very justly styles him, was the object of constant attention from the satirist, and there is no name which Pope has covered more artistically with derision and contempt. In the great competition the poet seems to summon his most splendid powers together to hurl this unhappy man into oblivion. Nothing in the "Dunciad" is finer than Welsted's plunge into the Sable Stream :—

drawn endlong by his skull,
 Furious he sinks, precipitously dull,
 Whirlpools and storms his circling arms invest,
 With all the might of gravitation blest ;
 No crab more active in the dirty dance,
 Downward to climb, and backward to advance.

In an early note, which he hastened to suppress, Pope permitted himself to appear irritated by what he called "the great scurrility and fury" of Welsted, and as late as 1736, in the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," he represents himself as patient under the attacks of this man :—

Full ten years slandered, did he once reply ?
 Three thousand suns went down on WELSTED'S lie.

It would be to waste time to continue to enumerate instances of the peculiar irritation which this particular opponent created in Pope.

The reason of this special animosity rests, I think, mainly on a fact that has not received the attention it

* In later editions this is made to apply, with some modifications, to a still obscurer William Arnall.

deserves. Most of the protagonist Dunces were men of inferior education, or at least of undignified mental habits. In attacking them, in violently dividing himself and his friends from participation in their vulgar literature, Pope knew that he ranged his battalion on the side of the angels. But Leonard Welsted was a scholar and a gentleman, a person of the most elegant tastes, and naturally formed to be one of Pope's supporters. With his accustomed adroitness, Pope saw that the only effective mode of defaming Welsted, since the animosity of the latter was implacable, was to present him in a degraded form, by humiliating him in his person, his attainments, and his ambitions. Accordingly, Welsted is one of those who plunge for an indecorous prize in a filthy competition, and, if we examine the numerous references to him in detail, we see that they are invariably contemptuous and offensive. Welsted goes down to posterity in a cloud of scurrility and squalor. Pope was a monstrously clever fellow, and Welsted was obstinate and silly. But it may be amusing to observe that a very little civility might have turned him from one of the gargoyles of literature into an agreeable gentleman who wrote with ease and dignity.

Of all the contemporaries of Pope, Leonard Welsted was the nearest to him in age, since he was born about a week after the birth of Pope (his baptismal registration in the parish church of Abingdon, Northamptonshire, being dated June 3, 1688). He was the son of the rector, and the grandson of a "celebrated lawyer and antiquary." He went to Westminster, where, we are told, he "raised so great expectations of his future genius that there was a kind of struggle between the two universities which should have the honour of his education." Cambridge won in this generous race, and he proceeded to Trinity in 1707. When the "Dictionary of National Biography" reaches his name, doubtless we shall possess the fullest particulars regarding Welsted, whose early life I do not find it easy to illuminate. But he presently marries a daughter of the great musician, Henry Purcell, and in 1715 we find him inditing, what is called by Jacob "a very good" small poem to the Earl of Clare on his being created Duke of Newcastle on the 2nd of August. The panegyric in these verses surpasses the modesty of truth, yet I connect them with the fact that he obtained from the nobleman in question "a place in the office of one of the Secretaries of State." Welsted was now started on his career of usefulness in the public service, and a short poem of compliment marked each easy rise, until the Duke of Dorset—"Heaven bless the generous hand that gave it!"—presented him with a post in the Ordnance Office, which involved a house in the Tower of London. Welsted was now comfortable for life; he rose (through "the generous exertions" of the Bishop of Bangor) to be permanent head of his office, which he combined with a commissionership of State lotteries until his death, "which happened in the Tower," in 1747. He outlived his brilliant enemy three years.

Such was the inoffensive, and highly successful, outward career of Welsted, and his poems reveal a somewhat pompous, over-courtly, semi-professional, fine

gentleman, in perpetual guidance of lace-ruffles and a clouded cane. The Muse of Welsted—so unlike the figure travestied by Pope—seems to be always articulating the words "prunes" and "prism," and listening in rapturous familiarity to elderly persons of rank. This is not our foregone impression about Welsted.

But a greater surprise awaits us when we find that his thoughts were occupied almost exclusively upon the classics. He was never without a Horace or a Tibullus in his hand, and he contemplated poetry only by the light of the ancients. No doubt, he was an excellent scholar, and one of his worst offences must have been his repeated contention that Pope really knew no Greek. Welsted's most important contribution to literature was a translation of Longinus' "On the Sublime," which he published in 1712, in the glorious dawn of the Age of Anne; the original edition of this volume contains an appendix of criticism of the English Poets, in which Addison and Ambrose Philips are warmly praised, while no mention whatever is made of the new author of "The Messiah." Here, in my judgment, the mortal sin of Welsted began. Pope, who noted everything and forgave nothing, saw at the outset that this learned and elegant young man, being not for him, was against him, and he bided his time.

Meanwhile Welsted threw himself into the Addisonian faction. We find him patronized by Steele, complimented by Tickell, encouraged by Hoadly, honoured with the acquaintance of the Countess of Warwick. When his poem, "The Invitation," was published in the *Freethinker* (June 29, 1719), Ambrose Philips wrote a long prose introduction to it. Here we have a peep at Welsted in his house at the Tower:—

If Lucy rules not with her jealous sway,
I shall expect you at the close of day.
Already is my little side-board grac'd;
The glasses marshall'd, the decanters plac'd;
The room is cool; the summer hearth is gay
With greens and flowers, exuberance of the May. . . .
I give you only lamb from Uxbridge fields,
And add the choicest herb my garden yields,—
Silesian lettuce,—with soft Lucca oil,
Delicious blendings of a different soil.

This is not what we expect from the filthy Welsted of the "Dunciad." What a clever man Pope was!

To represent Welsted as a good poet is impossible. But in an Horatian exercise he is often above the average of his graceful age in grace. His *Oikoyapáia*, published in 1725, is a very amusing piece of octosyllabics. The Earl of Dorset has given him a handsome house, and keeps it in good repair. But there is one thing wanting. Welsted addresses himself to the Earl,

not to raise
Trophies to thee of tinsel praise,

but to invite his benefactor to see how comfortable the poet is. Accordingly, Lord Dorset is wooed in to admire the house, its arrangements, its pictures, its furniture,

the panel-glass;
The matted chairs, the locks of brass,
The stove, that cheers the wintry moon,
Or flower-piece, in its stead, in June,
The buffet that, with glasses fine,
Tempts heedless folks to stay to dine,

until, as if by accident, they reach a place "where all is blank, and empty all!"—namely, the cellar. There is not a bottle of wine in it, save a paltry "claret phiz" or two, and Welsted withdraws in painful confusion, overwhelmed with shame that his Lordship should have observed his inability

To hail great George in Bordeaux wine,
Thy Lord, O Middlesex—and mine!

The hint was well received, and a supply of the finest Hermitage was presently delivered at the "sightly front" of Welsted's house in the Tower.

Welsted, in that unlyrical age, had some versatility in metres. He ought to be added to the slender body of poets who, before Tennyson, employed the "In Memoriam" stanza:—

I, too, the golden harp, my pride
And fair distinction, fain would claim;
Give me a Lyric Poet's name,
And I'll look down on all beside.

This is more than we can quite grant to Welsted, who must make what he can of the ugly immortality which Pope has fastened upon him. The satirist was horribly unjust, and yet, after all, if Pope had overlooked Welsted altogether, who would mention his name to-day?

EDMUND GOSSE.

THE WRITER AND THE PRINCE.

"Ah, Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire.
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!"

Now it happened, in the years of the restored despotisms, that a man sat writing upon tablets at the foot of a great tree in a royal forest. Before his eyes—that dreamed with a restful gravity—went a luminous glade, spilt, in a lessening perspective from his feet, with overflow of the primroses and windflowers that so filled a neighbouring clearing that the stumps of brushwood standing therein were only so many scores of little stark islands set in a sea of white and lemon blossoms.

The sunlight fell like burning green oil from the leaves overhead, firing the turf below in patches. The cushat seemed to dip her beak into it, and to wash her lovesick breast with purring flame. Sounds, seeking for echoes, sank, exhausted with drowsy laughter, by the way.

A girl came up the track singing, her hat, trimmed with mosses and living woodland flowers, swung in her hand. Her neck and arms were bare; kissed by the full lips of the sun, too, in all but the tender creases. She was as pretty as a gillyflower.

The writer—his eyes losing their preoccupied expression—came to earth like a dropping lark.

In one and the same instant a woodcock—its claws clutched, its long beak chinned upon a nestling that it carried against its heart—whirred into the glade; a gun slammed in the copses; the maid screamed; the bird, dropping its chick, went up—tossed, it seemed, on the crest of a wave of air—struck against a tree, and fell dead on the grass.

Thereon, also, lay the girl. The writer rose and hurried to her. She was stricken like Procris. Her eyes were closed; her cheeks were even then falling white; one tiny globe of blood budded on the fair stalk of her left arm.

As the writer stooped over her, a young man emerged from the coppice, advanced, and stood looking down upon the two. The expression on the face of the newcomer was supercilious and a little foolish. His features drew to a sharpish prow. His cheek bones were tinged with carmine. He carried a gun of rare workmanship in his hand.

"It is usually a trustworthy servant, this," he said in a slow nasal voice, that was rather plaintive than apologetic.

He tapped the stock of his weapon.

"It is a servant upon whom I can usually depend, sir, to do my will. My will was not to kill this pretty child."

The writer looked round and up with eyes as cold as morning stars.

"The proud," said he, "who in these days inherit the earth, will never learn that the will stultifies itself through arrogance."

He stooped again; lifted the slack body; raised and bore it to the foot of the tree at which he had been formerly seated. His papers, his pencil, his knife lay there, scattered about the moss.

The sportsman followed, trailing his footsteps sullenly.

"See—have you killed her?" asked the writer.

"It would appear so," said the stranger. "The shot must have glanced."

"And who are you to play so fast and loose with innocent lives?"

"It was contrary to my will, I have told you. And do you not know who I am?"

"Indeed, I know. You are the king."

"I am the king, of course."

"Of course. For who else would think to plead his will for firing at woodcock in this nesting time of May?"

"I plead nothing, sir. You are insolent."

"Well, exert your will, in proof of its omnipotence. Restore this maid to life."

"That is absurd."

The writer laughed; reached for his penknife; applied its thin, glittering point to the wounded arm of the girl. Under the tiny gout of blood a tiny blue knob, like a little sloe-berry, stood up from the skin. He made a small incision, and squeezed out between his finger and thumb a single pellet.

"That is all the injury," said he. "The rest is fright."

Even as he spoke he saw the girl's lids flutter; saw that the tide of consciousness was turned, rippling back to her cheeks.

"She is not dead, then," said the king. "It was not my will to kill her."

"Mine is the will here," said the writer. "King, by as much as this, that I have restored what thou could'st only reave, I am greater than thou."

The sportsman vented a little hee-hawing laugh.

"Well," he said, "I am pleased at least to find I have not hurt the girl. I will indulge the whim to play bandy with you."

He sat himself down on a thick root; fetched a flask of Tokay from his breast pocket, unstopped and drained the vessel without any real expression of enjoyment.

The writer bent over the girl. He addressed, it seemed to him, his own image, very clean-cut and diminutive, in the mirror of the brown eyes that wondered up into his.

"It was only a single shot in the arm," he said. "No wound at all. I have made it almost well. It has bled no more than a thorn prick—three drops, all of which are printed on my handkerchief in the shape of a little heart."

At the words the girl—a towzled nymph—scrambled into a sitting posture, caught sight of the sportsman with his gun across his knees, and fell sideways, frantically clutching at the writer.

"Don't let him hurt me!" she whimpered.

"He shall not again. It was only a piece of carelessness; but he thought you were dead, till I coaxed out the pellet and brought you back to life."

She thought of the piece of apple in Snowdrop's throat, in the fairy tale. She was little more than a child.

"And are you the prince, then?" she murmured.

"No," said the writer. "I am greater than the prince."

He put his arm about the girl to support her. He felt amazingly sympathetic towards this nestling that, he chose to think, had fallen, orphaned, from the woodcock's feathery

entrance. By all the pretty tricks of fancy, she was his—the captive of his penknife! When he said he was greater than the prince he felt her heart leap under his hand.

"The prince did the hurt," said he, "but I have effected the cure. To which of us is the better power?"

The sportsman gave a second high laugh.

"Proceed," said he. "Have you only this one illustration to all your boasted superiority?"

"Give me thy flask," said the writer.

"It is drained."

"Emptied into the sour channels of a debased appetite, in truth. For me, in every drop would have slept the germ of conception. By the measure of the rein with which I curb my lusts, I am greater than thou, O, king!"

"Grant thou canst control thyself. Canst thou at thy sole will make or mar another man?"

"The children of my brain are numberless. I am their indisputable lord. Where you are able to do no more than alter the conditions of life, I can create;—nay, if I choose, wonders of such form, living or inanimate, as the world has never known I can create, and to live through all time."

"Hast thou ever an army to fight, without question, thy foes; to serve, with its blood and its loyalty, thine airiest caprice?"

"To every ten such soldiers of yours, I will oppose ten thousand—more fanatic, more blind; more ripe, on both counts, for the service of the antichrist, when the unjust kings from every age shall make their last stand on the brink of the pit."

The sportsman glanced up, with a little half-doubtful chuckle.

"Where quarters this army?"

"In my brain. I have but to close mine eyes, and its countless bugles shred the clouds; the thunder of its rising rolls amongst the hills."

"What then! a jumping nerve in thy tooth shall dissipate all. Listen—I am the lord of life and death."

The writer caught his arm closer about the girl.

"Thou canst not," said he, "be both; or even one. For, if thou slayest, thou hast no longer the life to control; and if thou forbearest thy hand, the life is there in despite of thee. And has not the meanest hind the power to kill, with thee? Nay, he can kill thee, even thee; and what canst thou do more with him? As thou canst slay him, so can he slay thee, man to man. And if thou commit'st the deed to deputy, it is the deputy that arrogates to himself the lordship."

"Admit, I can bend the subject to my will."

"Aye, till his neck snap, because the soul within him is stubborn. But to my rule the soul itself does homage."

"These are sophistries. Is there one thing, in all this realm, that thou, and never I, canst command?"

"Surely. Obscurity."

The prince clicked in his throat. A shadow, as from the wings of a passing bird, seemed to flicker across his face.

"The corner—the corner," he muttered, "in which to hide from myself?"

He looked, with clouded eyes, at the writer, but did not question him further.

"Prince," said the writer; "who was king when Homer sang?"

The other shook his head.

"No," the writer said—"not thou knowest, nor any. See now this well-worn bandana wrapt about the sandwiches on which I shall presently feast (mark you) in great content. See—then close thy lids and I will rede thee a vision."

"Sir," said the monarch haughtily, "I have yet that passing regard for existence that I would not, by assuming mine to be impregnable, or you to be honest, put a premium on possible treachery."

The writer broke into a cackle of furious laughter.

"Hear the lord of life and death!" he cried, "pronouncing himself subject to his subject! But I also, Sir, have a regard for existence, the infinite uses of which I would not stultify for the sake of a dog, much less of a king."

He shook himself into the sober mood.

"Here is my vision," he said; "and be thine eyes open, and opened to it. Of old days a king died, and his body, upon the pyre, was consumed to ashes. The ashes were placed in an urn; the urn was sepulchred. Ages after, the tomb was rifled, the urn broken open and stood aside as worthless in a corner of a mulberry garden. A thief, stealing and devouring fruit, spat forth the pipe, one of which alighted amongst the ashes in the urn. The seed opened and put forth shoot and root. A little mulberry plant arose, grew green, and waxed into lusty strength of foliage. By-and-by its roots, assimilating to the last grain the mothering Royal dust, became pot-bound, and, bursting its prison, the sapling rolled forth upon the ground, in which it was presently given its place by the keeper of the garden. Now, washed by rains and manured by sheep, it grew into a prosperous tree, wherefrom, in a certain season, the young, broad leaves were plucked for food to the spinning worm. And the sluggish fleshy larvæ ate thereof; and the glutinous fibre was converted in them to silk; and of this silk it came to pass that a napkin was woven."

The writer, with a flourish, flicked the handkerchief from its burden and ostentatiously dusted his boots.

"And—?" said the prince.

"To this ignoble office was at the last applied," continued the writer.

The prince got to his feet, stretched himself, and yawned.

"Well," he said, "the moral is all for the imagination, I see. I yield you the prerogative there, Sir, and beg you to make the most of it. For us—nine hundred and ninety nine thousandths of the world—who have none, the issues of life are material. You are greater than I, you say. Yet I can prove your dreams barren of a single prerogative without which all the rest are unleavened bread."

"And what is that?"

"Love, Sir, love—as the king can command it."

He put his fowling-piece under his arm, bowed low to a certain silent listener, and turned and strode away through the wood.

The girl scrambled to her feet. The writer, looking into her face, saw it illumined with a wrapt expression of wonder.

"Oh!" she breathed, "was that *really* the king?"

"You may well marvel," said the writer. "Such a painted show! One expects to see, when he turns his back, the cross laths that support the canvas. Where are you going?"

He leapt to his feet, and a savage spot of red sprang to his either cheek.

"The man nearly killed you!" he shouted. "It was I brought you back to life."

"I know," she said, twisting her head to look back over her shoulder; "but—"

"But what?"

"It is the king"—and she turned to pursue the withdrawing shadow.

The writer stood a moment with lowering face; then stooped to recover his manuscript from the grass, and, with great deliberation, tore it into a hundred pieces.

BERNARD CAPES.

Notes.

In consequence of the large demand for *Literature* of November 27, 1897, which contained Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional" (reprinted from *The Times* of July 17, 1897), that number is now out of print. As, however, orders for it are still coming in, in large numbers, we propose, in order not to disappoint those who wish to possess a copy of *Literature* containing this poem, to reprint the "Recessional" in our next issue, dated April 29, 1899. In the same issue "Among my Books" will be written by Mr. Stephen Gwynn; and the number will also contain a poem by "Violet Fane" (Lady Currie).

Our article on Book Prices Current brings us a letter from a correspondent who complains that, in uttering our warning against the danger of making books too cheap, we "entirely neglect the point of view of the consumer." He says:—

You point out that for one family one copy of a book suffices. But had your writer in mind that populous family which meets under the roof of the circulating library, driven there by the dearth of books, almost all of whom would buy the sixpenny novel? Why should the tale I read in a night cost me 5s.? The sum is outrageous. It is not economically justified, it does not compare in price favourably with other amusements. Your writer entered into the question of groceries. May I point out to him that coffee, once consumed, ceases to compete? Why should I give 5s. for such and such a modern poet with his metallic songs, when at that price I can get three or four Immortals, neatly bound and clearly printed? The real need for a cheapening of books comes from the competition of the ancients.

It is, of course, difficult to represent every point of view in one article. We are concerned quite as much for the interests of the reader as for those of the author, and, indeed, all that we intended to do was to show that the sixpenny novel was a concession to the demands of the consumer by which the producer was more likely to be impoverished than enriched. Our correspondent is, however, prepared with a specific against this eventuality:—

Let authors [he writes] be content with a more sober standard of living, and a more humble bearing towards the public. We hear too much of phenomenal prices paid for MSS. Let us hear of a simple and unaffected life.

This, certainly, would be one way out of the difficulty, and we are happy to give publicity to the suggestion. But perhaps the authors will reply that it is rather for the consumers to adopt a more sober standard of living in order that they may be able to afford to buy plenty of books at the present prices. Considering the pleasure and profit to be derived from it, a good book at 4s. 6d. is really cheap compared with a bottle of champagne, or a ticket for a West-end theatre.

The selling of books on the hire-purchase system by the proprietors of newspapers is an innovation that seems to be rapidly establishing itself on a sound basis. In the same week we have the *Daily News* offering a set of the works of Dickens on this principle, and the *Daily Telegraph* entering upon the more ambitious task of seeking a market for the "100 best novels in the world." This latter list is evidently compiled with the view of including something to please every taste, even the most banal; and the perception of that guiding principle must to a certain extent silence criticism. Otherwise one would certainly want to know what "The Wide, Wide World," popular as it is, was doing in the same galley with "Tom Jones" and "Peregrine Pickle." Copyright considerations have also, no doubt, limited the field of choice, and account for the fact that Mr. Hall Caine is represented by "The Deemster" rather than "The Manxman," Mr. Conan Doyle by "The Firm of Girdlestone" rather than the "White Company," and George Eliot by "Scenes of Clerical Life," which, when one comes to think of it, is not a novel at all, rather than by "Adam Bede." How else, too, can we account for the omission of "The Cloister and the Hearth" under the name of "Charles Reade," and of "Westward Ho!" under that of Charles Kingsley? French critics will also think it strange that a list of the best French novels should include "Le Juif Errant," and omit "Madame Bovary" and "L'Education Sentimentale"; while all those whose tastes are cosmopolitan will feel that, if foreign novels were to be included at all, place might have been found for some examples of Björnson. The fact remains, however, that any one who buys the *Telegraph's* books will have plenty of light reading to last him for a long time.

Robespierre is a great success at the Lyceum, but it will do little to add to M. Sardou's literary reputation. From a literary point of view it does not even compare well with *Thermidor*. But M. Sardou has for a long time been more a playwright than a

man of letters. In *Robespierre* he has wrought a bespoken play with great skill, and turned out an article just suited to Lyceum requirements. There is plenty of spectacle (and very good spectacle it is), just enough drama to hold a series of striking scenes together, a good part for Sir Henry Irving, a fairly good part for Miss Ellen Terry, and nothing to speak of for any one else—except, perhaps, Mr. Kyrle Bellw, whose robust acting forces him into prominence. M. Sardou's spiritist leanings (which led him into that unfortunate experiment *Spiritisme*) are given play in a very well managed ghost scene. A good many people imagined that the spectres were only supposed to exist in *Robespierre's* imagination, but M. Sardou has explained that he meant them for visible ghosts, and that it was only *Robespierre's* eighteenth-century encyclopædism that made him refuse to believe them real. The play has, of course, stimulated the publishers, and Messrs. Hutchinson announce "*Robespierre and the Red Terror*," translated from the Dutch of Professor Brink.

If Indian life is to be made as good a subject for the stage as Mr. Kipling and Mrs. Steel have made it in fiction, it must be treated more skilfully than it has been treated by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in *Carnac Sahib*. The characters are unreal, the story is uninteresting and uneventful. However cleverly "atmosphere" is suggested, it will not atone for lack of plot. This is not a common failing in Mr. Jones' plays. His active imagination generally suggests plenty of ingenious incident and complication. In *Carnac Sahib* the only incidents are beyond belief, and there are no complications at all. If Mr. Tree wants to give us the drama of action (which should be more at home in Drury Lane than at Her Majesty's) at least he should see that his authors provide some action to make a drama with.

The newest sixpenny paper is the *London Letter*, edited by Mr. Algernon Locker, at one time assistant editor of the *Globe*, and subsequently editor of the *Morning Post*, and Mr. Stafford Ransome. As it is intended to be exported to the Colonies, it must not be judged from the point of view of English readers. It supplies to British subjects all over the world a lucid summary of the news of the week, and treats sport, fashion, literature, and the drama no less carefully than home and foreign politics. A series of papers on "Greater Britons" begins with an appreciation of Lord Palmerston; and a reproduction of Philip's painting of "Lord Palmerston addressing the House of Commons in 1860" is given as a supplement.

The enthusiasm evinced by Mr. F. R. Benson's audiences at Stratford-on-Avon at the annual performances in commemoration of Shakespeare's birthday is well known. This year Mr. Benson shows, as ever, a determination not to trundle to any traditions which may impair the artistic completeness of the plays. On Monday afternoon and evening next he will test the enthusiasm of Stratford Shakespearians by giving *Hamlet*, the longest of all the plays except *Antony and Cleopatra*, in its entirety. Another novelty was the performance last night of the second part of *Henry VI.* This play, which is generally believed to be the result of a collaboration in which Shakespeare did little more than retouch the work of Marlowe and Greene, has been the reverse of popular with stage managers. It has not, we believe, been performed since Phelps produced it during his series of Shakespearian revivals, including all the plays except *Titus Andronicus* and *Troilus and Cressida*.

A few weeks ago Mr. Alfred Cotgreave, Chief Librarian to the West Ham Public Library, published in our columns a plea for an annual subject-index to all general literature, to be modelled on the existing system of indexing in the West Ham libraries. Mr. B. L. Dyer, the Editor of *The Library Assistant*, writes to us in the interest of local libraries. While admitting that a national index, issued annually, would be of the greatest possible value to the student, and serve as a subject-catalogue to the British Museum and to any other library containing all

the books of the year, he points out that it would be of little use in most local libraries, except to expose what books are wanting in them. As Mr. Dyer says, the ordinary reader in a public library does not want to find a list of all the books that have been written on a given subject, but a list of all the books on that subject in the particular library which he frequents. A special localized index to the collection of books actually before him is what he requires. This has already been carried out at one or two local libraries—as in the West Ham district—and it is no doubt of the highest importance that all librarians should consider it. The question is probably to some extent one of expenditure, but in a literary Utopia—where, by the way, all the books published would be worth indexing, and no indexer would require a salary—a system in which Mr. Cotgreave and Mr. Dyer would work hand in hand would certainly solve the question which now taxes the ingenuity of the librarian.

Since Henry Shaw in 1833 published his illuminated ornaments selected from MSS. of the Middle Ages with descriptions by Sir F. Madden, there has been a marked increase in the public appreciation of the works of art contained in early manuscripts on vellum. Public museums have absorbed a vast number and probably the best and choicest. Students and admirers of early illuminated MSS. are therefore dependent on those who have the power to bring to light the hidden beauties of national repositories.

The effort now made by the British Museum authorities to achieve something in this direction has been a most successful one. A portfolio containing fifteen plates, with full descriptive text by Mr. G. F. Warner, the assistant-keeper of manuscripts, has just been published, the reproduction and printing of the plates having been entrusted to Mr. William Griggs, who has done his work with great care and skill. Mr. Warner has chosen examples from the abundant stores at his disposal to illustrate certain schools and periods, and obviously Part I. will have to be followed by many others, in order that there may be a fair representation of all. The selection has been well made, and the difficult task of reproducing the colours carried out with great success. Hand-coloured copies of illuminations entail, of course, too much time and labour for the present day, though some quite recently sold by auction at good prices. We congratulate the British Museum on the production of such a very fine and painstaking performance, and for making those who care for them better acquainted with these portions of the national treasures.

A list of "the *de jure* Royal houses of the world" is one of the most interesting features of the "Legitimist Calendar for 1899" (Innes, 5s. n.). It is surprisingly complete, but, at the same time, contains some notable omissions. King George of Tonga, for example, is included, but there is nothing about King Khama of Bechuanaland, or the *de jure* successors of that much married monarch King Cetewayo of Zululand. His deposition was surely as well worth noting as that of Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii. Nor is it easy to comprehend the principle on which Menelik of Abyssinia gets a full paragraph in the best Almanach de Gotha style, while Lobengula of Matabeleland and his dusky Majesty of Benin are ignored. One may further raise the question whether the compilers of the Calendar, Mr. Cranstoun Metcalfe and the Marquis de Rivigny and Raineval, are quite clear in their own minds of the meaning which they attach to the words *de jure*. It may be true that Prince Augustin, son of General Augustin de Iturbide, is the *de jure* Emperor of Mexico; but, in that case, how can it be said that he "succeeded" Maximilian who, from the Legitimist point of view, was only a *de facto* ruler who usurped the rights of the Iturbides. And how is the title of Rajah Brooke to the Principality of Sarawak any better, on *de jure* lines, than that of Queen Victoria to the Throne of Great Britain and Ireland? And how is the doctrine of the "Divine Right" of hereditary monarchs to be reconciled with the recognition, in the case of Sardinia, of the Salic Law, which is indisputably of human origin? These are questions which we are at a loss to answer; but we are partially consoled by the

discovery that the claim of Mrs. Edmund H. Wickham to be *de jure* Princess of Mitylene appears to be absolutely unassailable.

Occasionally the compilers of the Kalendar plunge into politics. "The true solution of the Eastern Question," they curtly remark, "is to be found in the subversion of the Turkish domination and the establishment of a federal Christian empire, after the model of the German Empire." The Marquis de Rivigny and Raineval is a brave man, who has announced his intention of drawing the sword on behalf of Don Carlos at the earliest opportunity; but he will certainly need all his own courage and all the courage of his ancestors when he takes up the heroic task of federating Albanians, Bulgars, Greeks, Servians, Montenegrins, and other lively members of the Balkan family. It should be added, however, that, in spite of its eccentricities, the Kalendar has a certain historical value. Its lists of the non-jurors, of the descendants of Mary, Queen of Scots, and of the titles bestowed by the Stuart Kings in their exile must have involved much diligent research, and will be very useful to students.

The author of a recently published Welsh novel puts into the mouth of one of his characters an "appreciation" of Sir Lewis Morris. A novel is not quite the place for literary criticism; but we are not sorry to see it, because we are inclined to agree with "V. E. M.," a writer in the *New Century Review* of this month, that his immense popularity certainly claims for Sir Lewis Morris more serious and sympathetic consideration than he generally receives. We do not believe for an instant that, as "V. E. M." thinks, the tendency of the best poetical criticism is to judge a poet by his verse alone, without considering the thought that lies behind it, still less that this measure has been meted out "with peculiar consistency" in the case of Sir Lewis Morris, who certainly need not claim to be judged by his matter to the neglect of his manner. "V. E. M." is an enthusiast on the subject of the author of the "Epic of Hades," but he does not, in his standard of criticism, seem to us to give any due place to that magical, mysterious quality, "style." Still we are tempted, as he was, to quote at length for the benefit of Sir Lewis' detractors this one lyric which may almost rank with Waller's "Go, Lovely Rose," though it is inferior to it in convincing simplicity:—

Oh, vermeil rose and sweet,
Rose with the golden heart of hidden fire,
Bear thou my yearning soul to him I love,
Bear thou my longing and desire.

Glide safe, oh sweet, sweet rose,
By fairy-fall and cliff and mimic strand,
To where he muses by the sleeping stream,
Then eddy to his hand.

Drown not, oh vermeil rose,
But from thy dewy petals let a tear
Fall soft for joy when thou shalt know the touch
And presence of my dear.

Tell him, oh sweet, sweet rose,
That I grow fixed no more, nor flourish now
In the sweet maiden garden-ground of old,
But severed even as thou.

Say from thy golden heart,
From virgin folded leaf and odorous breath,
That I am his to wear or cast away,
His own in life or death.

In one respect the cause of womanhood has advanced since Virgil's time. It is no longer *forens quid femina possit*, but the capabilities of the literary lady at which the world wonders. The latest revelation of these is calculated to stagger the literary student. A French newspaper, which holds the proud position, analogous to that which Captain Shandon desired to occupy, of being "written by ladies for ladies," has undertaken a series of researches to show that all the great literary works of the world were in reality produced by women; but, as it is only of late years that it has been considered proper for women to write, they

had to persuade some male relative to sign them and become immortal. At present we are assured that Balzac's sister, Madame Victor Hugo, and the negress loved by Baudelaire were respectively the real authors of the *Comédie Humaine*, "*Hernani*," and the "*Fleurs du Mal*." Mr. Butler has also shown that the "*Odyssey*" was written by a woman, though he has failed to explain her exact relationship to Homer, and the plays of Shakespeare have been attributed, by ultra-Baconians, to Queen Elizabeth. No doubt it will be shown that there was a subtle reference to the authorship of the "*Arcadia*" in the epitaph on "*Sidney's sister*," which is ascribed to Ben Jonson, and that Milton's trouble with his second wife originated in her unwillingness to hand over the MS. of "*Paradise Lost*."

There is a widely accepted idea north of the Tweed that Sir Walter Scott, in his "*Old Mortality*," is unjust to the Covenanters. The latest complaint on the subject comes from the Rev. Sholto Douglas, who, at a meeting of the Women's Protestant Union, held in Glasgow, lamented the manner in which Scott portrayed the Covenanter. It was absolutely false, said Mr. Douglas, to picture the Covenanter as almost a raving maniac. Now, it is unjust to Scott to speak of him as if he had represented Habakkuk Mucklewrath as typical of the Covenanters in general. Among the extremists (the Cameronians) there were unquestionably men of the Mucklewrath type. The Covenanters, it must be remembered, did not fight for "religious liberty." Theologically they belonged to the narrowest school of Calvinism, and they combined with heroism and devotion to principle a fanaticism which was as intolerant as that of their oppressors. Scott, with a deeper insight than some of his Scottish critics, saw errors on both sides; and he makes use of Lord Evandale and Henry Morton to express these. "Such is the fanaticism and violent irritation of both parties," remarked the former to Lady Margaret Bellenden, "that I fear nothing will end this civil war save the edge of the sword." There is nothing in "*Old Mortality*" to suggest that Scott had the slightest sympathy with the persecution to which the Covenanters were subjected. It is all the other way. But he saw the Covenanters as they really were, not as they have been idealized.

We have noticed before the researches into the antiquities of Bath made by Mr. J. F. Meehan, and in the April number of the *Beacon*, "a journal circulating in the Frome division of Somerset," he has some notes on Shelley's visit to the city. Shelley was there from September, 1816, to February, 1817, and it was in the intervening December that he heard of the death in London of his wife Harriet, and a fortnight later was married to Mary Godwin. Mr. Meehan is concerned with the lodgings which Shelley and Mary Godwin occupied, close to the Pump Room. Recently the house was known as Davis' Library, in Shelley's time as Meyler's Circulating Library. Meyler was a man of considerable local note, not only as a Council-man and magistrate, but as the founder of the *Bath Herald*, of which he was the first editor. He was also, like his relative, Mary Meyler, a versifier of much local fame. He was the founder of the circulating library which went by his name, and is known to bibliophiles as a publisher:—

Meyler published in his time works which, in some cases, because of the later fame of their authors, and the rarity of the books themselves, are most difficult to obtain. One such was a little volume of poems, entitled "*Simonidea*," published anonymously in 1806 by Walter Savage Landor, a little work that is now worth its weight in gold, as only some three or four copies are known to be in existence. It is even possible that Meyler in the same way may have been of use to Shelley in issuing to the world some of those anonymous publications which Shelley was so fond of producing.

The building where Meyler conducted his library, and where he found accommodation for Shelley, is now unfortunately no longer standing.

In the *Outlook* Mr. Robert Barr draws an interesting parallel between the careers of Mr. Kipling and the American writer, Mr. Ambrose Bierce. The resemblance between their work is certainly

close. Our readers will remember a remarkable poem by Mr. Bierce, published in our columns last August, the tone of which was almost identical with Mr. Kipling's more famous "*Recessional*"; and when the prose-work of the two writers is compared, the similarity is even more remarkable. "*In the Midst of Life*" is just the book that Mr. Kipling would have written if he had been an American, and "*Soldiers Three*" is just the book that Mr. Bierce would have written if he had been an Anglo-Indian. An impartial critic of some third nationality would find it hard to say which of the two books gave the truer view of the detail of war. But Mr. Kipling is popular and Mr. Bierce is not. Why? That is the problem which Mr. Barr sets himself to solve; and he holds that the solution is simple. Mr. Kipling has gone on "pegging away" and Mr. Bierce has not, with the result that the man of one book is forgotten while the man of many books is famous. The explanation still leaves unsolved the problem why Mr. Bierce is less famous than Mr. Stephen Crane, who unquestionably gained his reputation on the strength of his first book. At any rate, if Mr. Barr's theory encourages Mr. Bierce to go on writing and publishing short stories, all lovers of good literature will rejoice.

The Rev. Arthur Washington Cornelius Hallen, M.A., F.S.A., incumbent of St. John's Church, Alloa, whose death occurred the other day, was engaged before his last illness in editing full transcripts of the parochial registers of the City of London from the middle of the sixteenth century. He enjoyed a world-wide reputation as an antiquary and was for many years editor of the *Scottish Antiquarian*.

Madame Michelet has left a considerable number of her husband's manuscripts containing notes and rough sketches for future works, together with the author's impressions and souvenirs of the men and events of his times, and many curious anecdotes which Michelet had collected for his *History of France*, but for which he had not found space. Madame Michelet had also prepared for publication the letters which she received from her husband before her marriage. She did not intend this book for sale, but was going to have it published in order to present it to the friends and admirers of M. Michelet.

There has been considerable literary activity in Switzerland during the past few years. Monsieur B. Van Myden has already completed a great portion of his "*History of the Swiss Nation*." In theology, which not unnaturally interests a people of so many sects, the Protestants—such as M. Jules Boven and Professor Bridel, the respective editors of "*Moral Christianity*" and the "*Revue de Théologie et de Philosophie*"—seem to be the most active. Swiss journalism is remarkable for the comparative absence of acrimonious controversy in a country where people have for so long agreed to differ on certain fundamental points. The editors of the weeklies exercise all the modern ingenuity as to the "get up" of their columns. *La Semaine Littéraire*, *La Patrie Suisse*, and some others are fairly well illustrated. Moreover, *Le Journal de Genève* is written in the best modern French. The women's journals are actually written by women. A monthly paper entitled *Pages Littéraires* devotes special attention to Swiss poetry. The numerous universities occupy a very important place in the literary life of the people. Old and forgotten works on history and theology are revived by the erudite commentaries which issue from the University of Fribourg. The Professors are full of theories as to the best system of education.

The books sold by Messrs. Sotheby last week were restricted entirely to early printed works and vellum MSS., with a few rare charts and maps. The prices obtained did not rule high, the condition of many of the volumes, especially those stated to have belonged to Petrarch, and referred to in our issues of 18th and 25th March, being poor. The Petrarch MSS. were put up *en bloc*, with a reserve of £200, but no one was prepared to offer that amount. The break up of the set was on the whole favourable for collectors, the twenty-three items being distributed among

some ten or a dozen purchasers. The result also bore out an opinion we have often expressed that the sale of valuable books separately repays the vendor better than sets at a reserve price to be withdrawn if the reserve is not reached. In the case of the Petrarch MSS. the aggregate of the amounts paid for each of the volumes came to only a few shillings less than the £200 asked for them as a whole, the highest price for a single volume being £16 15s., and the lowest £2.

The following were the most important of the various fine vellum MSS. included in the sale. "Actus Apostolorum Epistolæ Canonice et Apocalypsis," 158 leaves, fol., thirteenth century, illuminated £24 10s. "Augustinus, Epistolæ," 128 leaves, fol., circa eleventh century, £32. Mehemet Averroes, "Liber de Medicina," 84 leaves, fol., thirteenth century, finely historiated and illuminated, £20 15s. Boniface VIII., "Liber Sextus Decretalium," 260 leaves, fol., thirteenth century, £37. Firdusi, "Shah Nameh," with 63 large painted miniatures, circa 1520, £41. Gregory IX., "Decretales," 316 leaves, fol., thirteenth century, £39 10s. "Psalterium Davidis," 148 leaves, quarto, fourteenth century, £27 10s. "Roman de la Rose," fol., fourteenth century, a fine old French MS., £53. Among the printed books the principal were, Petrus de Aliaco, "Ymago Mundi," fol., on vellum, circa 1483, £36. "Ars Moriendi," a rare edition, supposed to have been printed at Cologne about 1495, £26 10s. "Præclara Ferdinandi Cortesii de nova maris oceani Hyspania," fol., 1524, £59. Dante, "La Divina Commedia col commento di Christ : Landino," 1481, £34. Pius II., Papa "Breve ad capitula et præpositos Ecclesiæ Moguntinæ," 1461, the rare broadside printed by Gutenberg, £52. Xenophon, "Opera," fol., 1534, bound up in an old Grolier binding, the back and sides of which were in perfect condition, £42. Among the Books of Hours were included "Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis," fourteenth century, a MS. on vellum with 38 charming miniatures within ornamental borders, £60. "Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis," a fifteenth-century Flemish MS. on vellum, beautifully illuminated and in splendid condition—the finest manuscript in the whole sale, £96. The miscellaneous items included Petrus Apianus, "Inscriptiones Sacrosanctæ," &c. 1534, containing a rare woodcut copy of a map of America, of which only three other copies are known, £200. "Portolano" of the Infanta Don Enrico of Portugal, circa 1560, containing interesting charts of the sea coasts and lands of America, £70; Alberigus Vespuccius, "Mundus Novus," 1504, the rare first dated edition of the letters of Vespuccius, £102.

American Letter.

A SUBSCRIPTION THEATRE.

Mr. William Archer, the English dramatic critic, well known here for the very eminent and singularly intelligent service he has done modern plays and playing in several ways, has certainly not lost friends among us since he came to the country. His avowed mission was to study our theatre, and he seems to have been doing this in the most enlightened spirit, and with a charity which we cannot always use towards its shortcomings ourselves. Whatever he should have to say of it must have weight with us; if what he should have to say were hopeful, it ought greatly to encourage us; and a suggestion for its advantage in a recent lecture of his deserves more attention than our fickle-minded public commonly likes to give even to good will and good sense. He has found our drama, as I understand, at not such a very desperate pass; he has seen, or is said to have seen, the beginnings of hopeful things here; he has witnessed some things already accomplished by our playwrights and our players which seem not only very well, but even very good; and it is his notion (I write from a report of his lecture) that we could indefinitely better the chances of both by having a theatre supported upon private subscription, such as they have in Germany, where new plays could be tried and approved on their merits. He thinks the chances would be better for these in theatres subsidized by

private subscription than in theatres subsidized by the State or city, such as they have also in Germany; but I believe he alleges, in proof, the fact that most of the best new German plays have been brought out at the subscription theatres, rather than any convincing reasons why they might not have been just as well brought out at the State or city theatres.

The fact, however, if not quite accounted for, counts for something and I should, for my part, very gladly see the experiment of a subscription theatre attempted here. Of course, a true American of the sort whose truth is to our principles rather than our interests might feel that such a theatre would not be thoroughly American. A thoroughly American theatre, in his eyes, would be one which was protected by a tariff, and which should rise spontaneously in virtue of prohibitive duties levied upon all plays of foreign origin. With such a theatre in the hands of a patriotic trust, and with a patriotic union of actors vigilant to see that no alien performers were suffered to take part in the production of our native dramas, we should have something thoroughly American. We have already the apparatus for such a theatre on one side in the theatrical syndicate which now controls nine-tenths of the playhouses throughout the country, and we have in past times had something like it on the other side in the disposition of certain actors to apply our alien labour law to the importation of foreign histrionic talent.

But as yet no theatre trust and no actors' union have met on the common ground open to them; and a subscription theatre, though not so thoroughly American, would not be so opposite to the American spirit as a State or city theatre. If it were founded by a number of rich men it would be their enterprise; it would be in the hands of a trust, and in the hands of a trust we always feel ourselves so much safer, or at least so much more at home, than we feel in our own hands, possibly because we are so much more accustomed to be there. The course from a city or a State theatre to the division of property and all the well-known horrors of socialism would be rapid and direct; while the disadvantages of a subscription theatre would be only such as we are used to in some other things. They would not occur so promptly, however, to the mind of a critic fresh from a land of more economic freedom, and it may therefore be worth while to point some of them out.

With us the rich form some such class as the nobles in other countries; and they are too new to their importance to hold it in personal contempt, as long-descended aristocrats safely may and sometimes do hold theirs; they have not yet had time to grow the pseudo-liberality which sometimes distinguished eccentric noblemen. They stand by their order more relentlessly, and their devotion to the social framework which holds them in place is vigilant and intense. In a theatre founded and controlled by them, no play criticizing or satirizing society could be favoured, and no play recognizing or representing occasional if not essential truth in regard to our industrial conditions would be permitted. To be forbidden it need not be a play celebrating a successful strike, or depicting a case of cruel exploitation, or the methods of a combine; it need only be a play calling attention to the conditions. It is not imaginable that their management would approve of such a play as Ibsen's *Enemy of the People*, or *Die Weber* of Hauptmann, or even *Die Ehre* of Sudermann. If Mr. Herne wrote a play dealing as frankly with life in a mining town or a factory town as his *Griffith Davenport* deals with life on a Virginia plantation, it could never pass the censorship of such a body of subscribers. Mr. Bernard Shaw's satire of *Arms and the Man*, if they felt its irony and realized its implications, could not be given twice in their subscription theatre, which would in nowise be a free theatre. No dramatist who knew American conditions and American character could write freely for a theatre sustained by the subscriptions of a limited number of rich men, unless he were of their thinking. If some dramatist who did not know our conditions and character, and were not of the subscriber's thinking, wrote freely, he would learn an interesting lesson from the fate of his play in their hands. What has happened in some of our highest institutions of learning would happen in any subscription theatre, unless the subscriptions were

kept so low as to diffuse the enterprise among a number too great to be governed by the instinct of wealth.

In such a diffusion, however, there is much more than a gleam of hope for Mr. Archer's plan; a plan which says so much on its own behalf. Something like it is already in operation with respect to lectures in the literary clubs, which now mostly foster that form of entertainment. With a membership of three or four hundred, and a subscription of four or five dollars, such a club now gives itself, otherwise gratis, the pleasure of seven or eight lectures during the season, from men who speak their minds. With a subscription of twenty-five dollars they could have as many plays, from dramatists who also spoke their minds; and if the experiment were tried in ten or twenty places we should have at once a free theatre, where good work could make that appeal to the public which it can now do only on almost impossible terms. How long we should have it is another question, much involved in the temperamental impatience of our public.

CONCERNING A COUNSEL OF IMPERFECTION.

Not very long ago in the London letter of a New York paper I came upon a piece of advice to a young American author which I dissented from so wholly that I wished at once to beg that author and all other actual, or intending American authors, not to heed the mistaken instruction; and I hope there is still time to save some of them from it.

The author to whom it was addressed had written a book of short stories, such as commonly forms the luggage of American literary reputations when they cross the Atlantic; and her book had won a certain favour from English criticism. But her adviser believed that it would have won more favour if it had been more intelligible to English readers in the types of Western American religiosity which it dealt with; he said that the English did not understand and did not care for such types, and he told her that in her next book she "should aim at pleasing an English as well as an American audience."

Nothing could be more friendly than this advice, and nothing more ruinous, as I should be glad to make not only the reader, but the adviser, agree with me; for I have liked some of his work far too well not to wish him to be altogether of my mind in the matter. It appears to me that the young author in question should not only not aim at pleasing an English audience, but should not aim at pleasing even an American audience. She should aim only at pleasing herself in that clear air where the artist perceives that he has truly portrayed the life he knows, and rejoices in work well done. She may be very sure in this pleasure that she has given the very highest pleasure to her readers, and that she has imparted it to the only sort of readers worth having, in proportion to the truth of her work. It does not matter how remote the life or strange the character which she has dealt with; if she has dealt faithfully and convincingly with it, she has opened a new world to them, where if they are fit for æsthetic citizenship anywhere they promptly naturalize themselves and make themselves at home.

If English readers have not sympathy or imagination enough to enter into such a world, then all the worse for English readers. But, without professing to know them very well, I venture to think that the remoteness and the strangeness are the very qualities in American fiction that charm them, and that an American writer could not do a more fatal thing than to aim at pleasing them by portraying the wonted or the immediately intelligible things. But even if they asked this of him, and accepted him in the measure of his compliance, he ought not to comply. His affair is to be faithful to his own environment, and he ought to have no other concern. Human nature is the same in all environments, and the chief delight that an author can give the reader is the delight of discovering it the same under all the masks and disguises that novel conditions have put upon it; of finding himself, his motives, principles, passions reflected in people of a wholly different tradition and physiognomy. This perpetually fascinates and perpetually satisfies;

this forms the solidarity of all the arts, and the universality of fiction, which is the highest of the arts.

It is one of the most edifying facts in the prevalence of realism, which is the supreme phase of the highest art, that it has in a manner brought all the world together through just this loyalty to environment. I find nothing unintelligible in what Verga tells me of the peasants of Sicily, or in what Björnson tells me of the peasants of Norway. When Tourguénief and Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky open the book of Russian life one reads without the least loss of meaning; Valdes and Galdós and Pardo-Bazan are never too Spanish to be perfectly good Americans, in spite of the recent war; Zola and Maupassant are rather more difficult, but the life they show does not need a glossary; Thomas Hardy has made us all dwellers in Wessex, where we do not lose a word or look or meaning of the local character. If we come to Americans, was it by seeking to please Englishmen through a choice of American phrases or types which they could easily conceive of that Artemus Ward and Mark Twain pleased Englishmen? Or Mr. Bret Harte, or Mr. James, or Uncle Remus, or Miss Wilkins, or Mr. Crane, or Harold Frederic?

When there is not an Englishman by, Americans sometimes say that the English are slow; and perhaps they do like to think some of our jokes over more than they merit. But if they are slow, they are sure; if they are not very quick, they are very constant; I have not observed that any cheap American author, of the instantly obvious sort, has made much way with them, and I have observed that such of our authors as have justly got their favour still have it. They have got it by being simply and unconsciously American, by trying to be true to the environment in which they were born and had their being. To have been purposely outlandish would have been to fall into the deplorable error of certain English authors who have imitated the American humorists; to have been naturally and unintentionally alien in those temperamental differences under which human nature is everywhere eternally the same has been their good fortune and the main factor in their success.

To be American merely is not to be any great thing. To be single in the aim to represent life as one has seen and known and felt it, that is the great thing; and that is what alone can be safely urged upon any writer, American or English. If one has done a book of short stories about American conditions because these conditions so pressed upon one's fancy that one could not very well help trying to realize them in fiction, one has done one's whole duty and highest duty by the material. Whether it is intelligible in all the terms employed to translate it into art is not the artist's affair. Its universal quality—that is to say, its most personal, special, and peculiar quality—will be sensible to the intelligent reader everywhere, in England as much as in America. This is all that the author can ask. His appeal is never to the unintelligent. He may passionately desire the unintelligent to buy his book, but he could not wish them to judge it; he cannot care whether they read it. In fact, in that recess of his soul where his art dwells, his concern is with nothing but the adequate expression of the thing which he has loved or hated so much that he must try to say it.

W. D. HOWELLS.

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THE STORY OF ANCIENT CHALDEA.*

The work of the reconstruction of the history of the ancient East has made astonishing progress during the last few years. The time may not have yet come when we can study the history of Chaldea as a continuous whole, but we have at least whole chapters of its buried story restored to us, and as the work of deciphering the vast mass of material now accessible proceeds, the obscure portions grow fewer, and the story begins to assume a

* "Cuneiform Texts from Cuneiform Tablets in the British Museum." Part VII. 50 plates. Facsimiled by L. W. King, M.A., published by order of the Trustees. London, 1899. Price 7s. 6d.

complete form. These important results are mainly due to the explorations conducted by M. de Sarzec at Tello, in South Babylonia, and by Dr. Peters and Mr. Haynes at Nippur on behalf of the University of Pennsylvania. The greater portion of the inscriptions obtained from these excavations are now stored in the Imperial Ottoman Museum at Constantinople, where they are freely accessible to students. Although the authorities of the British Museum have not taken any active part in the work of Babylonian explorations, they have not neglected to keep the collections up to the high standard which they have always had, and the volume of selected inscriptions which they have now issued will be welcomed by all students, not only of history, but also of the important study of the beginnings of civilization in the Tigro-Euphrates valley. The Chaldeans were essentially a race of exact recorders, even in the most trivial matters: any transaction, however small, necessitated a written record. This applied to the individual as well as the State, and thus there grew up a mass of chronicle literature, of the utmost value, in the reconstruction of the earliest chapters of history. In this respect Chaldea presents a marked contrast to the sister civilization of Egypt, especially during the early Empire, where the whole of our knowledge of historical events is derived from the funereal biographies of private individuals such as the inscriptions of Una or Herkuf of the time of the sixth dynasty. The researches I have already mentioned have given an enormous retrospective expansion to Chaldean history, and we now possess a fairly continuous series of dated documents with chronological summaries extending back to about three thousand years before the Christian era. There is then an obscure period of some eight centuries when the records once more commence with the valuable inscriptions of both royal and private individuals of the dynasty of Sargon I. of Akkad about B.C. 3800. Beyond this period we have a mass of historical literature of the most archaic character, written in a cumbrous linear script which places before us with wonderful clearness the records of the city kingdoms of South Chaldea at a period which cannot be reasonably placed later than 4000 B.C. and are probably much earlier. The seventy inscriptions here published by Mr. L. W. King relate to two periods in this long range of history. We have first a group of linear archaic texts containing records of the early rulers of Sirpurra, one of the oldest cities of Chaldea, the ruins of which were excavated by M. de Sarzec, and others belonging to the local rulers of the Kish, an ancient stronghold of warlike tribes. The second series, although not so ancient, are of the greatest value, both for history and for a knowledge of the social life of Chaldea, during the flourishing period of the second dynasty of Ur about B.C. 2500, for they are really what may best be described as the tithe rolls and accounts of the great temple of Nin Sagir of Sirpurra.

The first series commences with a fragment of the now famous monument, the Stele of the Vultures, a large portion of which is now in the Louvre. This monument is certainly at most the oldest known historical record, and its date must be considerably prior to B.C. 4000. It consists of a small stone stele covered with sculptured panels representing the wars of E-anna-du, King of Sirpurra, against the land of Gishban or "the people of the land of the Bow," a state which bordered on the frontiers of Ansan, or the pre-Elamite Kingdom. The sculptures represent the King going to battle in his chariot and followed by his troops, the battlefield with the vultures bearing away the heads of the slain, and the burial of the dead of the victorious army. The last group is extremely interesting, as aided by the fine cone of Entemena, the successor of E-anna-du, now in the Louvre, we learn that the burial of the dead beneath tumuli on the battlefield was the mode which secured immortality for the slain warrior. The fragment here published relates to the apportionment of the conquered lands, tracts being assigned to the chief gods. From the cone inscription we know that a corn tribute was imposed on the conquered land and that this corn was stored in the civic granary, an important institution similar to the *larit* of the Egyptians. Of great importance, though very fragmentary, are the portions of vases bearing inscriptions of Urmush, King of Kish, a monarch whom we may regard as nearly

contemporary with Sargon I., King of Akkad, B.C. 3800. These inscriptions can be restored from other votive vases found at Nippur in which we have recorded the conquest of Elam and the land of Barase, a district of south-western Persia. The land of Barase is probably the region in which the inscription of Annubanini, King of the Lulubini, was found by M. de Morgan—that is at Zohab. It is important to notice that the curse which concludes the latter inscription is the same as that in the door-socket inscriptions of Sargon and does not appear to have been used at any later period. The imprecation is as follows:—

Whoever this tablet shall destroy Mullil and Samas, and Nini his foundation shall erase and sweep away his seed. The same imprecation is found at the end of the inscription of the King of Guti, that is the Goim, the warlike tribes on the east of the Tigris, now in the British Museum. From the style of the inscription and this formula, and the writing, we may probably assign these records to the East of Tigris to the period of the conquests of Sargon and his successors. The dated contracts of this monarch mention his conquest of Elam. These inscriptions, then, serve to restore to us a very early chapter in the history of Chaldea. But how much further must we look for the dawn of that civilization? Here in the fourth millennium before the Christian era we find art fully developed, statues and sculptured stelæ set up, the chariot used in war, drawn by asses, the metals silver and copper worked, weaving and the making of pottery in use, and an elaborate system of calculation extending into thousands evolved. Great as these discoveries are, they still leave us far from the dawn of this wonderful culture.

Passing now to the second series of inscriptions, we have again a mass of valuable historical matter recovered from the record chambers of a Chaldean temple. The inscriptions are beautifully written on clay tablets, some of them of considerable size, and contain the tithe lists and revenue returns of the Temple of Nin-Sugir and his consort the Goddess Bahu in the city of Sirpurra. The writing is evidently a priestly official hand; the characters are less archaic than those of the earlier inscriptions; being written on clay, they are cuneiform and not linear. The fineness and care taken in the writing may be imagined when some of the characters are found to contain as many as twelve and fifteen wedges. The historical value consists in the careful system of dating each list. The system in vogue at that period was to date the year by the most important event of the time—the capture of a city or the erection of some temple or public building. The inscriptions belong to the reigns of three Kings of the second dynasty of Ur, which commenced about B.C. 2500—namely, Ine-Sin, Bur-Sin, and Gamil-Sin. The names of the Kings are Semitic, but most of the tablets are written in the agglutinative Sumerian dialect. The inscriptions show that the power of this dynasty was not confined to Chaldea, but that raiding expeditions spread far and wide. Several tablets bear date in the year when Simuru was captured—that is, Simyra in Phœnicia—and, as in another inscription, it is associated with the important date "the daughter of the King the lordship of Markhasi held." Markhasi being identified with Marash, by Sayce and Hommel, it is evident that the rule extended over North Syria. Other dates are the conquest of Ansan—the pre-Elamite Kingdom on the plain of Mal Amir, and of Lulubu in Luristan. Most of the non-military dates refer to the building of temples, but one date is curious—"the year when the great stele was set up"—no doubt some special royal record. In the museum at Constantinople are lists of these dates arranged in chronological order so that each of these documents can be fairly well assigned its approximate date.

Students of ancient religions will find these inscriptions extremely valuable for the list of festivals and the offerings made, especially those of the deified King Dungi, who seems to have had an elaborate cultus under this dynasty. The calendar is a remarkable and interesting one, being partly agricultural commencing with a spring month called "the month when the corn raises its head," like the Hebrew Abib, and partly religious, containing months named after the festivals of the divinities

Bau, and Dunsivor Tammuz, and the deified King Dungi. The tithe lists and catalogues of offerings are extremely difficult to decipher, but sufficient can be read to show the great wealth of the temples. We have here lists of cattle, sheep, goats, and asses brought to the temple, of dues of corn and wine, oil, dates, vegetables, of wool, wood, and even silver and copper, which convey a wonderful idea of the flourishing state of the country at this time. The publication of these inscriptions by the Museum will be of great benefit to students, and especial credit is due to them for placing so reasonable a price upon this scientific publication. A word of praise must be given to Mr. King for the painstaking and careful way in which he has reproduced the complicated and difficult characters in which the majority of the texts are written.

W. ST. CHAD BOSCAWEN.

FICTION.

Well, After All— By F. Frankfort Moore. 7½ × 5¼ in., 362 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 6/-

The title of Mr. Frankfort Moore's latest novel affords a curious example of the extravagance into which a persistent jester will sometimes allow himself to be led. With a grave face the author hands his book to the public, but there is a twinkle in his eye; he wishes them to notice the unconventionality of his choice—he had always a pleasant wit in nomenclature—and, perhaps, in the kindness of his heart, he hopes to afford the paragraphist material for a verbal joke or two. It is in the nature of an experiment. Mr. Moore knows the weakness of humanity as well as any man; it is possible that he wants to see how many will treat him seriously, how many will try to extract a witticism from so favourable an opening, and how many solemn fellows will display annoyance at his flippancy. In his next book, or in his next but one, the result of his observation will be crystallized in a sentence. It is these little sub-acid reflections that give their distinctive tone to his writings.

Mr. Frankfort Moore is a very capable novelist. The plot of his present story has all the elements necessary to a popular success. It is mixed very adroitly, as a cunning cook prepares a sauce, but the ingredient that gives the flavour is slyness. The redoubtable Major Bagstock was not more sly than is Mr. Frankfort Moore. It is really marvellous to notice how many of his paragraphs carry a half-concealed sting, not unduly venomous, but sufficient to arouse the reader's interest should it be inclined to flag. There are sly hits at many types of mankind—at the explorer, at the publisher and the interviewer who wishes to exploit him, and at the public who shower invitations upon him. Labourd satire is never much to the public taste, but the public can appreciate some, at least, of these shafts; and even the least observant of readers will leave this book with the agreeable conviction that he has been clever enough to catch the point of many smart strokes. The best writing in the world would not produce so happy an effect. And the book is quite sufficiently well written. The dialogue, like all Mr. Moore's dialogue, is bright and clever and plentiful—there is barely a line of unnecessary description or moralizing; the story is well constructed, and the solution more than commonly ingenious. Character-drawing is not the author's strong point, but the general reader can do without subtle psychology, and the characters are, at any rate, real enough to interest. The book is not one of Mr. Moore's best, but it will serve—for a single reading—as well as another.

A MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER, by Percy White (Pearson, 6s.), is a delightful book, which even the most exacting may enjoy. For it is brisk, it is bright, it has no *longeurs*, and the characters are real, human, flesh and blood people. Every one in the story is a person whom you might easily have known, and in most cases a person whom you would like to know, and the dialogue is always amusing.

In COUSIN IVO, by Mrs. Andrew Dean (Black, 6s.), we have a veritable purple patch amidst the grey waste of minor novels.

The book can be warmly praised. Bright, light, witty in style, you are carried through its pages with unflagging zest from the first line to the last. The scene is laid in a German castle, and the conversations have a flavour of the "Dolly Dialogues."

A story whose chief ingredients are sugar and water, but which makes pleasant reading enough, is MARY UNWIN, by Alan St. Aubyn (Chatto and Windus, 6s.). Geoffrey Collet is the hero, and to avoid the shameful necessity of earning his own living, he becomes engaged to an heiress. Opportunely, however, the heiress changes her mind, and Geoffrey returns to Mollie Unwin, the poor rector's daughter, whom he has previously wooed unsuccessfully. At the right moment the usual rich relative dies, leaving his fortune to Mollie. There is about this book not a little naive immorality—of a perfectly conventional moral order—which is rather amusing. It is a simple, straightforward tale, with the love interest well sustained.

"Dolf Wyllarde" once wrote a story of child-life, "A Lonely Little Lady," which met with considerable success, and there is a touch of the same charm about THE GUARDIANS OF PANZY (Hutchinson, 6s.). Panzy herself is delightful; her conversation (and there is plenty of it) is always fresh and amusing; and if the book is a success it will be entirely owing to the efforts of this small lady. For it must be confessed that the plot is a very makeshift concern. The incident of Mrs. Hamilton's supposed suicide is as wild a bit of improbable coincidence as has ever been conceived, even by a lady novelist, and the latter half of the story by no means comes up to the introduction. Still it is worth reading, if not altogether so well done as its predecessor.

In Miss Anne D. Sedgwick's THE CONFOUNDING OF CAMILLA (Heinemann, 6s.) there is at least that indefinable virtue called distinction. It is the carefully conscientious work of a cultivated writer who knows her *milieu* and her characters. It is also composed in polished and melodious English, and cannot very well be skimmed because every sentence is in its particular place for a particular purpose. Yet, on the whole, it is a book more likely to be admired than enjoyed. There is a want of movement—a tendency to linger over the unessential—which leaves the impression that fiction is not the author's proper medium. She writes with rare and admirable restraint, and with an uncommon insight into the secret workings of the human heart; but she fails to be graphic, and, in a novel, to fail to be graphic is to fail in the one thing needful for popularity. If it were our province to advise, we should counsel Miss Sedgwick to try history, being careful to choose a theme that compelled her to be graphic, and supplied her with those dramatic situations which she does not easily invent. Then, as she has a nervous prose style rarely attained by women, she would, we are confident, do very good work indeed.

Those who care for Somersetshire and know Sedgemoor, the Mendips, and the Cheddar Cliffs will delight in Mr. Walter Raymond's latest book, TWO MEN O' MENDIP (Longmans, 6s.), for here they can, as it were, "put back the universe" and see life as it was in those parts at the beginning of the century. There were wild doings then; sheep-stealing was a capital offence and the "groovers," as the miners were called, lived lives that were often touched to pathetic issues. Mr. Raymond, who tells his story in the dialect of the neighbourhood, gives a vivid picture of the country folk, their struggles, sadness, victories, and regrets. Patty Winterhead, the heroine, and her lover, Giles Standerwick, are doomed to tragic courses. Giles' father has been hanged for sheep-stealing; the son takes vengeance—on the eye-for-an-eye principle—and murders the man who caused his father's death. Patty's father knows of this affair, but does not know that Patty is secretly married to Giles. Surprising the two at a meeting he decides that he must kill Giles, and thus the cycle of death is completed. Mr. Raymond betrays a fine feeling for the atmosphere of the country and for the indifference of nature to human tragedy. His last book will add to the already

considerable reputation of the author of "Love and Quiet Life" and "Tryphena in Love."

It is common enough to find a novel in which the hero plays a comparatively unimportant part, but it is something rare to see a secondary character usurping the place of honour on the title-page. In *DAVID HARUM* (Pearson, 6s.) Mr. E. Noyes Westcott appears to have allowed the good-natured banker and horse-trader, with his no less eccentric sister Mrs. Bixbee, to monopolize most of the reader's interest without quite realizing what he was doing. Then, discovering that his hero was hopelessly outclassed, the author made the best of a bad business by handing over the title rôle to his favourite. Mr. Harum is worth this slight attention. He is one of those hard-headed, humorous Yankees whose quaint turns of conversation and racy dialect preserve so many second-rate American novels from total dullness. The book is curiously constructed. It is not until the twelfth chapter that John Lenox, the young man whose love-story gives, ostensibly, the motive of the novel, meets Harum, who is to become his employer and benefactor. From that point until nearly the end of the book the author occupies himself in narrating a series of anecdotes serving, in a desultory fashion, to illustrate the characters of the two men. The book reads somewhat jerkily at first; but it is bright and amusing throughout, and the characters are unmistakably alive. On the whole, an engaging specimen of current transatlantic fiction.

The extinction of the drones would be, no doubt, the sentence passed upon them by a severe Socialist. In *THE DRONES MUST DIE*, by Max Nordau (Heinemann, 6s.), however, there is no Socialism, and the so-called drones, though they die punctually enough by their own hands, lead the agitating and far from tranquil lives of financiers and speculators. A poverty-stricken old philosopher is contrasted with these wealthy sinners, but, as he dies in the middle of the book and is rather a drudge than a drone, one hardly knows what to make of him. In short, the sermon is so little relevant to the text that it is difficult to see what moral can be drawn from it. The scene is laid in Paris, and the story is chiefly concerned with the fortunes of a German family settled there. The very unheroic hero is Herr Koppel, a master in a French school, who supports his wife and son and daughter with considerable difficulty. Fired by the example of his friend and compatriot, Baron Henneburg, who has become a sort of mushroom millionaire by lucky speculations on the Bourse, Koppel is induced to speculate, unknown to his wife, and first wins and then loses a large sum of money. When the crash comes, on the failure of a corner in quicksilver, Henneburg and Agostini, the other eminent financier, are ruined and kill themselves. Koppel, on the other hand, merely loses his ill-gotten gains, and is compensated by his daughter's rich marriage to a German military attaché. The other chief personage is Baroness Agostini, a good-natured lady with a history, of course of her decline and fall. She does not die, but retires in the odour of sanctity to her country house in Brittany.

We must say that in all this there is no poetic justice. It may be quite right for financiers to commit suicide, though we should think twice before condemning the whole financial world to that fate; but it cannot be right for Koppel, who has no business to gamble or to encroach on his wife's fortune, to escape unscathed. He is only a poor little earthen pot, who ought never to have risked his place and his family's daily bread by adventuring among the pots of iron. Yet he neither dies nor is ruined, nor does his far too amiable wife even give him a piece of her mind. Whatever may be said of the drones, he at least does not get his deserts. On the whole, the story is interesting and well told, but without humour.

THE TRACKING OF THE CRIMINAL.

The large class of readers which dearly loves a sensational tale beginning with a murder and ending with the marriage of the wrongly-suspected and self-sacrificing hero is not over critical. Such readers will probably not resent the unnecessary pains which James Graham in Mr. McLaren Cobban's new story,

PURSUED BY THE LAW (Long, 6s.), took in order to bring himself within reach of the law. For, once there, he and his friend Townshend, a mysterious burglarious Marquis of pleasing character, lead the law that pursues them a pretty dance until the confession and suicide of the real criminal clears the way for the marriage of the hero and his retirement into a more peaceful life.

For those who enjoy a murder mystery, with suspicion falling upon an innocent young man, verbatim reports of the coroner's inquest, and long extracts from the diary of the detective officer who finally brings justice about, Mr. B. L. Farjeon has catered magnificently in *SAMUEL BOYD OF CATCHPOLE SQUARE* (Hutchinson, 6s.). Nothing could be better of its kind; and those who like the kind will be well pleased to find it set forth in the style made familiar by Dickens.

FRANCOIS THE VALET (Pearson, 6s.), by Mr. G. W. Appleton, is an exciting story of mystery and crime written in a style fairly direct and simple. In the names of his places, such as Windwhistle Hall and Addlehead, Mr. Appleton shows a feeling for the idea of fun which flourished in the 'fifties.

FETTERED BY FATE, by G. W. Miller (Digby, Long, 6s.), is a tale of murderers and wrongly imprisoned victims with their hair-breadth escapes. The style is flabby to a degree. We give one typical extract, solely in order to show young novelists what to avoid.

For some time a disagreeable drizzling rain had been descending with a persistency which would, in all probability, have been accounted a virtue had it been exercised in the Sahara, but occurring as it did in the congested and crowded streets in the heart of the metropolis, added in no small degree to the annoyance of those who, through force of circumstances, were compelled to brave the elements, and pursue their way through the muddy streets and crooked bye-lanes, and, as if to accentuate the prevailing gloom, a thick, yellow fog, with the odorous flavour peculiar to this phenomena of Cockney extraction (*sic*), was beginning to settle with its grimy folds over the belated wayfarers, sprinkling them with sundry distributions of black particles stolen from sooty-laden wreaths emanating from the numerous chimneys above.

Why not say "The day was foggy, with steady rain?"

Mr. Hornung's books have always been readable from the time of "A Bride from the Bush" down to "Some Persons Unknown," and his newest novel, *THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN*, (Methuen, 6s.), is like all his work in this respect, that it interests from the opening page to the last. Some readers may consider it something of a slander upon our national sport to make a famous English cricketer possess a taste for quiet burglaries like the hero, A. J. Raffles, one of the "Gentlemen of England," "who had the subtle power of making himself irresistible at will." And it says a good deal for the author's skill that he makes it appear a quite possible and indeed likely form of existence. Raffles drags an old schoolfellow of his into his schemes, and these two together indulge in every kind of adventure by which "swag" is to be gained. "The Gift of the Emperor," a pearl of great value, is their last temptation and it is in pursuit of it they are discovered and their wild careers closed, at least for a time. With the wise precaution which comes to the novelist who is already an old hand, Mr. Hornung leaves the reader in doubt as to the end of the hero. Raffles when at last "cornered" on board ship plunges into the sea and, should the demand for his adventures be very clamorous, we should not be surprised to find that he is saved and is good for another volume or two of equally exciting adventures.

MICHAEL DRED, DETECTIVE (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.), is replete with murders, first clues, complications, misapprehensions, subtle Eastern poisons, and other weird paraphernalia familiar to the admirers of detective romance. But Michael Dred is no ordinary detective. True, he has the old grand manner and says to the hero who has returned from a voyage:—

"I see you came round by the Cape."

Paul Wingrove started.

"How could you know that?" he cried.

"By the ring on your finger," calmly answered the detective. "It is a new one, and those native-worked rings only come from the West Coast. You probably took in coal at Freetown, Sierra Leone."

"We stopped there by a mere chance," said Paul. "The ring was given me there."

He felt a sudden shrinking from the man whose insight gave him this power.

The reader will feel no such shrinking from an old friend. It is also true that where this hero is remarkable is in the fact that

he is also the villain and makes a complete hash of his own life which he ends with the aid of an opal pin. The book has an excellent and striking cover, and the most melodramatic of the scenes are boldly illustrated; it is likely to be widely popular with those who care more for plot than for style.

Correspondence.

"THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the recently published volume of "Letters of Walter Savage Landor," edited by Mr. Stephen Wheeler, I find the following passage from Lady Graves-Sawle's diary on p. 52:—

June, 1838.—We found Charles Dickens in the little enclosure at the back of his house, Tavistock-house, Tavistock-square. Lying flat on the grass, he gazed up for inspiration to the only tree in the little garden. He was then writing the "Curiosity Shop," and told us he had received letters from all parts of the world imploring him not to kill Nell.

This "diary" entry must surely have been written long after the incident it describes occurred. In June, 1838, Charles Dickens was living in Doughty-street; the first idea of little Nell, out of which the "Old Curiosity Shop" developed, occurred to the author when visiting Landor at Bath in February, 1840; Charles Dickens did not move into Tavistock-house until late in 1861, rather more than ten years after the perpetration of what he himself called the Nellicide of the "Old Curiosity Shop."

Perhaps Lady Graves-Sawle or Mr. Stephen Wheeler may be able to explain this passage?

Yours faithfully,

April 17.

WALTER JERROLD.

SHAKESPEARE'S "TEMPEST."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In answer to the wish expressed by Mr. W. G. Gosling in his very interesting article on the *Tempest* in your issues of April 8 and 15 to know the spelling of the word "scamels" in the Folio of 1623 I may say that the word there has only one l. The reading "seamews" is not altogether new, having been suggested by Theobald, but in the light thrown on the subject by the quotations adduced by Mr. Gosling, it appears to be by far the most reasonable emendation yet advanced. I think Caliban's speech, Act I., ii., 333,

"When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dest me, and mad'st much of me; would'st give me
Water with berries in't;"

may be of use in fixing the date of the play. It is generally conceded that this is an allusion to the use of coffee, a beverage at that time unknown in Europe, and first mentioned, I believe, by George Sandys in his travels published in 1615. The exact date of Sandys' return is uncertain. Antony Wood says "1612 or after."

Strachey's account of the wreck was published in 1612, and if Sandys returned in that year, Shakespeare may have heard of coffee from some of the sailors who returned with him: according to Lord Mulgrave he must have been intimate with seafaring men. In the Introduction to the Clarendon Press Edition we read:—

The first scene in the *Tempest* is a very striking instance of the great accuracy of Shakespeare's knowledge in a professional science, the most difficult to attain without the help of experience. He must have acquired it by conversation with some of the most skilful seamen of that time.

That statement that this play was acted before "Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine" seems to rest on very insufficient evidence: but there can be little doubt that Jonson alludes to it in the introduction to his *Bartholomew Fair* (1614), though whether the play then acted was in all points the same as when first printed is doubtful, since *Othello*, first printed in 1622, is found considerably altered and amended in that mystery of mysteries, the Folio of 1623.

E. S. ALDERSON.

Lawfield, Wakefield.

Authors and Publishers.

Cromwell literature is increasing in view of the centenary of the Protector's death on the 25th inst. Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's new book, "Cromwell to Wellington," of course, deals with him as a commander only. But Mr. Holden Pike and Sir Richard Tangye have just given us lives of him, and Mr. Allenson will depict him as the champion of the Independents in a book to be issued on "Cromwell Day," called "A Primer of Free Church History." The volume is intended as an introduction to the history of the Free Churches.

The centenary of the Church Missionary Society was not allowed to arrive before the history of the Society's hundred years was published. The London Missionary Society, on the other hand, had its hundredth birthday four years ago, yet its centenary record is only now on the eve of publication. This Society, which, though unsectarian, is maintained almost wholly by the Congregationalists, has had many great names on its roll—John Williams, Robert Moffat, David Livingstone, and Dr. Morrison, for example—and the doings of these and their colleagues in Africa, in Madagascar, in Samoa, and other South Sea Islands, in China and India, and in the West Indies certainly deserve to be gathered together from the scattered memoirs of individual missionaries and the unpublished archives at the Blomfield Street Mission House. The Rev. C. Silvester Horne, of Kensington, brought out a lively little book, summarizing the acts of the Society's apostles, a few years ago; but it was left for the Rev. Richard Lovett, one of the Religious Tract Society's literary managers, to compile the large two-volume history on which the Blomfield Street directors had resolved. The book is being printed at the Oxford University Press, and will be illustrated with numerous portraits and maps; and it will be issued by Mr. Henry Frowde about the 10th of May in two editions,—"ordinary," at 17s. 6d., and "*de luxe*," at 25s., with higher prices to non-subscribers.

Mr. Harold E. Gorst, son of Sir John Gorst, is at present engaged on a biography of Lord Beaconsfield for Blackie's "Victorian Era Series." Sir John Gorst was intimate with Disraeli from 1870 to his death. Some interesting information will be contained in this volume as to the defeat of the Conservatives in 1880.

Mr. Murray announces a biography of Henry Hart Milman, sometime Dean of St. Paul's, by his son, Mr. A. Milman. Though the Dean is best known for his history of Latin Christianity, his "History of St. Paul's" might well be consulted at the present moment by those anxious to learn more about the work of Wren. As a poet—in the main a forgotten one—Dean Milman will be remembered as the author of three of the most beautiful of our English hymns—"When our heads are bowed with woe," "Brother, thou art gone before us," and "Ride on, Ride on, in Majesty."

"Nelson's Friendships," by Mrs. Gamlin, authoress of "Emma, Lady Hamilton," and "George Romney," is announced by Messrs. Hutchinson. The subject is well chosen, for Nelson, though somewhat averse from general society, had all the qualifications of a sterling friend. His affectionate and grateful nature evinces itself in his letters to his family and to his early patrons, Captain Locker, Sir Peter Parker, Lord Hood, and the Duke of Clarence. He is the ideal comrade of his companions in battle, Earl St. Vincent, Troubridge, Ball, Berry, Hardy, Collingwood, and many others. His power of political friendships was equally remarkable. It is this which bound him so closely to Lord Minto, and produced his intimacy with Pitt, who gradually came to see in Nelson, beneath the rough exterior of the seaman, the subtle skill of the statesman in foreign affairs. The same communion of political ideas was at the bottom of the famous friendship between Nelson and the Hamiltons, and, however extraordinary the intercourse of these *tria juncta in uno* may now seem, what would one have given to have spent an unconventional hour in

their company! As it is, we must now content ourselves with looking forward to the descriptions of Nelson's friendships in Mrs. Gamlin's book. We hope at the same time that she will have done justice to the deeply-wronged Lady Nelson, for whose memory, vindicated by her own letters, we may claim to have done something in our articles, published last year, on "New Nelson Manuscripts."

Shakespeare's Sonnets have always afforded excellent practice for the exponents of the "higher critics" of secular literature. Mr. Cuming Walters, quite in the spirit of the most advanced Old Testament commentators, undertakes to prove in "The Mystery of Shakespeare's Sonnets," which will shortly be republished in volume form by the New Century Press, that the "fair man" and the "dark lady" are allegorical and represent the "contending spirits" who influenced Shakespeare's career and reveal themselves in the dramas; and that the theory is wholly groundless which connects the Sonnets in any way with the Earl of Pembroke, Mary Fytton, or Lord Southampton. The articles which form the book have already appeared in the *New Century Review*.

The vogue for books about public schools still continues. Yet another book about Eton—"Memories of Eton and Etonians," by Mr. Alfred Lubbock—is announced by Mr. Murray. A part of the book will give reminiscences of the author's life at Eton, but special interest will be attached to the chapters on cricket, which are not confined to his schooldays, but carry us on from 1864 to 1874. Mr. Alfred Lubbock was, of course, one of the best-known gentlemen cricketers of his day. An interesting feature of the book will be a chapter on "Boys' Chances" at Eton, by the late Mr. Robin Lubbock, who, it will be remembered, met his death out hunting last year. Harrovians will find matter for study in the first part of a book to be issued by the same publisher, called "At School and at Sea." The author is anonymous, and describes himself as a naval officer, and his life after his schooldays gives scope for memoirs of sea life in the forties and fifties.

Books on Imperial affairs, the expansion of England, and the like, have been very numerous of late. We have had the Builders of the Empire Series, the Story of the Empire Series, and others. Now we are to have the Imperial Interest Series, published by Messrs. Sands, under the editorship of Mr. Hamish Hendry. The first volume will deal with China. Its author is Mr. Harold Gorst, whom we have just mentioned as engaged on a Life of Lord Beaconsfield. It deals comprehensively with the subject, not only from the point of view of British Imperialism, but taking into consideration the opinions of the Chinese—which have been hitherto somewhat overlooked. The book contains a sketch of China's resources, a short summary of her history, and a description of the political, commercial, and social aspects of the country. There are chapters on the Chinese army, on financial resources of the Empire, on Western progress in China, and on railways. That on West Africa will almost certainly be by Miss Kingsley. Mr. Gorst is very shortly going to China to explore a more or less unknown district, and intends to write a book on the commercial prospects of that part of the country, its trade and guilds, and the feeling of the official classes towards foreigners.

"Yule and Christmas, their place in the Germanic Year," is the title of a book announced by Mr. David Nutt. Its author is Dr. Alexander Tille, lecturer in German language and literature in the University of Glasgow, and it treats of the problems connected with the Germanic year—the three-score-day tide of Yule, the Germanic adoption of the Roman calendar, and the introduction of the festival of Christ's Nativity into a part of the Germanic year, which previously apparently had been without a festivity. In fifteen chapters it traces the revolution brought about by these events, as regards custom, belief, and legend, up to the fourteenth century. By that time, the author believes, most of the fundamental features which go towards the making of modern Christmas had already come to have their centre on the twenty-fifth day of December.

Two collections of academic sermons representing Oxford and Cambridge thought respectively will shortly be forthcoming. The third volume of Mr. Jowett's sermons, those dealing with doctrinal matters, will shortly be published by Mr. Murray, who is also issuing a volume of letters by the late Master of Balliol. This collection, which is being edited by Professor Lewis Campbell and Mr. Evelyn Abbott, will contain a portrait of the Master. About the same time we shall see Dr. Montagu Butler's new volume of sermons, which will contain those delivered by him at Eton, Harrow, Marlborough, Rugby, and other public schools. The Master of Trinity's volume will be published by Messrs. Isbister under the title "Public School Sermons."

We understand that Dr. Moritz Busch's recollections of Prince Bismarck has now found a publisher in Germany, and that the three volumes of the work will appear during the coming summer under the title "Tagebuchblätter von Moriz Busch." This will not be a retranslation of the English work, but the original work from which the English translation was made, and will, it is said, include certain matter not included in the published book. Another Bismarck book, shortly to be published in six parts, is a collection of the Prince's sayings arranged in dictionary form, with short explanations stating whence they are taken and so forth. The volume will be called "Bismarck-Lexicon."

Mr. Murray's spring list of forthcoming books contains some announcements worth noticing, besides those we have already mentioned. In the new edition of Byron, Volume II. in the collection of Poetry under the charge of Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, will contain "Childe Harold." Mr. R. E. Prothero, who has the Letters in charge, will issue Volume III., including the correspondence from 1814 to 1816. In the question of our relations with the wild tribes on the North-West Frontier of India it would be difficult to find a better guide than Colonel Sir Robert Warburton, who is issuing his personal reminiscences of "Eighteen Years in the Khyber." "The Place of Miracles in Religion" is by the Bishop of Southampton, who was a contributor to "Lux Mundi," and was tutor at Keble College, Oxford, and afterwards Master of Selwyn College before he became a Bishop. "Authority and Archæology, Sacred and Profane," under Mr. Hogarth's editorship, a book to which we have already referred, is also nearly ready.

"The Forest Chapel and Other Poems" is to be the title of a new volume of poems by "Maxwell Gray" (Miss Tuttielt) which Mr. Heinemann has ready. The author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland" has already published some volumes of verse, including "Westminster Chimes and Other Poems" and "Lays of the Dragon Slayer."

Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. John Eglington, and other writers on Celtic matters are furnishing forth a volume called "The Literary Ideal in Ireland," which Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish. This, we may hope, will be to some extent complementary to Dr. Douglas Hyde's new "History of Irish Literature" which we review on another page.

Mr. Arthur H. Lawrence has written a volume dealing with Sir Arthur Sullivan's recollections of musical matters. The composer of the Gilbert-Sullivan operas has known all the interesting people of the musical world, and the book will give a picture of our period such as few other public men could suggest. Mr. James Bowden will publish the book this summer.

The second volume of Messrs. T. and T. Clark's new Bible Dictionary, edited by Dr. Hastings, is to be published next week. It extends from "Feign" to "Kinsman," and includes the three most important subjects—"God," by Prof. A. B. Davidson and Prof. Sanday; "Jesus Christ," by Prof. Sanday; "The Holy Spirit," by Prof. Swete.

Mr. Fisher Unwin publishes next Monday a work in two volumes by Dr. J. C. Voigt, called "Fifty Years of the History of the Republic in South Africa." The author has had great experience in the Cape Colony Volunteer Ambulance Service in the Transvaal in 1881.

Among forthcoming works of fiction, we understand that Mrs. E. M. Davy, the author of "A Prince of Como," "A Daughter of the Earth," and other novels, is about to publish a new book through Messrs. Pearson entitled "Calumnies." "Frivolities" is the title of Mr. Richard Marsh's new volume of humorous stories which Mr. James Bowden is about to publish. Mr. William Westall's new book, which is to be published by Messrs. Chatto, called "Strange Crimes," will contain a collection of short stories. The author of "Beggars All," "A Dozen Ways of Love," and other successful novels, Miss Lily Dougall, is at work upon a novel the scene of which is laid in the North Carolina Mountains. Miss Dougall, who lives in Montreal, is about to visit England for six months, and will spend most of the summer term in Oxford.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald promises a volume called "Pickwickian Studies," which will be published by the New Century Press.

Mr. Max Beerbohm's new collection of papers is to be entitled "More." His last volume was called "The Works of Max Beerbohm." Mr. Lane is the publisher.

Messrs. Newnes are publishing "The British Empire Dictionary," for which they claim that it is handy in size and comprises many new words which have recently gained currency but do not appear in existing dictionaries. It is to be published at 3s. 6d.

A further biographical sketch of the late Empress of Austria is being got ready for the press; it is to be entitled "The Martyrdom of an Empress," and is said to be written by a lady who was at one time an intimate friend of the Empress.

The May number of the *Art Journal* will contain an article on the Turner Exhibition, with reproductions of some of the works now being shown there.

Dr. W. G. Grace's "Reminiscences of Cricket and other Sports" will be published by Mr. James Bowden.

The popular edition of the works of Dr. Georg Brandes, which we referred to last week, will be issued in England by Messrs. Williams and Norgate.

A work on Mr. Joseph Chamberlain will shortly be published in Paris; it is written by M. A. Viallate.

"Impressions of America," by the Rev. T. C. Porter, one of the masters of Eton, is about to be published, with many illustrations, by Messrs. Pearson.

Colonel Claude Reignier Conder's new work, "The Hebrew Tragedy," is about to be published by Messrs. Blackwood.

Next month Mr. Rowland Ward will publish Mr. F. Vaughan Kirley's volume on sport and travel in Portuguese East Africa.

A work on "Church and State in England and Normandy in the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries," by Dr. H. Böhmer, tutor in the University of Leipzig, is in the press.

Mr. J. Dyneley-Prinsep's volume, "A Critical Commentary on the Book of Daniel," will be published in England by Messrs. Williams and Norgate. The author is Professor of Semitic Languages in the New York University.

Messrs. Newnes have included the pulpit stories by Mr. Charles M. Sheldon in "The Penny Library of Famous Books." Other publications by this firm include Mr. J. G. Bartholomew's "The Hub Cyling Map of England and Wales" and Mr. Milton Smith's "The Coast Trips of Great Britain," which is said to be the only guide to the sea trips of the British coast.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.
The Column and the Arch. Essays on Architectural History. By *W. P. Longfellow*. 8½x5¼in., 301 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low. 10s. 6d.

Notes on Colour. By *W. Clifton*. 7½x10½in., 61 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 2s.

BIOGRAPHY.
Memoirs of Sergeant Bourgoigne, 1812-1813. Translated from the French by *Paul Cottin* and *Maurice Hénault*. 8½x5¼in., xvi.+336 pp. London, 1899. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.
Oliver Cromwell and His Times. By *G. Holden Pyke*. 7½x5¼in., 286 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 6s.

Life of Prince Bismarck. By *William Jacka*. 9½x6¼in., xvi.+512 pp. Glasgow, 1899. MacLehose.
Famous Ladies of the English Court. By *Mrs. Aubrey Richardson*. 8½x5¼in., xvi.+467 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 16s.

The Life of William Ewart Gladstone. By *Sir Wemyss Reid*. 9½x6¼in., xx.+732 pp. London, 1899. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

The Life of Maximilian Robespierre. By *George H. Lewes*. New Ed., with Portrait. 8x6¼in., xv.+297 pp. London, 1899. Chapman & Hall. 3s. 6d.

CLASSICAL.
The History of Psellus. Ed. by *Constantine Sathas*. 9x6¼in., x.+384 pp. London, 1899. Methuen. 15s. n.

EDUCATIONAL.
Plato: Ion. Ed. by *J. Thompson*, M.A., and *T. R. Mills*, M.A. (The University Tutorial Series.) Introduction, Text, and Notes. Cr. 8vo., iv.+62 pp. London, 1899. Clive. 3s. 6d.

Cæsar: The Invasion of Britain. (De Bello Gallico, IV., 20-V., 23.) Ed. by *A. H. Alcock*, M.A., and *T. R. Mills*, M.A. (The University Tutorial Series.) Introduction, Text, and Notes. Cr. 8vo., 82 pp. 1s. 6d. A Translation by *A. A. Irwin Nesbitt*, M.A. Cr. 8vo., 22 pp. 1s. London, 1899. Clive.

The Certificate History of England, 1700-1789. By *A. Johnson Evans*, M.A., and *C. S. Fearnside*, M.A. (The University Tutorial Series.) Cr. 8vo., xxxii.+366 pp. London, 1899. Clive. 2s. 6d.

FICTION.
The Game and the Candle. By *Rhoda Broughton*. 7½x5¼in., 396 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 6s.

The Black Douglas. By *S. R. Crockett*. 8½x5¼in., 479 pp. London, 1899. Smith, Elder. 6s.

The Fowler. By *Beatrice Harraden*. 7½x5¼in., 357 pp. London, 1899. Blackwood. 6s.

The Maternity of Harriet Wilson. By *Mrs. E. Dukeney*. 7½x5¼in., 278 pp. London, 1899. Heinemann. 6s.

Rose à Charlotte. By *Marshall Saunders*. 7½x5¼in., 516 pp. London, 1899. Methuen. 6s.

For Better or Worse? By *Conrad Howard*. 8½x5¼in., 279 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 6s.

Autobiography of a Child. 7½x5¼in., 299 pp. London, 1899. Blackwood. 6s.

The Rebels. By *MacDonnell Bodkin*. 7½x5¼in., 368 pp. London, 1899. Ward, Lock. 6s.

The Death that Lurks Unseen. By *J. S. Fletcher*. 7½x5¼in., 248 pp. London, 1899. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

More Methodist Idylls. By *Harry Lindsay*. 8x5¼in., 388 pp. London, 1899. Bowden. 6s.

The Uncalled. By *Paul Dunbar*. 7½x5¼in., 253 pp. London, 1899. Service & Paton. 5s.

On the Edge of the Empire. By *Edgar Jepson* and *Capt. D. Beames*. 7½x5¼in., 276 pp. London, 1899. Heinemann. 6s.

On the Edge of a Precipice. By *Mary A. Dickens*. 7½x5¼in., 320 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 6s.

The Lady of the Leopard. By *Chas. L'Epine*. 8x5¼in., viii.+243 pp. London, 1899. Greening. 3s. 6d.

The Resurrection of His Grace. By *Campbell Rae-Brown*. 7½x5¼in., 187 pp. London, 1899. Greening. 2s. 6d.

A Set of Rogues. By *Frank Barrett*. 2nd Ed. 9x6¼in., 130 pp. London, 1899. Innes. 6d.

HISTORY.
A Literary History of Ireland. By *Douglas Hyde*, LL.D., M.R.I.A. 9x5¼in., xviii.+654 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 16s.

Selections from the Sources of English History. B.C. 55—A.D. 1832. Ed. by *C. W. Colby*, M.A., Ph.D. 7½x5¼in., xvi.+325 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 6s.

The Calliphore: Its Rise, Decline, and Fall. 3rd Ed. By *Sir William Muir*, K.C.S.I. 9x6¼in., xv.+628 pp. London, 1899. Smith Elder. 16s.

LITERARY.
Beiträge zur amerikanischen Literatur- und Kulturgeschichte. Von *E. P. Evans*. 9x5¼in., 42 pp. Stuttgart, 1898. Gotta.

MEDICAL.
The Hunterian Oration. Delivered on Feb. 14, 1899, at the Royal College of Surgeons of England. By *Sir W. MacCormac*, Bt., K.C.V.O. 9½x7¼in., 59 pp. London, 1899. Smith, Elder. 2s. 6d.

Burdett's Official Nursing Directory for 1899. By *Sir Henry Burdett*, Bt., M.P. 7½x5¼in., xx.+651 pp. London, 1899. Scientific Press. 5s.

MILITARY.
Inquiries concerning the Tactics of the Future. By *Fritz Hoenig*. 4th Ed. Translated by *Capt. H. M. Bower*. 9x5¼in., xxiii.+363 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 15s. n.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Journal of the Bath and West and Southern Counties Society. Fourth Series, Vol. IX. 8½x5¼in., 290 pp. London, 1899. Stanford. 6s.

NATURAL HISTORY.
The Natural History of Selborne. Part III. By *Gilbert White*. Lane. 1s. 6d. n.

NAVAL.
The First Dutch War, 1652-1654. Publications of the Navy Record Soc., Vol. XIII. 9½x6¼in., xx.+481 pp. 1899. Subscribers only.

PHILOSOPHY.
L'Instabilité Mentale. (Bibliothèque de Philosophie Contemporaine.) Essais sur les données de la Psycho-Pathologie. By *G. L. Duprat*. 9x5¼in., 304 pp. Paris, 1899. Alcan. Fr. 7.50.

POETRY.
The Wind among the Reeds. By *W. B. Yeats*. 7½x5¼in., 198 pp. London, 1899. Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. n.

Bryhtnoth's Prayer, and other Poems. By *Dean Stubbs*. 7½x5¼in., 71 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 1s. 6d.

The Shorter Poems of Robert Bridges. 7x4¼in., 116 pp. London, 1899. G. Bell. 1s. n.

La Folle du Logis. By *D. Caldine*. Three Compositions by *A. Barrère*. 7½x5¼in., 148 pp. Paris, 1899. Vanier. Fr. 2.50.

REPRINTS.
The Works of Shakespeare. Eversley Ed. Vol. III. Ed. by *C. H. Herford*. Litt.D. 7½x5¼in., 500 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 5s.

The Works of William Thackeray. (Biographical Ed. Vol. XIII.) Ballads and Miscellanies. 8½x5¼in., lxxvii.+751 pp. London, 1899. Smith, Elder. 6s.

Myth, Ritual, and Religion. By *Andrew Lang*. New Ed. 9 vols. 7½x5¼in., xxxix.+339+330 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 7s.

My Run Home. By *Rolf Boldrewood*. 7½x5¼in., 458 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

Old Melbourne Memories. By *Rolf Boldrewood*. 7½x5¼in., xii.+229 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.

The Old, Old Story. By *Rosa N. Carey*. 7½x5¼in., 496 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

SCIENCE.
A Manual of Locomotive Engineering. By *William F. Pettigrew*. 9x5¼in., xvi.+430 pp. London, 1899. Griffin. 21s.

Light Railways at Home and Abroad. By *William H. Cole*, M.I.C.E. 9x5¼in., x.+290 pp. London, 1899. Griffin. 16s.

Elementary Physics and Chemistry. First Stage. By *R. A. Gregory* and *A. T. Simmons*. 7x4¼in., 150 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 1s. 6d.

SOCIOLOGY.
The Temperance Problem and Social Reform. By *Joseph Rowntree* and *Arthur Sherwell*. 8x5¼in., xxi.+636 pp. London, 1899. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

THEOLOGY.
Thoughts on the Present Position of Protestantism. By *Adolf Harnack*. Translated by *T. B. Saunders*. 7½x5¼in., 64 pp. London, 1899. A. & C. Black. 1s. 6d. n.

The Quest of Faith. By *Thomas B. Saunders*. 9x5¼in., 191 pp. London, 1899. A. & C. Black. 7s. 6d.

TOPOGRAPHY.
Highways and Byways in Donegal and Antrim. By *Stephen Gwynn*. Illustrated by *Hugh Thomson*. 8x5¼in., xvi.+319 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 6s.

A Picturesque History of Yorkshire. Part II. By *J. S. Fletcher*. 9½x7¼in., pp. 73 to 144. London, 1899. Dent. 1s. n.

Emeralds Chased in Gold: or, The Islands of the Forth. Their Story, &c. By *J. Dickson*, F.S.A. 9x6¼in., xxvi.+323 pp. London, 1899. Oliphant. 6s.

Literature

Edited by J. D. Traill.

Published by The Times.

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RARITIES OF LITERATURE.

It sounds like a paradox to say that there are several kinds of books that are really and truly rare, although innumerable copies of them are extant. They do not figure at Mr. Sotheby's auction rooms, or among Mr. Quaritch's treasures. Any of them may be bought for a few shillings; they are rare only from the unimportant point of view of the reader. The more one reads, the more one is impressed with the sense of their rarity, that is, with their exceptional qualities. The first edition of "Alice in Wonderland," which was sold for £8 at a recent auction of books, is rare. But, in another sense, the latest edition, which has been selling at the bookstalls for sixpence, is equally rare. For in the literary, as in the physical, world there is a general average, as even an uncritical reader can hardly fail to notice. Whether this general average results from the public taste, or is maintained by the notorious hardness of heart of the publishers, we need not inquire. It exists, and books that are conspicuously above or below the average standard of merit are rare.

Among rare books, then, may be reckoned those which so far exceed the standard as to be readable through-

out; not such works as the reviewer cautiously pronounces to be "fairly readable," but books that can be read with pleasure from beginning to end. It is very much a matter of taste, but most people will admit that there are few books of this kind. One thinks at once of one's favourite novels, but it will often be found that we remember only the super-excellent scenes of which we are never tired, and forget the duller parts, or endure them only for the sake of the rest. For instance, Dickens' worst novels always contain something memorable, while his best always include passages that one instinctively skips. Even in "Pickwick" there is the old clergyman's manuscript, which, for purposes either of pleasure or examination, may be disregarded—like certain satires of Juvenal, though not for the same reason. In the case of Thackeray, again, are not some of his later works justly considered a little long? And Scott—Scott has been said to have more *longueurs* than all the other immortals. If we mention these writers, it is only to show that even the greatest men are not exempt from the common failing. Yet, if we wish to find a work that is enjoyable throughout, it is among the books of great writers that we shall find it, if at all. The crowd of new novels, several of which seem to be published every day, will yield no prizes, except now and then, when some new genius, who may or may not be completely readable, makes his first bow to the world.

But, if we confine ourselves to the immortals, we may suggest, with a liberal allowance for difference of taste and opinion, that there are three novels of English life and manners that would be generally thought readable from cover to cover. Thackeray's "Esmond" is one of them, a book only half the length of his other novels, and consequently—seeing that Thackeray was a great artist—a complete and polished literary gem. Another, though Scott in these days has lost his wizardry, is "Waverley." It may be admitted at once that in "Waverley" the young may skip whole pages without much injury to the story. Every one has probably done so as a boy. The opening chapters in particular, and the full descriptions of Tully Veolan and of Scotch scenery, lend themselves easily to such treatment. But in after life, if one cares at all for the past, is there anything better than Scott's accurate drawings of Waverley Honour and the Scottish Manor House? Even the Notes are worth reading. There is hardly a dull line in any of them. Our third instance is Miss Austen's "Mansfield Park," the whole of which every schoolboy will skip and every grown man will admire. If we do not name a fourth, it is not because we have never heard of "Adam Bede," but because it is impossible to distinguish between "the nicely calculated less or more" in our literary pleasures. In any case, our collection of these particular rarities cannot occupy more than one shelf of the book-case.

Another class of rare books consists of those that are

not readable at all. Whether a long course of miscellaneous reading produces in the mind what is known in medicine as the tolerance of a drug, we do not know; it depends too much on temperament and idiosyncrasy. All the same, it is a fact that there are few books indeed, no matter how dull or how foolish, which contain absolutely nothing readable. The dullest novel may be illuminated by one good story or one happy thought. The most foolish work of any kind may be rendered momentarily amusing by some odd revelation of the author's character. A year or two ago there was published a book which, except among the author's personal friends, must have already become exceedingly scarce. It is the nucleus of this part of our collection, and it truly fulfils the condition required of being quite unreadable from first to last. It is enough to describe it as a poem of many thousand lines about nothing in particular, and in no particular metre. But even this enormous work possesses a certain morbid interest. One wonders as to the author. Did he write under his own name or under a pseudonym? How many years did he waste over his book? How did he find a publisher? And, to parody Captain John Bliffl's epitaph, had Colney Hatch the honour of his birth and Hanwell of his education? One is evidently face to face with a person of mysterious intellectual qualities, and with one of the strangest and rarest books imaginable. Nor does this curious work stand alone. A bad novel, as we have admitted, may possess some slight redeeming feature, but one sometimes comes across novels for which not even that can be said. They are productions of the present day, of course; for the feeblest old-fashioned novel, if only in virtue of its antiquity, is worth looking at. Two or three of these moderns may be added to our collection of rare books, and there are more to come, seeing that the writers are still comparatively young men, with what they would call a future before them. They have ascertained exactly "what Dulness and her sons admire," and have written accordingly.

But there are certain other rare books that are not comprised in either of these two divisions. Successful sequels are rare, and so are successful imitations. The second part of "Pilgrim's Progress" is inferior to the first; it would have been better for Bunyan if Christian had been a bachelor. "The Virginians" is only in a sense the sequel to "Esmond," but it will hardly be thought so perfect. "Tom Brown at Oxford," to take instances at random, does not worthily continue "Tom Brown's Schooldays." Trollope was more fortunate with "Barchester Towers," the sequel to "The Warden," and, in some respects, superior to it. But perhaps the most surprising example is afforded by Lewis Carroll, whose humour, so far from being exhausted by his first famous work, was capable of an equally charming, and an equally popular, sequel. The successful imitations of great books—for almost every great book has been imitated—are fewer still; so few, in fact, that, while we would not deny the existence of these rarest of rare books, we must leave it to others to discover them. Meanwhile, Addison and Steele may rest undisturbed by their so-called successors; Cervantes may ignore both the Female and

the Spiritual Quixote; Defoe may disown his illegitimate Swiss Family. Genius is not easily imitated.

Finally, there is a class of rare books that ought not to be rare at all—namely, books that are well illustrated. We are not speaking of sumptuous volumes in which a lavish display of art extinguishes the subordinate letter-press, but of well known English books which some of our best artists have failed, in any real sense of the word, to illustrate. There are exceptions, no doubt, but as a rule the artist does not do justice either to his subject or to himself. What is wanted, but is too seldom met with, is an artist who will help the reader to realize the characters, and will carefully refrain from giving his own version of incidents which the writer, as likely as not, has described differently. But unless the artist understands and sympathizes with the author, well illustrated cheap books will be rare. Best of all may be the illustrations of the author himself, but the successful examples of this supremely rare combination of author and artist may be counted on the fingers of one hand.

"It is time for us to regard him as in the world of action, what Shakespeare was in the world of thought, the greatest, because the most typical, Englishman of all time." That is the judgment of Dr. S. R. Gardiner on the two men whose fame has been commemorated during the past week. Cromwell has certainly been rehabilitated since Carlyle, with all his exaggerations, helped to put his character for the first time in its true light. No dispassionate person can overlook the defects of his qualities. He himself would not allow the painter to omit the wart on his face; and if he had a "big red nose" we all recognize that, as the schoolboy rather crudely put it, "there were deep religious feelings behind it." The panegyrists of the last few days have certainly made too light of some of his more questionable actions; but his good qualities have waited two hundred years for their adequate recognition.

The most typical English writer stands in a different category. It is not the character of the "gentle Shakespeare" that is in dispute, but his achievements. No one doubts that Cromwell chopped off King Charles' head, but a great many people, unfortunately, and far more, we suspect, than even Mr. Sidney Lee is aware of, doubt whether Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet*. For those afflicted with the "Baconian bacillus" we cannot do better than quote from Mr. Lee's speech delivered last Monday at the Birmingham Literary and Dramatic Club.

There was no law of evidence which, when applied to Shakespeare's biography, justified in the brain of any man of ordinary capacity the smallest doubt that the inhabitant of Stratford-on-Avon, William Shakespeare, whose tomb in Stratford Church bore the contemporary attestation that he and no other was the greatest man of letters of his day—there was no reasonable room for doubt that Shakespeare of Stratford wrote the plays which were published under his full name, and were commended to the reading public just after his death by his friend, Ben Jonson, as the outpourings of the voice of his "beloved" Shakespeare, "sweet swan of Avon."

The resignation by Dr. S. R. Gardiner of his Lectureship at Toynbee Hall is not perhaps a striking event in itself. But this cannot be said of the ceremony which took place last Saturday, when a presentation was made to Dr. Gardiner by the Toynbee Hall students and when two of the greatest living historians expounded their views of

history. The Bishop of London took occasion to point out to a world which forms very irregular judgments as to greatness in literature that it has a really great historian in Dr. Gardiner. He refused, we believe, the dignity of an Oxford Professorship in order to devote his life to the study of one century of English history, and meanwhile for twenty years he kept himself in touch with life by lecturing to artisans in East London.

England [said the Bishop] did not generally know what a great man Dr. Gardiner was, but that discovery would be made some day or other. His was the life of the simple, whole-hearted student, who devoted himself absolutely and entirely to his work, who asked for no popularity, and required no recognition. It was a life which very often for the time was overlooked, but which in the long run would shine out brightly in the annals of mankind.

But what was equally interesting was the painfully heretical attitude taken up by both the Bishop and Dr. Gardiner towards recent theories of history. The Bishop was bad enough in his protest against dull narratives, and his advice to the historian to quicken his sympathies by daily contact with his fellowmen—a process not likely to promote that “analytical, distrustful, disrespectful attitude of mind” affected by the scientific historians of the Sorbonne and their English exponent, Professor York Powell. But Dr. Gardiner went further and expressed the benighted view that history had an ethical purpose.

The teaching of history seemed to him to be vapid and poor unless it had some action upon the great deeds and good lives of the world.

He is not content to ascertain facts, state them clearly, and, in the words of the Oxford Professor, “ascertain what scientific use can be made” of them. The question is, Does this make him a worse historian?

It is announced that an American preacher has caused a sensation by delivering in the pulpit discourses on popular novels. The “sensation” must depend upon the character of the romances selected for pulpit criticism. On “Quo Vadis” or “The Wide, Wide World” as conventional and improving an address might be given as any one need desire, while a sermon on “Mr. Dooley” might make for entertainment rather than for edification. The objection locally taken, however, seems to be founded on what is known, or supposed to be known, of the private lives of some of the novelists whose works are dealt with—an argument which might deal hardly with the Psalms of David and the Proverbs of Solomon. A sounder objection would be that a pulpit is seldom occupied by a competent literary critic, and that it is just the least competent who are most likely to talk *belles lettres* in place of theology.

Reviews.

From Cromwell to Wellington: Twelve Soldiers. Edited by Spenser Wilkinson. With Introduction by Lord Roberts. 9×6in., xii.+508 pp. London, 1899.

Lawrence & Bullen. 10/6

It ought not to be a difficult task to produce, by means of a dozen biographical sketches averaging forty pages each, “a picture of the British Army at work during the century and a half in which the Army helped the Navy to make Great and Greater Britain what they have been since men now living can remember.” But Mr. Spenser Wilkinson has committed a cardinal mistake in allowing nearly the same measure of space to all his contributors. In any composite work of this sort, uneven-

ness of method is inevitable, but it need not be accentuated by lack of proportion. To give a bare forty pages to Marlborough and thirty-five to Peterborough—whose total omission would not have been resented by anyone—is a radical error. The diffuse account of Heathfield, again, with its details as to the price of turkeys during the siege of Gibraltar, is in much too sharp contrast with General Maurice’s highly condensed but otherwise admirable sketch of Wellington. With this drawback the book is a well-made one, and its attractiveness is enhanced by a fine series of portraits, and a sufficiency of useful sketches and plans.

We have heard much in the last week of Cromwell as Protector and Puritan, and it is interesting to have one’s attention focussed upon him when regarded purely as a soldier. His military career is very satisfactorily dealt with by Mr. Spenser Wilkinson in collaboration with the late Colonel Cooper King. Cromwell’s strategical methods are particularly well illustrated in the lucid description of the operations in Scotland which terminated in the battle of Dunbar. A bright and vigorous narrative this, in which full justice is done to the many sides of Cromwell’s military genius, his perfect use of cavalry, his skill in combined naval and military operations, his comprehensive grasp of the tactics of the three arms in co-operation, his systematic thoroughness in following up a victory. The Hon. J. W. Fortescue has caught the spirit of both the Marlburian strategy and tactics, and sensibly avoids obscuring his present purpose by discussing Corporal John’s moral backslidings. He should have had an addition of at least half the space assigned to Peterborough’s insignificant movements in Spain, to enable him to elaborate his battle pictures, more especially of Blenheim and Ramillies. Sir Archibald Alison deals pleasantly with Wolfe’s presence at Falkirk and Culloden, as well as with his North American campaigning. The editorial predilection would have led us to expect a somewhat minuter appreciation than is here indicated of the naval co-operation in the capture of Quebec. Colonel Adam’s “Clive” is said to have been largely modified by the editor. The result is a readable and concise narrative, but no picture is created, and the description of the battle of Plassey is very unsatisfying. Colonel Sisson Pratt’s “Coote” is a much brisker production, and his account of the defeat of Hyder Ali at Porto Novo is an able and luminous little contribution to military history. Abercromby’s life is, of course, mainly interesting by reason of its connexion with Egypt, and the landing at Aboukir Bay is given due prominence. But this fine soldier’s previous work in the West Indies and North Holland, and the singular beauty of his character, are also fairly noticed. The paragraph on page 323 beginning, “No other general in modern times has been so closely, so intimately, and so often engaged in combined operations with the navy of his country” conflicts with the statement on page 35 that, since Cromwell, no other general has “so perfectly illustrated the combined working of an army and a fleet.” Major May’s sketch of Lord Lake is quite one of the best in the book. If the hero of Laswari, to whom India owed its light infantry and galloper guns, cannot be judged by the highest standard, and committed, moreover, at least one serious military error, in attempting to capture the great mud stronghold of Bhurtpore with an absurdly inadequate artillery, he was a born leader of men, to whose prompt decisions and rapid movements we owe in no inconsiderable degree the consolidation of our Indian Empire. Count Gleichen, of the Grenadier Guards, is

responsible for a very readable essay on Baird, the sultry-tempered Scot of whom his mother said, on hearing that he had been captured by Hyder Ali and was in prison and chained to another man, "De'il help the chiel that's chained to oor Davie!" It is, perhaps, a little to the prejudice of this worthy soldier, whose splendid services ranged over India, Egypt, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Peninsula, that at points his career should have come into such close association with the careers of Wellington and Moore. In "Twelve Soldiers" the latter's life is entrusted to Major C. B. Mayne, R.E., a competent writer who, however, fails to convey such a clear idea of the retreat to Corunna as is given in a few sentences of General Maurice's monograph on Wellington. This last is a model composition of its kind, well worthy of the literary and military reputation of the writer. Starting from the fateful conversation which led to the abandonment of that important clerkship, worth £80 a year, in the Irish Excise, General Maurice paints the panorama of the Great Duke's career with a strong, capable hand and a perfect sense of military perspective. The compression of so much into fifty short pages is a noteworthy performance, having regard to the completeness and the soundness as well as to the literary quality of the result. Nothing essential seems to be missed, even the mistake before Seringapatam in 1799, and the question of the problematical ride to Wavre, coming under careful review.

Of Lord Roberts' introduction it is sufficient to say that it is an interesting and useful memorandum, chiefly remarkable for a neat characterization of the part which fortresses have played and railways are now playing in military history. In expatiating upon the qualities of a successful general Lord Roberts is happily didactic, even to the extent of a felicitous quotation from Lucan. But he hardly gives due weight to the possession of that personal galvanic influence which was so strongly exemplified in the cases of Marlborough, Wolfe, Abercromby, Lake, and Moore, and which is not unconnected with the complete devotion of nine-tenths of the British Army of to-day to its gallant and beloved "Bobs."

TWO MODERN YOUNG MEN.

More. By Max Beerbohm. 6½ × 5½ in., 201 pp. London, 1899. Lane. 4/6

Essays in Modernity. Criticisms and Dialogues by Francis Adams. 7½ × 6 in., 253 pp. Lane. 5/-

There are some forms of art which are within the reach of so many people that we are apt to underrate their possibilities. Fair proficiency in them is so common and is displayed by such a multitude of average performers that we do not realize the perfection to which they can be carried until the Master appears. Even thus it is with the art of being amusingly impertinent. Amusing impertinence, whether with tongue or pen, is, generally speaking, at the command of any one who to youth and high spirits adds a reasonable amount of the not uncommon quality of cleverness. On that account we are most of us only mildly diverted by it and regard it with but a moderate measure of admiration. We know, or we have known, so many lively undergraduates who could do the trick passably well, that we come to the conclusion that the trick itself is incapable of any very high artistic development. It is here that Mr. Max Beerbohm comes in to undeceive us. By him we are reminded that the thing can be done not merely passably—nay, not even merely excellently—but ideally, supremely, transcendently well. In his hands the knack of graceful impertinence is raised by dint of sheer mastery to the dignity of a serious art; there are moments, indeed, when he brings it within measurable distance of the sublime. There has been no literary phenomenon quite like him—none has

flourished *simile aut secundum* since the "curly youth" of the author of "Vivian Grey." He is at his best in the little fasciculus of short, satirical essays which he has just published under the brief but significant title of "More"—a title suggestive, as has been well said, of a kindly attempt to appease the ever-renewed appetite of a hungry universe. The reason why Mr. Beerbohm does supremely well what his competitors only achieve with varying degrees of success is, of course, not far to seek. His pre-eminence is due, in large measure, to the fact that he is something more than a "curious impertinent" with a singularly ample gift of supercilious raillery—that he happens also to possess a pretty wit and a most fantastic humour, a keen critical intelligence, no little originality of thought, and, as he shows whenever it pleases him to do so, a brilliant style. The pretty wit never fails him, and if the fantastic humour is occasionally a little strained, as in the tirade against Fire Brigades, it is much more often as easy and spontaneous as in "The Case of Prometheus"—a truly delightful piece of fooling. His appreciation of Ouida abounds in just and generous criticism under its airy persiflage; and in the opening essay, "Some Words on Royalty," Mr. Beerbohm has apparently laid himself out to show us how much thought, imagination, and eloquence he can compress into an unexpectedly serious page of a satirical essay—though it is true that at the end of the passage he reverts abruptly to his more characteristic manner in the remark that "despite certain faults of exaggeration" it is "a piece of quite admirable prose."

It is the highest possible testimony to Mr. Beerbohm's winning charm that we can allow him to nudge us in this free and easy fashion without resenting it. But in truth he can use his "terrible gift of familiarity" with a success and acceptance which few can command, and even in his pertest moments of self-assertion he is never offensive. It is, of course, the saving grace of self-critical humour—the obviousness of the fact that he takes himself no more seriously than he takes other people—which prevents him from offending any but a humourless reader. And nothing could more pointedly differentiate him from another type of self-assertive young man here represented by the late Mr. Francis Adams. Mr. Adams does not tread upon half so many men's toes as Mr. Beerbohm, but the pressure of his foot is almost always felt as an intolerable provocation. Does he wish to convey to us that he attaches no value to Tennyson's "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical" (1832), in which other critics—survivors, it is true, of the infallibility of their youth—have found a certain amount of promise? Here is his way of putting it:—

Nothing could show us more clearly the dearth of all excellence than that the first literary critic of his epoch . . . could treat with anything like seriousness such a book as the "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical." "The misfortune is," says Coleridge, "that he has begun to write verses without very well understanding what metre is," and he gives him quite a nice little pedagogic lecture on the way to attain a "sense of metre." . . . It never occurred to Coleridge that the whole performance was effeminate and factitious. Virility had passed out of his own lines too long ago for him to notify (*sic*) the fact that it was wanting in any one else's. Opinion had helped his facile temperament to relegate reality to the pleasant distance of a dream, &c.

That is how the other sort of modern young man disports himself in his "Essays on Modernity." Or, for another instance of the kind of youthful cocksureness which merely irritates without amusing:—

"The Lotus Eaters," as we have it now, is almost a new poem, and it is praised for its lovely landscape.

A land of streams! Some like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go

Do you call that natural magic? Clearly it is nothing of the kind. It is the daintily but ever superficially picturesque—the sort of thing that satisfies the sensitive book reader who sees this for the first time and wants to become familiar with it. In fact, if we want to know how much of Tennyson will survive, Mr. Adams will tell us:—

Matthew Arnold performed a duty of pious praise when, in his book of selections from the poetry of Wordsworth, . .

he showed us just how much material really went to the production of a lasting poetic name. Thirty or forty years hence, the Mr. Matthew Arnold of the day will present to the public a similar volume of Tennyson, but it will be a slim one. At one fell swoop he, too, will have cut out nine-tenths of that portion of the poet's work in which, perchance, he most prided himself when alive.

Of course, we ought to make, and the humane critic does make, all due allowances for Mr. Adams. He was a young Australian of violently democratic opinions, of considerable but undisciplined talent, unfortunate in his health and in other ways, who crowned a rather tragic life by an extremely tragic death. Thus we can afford to smile at such boyish extravagances as his account of the anti-revolutionary reaction of the Lake poets "Wordsworth was hopelessly doomed to respectability from the start, and Coleridge was too cowardly and faithless to accept deeds of blood"; or at the colonial provincialism of the remark that "Adam Lindsay Gordon was a poet of an altogether larger and broader calibre than Mr. Kipling"; or at the artless disclosure of immaturity in the exclamation, *à propos* of Mr. J. M. Barrie—"Ah, if only he could be forbidden to write anything more for several years and set upon a course of study of the best modern French fiction!" But the trouble is that even when Mr. Adams has something to advance which is not a paradox—when, as in much that he has to say of Mr. Kipling, of Mr. Hardy, of Mr. Swinburne, and, here and there, of Tennyson himself, the matter of his criticism is sound and commands assent—the manner of it is a continual provocation. The effect, indeed, is such as to add a fresh element of pathos to Mr. Adams' early death. We cannot help regretting that he did not live to acquire the tact, the urbanity, the mellow wisdom of Mr. Max Beerbohm.

A PHILOSOPHER IN DIFFICULTIES.

Lettres Inédites de J. S. Mill à Auguste Comte. Publiées avec les réponses de Comte et une Introduction par L. Lévy-Bruhl. 1 vol. de la Bibliothèque de Philosophie Contemporaine. 9x5½ in., 560 pp. Paris, 1899. Alcan. Fr.10

The distinguished *Maître de conférences de philosophie* at the University of Paris, M. Lévy-Bruhl, author of one of the most abundantly pilfered books in French—the history of the development of German national consciousness, entitled "L'Allemagne depuis Leibniz" (Hachette)—deserves the gratitude of all students of philosophy in France and England for giving at last complete publicity to the entire series of letters which passed between John Stuart Mill and the author of the "Positivist Philosophy." Comte's letters to Mill were published in 1877 by Leroux under the auspices of the Positivist Society. Mill's to Comte were to appear at the same time, but for unexplained reasons the project was abandoned. They, or rather copies of them, have remained ever since at the offices of the Positivist Society, almost unutilized, even by the very few who had access to them. M. Lévy-Bruhl has now drawn these precious documents from oblivion and published them with the authorization of Miss Taylor, Mill's heir, in their proper place in the correspondence of Comte. The volume presents a record of what may be called a spiritual duel between two of the most original minds of the century.

The editor has, with much skill, indicated for us, in advance, the main drift of these letters, the dramatic vicissitude of this duel. Readers of the "Autobiography" will recall the somewhat enigmatic passage in which Mill notes how his fervent admiration for Comte was reflected for several years in the letters that passed between them—letters which degenerated, however, later on into bitter controversy, and finally stopped altogether. "I found," said Mill, "and he probably found, too, that I could do no good to his mind, and that all the good he could do to mine he was doing by his books." This volume is the belated but indispensable appendix needed for the elucidation of this vague sentence. The letters published in 1877 brought only partial light. Bain utilized them in his "Recollections" of Mill. He had been, moreover, an eye-witness of the first stages of the curious episode which is here chronicled.

But there is no evidence, says M. Lévy-Bruhl, that he knew the text of Mill's replies to Comte, save of those on feminist questions, copies of which Mill had kept by him. Yet Bain, in affirming that Mill was "unusually open" in his letters, was certainly right. Mill's natural reserve vanishes surprisingly in these outspoken confidences. The floodgates had been opened under the influence of his enthusiasm for the first volumes of the "Cours de Philosophie Positive," and the tone of his first letter is that of deferential admiration. He speaks to Comte as to his "elder brother in philosophy, not to say more." True he clings to his pet opinions, but the striking thing is the note of spontaneous impulse which has nerved his initiative in proposing to Comte this "commerce of ideas."

Comte was flattered. He accepted, quite naturally, this foreign adulation. He talked even of his domestic affairs almost garrulously, but, enamoured of his own system, he failed to note the cautious shadings in Mill's appreciation of important portions of it, and, simply because Mill accepted Comte's method, the latter concluded that he accepted the whole positivist philosophy and its consequences. In fact, to "put the points on the i's," as the French say, a certain fatuousness in Comte prevented him not merely from reciprocation in kind, but from the exercise of that perspicacity which an ordinary disinterested reader of the letters would naturally have displayed. For the time being—for the first year, that is—the two philosophers form a charming pair, a mutual admiration society, congratulating each other on the fact that, working apart and under different skies, they have met at last on common ground. But the joy was short lived. Comte maintained inflexibly his *cher maître* pride, and Mill, apparently, began to become convinced that, if *laudari a laudato viro* is one of the keenest pleasures known to man, this particular pleasure was one which Comte was constitutionally incapacitated to confer. Blinded by an inordinate self-esteem, Comte had failed to note the growing differences between himself and his *soi-disant* disciple. When at last the truth dawned upon him that Mill, too, was *quelqu'un*, he saw in him a dissident, not to say an heretic, and nearly pronounces anathema, in the name of his own quasi-papal infallibility. The psychology of this moment becomes more lucid if we bear in mind that Comte, while refusing to admit that he was in the smallest degree Mill's spiritual debtor, had to own that he was pecuniarily so.

Nothing is more to Mill's credit than his conduct in this unpleasant business. Comte had lost his situation at the Polytechnic School and wrote to tell Mill so. Mill, assisted by Grote, Sir William Molesworth, and Raikes Currie, the banker, came to his rescue with the 6,000 francs of which he had suddenly been deprived. When the money ran out with the year Comte expected a continuation of the "English subsidy." Mill, with infinite delicacy, had to explain that he and the friends who had agreed to this sacrifice had supposed it to be purely a temporary one. But Comte saw only the intolerable fact that Peter's pence had ceased to come in. The occasion demanded an encyclical, and the head of the Positivist Church rose to the occasion. The document from which the following characteristic passages are taken is certainly one of the most painful, as it is one of the most instructive, revelations of how far *doctrinaire* consistency can go, and of how largely temperamental all philosophical systems are. This is how Comte speaks with delightfully bombastic *tartuferie* of his "embarrassments":—

"I am convinced" [he writes to Mill on June 27, 1845] "that society generally owes protection and assistance to philosophical studies. This is one of the essential conditions of the elementary play between the temporal influence and the spiritual influence, whose antagonism directs the daily course of human affairs. Governments properly so called, as being the special organs of public necessities, are, no doubt, especially entrusted, by their very nature, with this mission, but their responsibility does not entirely discharge of this duty those forces known as private. When an imperfect sentiment of their duties, or a constant concern for their own material preservation, makes them for the moment faithless to this unquestionable duty, morality prescribes that the duty be fulfilled by the efforts, more or less individual, of all the

temporal powers that be. Benefiting amply as they do by the daily advantages inherent in the social order, they are obliged to support all those studies which they have admitted to tend really to the consolidation and perfecting of such a régime."

At present, however, continues Comte, he cannot expect the French Government to understand its duty. And he goes on thus :—

"A noble private intervention, determined particularly by your active solicitude, has happily averted thus far the disturbing action of injustice and irresolution, but this tutelary influence is about to expire. I am bound to confess to you, with my fraternal frankness, that I had taken it for granted that this tutelary influence would be continued so long as the danger itself lasted. . . . As this aid was the result of a sincere conviction of the philosophic worth and the social importance of the ensemble of my work, I should have had no repugnance in accepting the prolongation for a new year of this kind of voluntary subsidy generously accorded by the spontaneous elements of the new temporal power to those of the new spiritual power. The same motives which inspired the initial decision appeared to me to suggest naturally its continuation on the part of persons—whom, moreover, the act did not pecuniarily embarrass—until I should obtain the speedy public reparation which the constant moderation of my conduct now makes the wish of all honourable men. . . . In the age that I am of philosophic plenitude, I could, during the twelve or fifteen years of lofty mental activity which still remain to me, suitably produce, in these material conditions, the four essential works announced at the end of my foundation-book. . . . Instead of that, the temporal influences, public or private, which will have let me consume inactive this irreparable time in fighting against poverty can be justly accused by posterity of having permitted me to produce only the most considerable of these four elaborations. I was in hopes, I confess, that choice spirits would feel the necessity of not allowing in the only favourable centre the sole foyer of real philosophic energy which exists nowadays to be extinguished or slackened."

And Comte goes on to express his hope that, in the continuation of the generosity of Mill and his friends, he will have himself contributed, by the sole fact of having deigned to be the object of this generosity, to the "establishment of a sort of spontaneous precedent, which might be systematically invoked henceforth both by philosophers and their oppressors." Mill seems to have sent this curious letter to one or more of the three "spontaneous elements of the new temporal power" in question. As to Sir William Molesworth, however, he refused to appeal again to him for money for a number of very good reasons which he loyally states. When all hope of the subsidy is over, Comte writes to Mill another long letter, a new encyclical, full of words, words, words, reiterating in the same sham philosophic phraseology the same old grounds why Comte thought that, if France refused to give him the living which it owed him, the honour and responsibility devolved on Grote and Sir William Molesworth and the banker, Raikes Currie. What it all comes to is this, that he proposes to write a book, the apex of his entire work, which, under the form of a philosophical apologue, shall be a *réclame* for his British benefactors, provided only Mill can induce them to think better of their refusal. And if they persist he menaces them with his anathema in the same book to be then conceived on different lines and worked out to demonstrate an exactly contrary thesis. *Roma locuta est!*

In presence of this philosophic *chantage*—it was nothing else—what was Mill's attitude? He tells Comte the bitter truth, gently, politely, yet resolutely. He denies that Comte's English friends had any "moral position" towards him; tells him that they had never accepted him as a "spiritual head, the representative of their convictions," and that, even if they had done so, it would not have followed that they would have felt bound to continue their subsidies; that, in fact, Comte has been cherishing an illusion, and that their act is "nothing but a feeling of philanthropy towards an eminent philosopher placed in straitened circumstances by an unexpected persecution." All of them, especially Grote, had certainly learned much from Comte, accepting fully the fundamental idea of his work—to wit,

the substitution of the scientific for the religious point of view, and the application to social studies of the philosophic method, but they differed from Comte completely in their conceptions of dogmatic sociology, many of his views on these matters appearing to them "neither true nor worth propagating." He sets Comte right, moreover, in an extremely interesting passage in correction of Comte's belief that the disagreement between him and his English friends was due to the "narrow sentiment of nationality peculiar to the English." He says :—

"Contrary to the general opinion of the Continent I think that there is less nationality among the English than in any other civilized people. They have to-day far less national prejudice and bias than the Continental peoples. . . . They pay little attention to other people and are in general ignorant as to what goes on elsewhere. But those of them who do not share this ignorance, those who know the Continent well enough to judge it, either by travel or study, such persons are more cosmopolitan than you can possibly conceive; and, if there are any men of whom this is particularly true, it is exactly those with whom you have been dealing."

On the scheme of founding a Positivist organ in England, as a device for indirectly bringing Comte some money, Mill is equally candid, confessing that he has come to the conclusion that, after all, he and Comte do not sufficiently agree as to their opinions of the best way of sociologic propaganda; and he suggests that such dissidences between two thinkers so conscientious must be due to the fact that either the one or the other does not sufficiently understand the laws of human nature.

Comte, on receiving this, read over the letter to which it was a reply, and of which he had kept a copy. In answering Mill he declares, in the same grandiloquent way, that his English friends seem to him to be, after all, sufficiently his admirers to justify the continuation of their subsidy. Mill's suggestion that he had little knowledge of human nature almost angers him, and he frankly assures Mill that he had not sufficiently studied biology to be able to appreciate his (Comte's) thought. He had been of Mill's opinion "before he had completed his philosophic education!" Evidently Comte was becoming rude. With this note of causticity the correspondence could not long continue. It languished, and came to an abrupt end with a long letter of Mill on Ireland, and not a word of philosophy. Comte did not reply. Such was the pitiful result of Mill's spontaneous appeal. The contemplated "commerce of ideas" had degenerated into a miserable haggling over matters which, if important, are certainly capable of steadier philosophic treatment than Comte gave to them. The spectacle offered by him throughout the latter third of this volume is, in fact, a very painful one.

But there had been, happily, before the crisis occurred, a real interchange of ideas, which gives to these documents an interest of another order. Mill seems to have had no appreciable influence on Comte's ideas, whereas Comte's thought had certainly entered into the woof of Mill's thinking, and may be traced in its texture. This difference is one of the most important facts revealed by this book. As a matter of fact Comte had no "opinions" in Mill's sense of the word, but is the creator of a co-ordinated intangible body of doctrine—modifiable only by ukase or bull—conceived for the very purpose of setting bounds to the flux and reflux of modern "opinion." How could Mill hope to change any ideas in a system in which everything hangs together? Mill, endowed with a truly scientific open-mindedness, penetrated with a truly religious love for truth which, as he had learned, had many forms, was far removed from Comte's ideal of a completed body of doctrine, constructed with mathematical precision, and following that impulse for harmony and crystallization which is at once the glory and the limitation of the "Latin" mind. Mill was always ready to learn. Comte had put the finishing touches to his system at the moment when this correspondence opens. Even, therefore, if Comte had not acted as he did, this hopeless contrast of temperaments and of methods was bound, sooner or later, and sooner rather than later, to cause a rupture. This rupture when it came was irreparable, and its causes constitute the dramatic and instructive interest of this volume.

THE GAELIC MELANCHOLY.

The Wind Among the Reeds. By W. B. Yeats. 7½ x 5 in., 108 pp. London, 1899. Elkin Mathews. 3/6

This book has the remoteness, the melancholy, of all poetry inspired by spiritual passion. It has, too, that other melancholy of which one of the greatest of modern poets wrote in a forgotten early tale :—"Les rêves du poète et de l'amant—rêves qui, par une loi inexplicable de notre nature, ont toujours une teinte de mélancolie, même dans leurs plus splendides rayonnements, et qui ne sont les plus délicieux des rêves que grâce à cette même mélancolie." Here we are aware of the stillness of things that are past or are not again to be :—

I bring you with reverent hands
The book of my numberless dreams ;
White woman that passion has worn
As the tide wears the dove-gray sands,
And with heart more old than the horn
That is brimmed from the pale fire of time,
White woman with numberless dreams,
I bring you my passionate rhyme.

This note of loss, of regret, finds constant expression. Perhaps the most complex expression of it is in a wonderful little poem of six lines :—

O Curlew, cry no more in the air,
Or only to waters in the West ;
Because your crying brings to my mind
Passion-dimmed eyes and long heavy hair
That was shaken out over my breast ;
There is enough evil in the crying of wind.

Probably Mr. Yeats' readers will recognize most of the poems which are included in the "Wind Among the Reeds." Some are from his plays, some from "The Celtic Twilight," some from "The Secret Rose"; others have appeared in magazines or Irish periodicals. In one or two instances they lose by severance from the context, where they appeared with a vivid and strange beauty. This is almost inevitable where the poem has been an organic part of the prose narrative; that is, where it has not been interpolated, but has, as it were, suddenly blossomed on the green bough, through the emotion having become rhythmic on the dominant note. Perhaps one that will be new to Mr. Yeats' readers is the beautiful cry of one of his imaginary personages, Michael Robartes—who will be familiar to those who have read "Rosa Alchemica," and the two privately-printed tales, "The Tables of the Law" and "The Adoration of the Magi," and of whom Mr. Yeats mystically says in his notes to the present volume that he is fire reflected in water, while Hanrahan (the chief personage in "The Secret Rose") is fire blown by the wind, and Aedh, the poet, is fire burning by itself.

I hear the shadowy Horses, their long manes a-shake,
Their hoofs heavy with tumult, their eyes glimmering white ;
The North unfolds above them clinging, creeping night,
The East her hidden joy before the morning break,
The West weeps in pale dew, and sighs passing away,
The South is pouring down roses of crimson fire.
O vanity of Sleep, Hope, Dream, endless Desire,
The Horses of Disaster plunge in the heavy clay.
Beloved, let your eyes half close, and your heart beat
Over my heart, and your hair fall over my breast
Drowning love's lonely hour in deep twilight of rest,
And hiding their tossing manes and their tumultuous feet.

Beautiful as they are, the solemn lines of "The Secret Rose" and that lovely "Song of Aedh," in the story called "The Binding of the Hair," do not stand here with the same distinction as they do in their original settings. Not that Aedh's song is organic in the story in question, for its inclusion there is arbitrary, literary; but it is in itself a song for a setting. With the cry of Hanrahan to the Curlew, the most satisfying things in this book are those which are attributed to Aedh—"Aedh tells of the valley of lovers," of "the Perfect Beauty," of "the cry of the Sedge," of "those who have spoken evil of his Beloved," of "the Cloths of Heaven." In some others, as in "The Lament of Mongan," perhaps in "The Valley of the Black

Pig," in "Aedh and the Elemental Powers," Mr. Yeats has an over-use of symbol. In poetry any over-use is antipathetic. Here his "Cloths of Heaven" are too much "embroidered" with, to mundane eyes, inscrutable insignia. His obvious danger is a confusion of the spiritual beauty behind the symbol with the arbitrary verbal expression of it. To some there is no need to explain "the white deer with no horn," "the hound with one red ear," "the boar without bristles, out of the West," even "the Polar Dragon" and "the Immortal Rose"; but of necessity these must be few, and though in a sense all rare poetry is mysticism, and can only be understood aright of mystics, in the wider and not less true sense it should be as limpid as water, intimate as air, attainable as light.

That Mr. Yeats has himself recognized this is obvious from the fact that he has added over forty pages of notes to explain intent or allusion in his fewer than forty poems. It would, however, be ungracious not to say that these appended pages have a charm and distinction as appreciable in kind as that of the pages of verse which precede them. Incidentally, it would be interesting to know how Mr. Yeats arrives at *Sidhe* being also Gaelic for wind, and Aodh or Aedh (Hugh) being the same as Aed, fire. Probably the root in *Sidhe* is identical with the Scotch-Gaelic *sìd* (which does not mean wind, but weather, peaceful weather after storm), or the Irish *sìde* (from *séid*), or the S.G. *stan* or I.G. *ston* or O.G. *stn*; but surely the word *Sidhe*, which has a use quite distinct from *sìde*, is never used for "wind"? *Aodh* and *Aoidh* have different derivations. *Aodh* is a variation of the common Gaelic for Hugh, *Eòghan*, from the Teutonic root-word, *hug*, thought. *Aoidh* is from Adamnan's *Aido*, a corruption of the old Gaelic *Aed*, fire—its own derivation from the Latin *Aedes* (house=hearth), from the Greek *αἶθρ*. The Gaelic names, Mackay, Maquay, and perhaps one or two variations, are more probably *McAoidh* than *McAodh* (of the race of Hugh). However, this is perhaps beside the mark in the criticism of a volume which is not the work of a student of Gaelic, but of a poet who interprets the Gaelic spirit—Gaelic charm, dream, and mystery.

A word should be added as to the apposite and comely get-up of this little book within and without. The broad sweeping gold lines across the dark blue cloth make a singularly effective design.

THE WHY AND THE WHEREFORE OF PLANT GROWTH.

On Buds and Stipules. International Scientific Series. 7½ x 5 in., xix. + 239 pp. London, 1899. Kegan Paul. 5/-

It is no small pleasure to see the generalizations of yesterday explained to-day and traced to their causes. There is probably no science in which so many curious rules have been noted as in botany, and in which so little was done till lately to explain the reasons of them. That this set of plants have a square stem, while that is always round in section; that one had pale and another vivid blossoms—such things have long been known and used for purposes of classification. But the why remained in obscurity. In recent years, however, many explanations have been advanced, and a large proportion seems likely to stand the test of time. Among the explorers of this region Sir John Lubbock holds an honoured place. He has looked into a good many vegetable problems, and not in vain. This time he has taken up an old challenge and reprints from his communications to the Linnean Society the most generally interesting parts of his answer. Vaucher asked why the Rock Roses (*Helianthemum*) are so curiously inconstant in one particular; why have some of its species stipules while others have none? A stipule is an organ or pair of organs frequently found at the base of a leaf-stalk in dicotyledonous plants. It is not often large or conspicuous (though *Lathyrus Aphaca*, a British plant, shows that it can be both), and it may be leafy or leathery or even dry and chaffy. Of course when these organs were first noticed their use was not known. Time revealed that stipules sometimes, like leaves, perform a great deal of assimilation, and sometimes help

to protect buds from injury. But still it could not be said why they occur here and not there, why *Helianthemum vulgare*, the common Rock Rose, has two for each leaf, while *H. oelandicum* has none. Sir John Lubbock refers the difference to the need or non-need of extra protection for the lateral buds of the respective plants, for those buds which stand ready to grow in the inner angle of each leaf. The bud is delicate; it may be hurt by sun or wind, by frost or rain, or insect enemies. If these dangers are adequately guarded against otherwise, then, he argues, stipules can be dispensed with. *H. oelandicum* has leaves which sit close to the stem and are not held out from it by leaf-stalks. They are broad-based and ciliate—i.e., hairy about the edges. The young bud in the corner, therefore, gets shelter and, what is more, the base of the leaf actually sheathes the bud. Here then there is sufficient protection. But the other species mentioned has its leaves standing out on stalks; they are narrow and comparatively hairless. The bud would be dangerously exposed but for two stipules which shelter it. That this astonishingly simple explanation is no mere imagination appears from the fact that other species of *Helianthemum*, which have no stipules, have broad-bases to the leaves, while species with stipules have narrow leaf-stalks. In *H. guttatum* the upper leaves are narrowed and have stipules, the lower leaves have no stipules, but broad leaf-bases. Further, an examination of other families of plants confirms the conclusion suggested by the Rock Roses. Such, then, is the central point of Sir John Lubbock's new investigations; but it leads him on to interesting matter about the construction of buds and the other functions of stipules. He hardly brings forward sufficient reason for maintaining against many botanists that stipules may be found in certain Monocotyledons. Why the terminal bud of the shoot should regularly perish in some shrubs and trees, and why the inside of buds is green before they open to the light—these are questions which we hope he will answer some other day. The numerous illustrations, some of which are unnecessarily repeated, bring out his points well; they make the contrasted build of the two types of Rock Roses very clear.

A STORY OF AMERICAN EXPANSION.

The Great Salt Lake Trail. By Colonel Henry Inman and Colonel William F. Cody. With Maps and Illustrations. 9×6 in., xiii. + 520 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 14/- n.

We have here a real whiff of that wild life of the prairies from which Fenimore Cooper and Mayne Reid drew their inspiration, given us by our old friend "Buffalo Bill" and his collaborator, Colonel Henry Inman. There are chapters in it that are worth all the "Leatherstocking" series put together, not, perhaps, as examples of literary skill, but as brilliant sketches of personal experience. Of the extraordinary society which Brigham Young led out into the wildernesses of the West several writers have given us vivid pictures. Both R. L. Stevenson and Conan Doyle have told of the lawless obedience to a secret sect, of the pitiless vengeance of that lonely yet strong community. In Colonel Cody's chapters you may follow the band of visionary enthusiasts in their passage across deserts populated only by the wandering buffalo or by the nomad hordes of Indians. You may watch with a new amazement that astonishingly foolish effort of the United States Government to crush out the emigrants by force of arms. You may see the final completion of their ideal in the mighty streets and palaces of Salt Lake City; and the gradual connexion of that city with the East and West on either side of it provides some of the most striking passages in the book.

It was a very pleasant surprise to come upon that extraordinary personage Jim Beckwourth again. Some years ago a volume appeared purporting to be his "memoirs," from which the public realized for the first time that Mandeville and Munchausen had at last been fairly beaten in their own line. Many of Beckwourth's yarns, of course, were founded upon actual fact, for no one can be chief of a Crow Tribe on the warpath without occasional strange

experiences. He makes his bow on page 64, as a mere youth, with a sentence that promises well. "About three hundred yards from the camp I saw two teal ducks; I levelled my rifle and handsomely decapitated one." But the truth of those strange times really needs no exaggeration. The Massacre of Mountain Meadows, for instance, is as terrible a true tale of cold-blooded ferocity as was ever written. A band of one hundred and thirty six white emigrants were on their way from Missouri to Southern California, about the time when relations between the Mormons and the United States Government had become strained. They had just reached the divide between the waters of the Great Basin and those which flow into the Colorado, when they were attacked by Indians. They hurriedly corralled their wagons, and were besieged behind these temporary ramparts for four days. The emigrants were at last enticed by a flag of truce to leave their wagons and marched out in single file. At a given signal the ambushed Indians sprang out and massacred every man, woman, and child in the party. This was in September 1857, and twenty years later Lee, who was responsible for the bloodshed, was condemned to death and shot upon the very place in Mountain Meadows which seemed to have been blasted by nature as a memorial of the hideous crime committed there.

The Americans have certainly paid dearly both in blood and treasure for that great expanse of territory known as the United States. One of the few massacres even more revolting than anything recorded in this volume occurred in the great Mexican War, and was made the occasion of a particularly fine epitaph when a monument was raised over the remains of the heroic men and women who were butchered by Mexican troops at the Alamo. "Thermopylae sent its messenger of defeat, but the Alamo had none" was, if memory serves us, the line that recorded the loss of the entire American outpost. Two more examples recorded by our authors may be mentioned.

Four men (of whom Buffalo Bill was one) went out as scouts from a big wagon train that was on its way from Fort Lorraine to the South Platte. When the riders had just passed Cedar Bluffs they were suddenly surrounded by Indians.

Simpson, however, was equal to the occasion, for with wonderful promptness he jumped from his jaded mule, and in a trice shot his own animal and ours also, and ordered us to assist him to jerk their bodies into a triangle. This being quickly done we got inside the barricade of mule flesh and prepared to receive the Indians.

The first charge was repulsed, but Woods was shot in the shoulder by an arrow. Simpson pulled it out, clapped a plug of tobacco on the wound, and all were soon ready for business again. The Indians held off long enough to enable the dauntless four to dig away the ground inside their barricade with their knives and made their position a little safer. After several more attempts to close up with the repeating rifles, the Indians sat down to starve them out; but luckily the wagons came up with the scouts after nearly thirty hours of suspense, and the danger passed. The famous Custer Massacre is the last bit of Indian fighting to which we need draw special attention. At the head of his cavalry, the General charged an Indian village confidently expecting support; none came, and nearly five thousand savages surrounded the devoted band of American soldiers who fought round their leader till every man was shot. The whole thing reads strangely like a larger edition of the story of the ill-fated Wilson Patrol on the Shangani river; and in each case the victorious savages seem to have recognized and even revered the splendid gallantry of the foes they slew.

Among the best things in these stirring chapters is the short record of the famous "Pony Express," which was the sole means of communication between East and West until the telegraph and railway had been built.

One of the most important transactions of the Pony Express was the transmittal of President Buchanan's last message in December, 1860, from the Missouri river to Sacramento, over two thousand miles, in eight days and a few hours; and the next in importance was the carrying of President Lincoln's message, his inaugural of March 4, 1861, over the same route in seven days and seventeen hours. This was the quickest time for horseback riding, considering the

distance made, ever accomplished in this or any other country.

The feat implied not only speed and endurance in both man and horse, but courage and resource in outwitting or defeating the attacks of murderous Indians nearly all along the route. After this, the most fascinating story is "The Lost Children," which is transcribed from the folklore of the Blackfeet. It is far too long to be reproduced here, and we can only recommend the lover of such fairy tales to read one of the best examples we have ever met in Chapter XIV. After this the somewhat coarse and vulgar revelations in the eighteenth chapter come as rather a shock, but no doubt they complete a picture that must naturally be full of shadows, and they scarcely mar the excellent impression of open-air freedom and vast distances left by the volume as a whole. The index is good, and the illustrations illustrate.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

It is difficult to realize that Abraham Hayward died only fifteen years ago. As an Essayist he brought to perfection a peculiar vogue in which no one nowadays can, and few attempt to, approach him. The immense store of information and anecdote poured out in a style perfectly lucid, sober, and well-bred reveals the literary manners of an older school, and even those of his publications which were not of temporary interest only, such as his "Faust," his "Lord Chesterfield," and his "Mrs. Piozzi" do not find many readers nowadays. It is perhaps a reflection upon our own day that his *ART OF DINING*, founded on two articles in the *Quarterly Review*, should require annotation before their wealth of learning and allusion is presented anew to the public. Still we are glad to see him treated as a classic and we are grateful to Mr. Charles Sayle for his new edition of this delightful book (Murray, 5s.). On dining, as on whist and on Junius, Hayward was a recognized authority, though he confessed he got up his subject as a lawyer prepares a brief, and "would not eat half the things mentioned in it if they paid me for it." Besides his notes, Mr. Sayle adds one or two typical and historical recent menus and a short appendix on *Latin Graces*.

A new series—"The Over-Seas Library"—is begun by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Its purpose, according to the preface, is "to print literature from any quarter that deals with the actual life of the English outside England"; and an excellent start is made with *IPANÉ* (2s.), by Mr. Cunningham Graham. The ingredients of this composite volume are very miscellaneous. We begin with short stories—vivid, brutal, direct, absolutely devoid of the particular kind of sentiment on which the clients of the circulating libraries are understood to set most store; they are of the *genre* Morley Roberts, and admirable of their kind. Then we have graphic thumbnail sketches of life in South America—an account of the uses of the *lazo*, and of those still more fiendishly ingenious weapons, the *bolos*. Finally, we have a few papers which, having nothing to do with life over-sea, appear to have been thrown in as ballast to fill up. One of these is a description of the funeral of Mr. William Morris. The book is just long enough to last the average reader from London to Brighton, and is calculated to entertain the intelligent male reader better than most of the fiction provided for this purpose on the bookstalls. It has a portrait by way of frontispiece; but whether this is a portrait of Mr. Cunningham Graham trying to look like Don Quixote or of Don Quixote trying to look like Mr. Cunningham Graham is a problem which we do not feel competent to solve.

The latest volume of the Angler's Library is Mr. G. A. B. Dewar's *SOUTH COUNTRY TROUT STREAMS* (Lawrence and Bullen, 5s.). Mr. Dewar always writes sensibly and pleasantly, and though some may, perhaps, find his information as to expenses a little meagre, he will be found in every other respect to provide the angler with all he needs to know as to the rivers of the Southern counties, and we hope that his many warning words

as to unnecessary pollution will reach the ears of the private individuals or public bodies responsible for it. "I doubt," he says, "if even Mr. Ruskin could exaggerate the heinous character of their misdeeds. It might well be said, 'Oh, their offence is rank; it smells to Heaven.'"

In *SELECTIONS FROM THE SOURCES OF ENGLISH HISTORY* (Longmans, 6s.) Professor Colby, of McGill University, has followed the admirable example of Professor Hart, the second volume of whose "American History as told by Contemporaries" we noticed last autumn. In this volume of 325 pages, which travels over English history from Julius Cæsar to the first Reform Bill, it would be easy, of course, to point to important omissions. The period of the Brunswicks in particular is sketchily treated, and we cannot help thinking that the pages devoted to a rather prolix preface might have been better utilized for the purpose of including more "sources." But, on the whole, the selection is judicious, and Professor Hart has done well not to confine himself to the "sources" for facts only. He goes so far even, in his desire to illustrate social life, as to include as a "source" an extract from Lyly's "Euphues." We cordially welcome this first attempt to put into the hands of the historical student, already overburdened with the secondhand history of textbooks, the means of realizing, in some small degree, the foundation on which his knowledge really rests.

THE TEMPERANCE PROBLEM AND SOCIAL REFORM, by Mr. Joseph Rowntree and Mr. Arthur Sherwell (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), is an important book both for the extreme lucidity with which the facts are presented and for its width of view. A close examination has been made of the position of the question in other countries, especially in Scandinavia, and we do not remember seeing any statement so intelligently put of the bearing of the drink question on general social conditions. The elimination of private profit is, broadly speaking, the object which the authors have in view, and their facts and suggestions should certainly be in the hands not only of social reformers but of all electors who wish to form a judgment on the subject.

Mr. Hector C. Macpherson's *ADAM SMITH* (Oliphant, 1s. 6d.) is the best volume in the Famous Scots Series that we have seen. Mr. Herbert Spencer, we notice, has already welcomed it for its insistence "in these days of rampant Socialism" on the individualistic character of Smith's teaching. The author is not only competent in the necessary matters of metaphysics and economics, but has the special gifts appropriate to the biographer, and has successfully drawn the author of "The Wealth of Nations" in his habit as he lived. Even those who are bored by the Political Economy will be amused by the anecdotes of the absent-mindedness of the political economist who "went out in his dressing-gown to walk in the garden, but happening to step out to the road walked on till he found himself in Dunfermline, just as the people were going to church." We are of opinion, however, that no one but a Scotsman would have called Balliol College, Oxford, "a harsh stepmother to her Scottish sons" on the strength of the story that:—

The first day Smith dined in the Hall at Balliol he fell into a reverie at table, and forgot his meal, whereupon the servitor roused him to attention, telling him he had better fall to, because he had never seen such a piece of beef in Scotland as the joint then before him.

Mr. Ambrose N. Blatchford's *IDYLS OF OLD GREECE* (Arrowsmith, 2s. 6d.) are evidently suggested by Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome." The book consists of three prose essays leading up to three ballads on three notable Hellenic episodes—to wit, the Battle of Marathon, the Treachery of Pausanias, and the carrying of the good news from Athens to Mitylene. It is, perhaps, unfair to complain that the prose is platitudinous; platitudes are truths that need to be very diligently hammered into the heads of schoolboys. The verse, at any rate, is spirited—not comparable, indeed, with Macaulay's, but quite good enough to give pleasure to the youthful public for which it is intended.

The interest awakened by the publication of Mr. Rolf Boldrewood's reminiscences of the early days of Melbourne in the columns of the *Australasian* is not surprising. But we doubt whether these reminiscences now published under the title *OLD MELBOURNE MEMORIES* (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.) will be so successful in England. We must except the few chapters in which Mr. Boldrewood describes his troubles, as a stockman, with the bordering natives, where we catch something of the spirit of adventure and of the romance of the bush, so conspicuous in "Robbery Under Arms." The description of the Melbourne of 1840, which his family helped to found, is also of interest as showing the miraculous changes worked by forty years. But the main part of the book is little more than squatter's "shop," full of somewhat dry dissertations on the merits of different stations.

In *IVORY, APES, AND PEACOCKS*, by Israfel (Unicorn Press, 5s. n.), we have a chronicle of the travels, mainly in India, of a superior person of the modern style. Our impression of the author is of a man who was, as the Americans say, "born tired." He drags himself wearily across the peninsula, finding fault with every one he meets, and with almost everything that he sees. A single extract will show the tone:—

Anglo-Indians are too palpably men and women. They lack those delicate nuances of sex which distinguish the minor poet and the gentlemanly woman. Like the primary colours, they weary the senses. They are far too definitely sexed to be ever very attractive. For men and women are, without doubt, the most wearying things in the world.

People who like this pose will like Israfel's book, which is not badly written; but we do not imagine that it is a pose that is likely to be popular.

ITALIAN STUDIES.

The Roman forum was for many centuries the centre of the world. Thanks to the explorations of the last hundred years we now know most of its history. The ravages of ignorant rulers, who allowed Papal Rome to be built with the spoils of the past, and of the Renaissance, which removed artistic treasures to decorate its mansions, are irreparable; but the wonder is that so much should have been left above-ground to admire and so much underground to repay researches never more actively prosecuted than since Rome has again become a great capital.

An erudite French Oratorian, Henry Thédénat, has written in *LE FORUM ROMAIN ET LES FORUMS IMPÉRIAUX* (Hachette, 3f. 50c.) an excellent compendium of all that is now known, and nearly all that is ever likely to be known, of this fascinating spot. He has collated and meditated on the conflicting views of his predecessors, and has probably, in some cases, arrived at what will be a definitive verdict. One third of the book, moreover, entitled "Une Visite au Forum," is designed as a guide to visitors. English readers will note the curious discovery made in 1884 of Anglo-Saxon coins, Peter's pence of the tenth century, secreted, apparently, during some political upheaval, in a house built on the site of the Atrium Vestæ. This singular treasure-trove is overlooked in M. Thédénat's index.

The distinguished Polish scholar, Julian Klaczko, whose "Causeries Florentines" was crowned in 1880 by the French Academy, has written an even more attractive volume, published by Plon—*ROME ET LA RENAISSANCE: JULES II.* (10fr.). The theme is a splendid one—the moment dominated by the grand figure of Michel Angelo, and rendered memorable, like the age of Pericles, by an equally sudden outburst of genius in the whole range of the arts. M. Klaczko's monograph is a luminous interpretation of the reign of the *pontefice terribile*. It was not, by the way, Jules II. who called Michel Angelo *un uomo terribile*, as most modern writers affirm, but Leo X. M. Klaczko defines this word admirably: "by *terribile*," says he, "the Italians of the sixteenth century meant a certain *fougue* of character, combined with a great elevation of ideas." The word stands, in fact, as the keynote of the Italian renaissance; and this is more than ever apparent in these studies of the period. The book is illustrated with ten full-page engravings.

The whole problem of archaeological excavations in Italy, which is periodically raised in London and Paris and Berlin, and which has lately been discussed in England in connexion with the transformations of Florence, is the subject of the second volume of *ÉTUDES ITALIENNES* (Colin, 4f.), a collection of posthumous essays, by M. Aug. Geffroy, formerly director of the French School at Rome. It is the product of the life-long studies of one of the noblest of French scholars. M. Geffroy had become almost inseparable from the "École de Rome." He had educated a whole generation of young Frenchmen, among them M. Georges Goyau, whose memoir of his master in this volume supplements the notices of Ollé-Laprune, the Abbé Duchesne, M. Luchaire, and M. Philippe Berger. As far back as 1848 the future head of the French School in Rome had written an *étude* on Milton's political and religious pamphlets, and later on he became the great authority in France on the Scandinavian States. His critical studies on Mme. de Maintenon and Marie Antoinette abound in minute discoveries, which have rendered great services to history. In this posthumous volume the quality of the workmanship is still that of the trained scientific critic, but the style is in a high degree alert and engaging. The essay on Savonarola here would of itself suffice to give distinction to a book which contains also an important study on "Les Grandes Médicis," a fresh appreciation of Guicciardini, a not less suggestive essay on "Rome Monumentale," and briefer articles on the "Cenci Legend," and Italian Collectors at the end of the eighteenth century, notably the Piranesi.

Mrs. Arthur Bell is well qualified to introduce to English readers Dr. Reinhold Schoener's work on *ROME* (Sampson Low, 42s.). She has supplemented her translation with material gathered from various English sources, and produced a sumptuous and very readable volume. The copious illustrations (in wash) have great artistic merit, and we know of no work containing so complete a pictorial representation of the art treasures, the scenery, and the daily life of Rome. This English edition also supplies in its Index an unaccountable omission in Dr. Schoener's work.

A few new features are found in the 1899 edition of that admirable work of reference the *STATESMAN'S YEAR BOOK* (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.). Among them are some new maps, including one of Newfoundland to illustrate the French Shore question, and some useful tables showing the revenue, expenditure, debt, and debt charge of the principal countries of the world, in absolute figures and per head of population, and other tables showing the gold and silver production of the world. The editor, as heretofore, is Dr. Scott Keltie.

We have just received the *MEMOIRS OF SERGEANT BOURGOGNE* (6s.) from Mr. Heinemann, an authorized English translation from Paul Cottin's and Maurice Hénault's edition of the French original, which we reviewed last October. The translator, who is anonymous, has well preserved the effect, half weird and half pathetic, of this grim story of the retreat from Moscow, in which the gaiety of the soldiers and their confidence in the Emperor appear in such dramatic contrast to their fate.

THE *SHORTER POEMS OF ROBERT BRIDGES*, reprinted by Messrs. Bell in 1896 with some additions at 5s. n., are now published by the same firm in a neatly prepared paper edition, price 1s.

We are glad to see a new edition of Mrs. Haweis' invaluable *CHAUCER FOR SCHOOLS* (Chatto and Windus, 2s. 6d.), which she lived to complete, but not, unhappily, to see published.

In *NOTES ON COLOUR*, by Professor Clifton (Grant Richards, 2s.), a book in shape like a small sketch-book, and containing about thirty pages of print, will be found some very useful maxims, tersely put, for the guidance of amateur landscape-sketchers.

ENGLISH CATHEDRALS ILLUSTRATED, by Mr. Francis Bond (Newnes), traces in a concise and intelligent way the history of the various Cathedrals and is fully illustrated with photographs on a reduced scale.

CHILD CULTURE IN THE HOME: A Book for Mothers, by Martha B. Mosher (Sampson Low, 3s. 6d.), is one of a large number of treatises recently published on the training of children. It contains, on the whole, sensible though not very profound advice, and the chapters on Punishment and Reward, as well as that on Habits of Childhood, are well worth attention by the mothers to whom the book is addressed.

[REPRINTED FROM *The Times* OF 17TH JULY, 1897.]

RECESSIONAL.

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People Lord! Amen.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

[The "Recessional" is reprinted here, in accordance with the announcement we made last week, for the convenience of those who may wish to possess a copy of *Literature* containing it, the number in which it originally appeared being now out of print.]

THE MIDDLE PLACE.

... "brute beasts that have no understanding."

I.

These beasts that "understand" not, that exist,
Draw breath, enjoy warm sunshine and cool breeze—
That might be free to wander at their ease
And mate, feed, fight, and slumber as they list;
What was the joy in living that they miss'd
Ere man imposed his pitiless decrees
On all poor sentient creatures, and of these
Made slaves and subjects even ere they wist?

Nay, without hope of heav'n or fear of hell,
Knew they not all the fleeting joys we know,
These poor "brute beasts," that mourn'd no overthrow
Of Hope or Love, nor felt Ambition swell
To die in dreams, or Faith, fantastic, glow,
And raised no gods of clay that broke or fell?

II.

We that have made us lords, alike, of brute,
And fish, and fowl, and ev'ry creeping thing:—
That make their necks to bow, and set a ring
Within their nostrils, and by hot pursuit
And torture of them, prove our absolute
And proud dominion; doth such empire bring
Release from one dark hour of suffering,
Or sweeten for us Wisdom's bitter fruit?
Lo, we are not as beasts; we "understand"! . . .
Yet we, too, bow the neck beneath the rod
Wielded in silence by the chast'ning hand
Of One we, understanding not, call "God";
Whilst blinder than the beasts in this our night,
We cannot even see the thongs that smite!

III.

To be as fabled gods; to bless and curse,
Reward and punish, fitly make or mar;
Direct the course of ev'ry wandering star,
Command the storm to gather or disperse,
And, unperturbed, to rule the universe;—
Or else, to be as happy creatures are
That roam at large, unpenned by latch or bar,
And grieve for nothing evil or perverse;—
This had been well, but lo, betwixt the two,
Half god, half brute, man takes the middle path
With faltering footsteps and appealing hands;—
Ignorant, vain, yet strong to dare and do—
Oh Lord, be merciful, nor shed Thy wrath,
On one who so obscurely "understands"!

"VIOLET FANE."

Among my Books.

JAMES HOWELL.

There are certain books for which one has a comfortable, easy regard that commits to nothing more than a pleasant acquaintanceship. I do not think that I could really be friends with any one who did not love Charles Lamb; and it is a sore trial, but one which in this generation has to be endured, when people that you care for cannot or will not read the Waverley novels. But it is a matter of complete indifference to me whether my friends do or do not find anything to like in Howell's "Instructions for Forraine Travell." The day when I first read it, in one of Professor Arber's musty but scholarly reprints, is not marked with a white stone; I have forgotten who told me to read it; but I am still grateful for the advice, and I have dipped into the respectable old Welshman a good many times since the first, and never without pleasure. I like the quaint sententiousness and the fine comprehensive spirit of this first handbook to the Continent. Howell tells you what you should do to improve your mind, how you should preserve your religion, what sort of clothes you should wear in each country, and where your morals will be in special danger; he does not pin you down to stupid details about a particular inn, or times and distances of a journey. But those were the days—he published in 1642—when Englishmen "travelled on the Continent"; now they "go abroad." Half one's

acquaintance winter every year in Italy, by the Pyrenees, or among the Alps, and never have occasion to speak a word of any tongue but their own; they eat the same dinner in hotels of the same pattern, waited on by the same Swiss or German waiters; but, to do them justice, they do not call it travelling. Travelling nowadays means picnicing uncomfortably among black, brown, or yellow savages; and the successful traveller is he—or she—who gets to a place where no one has ever been before, and where no reasonable person would ever want to be again.

Howell's traveller was a person who wanted to see the cities of civilized men, to know their minds, like Ulysses, and to live their life. He joyfully accepted the changed conditions of existence, and studied to adapt himself to them, doing at Rome as Rome did; not like the modern Englishman, who pervades Europe with his tub and his tweed suit, unmistakable, irreproachable, and serenely conscious that everywhere the best-dressed people are trying to look like him and not succeeding. "Whatever you do, my dear boy, try and keep an English cut," was the exhortation addressed to Daniel Deronda by his respected and respectable patron; and it was prophetically wise; for apparently it is the aspiration of every man in Europe, who values himself on externals, to be "correct" and to have an English cut. Things were very different in the days of Elizabeth and the early Stuarts. Howell needs to caution his traveller against too great an affectation of foreign dress and customs; and his reproof of imported tricks of manner and especially of "a phantastique kind of ribanding themselves" recalls Portia's description of Falconbridge, "the young baron of England." "How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere." According to Howell, that is just what a young Englishman on the grand tour was likely to have done, or at least needed to be warned against doing. We have changed all that; but certain characteristics of the race remain constant. A tendency to violent hurry is one of the things that Howell's traveller should learn to shake off, for "the English generally are observed by all other Nations to ride commonly with that speed as if they rid for a Midwife or a Physitian"; and this same half-tolerant wonder is excited to-day by our perspiring energy upon a bicycle. Moreover, says Howell, "In these hot Countreyes one shall learne to give over the habit of an odde custome, peculiar to the English alone, and whereby they are distinguished from other Nations, which is To make still towards the Chimney though it bee in the Dog-dayes." The trait is still recognizable.

Of Howell as a literary man I voluntarily limit my knowledge to this one book—a pamphlet, for it is little more. Others have praised, and I believe have even read, the *Epistolæ Hoelianæ*, and Sergeant-Major Peter Fisher, Poet Laureate to the Protector (surely the least known of all laureates), declared, in an address to the Reader prefixed to *Mr. Howell's Poems upon divers Emergent Occasions* that "not to know the Author of these Poems were an Ignorance beyond *Barbarism*." For my own part

I am content with what Mr. Fisher calls his "Topical and exact way for *Forreign Travel*," and chiefly with his remarks by the way. Here and there in the work one lights upon a patch of sheer Euphuism, in Lyly's purest manner, which seems oddly belated in the middle of the seventeenth century. "There is no complete and incon-trouled comfort," he writes. "This extends from the Lord to the Laquay, from the Peasant to the Prince, whose Crown is oftentimes inlayed with thornes, whose robe is furred with feares, whereof the Ermine is no ill Embleme, having as many black spots in it as white." This elaborate "hunting of the letter" and this ingenuity of metaphor, puerile as it is, keeps a certain charm. Writing in those days must have been a really amusing business, a sort of sleight-of-hand. Howell helps one to trace the connexion between Lyly's parade of artifice and Bacon's subtler employment of the same devices. He quotes Bacon freely, and he imitates him not without success. "Touching Poets," he writes, "*they must be used like flowers, some serve only to be smelt unto, but some are good to be throun into a Limbique and to be distilled; whence the memory may carry away the Elixir of them, for true Poetry is the quintessence or rather the Luxury of Learning.*" It was a pleasant age also for authors that permitted itself to italicise whatever seemed to the writer specially admirable; and the most effusive lady could not be more lavish in her use of underlining than the ingenuous old Welshman, who, Welsh or not, emphasizes in this way the whole of two pages which he devotes to a eulogy of Great Britain and of the English tongue. But he was Welsh enough to know his own tongue too, for he notes upon the fact that "the old Italian tunes and rithmes, both in conceipt and cadency, have much affinity with the Welsh"; and he quotes an instance of jingling cadence which is like enough to some of the rhyming systems instanced by Dr. Sigerson in his "Bards of the Gall and Gael." But Howell's philology (of which he is somewhat profuse) does not incline one to regard him as trustworthy on points of scholarship. As for his political reflections, they were probably as good sense as any other political reflections in their day, but it is no longer exciting for us to consider whether England should have leant to the side of France or of Spain. What keeps a permanent value in Howell is, first, the insight which he gives us into the curiosity of an older age; for instance, in Switzerland his traveller is bidden to observe the political institutions of "those rugged Republics,"—the Alps are merely an obstacle that has to be got over; and, secondly, his very attractive talent for aphorisms and his picturesqueness of phrase.

Perhaps it may be pardonable, since I do not think that Howell is likely to become widely popular, to exemplify his quaint turns of thought. He has a witty piece of advice to his traveller "not to laugh at his own jest, as too many use to do, *like a Hen which cannot lay an egge but she must cackle*;" and a very honourable counsel, finely expressed, not to lay upon a nation the vice of a few individuals. "One should," he says,

"*Parcere paucorum diffundere crimen in omnes.*"

And it is a generous kind of civility to report always the best." I admire, also, what Mr. Peter Fisher calls the "vein of poësie," running through Howell's prose "in the concinnity and succinctness thereof," as when he declares that the Hollanders "plow the very bowels of the Deep, the wrinkled forehead of Neptune being the furrowes that yield them increase." Better still, perhaps, is his recommendation to his traveller not to neglect a diary. "For the Penne maketh the deepest furrowes, and doth fertilise and enrich the memory more than anything else."

But chiefly what I like about old Howell—and I find myself coming back to the point whence I started—is his conception of travel. By travel he means moving slowly through other countries, picking up their languages so as to speak them intelligibly though without affectation, and conversing especially with the people of those countries. He does not go on to the Continent to see mountains, or churches, or pictures; he goes to see men and to observe the constitution of States. And when I read his execration of those who "travelled much but saw little, like Jonas in the whale's belly," I wonder if he had a prophetic vision of the *train de luxe* and the *wagon-lit*.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

KIPLING AND THE OTHER TWO.

[BY E. KAY ROBINSON.]

We all have, consciously or unconsciously, our favourite numbers, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling's is three. In most of his strongest stories he limits himself to three leading characters, as though he instinctively felt that he could handle that number with most ease and skill. We see the habit crystallized, as it were, in "Soldiers Three," but the influence of the familiar numeral pervades all his work, from his "Schoolboy Lyrics" upwards; and, as nothing exists without a cause, we may ask why it should inevitably have been "Soldiers Three" and not "Soldiers Two" or "Four"? Mr. Kipling supplies a clue in his more recent creation of "Stalky and Co." In a different rank of life, "Stalky and Co." are merely Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd in their teens. They bear just the same relation to their school as the three immortal Tommies to their regiment. At once its pride and its disgrace, always in trouble and always admired or feared by the others; thoroughly understood and highly valued by any sympathetic spirit placed in authority over them, but an uncommonly awkward team to drive in ordinary harness; pre-eminent in worldly wisdom, but always lagging behind the rest in the routine duty that wins professional or school rewards—in a word, these brilliant black sheep of their respective flocks, "Soldiers Three" and "Stalky and Co.," are the same persons.

And another very marked coincidence deserves notice—namely, that in each of the triple alliances there is one predominant partner standing head and shoulders above the other two in presence of mind, wisdom, and resourcefulness. What "Stalky" is to Beetle and McTurk, Mulvaney is to Ortheris and Learoyd. The stories might, in fact, be re-named "Mulvaney and Co." and "Schoolboys Three" without any loss of aptness; while, if we could drop the three schoolboys a few notes in the social scale and give them the soldiers' variant dialects, we might re-name them Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd, and read the two works as merely two sections of the lives of the same three characters. Moreover, this analysis of the relation which the individuals of each trio bear to each other holds more or less in all of Kipling's three-charactered tales. In each there is one man of commanding character, such as, to take one

instance, Strickland. He is almost always a strange, but grandly sympathetic, figure like Mulvaney, and takes into his confidence and friendship a genial, quick-witted friend like Ortheris. The third person of the trio varies more; he is introduced of set purpose to make the story, but unconsciously to complete the trio. This third person is often the nominal hero, but more often, perhaps, the victim in the narrative; though, apart from the miraculously vivid description of the incidents which befall him, the whole power of the story is concentrated in the delineation of the character of the first person, as "Soldiers Three," in spite of the numerous episodes in which Ortheris and Learoyd are separately concerned, may be described as the history of Mulvaney. Even when Mulvaney is absent his influence is over it all. He is still the captain and the guiding star of "the other two." Strickland similarly dominates all the tales with which he is connected; and we may select, to illustrate this, that terrible nightmare sketch, "The Mark of the Beast." How little we think of Fleete, his sentiments and feelings. The grim resourcefulness of Strickland and his recourse to fearful measures of salvation which the narrator scarcely dares to hint at form the real theme of the story. It is Mulvaney, or Stalky, on another plane, with his confident Ortheris or Beetle dealing with a desperate emergency. Fleete is still Learoyd, although he has been stamped with "the Mark of the Beast," and has become a beast; for we need only to take the story of Greenhow Hill, in which Learoyd conceived a cowardly plan to murder the minister, and imagine the measures which Mulvaney, had he been present, might have been forced to take, with the aid and approval of Ortheris, to cure him of his madness, to have a fair parallel to the story of Fleete's demoniacal possession and its remedy. Stalky and Beetle, too, would have stopped at no half measures had McTurk exhibited symptoms of the influence of the Evil One.

And this comparison carries us to another fact—namely, that the second person in each of Kipling's trinities is, consciously or unconsciously, himself. We are all guided in after-life by the experiences of childhood, and Kipling naturally places himself in the position which he occupied at school, midway between two companions, one of whom he revered as leader. The hero-worship of boyhood never leaves us entirely like the measles or the love of sour apples; and in the attitude of Ortheris towards Mulvaney, or of "I" in the Strickland stories towards Strickland, or of Beetle towards Stalky, we see Kipling's unconscious photographs of his own mind. That the narrative of Stalky and Co.—or, at least, the relation of the conspirators towards their schoolfellows and masters—is founded upon the actual experiences of Kipling's life at school, appears from one of his very earliest writings, "The Dusky Crew," incorporated in a tiny volume which was printed for private circulation in 1881, four years before the first edition of "Departmental Ditties" appeared. The volume is called "Schoolboy Lyrics," and is known to very few, even among the most enthusiastic of Kipling collectors. The opening verse runs:—

Our heads were rough and our hands were black
With the ink stain's midnight hue,
We scouted all, both great and small,
We were a dusky crew.
And each boy's hand was against us raised,
'Gainst me, and the other two.

Here we have a very life-like description of Stalky and Co., written by young Rudyard at the very time when he was the lieutenant in that now world-famous gang. And the accuracy of the likeness grows in the second verse:—

We chased the hare from her secret lair,
We roamed the woodlands through,
In parks and grounds far out of bounds
Wandered our dusky crew.
And the keepers swore to see us pass,
Me, and the other two.

This is a complete epitome of the opening chapters of "Stalky and Co." and leaves no doubt as to the identity of that redoubtable trio with "the Dusky Crew." Among their other

achievements, the Dusky Crew grow and eat lettuces and cress "in secret caves in the cold, dark earth," and "The radish red gave sweet repast To me, and the other two." But the hand of fate falls heavily upon them, as it falls at times in the story upon Stalky and Co. :—

Our lettuces are dead and gone,
Our plans have fallen through ;
We wander free in misery,
We are a wretched crew ;
For a master's wrath has fallen on us,
On me, and the other two.

He found our cave in the cold dark earth,
He crept the branches through ;
He caught us all in our Council Hall,
Caught us, a dusky crew ;
To punishment he led us all,
Led me, and the other two.

That this represents a climax of the misfortunes of Stalky, Beetle, and McTurk, at "the Coll.," or —, Kipling, and — at Westward Ho there can be no doubt whatever ; and a triumvirate of schoolboys which included in their number one who could thus versify their disasters must have had mirthful times when fortune smiled upon them. There are men in the Service who distinctly recollect Kipling at school in the "Beetle" days, but none who anticipated the fame that awaited their short-sighted, undersized, and queerly-gifted playmate. To the masters he was a conundrum, but to the "other two"—well, to the other two, he was, *mutatis mutandis*, what Ortheris is to Mulvaney and Learoyd, the "little man" with the ready tongue and bantam pluck, without whom no good fortune was complete, and with whom no bad luck was beyond alleviation by cheery jest and eccentric philosophy.

If we bear all this in mind we can understand why, with infinite variety of incident and amazing range of fancy, so many of Kipling's tales are built on the same ground plan ; and why the keynote of almost all is hero-worship, and the worship of that class of hero who is the British schoolboy's ideal. With no more respect for authority than is necessary to maintain the good repute of that which you honour—your school, your service, or your country—with no more scruple as to the employment of means than is consonant with the achievement of an honourable end ; but with no meanness and no cowardice—the schoolboy's cardinal sins—and no shirking of the worst, if the worst must come—such are the qualities of Kipling's heroes. Such were Stalky and Strickland and Mulvaney ; and by the side of each stands a figure, sometimes clearly defined, like Beetle and Ortheris, sometimes indistinct like Strickland's confidant and friend, but always the same. Smaller in stature but readier of tongue, faithful to his leader and to his leader's ideals, this is Kipling the schoolboy and Kipling the man.

Compared with Stalky and Beetle, Mulvaney and Ortheris, or Strickland and "I," the third person is the "general utility" man of the company ; and, save in such tales as those already referred to—"On Greenhow Hill," and "The Mark of the Beast," where the third person is the hero or victim of the story—his individuality could be spared from it. Any other person would have done as well. Thus the effect of "the other two" upon Rudyard Kipling and his work may be narrowed down almost to the effect of one only, the leader. Whether as Stalky, Mulvaney, or Strickland, he is a being apart from his kind with virtues revealed to few ; a man hard as nails and straight, where he sees his duty, as a carpenter's rule ; a man without fear or favour ; clear-headed and strong-armed, wise in thought and prompt in action. It may be that, like Stalky, he sets all rules at defiance ; that, like Mulvaney, he puts his foot through the letter of the Ten Commandments ; that, like Strickland, he shrinks from no fracture of the penal code to attain his proper ends ; but he remains a hero, worthy of hero-worship, a figure of superhuman size, with just such virtues as youth admires and just such defects as youth condones. Hence Kipling's enduring preference for the men of action, such men as the Indian Frontier breeds, and such men as we send to rule them. In each of his fine characters we see the incarnation of the ideal

Stalky grown to manhood ; by his side we see, either as narrator or companion, the adult Beetle ; and when the third is added, whether Learoyd or another, we merely have unconsciously crystallized, in immortal prose, the schoolboy relations of "Me and the other Two."

Notes.

In next week's *Literature* "Among my Books" will be written by Mr. Arthur Waugh. The number will also contain an original story by Mr. George Gissing.

It is announced that Mr. Clement K. Shorter has resigned the editorship of the *Illustrated London News* and the *Sketch*. The proprietors of those publications will, we should fancy, find it difficult to fill his place. Editors with literary predilections are numerous enough, and so are editors who comprehend and cater for the tastes of the uneducated, or comparatively uneducated, multitude. It has been the distinction of Mr. Clement Shorter that, while circumstances obliged him to aim at a wide popularity, he has, when possible, proceeded towards his goal on literary lines. One can hardly say that the *Sketch* is conducted to satisfy those whom it used to be the fashion to describe, in capital letters, as Persons of Taste, but there was always something in it—in the literary notes, or in the *causeries* of Mr. Austin or Mr. Adrian Ross—that Persons of Taste could appreciate. On the other hand, in the *Illustrated London News*, which appealed to a better public, Mr. Shorter has always been zealous to provide the best in preference to the most popular fiction. Mr. Meredith, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Hardy, and R. L. Stevenson were among his contributors ; and he is—with, we believe, the single exception of Mr. James Payn—the only English editor who has appreciated the novels of Mr. George Gissing at their true value.

Here is the *triolet* which Mr. Austin Dobson inscribed in the edition of his works which he gave as a wedding present to Lord Crewe :—

In the duo of Love
There is little libretto ;
There are few rhymes but dove
In the duo of Love,
Yet we prize it above
All your epic falsetto ;
In the duo of Love
There is little libretto.

A large portion of the Advertiser's Exhibition now open at Niagara Hall, Westminster, is taken up with examples of the mechanical processes employed in the illustrating of books. Of the various exhibits those pertaining to line and tone block-making naturally lead the way, and some excellent results are shown. The quantity of illustrations here brought together, quite detached from any printed matter, enables one to judge fairly how great has been the progress in this class of work during the last ten years. There are also a few wood blocks on view, but their presence does little more than emphasize the fact that wood engraving is dying. Time now counts for so much, and where line and half-tone processes reproduce the original sketch of the artist there is, from the commercial point of view, only a very limited field left for the direct hand-work of the craftsman. Indeed, the ease with which illustrations, as here shown, are produced, gives much force to the opinion that in the near future all books issued in any considerable numbers will necessarily be illustrated. The work of the illustrated journal has helped to bring this about, and the proportion of illustrated books is daily increasing, the illustrations in some cases having little or no relevance to the letterpress.

A special feature of the exhibition is the rich display of illustrations in chromo-lithography. This class of work is gradually making its way as a means of book illustration,

and the success of the "three-colour" print seems assured. For the reproduction of pictures colour-printing has long been in use, but among the more recent developments the reproduction in colours of covers of books and the elaborate and ornate pages of missals and illuminated M.S. stands as the latest phase of coloured illustrations. Of the cruder forms of colour-printing, especially the picture poster, there are plenty of examples, a whole gallery being given up to a display of the work of Mucha, Dudley Hardy, John Hassall, and various other more or less known Maitres d'Affiche.

Those who have but a playhouse acquaintance with their *Hamlet* are far from knowing the play as Shakespeare wrote it. To fit it into our modern three hours' traffic of the stage it is needful to make numerous "cuts." The version used is generally very much the same, though, as each new *Hamlet* comes before the public, he has as a rule some slight alteration to make. Mr. Forbes Robertson, for instance, gave us the Fortinbras scene at the end, which is usually left out. Mr. F. R. Benson's happy idea of restoring all the "cuts" and giving the play last Monday entire lent a special interest to this year's Stratford-on-Avon Memorial week—or rather fortnight—which ends to-day (Saturday), during which, as usual, Mr. Benson's company has been at the Memorial Theatre, giving a round of Shakespearian performances. Both afternoon and evening were given up to *Hamlet*. From half-past 2 until after 5, and from half-past 7 until 10 an audience which quite filled the theatre followed the long course of the tragedy with the keenest interest and with a generous appreciation that, by the end of the evening, culminated in genuine enthusiasm. Mr. Benson must have felt his enterprise was well rewarded, though he is not likely to add *Hamlet* as a whole to his touring repertory.

For, interesting as the performance was (there is no record of any such performance since Shakespeare's time), it can scarcely be said that the omission of the passages usually "cut" does much harm to the play. When it is given as Mr. Benson gave it, the author's intent, the motives of the action, the exact shades of character come out more clearly, and there is much poetic beauty and interest in the restored lines. But for ordinary performances some parts must be left out, and it is quite possible to shorten the play intelligently and yet leave the substance of the story intact. Five acts, each occupying about an hour, are too much for the average playgoer's evening. Mr. Benson has a capital company, and the performance was decidedly "good-all-round." Mr. Benson himself is an acceptable *Hamlet* who has many moments of real excellence. Mr. Frank Rodney was an energetic and yet a restrained *Laertes*; Mr. Hignett, a young actor of great promise, made *Horatio* more interesting than usual; while Mr. Oscar Asche was exceedingly good as the King. The experiment took many Shakespearian enthusiasts to Stratford-on-Avon from London, and their general verdict was that the journey had been well worth while. Perhaps Mr. Benson or some other manager may follow up this performance with other entire plays. From the literary point of view such innovations deserve warm encouragement.

In *Change Alley*, at the Garrick Theatre, Mr. Parker and Mr. Murray Carson have made an interesting attempt to provide a picture of eighteenth-century days, and to show the feeling which expressed itself in the years 1719-20, when the South Sea Bubble grew and burst. They have certainly captured something of the atmosphere of those days, but they have left out the drama. The speculation in the Bubble and the love story of the hero make enough plot for a play, no doubt, but yet the authors have not made a vital play of *Change Alley*. On Tuesday night Mrs. Tree in costume recited the prologue with excellent point and great charm, but as the play progressed its artificiality, shown even in the names of the characters, "Hearttright," "Parchment," and so forth, made itself felt. There is, however, one "moment" in the course of the play, when Mr. Murray Carson as "Hundred and One," the faithful henchman of the

hero, Hearttright, struggles with Parchment (Mr. James Welch) for the possession of "the papers." For a moment these two actors gave a touch of drama, but as for the rest, "'twas leather and prunella." The scenes are delightful, the dresses gay and in excellent taste, the realization of Ward's picture of *Change Alley* is carefully done, but the play wants concentration. It is not a very hopeful sign of the times that the authors who gave us so clever a play as *Gudgeons* in their artistic youth should, in their prime, put forward so disconnected a *pot-pourri* of eighteenth-century vanities as *Change Alley* and call it a Comedy.

The Royal Literary Fund, the 109th annual dinner of which was held last week, is one of those institutions that have grown slowly from small things to great. The balance-sheet for 1794-95 is before us as we write. It is in striking contrast with the balance of 1898-99, with its £60,000 of invested capital and its revenue of £4,000. This is the state of affairs which it unfolded:—

ABSTRACT OF CASH ACCOUNT OF THE LITERARY FUND.

	£	s.	d.
Balance in hand April 21, 1794	88 19 3
Subscriptions received from April 21, 1794, to April 21, 1795	110 5 0
	£199	4	3
Sums paid by order of the Committee, on Applications for Relief, within the same Time	86 17 0
Balance, April 21, 1795	£112	7	3

An old pamphlet, which gives an account of the establishment of the Fund, throws melancholy light on the depressed state of the literary industry towards the end of the last century. The institution had its origin in a club that used to meet in the Prince of Wales' Coffee House, Conduit-street. We read:

During the summer recess of the year 1788 an event took place which tarnished the character of English opulence and humanity, and afflicted the votaries of knowledge. Floyer Sydenham, the well-known translator of Plato, one of the most useful, if not of the most competent, Greek scholars of his age, a man revered for his knowledge, and beloved for the candour of his temper and the gentleness of his manners, died in consequence of having been arrested and detained for a debt to a victualler who had, for some time, furnished his frugal dinner.

At the news of this event, every friend of literature felt a mixture of sorrow and shame; and one of the members of the Club above mentioned proposed that it should adopt, as its object and purpose, some means to prevent similar afflictions, and to assist deserving Authors and their Families in distress.

The Fund was started two years later, the first meeting for the election of officers being held on May 18, 1790, and its early donations were naturally very small. We read of five guineas being presented to a widow "with a family of four young children unprovided for." Another widow "of a late Doctor of Divinity" applied for relief and "it was resolved that six guineas should be given her, two guineas at a time, according to the direction of Mr. Deputy Nichols." Another lady is allotted ten guineas for the purpose of sending a prodigal son to a distant country; a foreigner, "author of two ingenious publications," gets five guineas; and the largest of all the donations is twenty guineas, given to a Doctor of Laws, of whom it is recorded that "the difficulties under which he at that time laboured proceeded from the distressed circumstances of a gentleman from whom he used to receive annually a valuable consideration for the services which he rendered him."

It is not often that one hears of a literary undertaking which is able to dispense with the advertisement agent. Americans have been much exercised over the fact that the *Ladies' Home Journal* has ceased to be advertised as widely as it used to be. It appears that the proprietors (the Curtis Publishing Company) are in the enviable position of owning a literary property which has an assured circulation of 850,000 copies per issue. They are anxious that it should not grow any larger, for otherwise the enormous cost of production entailed thereby

would outweigh its receipts, and a loss instead of the present handsome profit would result. Their advertising needs have, therefore, found their limit. The Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising might find it worth while to inquire at what point the consumption of patent soap or pills would produce the same result.

* * *
"No Risk" writes:—

The following advertisement (cut from *The Times*, April 19) would probably interest some of your readers.

TO LONDON PUBLISHERS.—The writer of a novel or romance is desirous of a proposal from a respectable London publisher concerning publication thereof. Writer will not submit MS., but will give satisfactory references concerning character and literary ability. He contemplates production of the book by himself. Address Advertiser, care Samuel Edwin Roberts, No. 10, Paternoster-row, E.C.

Possibly the advertiser is so impressed with the truth of Sir W. Besant's repeated assertion that publishers run no risk that he has decided not even to submit the MS.

By-the-by, as Sir W. Besant is so positive that publishers run no risk in connexion with the work they undertake to produce, it would be interesting to know from such an authority whether managers of theatres are equally exempt from risk when they undertake to produce a new piece.

* * *
In connexion with the celebration of Racine's bi-centenary, M. Delisle, the administrator of the Bibliothèque Nationale, has collected for temporary exhibition all the manuscripts, medals, and prints of various kinds dealing with the poet. There are, of course, the principal editions of his works, the first of which is dated 1676, and the MS. of Moreau's music, which was composed for "Esther" and "Athalie." There are copies, too, of the works of Sophocles, Euripides, and Pindar, with notes on the margin by Racine at the age of fourteen. Then, too, there is a copy of Horace with two portraits of Racine on the fly-leaves drawn by his friend, Jean Baptiste.

* * *
The following translation of Keats' sonnet, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," was included in a lecture delivered last month in Paris by M. Abel Chevalley on "Keats and the Religion of Beauty."

J'ai parcouru longtemps les empires de l'or
Et maints palais royaux m'ont admis à leurs fêtes;
Aux îles d'Occident que je côtoie encor,
Bons féaux d'Apollon, dominent les poètes.
Souvent l'on m'avait dit, qu'infini sous l'azur,
D'Homère aux yeux profonds s'étendait le domaine;
Mais ma poitrine, hélas, en ignorait l'air pur,
Quand j'entendis Chapman enfler sa grand'voix pleine.
Alors je me sentis tel qu'un veilleur des cieux
Quand un astre nouveau point au champ de sa vue,
Ou que le grand Cortez quand roula sous ses yeux
D'aigle étonné la mer Pacifique, et que rien
N'éclairant les yeux fous de ses preux vers la nue,
Il se taisait, tout seul, sur un pic, à Darien.

* * *
Mr. Sidney Lee has already raised the alarm to English book-lovers over the way in which the Americans are absorbing rare books. During this week there have gone across the water a copy of Kipling's "Schoolboy Lyrics" (published at Lahore in 1881, when the author was still in his teens), realizing £135, and "The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England," which actually brought £510. These books were sold at Sotheby's. "The Troublesome Raigne of King John" formed the skeleton which Shakespeare vitalized, containing the outlines of the characters of his *King John*, and most of the principal scenes. The old play is strongly anti-Catholic. This feature of it Shakespeare, of course, ignored. Another Kipling relic was a very rare first edition—in the original wrapper with the front flap—of "Departmental Ditties" (1886), which went for £19 15s. But a first edition of Dickens—of the "Sketches by Boz"—fetched £29. Other items of interest were first editions of the Myles Coverdale and the Cranmer Bibles, sold for £43 and £26 10s. respectively. The latter was only an imperfect copy.

* * *
Some interesting relics of the famous Birmingham printer John Baskerville were sold at Sotheby's on the 20th April, as

part of the Library of Mr. Samuel Timmins. The demand for speed and economy in reproduction at the present day would have been the ruin of a laborious workman like Baskerville, who made his own ink, paper, and apparatus. As it was, it did not pay him. In one lot at the sale we find him addressing Horace Walpole (2nd November, 1762) with a specimen of his printing

Begun 10 years ago at the age of 40, and prosecuted ever since with the utmost care and attention, on the strongest presumption that if I could fairly excel in this divine art, it would make my affairs easy, or at least give me bread. But alas! in both I was mistaken.

This holograph letter is, we are glad to see, valued in the place where he lived, for a well-known Birmingham bookseller, bought it for £28.

* * *
There have been many admirers of Baskerville's work and of the large clear type which was sent forth nearly a century and a half ago by the Birmingham press. His quarto classics are beautiful specimens of typography—but they are by no means free from errors. John Baskerville was born in 1706. In 1726 he kept a writing school at Birmingham, and in 1745 went into the business of jappanning and made money, which he spent in the prosecution of his love of letters. At the beginning of this century a book was published on typography and wood engraving, which contains an amusing forecast of Birmingham's future and of the one name which posterity would connect with her.

O Baskerville! the anxious wish was thine,
Utility with beauty to combine,
To bid th' o'erweening thirst of gain subside,
Improvement all thy care, and all thy pride.
When Birmingham, for riots and for crimes,
Shall meet the keen reproach of future times,
Then shall she find amongst our honoured race,
One name to save her from entire disgrace.

Baskerville gave up printing, or nearly so, in 1765.

* * *
Among the most beautiful of the productions of the Baskerville press is the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto. Combined with type and paper of great beauty, we have illustrations of unmis-takable excellence by Cipriani, Moreau, Eisen and Monnet rendered by such engravers as Bartolozzi, De Launay, Choffard, and others. One of the less known books, but one most characteristic of the press, is the "Edwin and Emma" published in 1760. The few remaining copies of it were bought by Messrs. Longman, and in 1810 published with a few etchings of Bowes Church in Yorkshire where the unhappy lovers were buried, and a few notes relating to their history. When Baskerville died childless, the types found no purchaser, until in 1779 Beaumarchais of Paris gave £3,700 for them. He established paper mills in the Vosges near his enormous printing establishment at Kehl, whence emanated the celebrated edition of Voltaire's works—the Baskerville type being used. It is said that the type eventually descended to a less distinguished use, and was employed for a daily newspaper, the *Moniteur*! Baskerville's epitaph contains these lines:—

May the example contribute to emancipate thy
Mind from the idle fears of superstition,
And the wicked arts of Priesthood.

which confirm the statement that despite his well-known Royal folio Bible he was himself a Freethinker.

* * *
J. S. writes:—

Recently we have been told that Mr. R. L. Stevenson was requested by the editor of the New English Dictionary to explain what the word "brean," which occurred in one of his books, might mean. Mr. Stevenson replied that he was sorry to say that he had not read the proofs, but that "brean" must be a misprint for "ocean." And he sent specimens of his handwriting to show how the mistake might have been made by the printer. One wonders if Mr. J. M. Barrie has been asked to explain what the word "sepad," which occurs very often in the last published edition of "A Window in Thrums," may signify. "I sepad it's there yet." "Ay, I sepad he's

mair ashamed o't in his heart than she is." "I sepad it had been bocht cheap second-hand." These are some instances of the word's use. What is meant is—"I'se uphaud" (I'll uphold). But this is surely a very strange and puzzling manner of writing it.

Australian Letter.

CONCERNING THE PAROCHIAL SPIRIT IN COLONIAL LITERATURE.

Lord Beaconsfield, in one of his luminous "asides" in a famous novel, contrasting European and American culture, pointed out that the essential difference between them lay in the fact that, that the art and literature which sprang "from the shores of the Mediterranean," was indigenous and native to the former, whereas they had been simply transported to America; and that accordingly there was something which could only be termed "second-hand and provincial" in Transatlantic Genius. Put less pointedly, but perhaps more philosophically, this is to say, that when we speak of American literature we are merely using a loose phrase to indicate a particular variety of modern English literature, for English literature means all that is of permanent value in the written records of the English tongue.

When we turn from America—our grandest and most magnificent colonial expansion—to Australia, the moral of Lord Beaconsfield's aphorism becomes yet more apparent.

To talk of "Australian literature" in the sense of something distinct from English literature is a patent absurdity. Every Australian poet, novelist, or essayist, who is eventually received into the great Brotherhood of Fame, becomes thereby an additional star in the immortal galaxy of English letters. This has nothing to do with the fact that politically Australia is a portion of the British Empire. If Australia became to-morrow an independent commonwealth her native writers would continue to employ (in their own fashion) the English tongue, and so far as they were capable of attaining to a literature of their own that literature would necessarily be English.

But although it is only natural that our young vigorous offshoots, feeling, perhaps too vividly, that if the Past and even the Present are with us, the Future belongs to them, should aspire to produce what they deem to be an independent indigenous culture, they entirely forget that, so long as they are of English stock and continue to use the racial tongue, they can only—though perhaps under new forms and new methods—follow in the traditions of our common literature and language.

In my former communication on "the Australian *Volkslieder*," it was my pleasurable task to point out one or two new Australian bush ballad-writers, who, in my judgment, are deserving of some measure of Imperial recognition. I do not wish for a moment to overrate such writers as Paterson and Lawson, or even Gordon, the bulk of whose verses must necessarily pass into that Waste Paper Basket of futurity, which is mercifully labelled "Oblivion." In an age when many men, and nearly all women, scribble and aspire to print, we can hardly expect that the poor burdened souls who are to come after us will pay much heed to the pen-scratchings, save of a few of the very choicest spirits of this age. But, certainly, whether these Australian bush bards are, or are not, to be ranked with the Immortals, they must be reckoned with among the few verse-writers of our own time who have a wide public of their own. In that spirit I wrote of their lilting ballads as the *Volkslieder* of Australia; though it is highly probable they will, in most cases, be succeeded by other popular Colonial song-writers before the dying century is past, and themselves and their rhymes perhaps be utterly forgotten.

It is, however, when one turns from the bush balladist to the more aspiring class of serious Colonial poets that we become so conscious of what Lord Beaconsfield termed the "second-rate" and "provincial." It is here, too, that Australians require the calmer criticism of those who no longer view literary matters from purely Colonial standpoints. In one of those splendid "love-

letters" of Elizabeth Barrett to Robert Browning, recently given to the world, the great English woman-poet makes the following highly-suggestive remarks on "American poets."

"Mrs. Sigourney has just sent me—just this morning—her 'Scenes of my Native Land,' and peeping between the uncut leaves I read of the poet Hillhouse of 'sublime spirit and Miltonic energy' standing in 'The Temple of Fame,' as if it were built on purpose for him. I suppose he is like most of the American poets who are shadows of the time, as flat as a shadow, as colourless as a shadow, as lifeless and as transitory."

These words should be printed in bold type and hung over the desk of every "literary" editor in Australia. It is astonishing to find how far this spirit of parochial self-worship obtains, even in so independent a mind as that of the able editor of the *Sydney Bulletin*. That redoubtable journalist, who recently boasted that his independent judgment was so unbiased that "even if Shakespeare sent him rubbish he would away with it to the W.P.B.," has recently permitted in his widely read and eagerly believed columns sundry local poets, or rather poetasters, to bepraise one another in the true "Sigourney" style.

It will doubtless surprise many "native-born" Australians to find after the warm welcome bestowed in this country on their mere bush ballad-writers, like Paterson and Lawson, that the canons of English literary taste and criticism reject the more elaborate and pretentious poems of such writers as Mr. Victor Daley and Mr. Will H. Ogilvie. Mr. Daley's volume of verse, entitled "At Dusk and Dawn," and Mr. Ogilvie's "Fair Girls and Grey Horses" are now undergoing a veritable tornado of local "booming," which recalls vividly Mrs. Sigourney's poet Hillhouse with his "sublime spirit and Miltonic energy." What to my mind is far worse is that Mr. Daley is permitted to "puff" Mr. Ogilvie in the "red page" of the *Bulletin* as though he were greater than Tennyson and Swinburne, while through the same widely circulated medium on the following week Mr. Ogilvie returns the compliment by suggesting that Browning and Byron combined were but as babes to the transcendent Daley. My knowledge of the trenchant methods of the *Bulletin* assures me that if this kind of thing were done by any of the other Australian journals, the editor's riotous sense of humour, and his unbridled spirit of satire, would be aroused with such effect that the most remote bushman or "swaggy" in the "Back-blocks" would soon be singing ribald rhymes on the inflated Hillhouses of Sydney!

Let me at once say that I do not wish to deny to Mr. Victor Daley's and Mr. Will Ogilvie's songs and lyrics the possession of some literary finish and merit, but as a rule they lack all originality; they are neither truly Australian in character, nor do they stand comparison with the finished work of many a so-called "minor poet" in England who is too often the butt of his less literary acquaintances, and is glad of the smallest recognition at the hands of a cynical and prosaic public. After a careful perusal of Mr. Victor Daley's "At Dawn and Dusk," recently, I found it a real relief—a distinct personal pleasure—to read such delightful booklets as have only lately been produced by many of our minor poets at home, among whom it would be invidious to particularise. I turn to them with pleasure after vainly trying to find all the "sublime spirit and Miltonic energy" which Ogilvie assured me was in Daley, and Daley so emphatically declared illumined the pages of Ogilvie. There are numbers of verse-writers who have falteringly issued their tiny editions from the Bodley Head and elsewhere, in this country, who, in my judgment, are far truer poets than these colonial Hillhouses, whom one regrets to find so able a man as the editor of the *Sydney Bulletin* week by week overpraising in the true parochial spirit, simply because they are Australian, or produce their poetic wares in the Colonies.

It is here, in my judgment, that what may be called the spirit of a wise Imperialism comes in, and may be as invaluable in literature as in politics. We can all admire the genuine bush ballad "racy of the soil"—as unpretentious as it is vigorous—of such men as Paterson and Lawson. Thousands of verse lovers in England are now as familiar with Gordon's best poems as with the work of almost any English poet of the day; but it is too

much to expect that the Colonial standard will be blindly accepted in England, in so far as concerns poets and poetry, not soaring above what has been styled "suburban imitations" of Tennyson or Wordsworth, Byron or Shelley.

A. PATCHETT MARTIN.

The following letter, which we recently received from Mr. H. T. Johnstone, who writes from Killinear Cottage, Latrobe Terrace, Geelong, Victoria, we are glad to print as it has some interest for students of literature all the world over whose tastes outrun their purses. Mr. Johnstone calls it "A Poor Man's Library in Australia":—

"The facile and patronising enumeration by the well-to-do of the blessings of poverty carries no conviction; but those advantages, the existence of which the poor man himself admits, may well be taken to be benefits indeed. In the matter of books, alas! in how many others, the poor man doubtless suffers divers disadvantages and difficulties; but here, at least, he is not without his compensation. From what surfeit of unwholesome, or, at best, worthless reading may not poverty secure a man! From what risks of swamping his mind in sloughs of third-rate books about the first-rate books! The masterpieces in his possession his poverty bids him re-peruse, in preference to spending money as well as time upon that which profiteth not. Further, his poverty guides him not only in his rejection, but in his choice. He pauses when making a purchase to consider that the book he buys is to be read and read again—a consideration that points to the great classics of literature. One middling work is not ousted, half-read, by another, to be, in its turn, displaced by a third. I am far, indeed, from affirming that every poor scholar does learn and inwardly digest these lessons; but he is at least more likely so to do than is the wealthy reader; for to the wealthy they are whispered only by the still small voice of reason, unsupported by the rough remonstrances of her ill-favoured ally.

"Out here in Australia the torrent of books is much less tumultuous than at home; and here then, alike for rich and poor, the risk of being swept away in the flood is diminished. To say truth, indeed, research on many a subject is difficult for lack of books, and especially so to those who cannot afford to send home for what they need. Nor is there to be found in these regions any public library of the first order. Those of Melbourne City and of Sydney University are perhaps the best we have.

"For building up his own little private library the resources of the poor man are mainly two—the cheap reprints of standard classics, and the second-hand bookshop. Gratitude, sincere and deep, is assuredly due to those who have given us these cheap editions. Let me illustrate, by looking round my own shelves, what may be done by the expenditure of but twenty shillings:—Shakespeare (Leopold), Milton, Spenser, Chaucer (Globe)—this last, it is true, I have not yet afforded myself, but hope to do so ere long (if, for example, this article of mine is accepted by the Editor)—Gray (Routledge), Pope, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley (Canterbury Poets). This is a list which will serve to show what the poor man may possess in neat and well-printed editions at an outlay of a single sovereign. What a very wealth of lofty ideal, profound thought, consummate art! Take, again, another illustration—a selection this time of English prose, purchasable for an equal sum—I may observe in passing that out here we do not receive the benefit of those liberal 'discounts' with which you fortunate folks at home seem to be favoured—Addison's *Spectator* (Morley—an admirable edition), Macaulay (Longman's), Disraeli's *'Curiosities of Literature'* (Routledge), Sir Thomas Browne, Lowell's *'Study Windows'* and *'Old English Dramatists,'* Johnson, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, De Quincey (Camelot), Lamb, Bacon (Routledge), Cowley, Dryden, Sir P. Sidney (National Library).

"But that the publishers and editors of some of these editions are in one point deserving of grave animadversion I am forced, notwithstanding all my gratitude, to perceive and to assert. Let me fortify myself in the performance of this ungracious

duty by appealing to the authority of Lord Macaulay. 'We love,' thus he expresses himself, 'we love, we own, to read the great productions of the human mind as they were written.' And again, 'what man of taste and feeling can endure harmonies, *refaccimenti*, abridgments, expurgated editions?' So, too, in the words of another able and discerning critic (Mr. Birrell), whose works I deeply regret being unable to reckon 'Among My Books'—'The motto of all books of original genius is, "Love me, or let me alone."' The gist of my complaint will already have been manifest. If a publisher does not care to bring out a great work in the shape its author gave it when he breathed into its nostrils the breath of life, that publisher's course is clear. He is no way bound to publish it. But assuredly he is bound not to maul and maim and mutilate it. Such is the decision of the artistic conscience, yet, if that decision be disregarded, must the dictates of plain, common honesty be likewise set at nought? Some of these editions have the fact of the mutilation obscurely hinted in a corner of a preface or introduction, as in an edition of *'Tristram Shandy,'* which is hacked and hewn almost beyond recognition. Is this honesty? There are cases worse even than this. Once I spent more shillings than I could easily afford upon a copy of Gibbon's *'Decline and Fall,'* trusting in the words 'Verbatim Reprint' upon the title-page; yet afterwards I discovered, to my indignation and disgust, that the words I had trusted in were—false.

"Having thus vented my bile, let me return in pleasanter frame of mind to more congenial topics. Let us glance at the other resource of the poor man, the second-hand bookstall. In this mine my own burrowings have been most successful in the department of Classical Literature. Look, for example, at that copy in three volumes, morocco-bound, of Livy's eloquent and fascinating narrative: I had it for 4s. And those Delphine editions, in calf, with their useful indexes and helpful notes—Virgil, Horace, Cæsar—2s. each. And those volumes of Aristotle and of the great Greek dramatists—about eighteenpence apiece. But my most brilliant success in these explorations has yet to be narrated. Continually, though in vain, had I longed for the complete works of Cicero—a library in itself of old-time eloquence, philosophy, and learning; a possession indispensable to him who would gain any entrance within the realm of Classical Scholarship. At length my opportunity arrived. There is the copy—ten stout little volumes, bound in half calf, looking 'as good as new'; these I secured for—was it not a bargain?—seven-and-sixpence!

"Of all the Latin poets Horace is my favourite, and next to him Ovid; and I often wish that I could see these old, eternally young writers treated from time to time, not technically by professed scholars, but out of the fulness of the heart by those who love them; by those who are moved, by long, familiar converse, to draw up a faithful record of the impressions which that converse has matured."

JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

Those readers who happened to glance through the list of the wedding presents given to Lord and Lady Crewe last week must have been interested to note the number of books which figured in it. No doubt it is to Lord Crewe's hereditary taste for letters that this fact is attributable. The son of a poet, he has written himself with credit in both verse and prose, and our readers will, no doubt, remember his interesting contribution to our series "Among My Books." Still, one cannot but hope that the list may become a precedent, and that people will remember that books can be far more distinguished and acceptable presents than a multiplicity of silver knick-knacks. This is the more likely to be the case, because the Prince of Wales headed the list of those who gave books with a copy of the works of Joachim du Bellay. That second star of the *Pléiade* was once very popular in England; Spenser made his first essay in verse with a translation from

Bellay, first garland of free Poesie

That France brought forth, though fruitful of brave wits.

With the usual enthusiasm of a young poet for his model, Spenser predicted "endless days" and "praise Excelling all that ever went before" to Du Bellay. His fame, indeed, never suffered so absolute an eclipse as that of his companion star of greater magnitude, Ronsard. But it is rather under a cloud in England to-day, and a good many people may have been incited by the announcement of the Prince of Wales' gift to ask themselves what were the exact achievements of Joachim du Bellay. It may be worth while to attempt a brief answer to this question, although Du Bellay himself had so hearty a scorn of the type of "courtier poet" that he studiously held aloof from Royal favour in his lifetime.

The esteem in which Joachim du Bellay was once held may be judged from the fact that his birth, which fell about the time of the Battle of Pavia, was said to be intended by Providence as a compensation to France for that disaster. Unfortunately, there are no scales in which two such events can be weighed against one another, although Matthew Arnold did try to institute a somewhat similar comparison between Shakespeare and our Indian Empire. In modern days Du Bellay's fame has been quite overshadowed by that of his friend and master, Ronsard. It is impossible to determine the exact shares taken by the two men in that development of French literature in the sixteenth century, which has been justly said to have no parallel in literary history, except the similar movement headed by Victor Hugo, Dumas, and Sainte-Beuve in 1830. Sainte-Beuve's first book was an essay upon French poetry in the sixteenth century, in which he dealt mainly with the epoch-making work of the seven writers, headed by Ronsard, "prince of poets," and Du Bellay, who were known as the *Pléiade*—a name that Ptolemy Philadelphus and Charlemagne had previously given to similar poetical associations. It is not easy to find elsewhere an instance of so strong an impression being deliberately stamped on a nation's literature by a handful of friends and fellow-workers as France has twice afforded, in 1550 and 1830. The work of the *Pléiade*, indeed, is unique in this respect, and gives us the only realization that we know of Balzac's brilliant dream of the cénacle of the Rue des Quatre Vents.

There is something very charming to the literary student in the well-known story of how the young poets, Ronsard and Du Bellay, Belleau and Baif, and the others shut themselves up from the world—of which two, at least, Ronsard and Du Bellay, had seen too much—for seven years of study and seclusion at the College de Coqueret, whose head, Daurat, was seduced by their ideas and became a star in the constellation. Impetuous youth is scarcely so patient in these days. Thence Ronsard and his friends broke out, as a contemporary said, like the Greeks from the wooden horse to take Troy captive and imprint a lasting mark on its very language. It was Du Bellay who had the honour of leading the attack. His prose work, the "*Défense et Illustration de la Langue Française*," which was published in 1549, was to the *Pléiade* what Victor Hugo's preface to "*Cromwell*" was to the men of 1830. The purpose of this work, which may still be read with pleasure and interest, was to show how the New Learning could be applied to the ennobling and beautifying of the vernacular. In other countries the revival of letters had rather led to the contempt of debased modern tongues. Their scholars preferred to write in Greek or Latin. Hence, for instance, arises much of the artistic inferiority of German to other western languages. Du Bellay urged his countrymen not to content themselves with reading the classic authors so lately made accessible, nor to attempt to copy them in their own tongues, but to draw from them lessons for the improvement of French. Many of his arguments now seem false in the light of experience. Some of the consequences of his advice undoubtedly gave room for the ridicule of envious people like Mellin de St. Gelaïs and sensible people like Rabelais, whose Limousin scholar talks a "Babylonish dialect" that is outdone by some of the verses of Ronsard's disciples. But, on the whole, there is no doubt that Du Bellay's warning against the hackneyed forms—*épigrammes*, he calls them—of the ballade and rondeau, as against the facility and

undistinguished fluency of the popular writers of the first half of the sixteenth century was exactly what French literature needed to carry it over the pathless tract between Villon and Malherbe, and that the remedies he proposed were the right ones. Boileau treated the *Pléiade* with contempt, and the eighteenth century ignored it; but without the labour and genius of Ronsard and Du Bellay the age of Louis XIV. would undoubtedly have been shorn of its literary glories.

Du Bellay himself was not fated to take a leading part in the revolution which he announced: weak health and premature death were his portion. Yet there is fine and characteristic Renaissance work in the Sonnet Series which Spenser translated, and some of the "*Jeux Rustiques*" still charm us. Amongst these is the one poem by which Du Bellay is still known to others than students, the "*Winnower's Hymn to the Winds*," an exquisite trifle, full of haunting melody, with which this notice may fitly end. Thus it goes:—

A vous, troupe légère,
Qui d'aile passagère
Par le monde volez,
Et d'un siffiant murmure
L'ombrageuse verdure
Doucement ébranlez,

J'offre ces violettes,
Ces lis et ces fleurettes,
Et ces roses ici,
Ces vermeillettes roses
Tout fraîchement écloses,
Et ces œillets aussi.

De votre douce haleine
Eventez cette plaine,
Eventez ce séjour,
Ce pendant que j'ahanne
A mon bled que je vanne
A la chaleur du jour!

CODEX BEZÆ.

If it was really necessary to produce another facsimile of Codex Bezae, it was obviously the duty of Cambridge—the University to which the reformer presented his famous MS.—to undertake the task. And the beautiful specimen pages sent to us are evidence of the University's legitimate pride in its treasure. There is only one fault to be found with the work, and that is the very obvious one that the necessity for its appearance is not apparent. Scholars already had what they needed, if not in such a perfect form as the present, yet in one which for all practical purposes was quite sufficient. Codex Bezae is one of the oldest N.T. manuscripts extant, dating as it is believed to do from the end of the fifth century; but, except perhaps, with regard to the text of Acts, its critical authority does not stand very high. It abounds in arbitrary alterations which have an obvious origin merely in the scribe's caprice. Thus, for example, with regard to the rival genealogies, all discrepancy is taken away by the simple process of omitting St. Luke's list of names and putting St. Matthew's in their place. On the other hand, the value of this manuscript stands far higher than it did twenty years ago. Its coincidences with the "*Old Latin*" and "*Old Syriac*" version of the Gospel, made *circa* A. D. 170, have been more widely recognized. It has been realized that they belong to the same group—a group which branched off in the middle of the second century. Under such circumstance there is, *a priori*, every likelihood that this group would, at least occasionally, preserve an older and more original text. And readers will remember how widely this was felt to be the case two years ago with regard to that startling termination to St. Matthew's genealogy in the Lewis Codex—"Joseph begat."

Of the numerous interpolations in the "*Old Latin*" the Codex Bezae has few. On the other hand, it inserts a completely new incident of its own in Luke vi. :—

And on the same day, seeing a man ploughing on the Sabbath, he said to him, Man, if indeed thou knowest what

thou doest, thou art blessed and a keeper of the law, but if thou knowest not, thou art accursed and a breaker of the law.

The origin of these interpolations is one of the most interesting questions which a study of the Codex Bezae brings with it.

By far the most important part of the subject concerns the text of Acts. Here the deviations from the received text are more numerous than in the Gospels, but of a far more authentic-looking character. Peculiarities of phraseology have recently led Dr. Blass—whose verdict, if violently attacked, has been widely endorsed—to conclude that in Codex Bezae we actually have St. Luke's first edition.

While expressing all admiration for the style and "heliogravure" of the new volume, it is difficult not to wish that the Cambridge authorities had applied their lavish expenditure in a direction where there is a genuine stress—viz., to editing the "Old Latin." The insurance excuse mentioned, that for the future it will not matter if Codex Bezae be burned, does not seem quite adequate. At any rate, such an argument would apply with far more force in the case of the "Old Latin," the chief MS. of which does not seem to have ever been copied quite accurately, and is now falling to pieces.

Obituary.

EDWARD SHERIDAN PURCELL.

The death of Mr. Edward Sheridan Purcell revives the memory of a recent and somewhat acrimonious literary controversy. Mr. Purcell, it will be remembered, was the author of the Biography of Cardinal Manning which appeared in 1896, and he did not, any more than Froude when writing of Carlyle, discharge his task in the servile spirit of a hero-worshipper.

I have [he announced in his preface] suppressed no facts material for the elucidation of truth or the manifestation of character, withdrawn no letters or documents lest, in bearing witness to facts or events in his life, such letters might haply give offence to the timid or the weak, or to them that shun publicity as bats shun the light of day.

The result of this policy was that certain frailties (and more particularly certain inconsistencies) of the Cardinal were exhibited in at least as strong a light as his piety, and his executors took the matter up. They represented that Mr. Purcell had obtained the Cardinal's papers from them on false pretences, that it was only considerations of expense that had prevented them from taking measures to restrain the publication of them, and that they considered the so-called "biography" did not do justice to Cardinal Manning's "high and noble character." To this indictment Mr. Purcell replied with spirit, declaring that the Cardinal had expressly chosen him as his biographer because he knew that he was no mere incense-burner, adding:—

Cardinal Manning was the shrewdest of men. He had thoroughly gauged public opinion in England. None knew better than he that any attempt to bowdlerize his Life, to suppress facts and letters, conflicts and differences—such as those with his fellow Bishops and the Chapter of Westminster, or with John Henry Newman, whose relations with Cardinal Manning were a matter of common knowledge long before the Life was published—would provoke general mistrust and suspicion. Such an ignoble and dishonest attempt at concealment must needs, as Cardinal Manning well knew, damage his own reputation for honesty and fair dealing.

Further than that the controversy did not get. Mr. Purcell effectively cleared himself of the charge of using documents which he had no right to use; but the discretion with which he used them still remains a matter on which the opposite opinion to his own is tenable.

M. ÉDOUARD PAILLERON, author of *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*, and Academician, died last week in Paris at the age of sixty-five, and with him disappears one of the most characteristic of French writers for the stage. More certainly than any of his colleagues at the Academy M. Pailleron was, as a dramatist, in

the French tradition. Sardou is an incomparable master of stage effect, but his plays are not literature; Dumas fils, tormented by philosophic and social problems, produced pieces which form an interesting portion of the literary output of our time, but they lacked style, they were wanting in the French distinction; M. de Bornier, who gave at the funeral on Saturday a touching appreciation of Pailleron, is a formal classical dramatist of quite another school; and Pailleron stood alone. He was a sort of modern Beaumarchais with, as M. Larroumet has pointed out, a touch of the Marivaux grace, and this suffices to make his disappearance a real loss.

The estimate of Pailleron by the venerable Henri de Bornier is so just that we translate the most characteristic passages:—

He was of that strong race of writers of comedy sprung as it were from the Paris soil, like Molière, Regnard, Beaumarchais, Scribe, Alexandre Dumas fils, Eugène Labiche, Meilhac, and many another. It is worth noting that the great writers of comedy are almost all Parisians, whereas the masters of tragedy are almost all provincials, from Corneille and Racine to Ponsard. Edouard Pailleron had, indeed, the *verve*, the gift of observation, gained by the spectacle of Parisian life, a *verve* often insistent and even a little overbearing, but not without emotion and pity. . . . Gaiety! Pity! These are perhaps the two boundaries of comedy, boundaries less far apart than they seem. Were it not so, comedy would be utterly inhuman, and instead of correcting men would irritate them.

Pailleron began life rich and handsome. He was destined by his family for the law, and wrote, in fact, his first play, *Le Parasite*, which appeared at the Odéon in 1860, in a notary's office. In 1863 he married the daughter of Charles Buloz, the founder and editor of the *Revue des deux Mondes*. Until the rise of the author of *Cyrano*, no young writer of the Parisian world had started out so brilliantly. At thirty, his future seemed assured. His *salon* was the centre of all that was notable in the social and artistic life of Paris. Yet already it was *le monde où l'on s'ennuie*. Owing to his relations as son-in-law of Buloz and as Academician, and to his wealth, as well as to his real kindness and urbanity, no man in Paris was more courted than Pailleron and none had a greater social influence. The Hotel Chimay, on the Quai Malaquais, where he received all the most famous personages in Paris, became historic by his sojourn there, and he shed an equal lustre over the mansion at the corner of the Rue du Bac and the Quai D'Orsay, whither he took refuge when expropriated by the *École des Beaux Arts*. A fate seemed to hang over him, however, hunting him, in a spirit of tragic unrest, from domicile to domicile. Only the other day he was expelled from his second home by the arrival in the heart of Paris of the workmen whom the Orleans Railway Company have sent up and down the quais, ousting the *bouquinistes*, uprooting trees, and destroying the beauty of the ancient river banks. Pailleron fled to the Parc Monceau, but it was only to die. Like Mme. Michelet, the other day, he never could adapt himself to the new surroundings. Pailleron had not a single happy moment after his departure from the river. He dreaded something vague in store for him. He had ceased to write, and life for him was ended. M. Brunetière, in speaking at Pere Lachaise on behalf of the *Revue* which he edits, defined Pailleron's work as "French, average middle class, and Parisian." The criticism is sufficiently complete. It explains why Pailleron is likely to hold the place which his masterpiece gave him, and of which his other plays, *Cabotins*, *L'Age Ingrat*, *Faux Ménages*, and *L'Élincelle* certainly did nothing to deprive him.

Only at this latter end of the nineteenth century can it be said with truth that the voice of the last of the Irish bards is hushed in silence. MICHAEL HOGAN—an untutored poetic genius, sprung from the peasant class—who died at Limerick on April 19, was known throughout Ireland as "the Bard of Thomond," and he had every right to that historic title, and to the unique place in Irish literature which it gave him. In ancient Ireland every clan—indeed, almost every noble family—had its bard, to whose poetic powers they looked for songs of joy on occasions of

festivity ; for inspiring exordiums before going into battle ; for comfort in times of affliction ; for the whipping of their enemies with the lash of satire ; for widespread renown during life ; for the record in immortal verse after death of their heroic achievements in war, or their wise and beneficent deeds as chiefs and rulers. Michael Hogan fulfilled all these functions for the ancient Kingdom of Thomond in Clare and Limerick, during the latter half of the nineteenth century. He described in fiery sulphurous language the battles and frays of the ancestors of the people of Thomond, he enshrined in verse the legends of their ruined castles and abbeys, and the fairy associations of their vales and hills and streams ; he also sang in hyperbolic strains the exalted virtues of certain of the citizens of Limerick and the territorial gentry ; and savagely lampooned others who were generally unpopular, or against whom he nursed a personal grievance, real or imaginary.

This interesting and remarkable man was born at Thomondgate, a suburb of Limerick, on November 1, 1832. His father was a wheelwright and carpenter earning very precarious wages. Young Hogan was taught at the Christian Brothers' Schools, and after he had worked for nine years in a flour mill he tried his fortune in the field of letters. He had 600 copies of a poem entitled "The Light of Munster" printed in pamphlet form and succeeded in disposing of the bulk of the booklets at a shilling each by hawking them through the streets of Limerick. In order to dispose of the "remainders" he tramped on foot through the counties of Limerick, Cork, Tipperary, and Waterford, selling an odd copy of his poem here and there among the farmers, or presenting it in return for a meal or a night's lodging. But the mission was not a financial success. He returned penniless to Limerick at the end of eight months, and went back to his old employment in the flour mill. It was not until 1862, after he had passed eighteen or nineteen years in the mill, that he was able to devote himself entirely to literary pursuits. In a poem called "The Bard's Protest," written long after the publication of "Shawn-na-Scoop"—a series of metrical satires—he mercilessly assailed, like the bards of old, those at whose hands he received any slight, and told of his early years of severe toil and drudgery. "The Lays and Legends of Thomond," the work by which Hogan will be best remembered, were published in parts over a long series of years, and were finally included in one volume which Messrs. Gill and Son, of Dublin, brought out in 1880. According to a characteristic introduction to his work, regally signed "Thomond," Hogan's experiences with publishers were unfortunate :—

Twelve years ago [he writes] I made my first advance in the market of letters, and was remorselessly fleeced by a printer's devil who stormed my air-castles, broke through the entrenchments of Mount Helicon, sacrilegiously seized on the chattels of the sacred Nine, and drove me from the ramparts without the honours of war. I was not much dispirited at such an unexpected repulse, for poetry lost nothing of its enjoyment, and the Muse waved a bolder wing than ever, and now I again enter the poetic arena to fight for fresh laurel boughs.

The book was well received in Ireland, and with a view of pushing its sale among the Irish in the United States the bard left for that country in 1886 ; but the mission was financially disappointing, and Hogan returned to Limerick, destitute. The Corporation, however, came to his rescue. They created a sinecure office, called "The Rangership of the Shannon's Banks," and gave it to the bard with a salary of a pound per week, which, at least, kept him from indigence in the last years of his life. One of Hogan's poems, strongly reminiscent of Moore, is addressed to the river Shannon :—

Oh, my spirit floats back in a vision of joy
To the days when I stray'd on thy green banks, a boy,
When my heart, like the linnet that chants in the dells,
Gush'd out into song as it drank of thy spells !

We know not the worth of its sweetness and truth,
While we bask in the beams of the spring-bloom of youth ;
Till out on life's turgid sea, shipwreck'd and toss'd
We look back in tears to the Eden we lost.

Mr. EDWARD TRUELOVE, having lived to be nearly ninety, had outlived his celebrity by many years. He was a disciple of Robert Owen and a Chartist, but he was best known as an associate of Charles Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant in the days when Mrs. Besant did not believe in miracles. He published Malthusian pamphlets—among others the notorious "Fruits of Philosophy," for their connexion with which Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant stood their trial in 1877. But his case differed from theirs in that he had to suffer imprisonment for his opinions. He was also prosecuted for a pamphlet which he published attacking Napoleon III., but that prosecution was abortive. Mr. Truelove kept a bookseller's shop in Holborn.

The news comes from Berlin of the death of Professor HEINRICH KIEPERT, whose ancient atlases are so well and widely known. Born in 1818, he had been head of the Geographical Institute at Weimar, and had held his Berlin professorship for forty years.

FICTION.

The Fowler. By Beatrice Harraden. 7½ x 5¼ in., 355 pp. London, 1899. Blackwood. 6/-

Reputations have their price and Miss Beatrice Harraden, who has written a novel of some merit in "The Fowler," must expect to find it suffer by comparison with "Ships that Pass in the Night." The truth is that it differs from that highly successful little story as a dexterous copy differs from a vigorous original. The former work gave one all the impression of a transcript of actual experience ; it seemed to be a thoroughly typical specimen of that "one novel" which everybody is supposed to have in him. What has been given us now is the result of a process not of evolution but of self-projection ; the author has had to look outward instead of inward for the materials of her plot and the models of her principal characters ; and this is to attempt a feat of a much more arduous character than the production of the "one novel," and requiring much rarer powers. That Miss Harraden is lacking in these powers it would be premature, and therefore possibly unjust, to affirm ; but it can be safely said that if she possesses them they are at present undeveloped. Her story is weak in construction and not particularly strong in characterization ; her personages, with, perhaps, the one exception of the heroine's father, have been imperfectly realized. A more serious drawback still is that the least actual and credible of her characters is the very one upon whom the whole story hinges. Mr. Theodore Bevan, "The Fowler," who spreads his net for the female sex and for a long time holds Nora Penstone entangled, is a "villain" whose wiles are somewhat too mysterious and remote from the ordinary experience of mankind to command our belief, still less to hold our interest. The little man with the "coldly, subtly cruel face," who impresses every one with his extraordinary abilities though without ever giving any proof of them, and who exercises a mysterious power which every one feels, many resent, but few successfully resist, was a familiar if a fantastic figure of the feminine novel of the "pre-emancipation" days. It is amusing to meet him brought up-to-date in such a passage as this :—

No one had ever seen the writing, at which he seemed to hint thus vaguely, but it was taken for granted that he was one of the leader-writers on an important daily newspaper—perhaps *The Times*. Perhaps he was ; he claimed nothing for himself, he merely inferred.

It was a comically easy way of acquiring a reputation :—

All the claiming was done by people who believed him capable of anything, and several times when successful books had appeared anonymously he had been charged with the authorship, and he had merely smiled and shrugged his shoulders, inferring by his manner that people might think whatever they choose.

Of course, what Miss Harraden really means is that Mr. Bevan's manner "implied" that he was the author, and that the "inferring" was done by other people ; but her way of expressing this shows to our regret that, though she usually writes correct

English, she can occasionally lapse into one of the common inaccuracies of the lower "journalists."

The object with which this Mephistophelean leader-writer weaves his spells around Nora, as previously around two other ladies, is not made any too clear to us, though he keeps a diary in which he methodically records the progress of his obscure machinations, and which, falling into the hands of his latest victim, enables her to shake off his influence. But it is equally uncertain what he does or how he does it. The Fowler, as he is called, is not engaged in that pursuit to which Burns referred when he cynically described himself, to Mr. Stevenson's indignation, as an "old hawk at the game." The game, on the contrary, is one which Burns would have regarded as a ridiculous waste of time. "What he cared for most in life," said one of his earlier subjects, was "to tame people, or find out their weaknesses, distort their virtues, and leave their mental and moral individuality in ruins." And, a little later, she states her own personal experience thus:—

He weaned me away from all my old friends and my old pleasures and brought discord between me and my dear old aunt who could not bear the sight of him. He made me behave shamefully to her. He and I together spoilt the peace and comfort of the last year of her life. I realized that when it was too late.

Nora Penstone has not got a dear old aunt, but she has a still closer relative in an old father to whom she is deeply attached, and "The Fowler" makes her behave if not shamefully at any rate very coldly and unkindly towards him. She, a girl who is represented as being of brilliant intelligence and no inconsiderable force of character, turns her back upon the distinguished historian whom she is more than half a mind to marry, and who has all the mind to marry her; becomes estranged, as has been said, from her father, and is quite prepared to break with all her friends; loses interest in her former ideals, abandons her optimism for pessimism, and exchanges her faith in human nature for the most cynical views of men and their motives—and all this because it is "willed" by a man who is not even stated to have possessed any of the powers of the ordinary hypnotist. Decidedly Mr. Theodore Bevan does not "palpitate with actuality." The story is well written, the dialogue natural and animated, and perhaps we ought to have excepted the character of Nurse Isabel—the pretty, slightly frivolous, but warm-hearted woman of the world who has taken up nursing without any real vocation for it—from our remark as to the general lack of vitality among the characters. But this lifelessness and the unreality of the motive is what the book suffers from. Miss Harraden must endeavour to free herself from the tendency to which it testifies, and come once more into closer touch with nature and life.

Three of Mr. Rolf Boldrewood's novels, "The Crooked Stick," "Plain Living," and "The Sealskin Cloak," have just been reissued by Messrs. Macmillan in a uniform red binding at 3s. 6d. each.

Correspondence.

CANADIAN COPYRIGHT.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In my letter to you on the subject of Canadian copyright I said that one of the points on which I should personally be inclined to insist was "that the question should be treated as Imperial, and settled by an Imperial statute, the special requirements of Canada and the other Colonies, being of course, fully and respectfully considered." Your comment upon this is that my proposition that the question ought to be settled by an Imperial statute does not admit of argument, it having been pointed out by the Canadian High Court that the rights conferred by the Imperial Act of 1842 cannot be taken away or modified by any legislative body other than the Imperial Parliament so long as Canada remains an integral portion of the British Empire.

I do not stickle for any special form of proceeding. I only desire that the Copyright Question shall be treated as Imperial, not delegated without control to Colonial Legislatures little interested in science or literature and apt to be swayed by the "manufacturing" vote.

You have not parted, I presume, with the supreme legislative power. If an Act of the Imperial Legislature regulating Colonial jurisdiction is found to defeat its own object, as it certainly would if it licensed piracy, it can, I presume, be amended by the same authority by which it was made.

Besides, you unquestionably have the Imperial veto on all Acts of a Colonial Legislature which contravene Imperial policy, as a Colonial Act apparently would if it broke the convention of Berne.

If, as some have contended in relation to this question, there is no such thing as an Imperial Legislature, the Empire is dissolved. Nothing remains but a league; and a league under conditions very onerous to the Mother Country, which is solely charged with the defence.

I have, personally, no appreciable interest in this question. I only desire to see justice done to literature, science, and art.

Yours faithfully,

April 11, 1899.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE CUCHULLIN SAGA.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Will you pardon my pointing out that the friendly critic of Miss Hull's "Cuchullin Saga" has somewhat misapprehended the purport of her labours. Her aim was to collect translations (for the most part extant, but in some cases made specially for this volume) of the chief stories respecting the hero, not to attempt an imaginative retelling of his legend. These stories are themselves of diverse dates and exhibit very marked differences of style, differences which are necessarily reflected in the English versions. The variations in spelling of proper names are due to differing methods of transliteration followed by the translators, a fact carefully explained by the editor, Miss Hull.

The object of the work being an exact English rendering of certain Irish texts, it was impossible to use Mr. Standish O'Grady's magnificent "imaginative retelling" of the legend, as impossible as it would be to use Morris' *Jason* in a volume of translations of Greek heroic myths. It is, if I may venture to differ from your reviewer, Miss Hull's great merit that she has refused to mix up two perfectly distinct aims—furnishing of precise information about the early Irish stories and utilization of the same for artistic purposes.

I should also wish to demur to the implied comparison of Mr. Standish O'Grady with Malory. The latter, though very freely and with considerable compression, *translates*, the former *retells*. The latter remains substantially on the intellectual and moral plane as his originals, the former is a modern handling of the ancient epic material from the artistic standpoint of a modern.

Faithfully yours,

ALFRED NUTT.

270-271, Strand, London, W.C., April 25th.

"THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Pray allow me to thank Mr. Walter Jerrold for pointing out a violation of the unities in one of the notes to "Letters of Walter Savage Landor." I am not quite certain how the mistake arose. I may have accidentally misdated one of the extracts from her old diaries which Lady Graves-Sawle kindly gave me; and apparently two extracts, which should be separated, have been connected.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

STEPHEN WHEELER.

Oriental Club, Hanover-square, W.

Authors and Publishers.

Dr. Bloch's book, "The War of the Future," which has had so much influence on the Peace movement, will shortly make its appearance in an English translation. Dr. Bloch was in London a few days ago for the special purpose of making arrangements for the English publication of his book, and these have now been completed. The original work will not be issued in its entirety, but a full digest of it will be made and published, under the editorship of Mr. W. T. Stead, by Mr. Grant Richards, forming the second volume of that publisher's "The Russian Library." The volume, although condensed, will include all the important facts and deductions, and will contain many of the diagrams and illustrations.

Mr. Alexis Krausse, the author of "China in Decay," has ready for publication his work on "Russia in Asia." It is of a purely political character, and attempts a record of the development of Russian expansion in Asia. The book, in addition to twelve maps specially drawn, will contain, in the form of appendices, the more important of the treaties entered into between the various nations interested in Asiatic affairs.

Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun, the author of "China in Transformation," has now nearly completed a second tour of inspection of the Celestial Empire. This time Mr. Colquhoun entered China by way of Persia and Siberia, and studied political affairs in Pekin, commercial affairs in Shanghai, and the affairs of the missionaries in Szichuan, Kwei-chau, and Yunnan. At the present moment he is on his way from China to Burma, whence news of his movements is expected shortly. His book, which he will have ready on his return, will be awaited with much interest, for the subject is full of actuality, and well-informed books about it are few.

Mr. Murray has some important announcements besides those we mentioned last week. In a new edition of Sir Alfred Lyall's "Asiatic Studies," the author has added a second series of studies which have not hitherto appeared in book form. Mrs. Louise Jordan Miln's "The Children of the World: an Account of Pickaninnies, Paposes, Bambinos, and other Bairns, chiefly from Personal Observation," cannot fail to attract attention if only on account of its quaint title-page. It was in connexion with this book that Mrs. Miln won the famous case in Mr. Justice Wills' Court, on March 29th, and gained £250 damages. Mr. Murray also promises a new book by Mr. W. S. Lilly, on First Principles in Politics; a new Greek Grammar by Mr. John Thomson—late scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge—who purports to bring boys within reach of recent linguistic discoveries; and another book of an educative character, in which Miss A. Mary Sharp will initiate girls into the mysteries of "Point and Pillow Lace."

Last September we drew attention to the want of a purchasable guide to Buckinghamshire, as a fact that lent some support to the view that the bicycle is killing all true, intelligent love of the English country. The Rev. A. J. Foster's "Chiltern Hundreds" only partially supplied the want of something more than a cyclist's map to this picturesque and historic county. But we are glad to hear that before next summer Mr. Murray will give us a new edition, almost entirely re-written, of his hand-book on Berkshire and Buckinghamshire.

Having recently completed the issue of the "Digest of English Case Law," in sixteen volumes, the publishers—Messrs. Stevens and Sons and Sweet and Maxwell—are issuing as supplementary thereto a new edition of "Overruled Cases," which originally appeared in 1887, under the editorship of Mr. C. W. M. Dale and Mr. R. C. Lehmann—the latter being, perhaps, better known by his contributions to *Punch*, than by the part he took in this useful compilation. Such a work as "Overruled Cases" is well nigh indispensable to the practising lawyer, showing as it does at a glance how each case has been affected by subsequent decisions; the new edition, therefore, which is being prepared by Mr. W. A. G. Woods and Mr. G.

Ritchie, should prove a fitting complement to the large Digest, in the compilation of which, it may be mentioned, each of the new editors took a prominent part.

"English Writers of To-day" is the name of a new series of monographs upon living writers that Messrs. Greening intend to publish. The volumes will be about the length of those in the "English Men of Letters" Series. A start will be made with "Rudyard Kipling," by G. F. Monkshood. Probably "Algernon Charles Swinburne" will form the second volume, which may be followed by "Richard Le Gallienne."

"First Steps in International Law" is to be the title of the first volume of Sir George Sherston Baker's new book on international law (Kegan Paul). Sir Sherston Baker has been the editor of the "Law Magazine and Review" since 1895, and has edited and written several books on the subject.

"The Monifieth Golf Links Bazaar" is not an undertaking of Imperial interest; but the "Bazaar Book" which its promoters are preparing is likely to prove a striking one. A number of the articles deal with golf, there are others of general interest, and also poems and sketches. Among the contributors are Mr. Andrew Lang; Mr. Neil Munro, Mr. D. S. Meldrum, Mr. George Eyre-Todd, Sir John Leng, M.P., Mr. William Allan, M.P., and others. The bazaar is not to be held till September, but the book is to be published within the next week or two.

The next two volumes of the "Haddon Hall Library," of which Sir Edward Grey's "Fly-Fishing" was the first, will be "Our Gardens," by Dean Hole, and Mr. Dewar's "Wild Life and Sport in Hampshire."

Two further volumes of Messrs. Putnam's "Heroes of the Nations Series" will be published shortly—"Bismarck and the New German Empire," by Mr. J. W. Headlam, and "Oliver Cromwell and the Rule of the English Puritan," by Mr. Charles Firth.

The subscription portrait of Mr. Herbert Spencer, originated by a letter in *The Times*, and brought to a successful conclusion by the committee, has been, owing to the request of many of the subscribers, reproduced in black and white by Miss E. Gulland, whom Professor Herkomer commissioned to execute an engraving of it.

A gratifying compliment received from Australia by Mr. John Gerald Wheeler, the author of "Confederation of Canada," published by Messrs. Eyre in 1896, has some interest for all who note the progress of Imperial unity:—

Your work [says the writer of the letter to Mr. Wheeler] on the "Confederation of Canada" was of great value and service to the members of the Federal Convention, which drafted the Australian Constitution. As a member of that body I can testify to the free use which was made of your book, especially by the legal members, all of whom welcomed it as a great aid in a critical time. Since preparing the rough notes annexed to the Bill enclosed I have been engaged in preparing more extensive and critical annotations, in which authorities and cases are cited illustrative of the meaning of the various sections. In these annotations I propose to cite many of the leading Canadian cases reported by you.

For Messrs. Sands' "Imperial Interest Library," which, as we stated in last week's *Literature*, will begin with a volume on China by Mr. Harold Gorst, Mr. W. S. Lilly will deal with India, and Mr. H. A. Bryden with South Africa.

Mr. William Le Queux has written a sequel to his "The Great War in England," which has run through eighteen editions, called "England's Peril." It will be issued next week by Messrs. F. V. White.

M. François Coppée is working at a volume of poems with a religious tendency, to be brought out during the autumn, under the title of "La Bonne Prière."

A new experiment in International publishing will be "Camera Obscura," a monthly magazine of photography, written in four languages, and edited by Mr. J. R. A. Schouten. Messrs. Williams and Norgate are the British publishers.

In the May issue of the *Classical Review* will be published an account of a new manuscript of Juvenal, discovered by Mr. Winstedt, a student of Magdalen College, Oxford, in the Bodleian. This MS. adds nearly forty lines, unfortunately not of a very edifying character, but apparently of undoubted genuineness, to the famous Sixth Satire.

The proprietors of *Nature* are issuing a special reprint of the third edition of "Sowerby's English Botany," to be offered on

the instalment system. As in the former editions, all the illustrations will be coloured by hand.

The *Pall Mall Magazine* is about to include a series of tales by Mr. H. G. Wells, illustrated by Mr. E. J. Sullivan, whose work for the latest edition of Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" we noticed some time ago.

The late Lord de Tabley's "The Flora of Cheshire" is being brought out in a new issue edited by Mr. Spencer Moore and published by Messrs. Longmans. It will include a biographical notice of the author from the pen of Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff.

Messrs. Oliver and Boyd announce a volume by Professor Wallace, of Edinburgh University, entitled "A Country Schoolmaster, James Shaw, Tynron, Dumfriesshire."

Dr. Almond, Headmaster of Loretto since 1862, is bringing out a volume entitled "Christ the Protestant, and other Sermons." It is partly a re-issue of "Sermons of a Lay Headmaster," which is now out of print. Dr. Almond has recently begun a new history for the use of schools, his view being that the existing histories are too full of names and dates for young students.

Mr. Burleigh announces a poem in the ballad style, from the pen of the author of "The Rani of Jhansi," and other Eastern works. It illustrates the state of unrest in Western India during the downfall of the rule of the Moguls at Delhi.

Monsieur Felix Alcan is to publish next month two books in his "Library of Contemporary Philosophy" which are likely to attract attention, M. Fouillée's "La France au point de vue moral" and M. Paul Janet's "Œuvres Choiesies de Leibniz." Other volumes to appear at the same time are M. Thomas' "Morale et Education," a selection from Nietzsche, edited by M. Lichtenberger, and a "Psychologie des Religions," by M. de la Grasserie.

"Rita" (Mrs. Humphreys) will have a new novel, "An Old Rogue's Tragedy," published early in May by Messrs. Hutchinson. The scenes are again laid in Ireland.

Mr. Morley Roberts' new novel, "Reason of State" will be published by Messrs. Methuen—probably at sixpence.

Messrs. Pearson's series of penny novels is to include copy-right works by "Ouida," Mr. Grant Allen, "John Oliver Hobbes," Mr. Robert Buchanan, and other authors.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.
A History of French Art. 1100-1899. By *Rose G. Kingsley*. 9x5 1/2 in., xii. + 517 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 12s. 6d.
Old English Plate: Its Makers and Marks. By *Wilfred J. Cripps*. C.B., F.S.A. 6th Ed. revised and enlarged. 9 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., xvi. + 477 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 21s.

BIOGRAPHY.
The Life of William Morris. By *J. W. Mackail*. 2 vols. 9 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., xv. + 375 + 364 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 32s.
The Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant. Arranged and Edited by *Mrs. Mary Coghill*. 9x6 in., xiv. + 450 pp. London, 1899. Blackwood. 21s.

The Two Protectorates, Oliver and Richard Cromwell. By *Sir Richard Tanquer*. 9x6 in., 302 pp. London, 1899. Partridge. 10s. 6d.

The Episcopate of Charles Wordsworth. 1853-1892. A Memoir. By *John Wordsworth*. D.D. 9x6 in., xxv. + 402 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 15s.

Nelson's Friendships. By *Mrs. Hilda Gamlin*. 2 vols. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xvi. + 388 + 383 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 23s.

Lumsden of the Guides. A Sketch of the Life of Lieut.-Gen. Sir H. B. Lumsden, K.C.S.I. By *General Sir P. S. Lumsden, G.C.B., C.S.I., and George R. Elsmie, C.S.I.* 9x5 1/2 in., xv. + 333 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 16s.

"The Prince of Army Chaplains." Pseudo St. Peter; or, A Recluse's Career. By *Col. Colomb*. 9x6 in., viii. + 206 pp. London, 1899. Burns & Oates. 6s.

CLASSICAL.
Codex Bezae Cantabrigiensis. Quattuor Evangelia et Actus Apostolorum continens Graece et Latine. 2 vols. 13 1/2 x 10 1/2 in., 830 pp. Cambridge, 1899. University Press. £12 12s. n.

EDUCATIONAL.
Thucydides. Book II. A Translation and Test Papers. By *J. F. Stout*. B.A. (The University Tutorial Series.) Cr. 8vo., 84 pp. London, 1899. Clive. 3s. 6d.
Matriculation Model Answers. Mathematics. From June, 1893, to January, 1899. (The University Tutorial Series.) Cr. 8vo., 156 pp. London, 1899. Clive. 2s.

FICTION.
Calumnies. By *E. M. Davy*. 8x5 1/2 in., 264 pp. London, 1899. Pearson. 6s.

A Strange Executor. By *Bennett Coll.* 8x5 1/2 in., 316 pp. London, 1899. Pearson. 6s.
Hands in the Darkness. By *Arnold Gosworthy*. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 276 pp. London, 1899. Pearson. 3s. 6d.
The Faith that Kills. By *E. Hulme-Beaman*. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 313 pp. London, 1899. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

The Man Between. By *Robert Halifax*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 315 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 6s.
Morals of the Midlands. By *Mrs. E. Kennard*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 432 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 6s.
Master Passions. By *Mrs. D. Harrison*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 333 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 6s.

The Passing of Prince Rozan. By *J. Bickerdyke*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 286 pp. London, 1899. Burleigh. 6s.
John Thaddeus Mackay. By *Charles Williams*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 327 pp. London, 1899. Burleigh. 6s.
Tandra. By *Andrew Quatock*. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 200 pp. London, 1899. Pearson. 3s. 6d.

Fortune's My Foe. By *John Blundelle Burton*. 8x5 1/2 in., 287 pp. London, 1899. Pearson. 6s.
A Trip to Paradoxia. By *T. H. S. Escott*. 8x5 1/2 in., 283 pp. London, 1899. Greening. 5s. n.

Anne Mauleverer. By *Mrs. M. Caffyn ("Iota")*. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 349 pp. London, 1899. Methuen. 6s.
Abishag, The Shunamite. By *Francis Myers ("Telemachus")*. (Robertson's Library of Australian Authors.) 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 197 pp. London, 1899. Sonnenschein. 3s. 6d.

Angus Faulkner. By *Mrs. M. Synnot*. (Robertson's Library of Australian Authors.) 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 293 pp. London, 1899. Sonnenschein. 3s. 6d.

Dene Forest Sketches. 2nd Series. By *S. M. C. Borey*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 297 pp. London, 1899. Burleigh. 6s.

Racecourse and Battlefield. By *Nat Gould*. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 288 pp. London, 1899. Routledge. 2s. 6d.

The Passion of Rosamund Keith. By *Martin J. Prentiss*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 325 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 6s.

The Man and His Kingdom. By *E. F. Oppenheim*. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 128 pp. London, 1899. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

The Prodigal's Brother. By *John Mackie*. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 250 pp. London, 1899. Jarrold. 3s. 6d.

The Mandate. By *T. Baron Russell*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 384 pp. London, 1899. Lane. 6s.

Faith. A Story of Saint Forth. By *J. H. Harris*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 256 pp. London, 1899. Service & Paton. 3s. 6d.

Didums: A Silhouette. By *Jean Macpherson*. 8 1/2 x 5 in., 156 pp. London, 1899. J. Long. 3s. 6d.

A Dream of Fame. By *Jean Delatre*. 8x5 1/2 in., 160 pp. London, 1899. J. Long. 3s. 6d.

The Farm in the Hills. By *Florence Warden*. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 200 pp. London, 1899. Sands. 3s. 6d.

The Hypocrite. 3rd Ed. 8x5 1/2 in., 528 pp. London, 1899. Greening. 2s. 6d.

GEOGRAPHY.
The Philippine Islands, and its Political Dependencies. By *John Foreman, F.R.G.S.* 2nd Ed. 9 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., xvi. + 653 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low. 21s.

HISTORY.
France. By *J. E. C. Bodley*. 3rd Ed. revised. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xxvii. + 676 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 10s. n.
Fifty Years of the History of the Republic in South Africa. 1795-1845. By *J. C. Voigt, M.D.* 2 vols. 9x6 in., xxvii. + 350 + 316 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 25s. n.

LITERARY.
A Paladin of Philanthropy, and other Papers. By *Austin Dobson*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 361 pp. London, 1899. Chatto & Windus. 6s.
The Mystery of Shakespeare's Sonnets. An Attempted Elucidation. By *Cuming Walters*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 119 pp. London, 1899. The New Century Press. 3s. 6d. n.

More. By *Max Beerbohm*. 6 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 201 pp. London, 1899. Lane. 4s. 6d. n.

The Art of Dining. By *Abraham Hayward, Q.C.* 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xi. + 211 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 5s.

MISCELLANEOUS.
The Statesman's Year-Book. 1899. Ed. by *J. Scott Keltie, LL.D.* 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., xxxii. + 1,248 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

St. Nicholas Magazine. Vol. XXVI., Part I. 9 1/2 x 7 1/2 in., 528 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 8s. 6d.

The Century Illustrated Magazine. Vol. LVII. 9 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., 958 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

NAVAL.
Engine-Room Practice. A Handbook for the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine. By *J. G. Liversidge, R.N.* 8x5 1/2 in., 292 pp. London, 1899. Griffin. 6s.

PHILOSOPHY.
Plato and Darwin. A Philosophic Dialogue. By the *Abbé Marcel Hébert*. Translated by the Hon. W. Gibson. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 72 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 2s.

POLITICAL.
Local Government. By *William B. Odgers*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., x. + 204 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

REPRINTS.
The Tallsman. By *Sir Walter Scott, Bt.* (Temple Ed.) 6x4 in., xxii. + 471 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 1s. 6d. n.

The Betrothed. By *Sir Walter Scott, Bt.* (Temple Ed.) 6x4 in., xxxiii. + 482 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 1s. 6d. n.

The Betrothed and The Tallsman. By *Sir Walter Scott, Bt.* (Border Ed.) 8x5 1/2 in., xii. + 945 pp. London, 1899. Nimmo.

Plutarch's Lives. (Temple Ed.) Vols. III. & IV. Englished by *Sir Thomas North*. 6x4 in., 371 + 329 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 1s. 6d. n. each vol.

Poetical Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson. (Globe Ed.) 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 646 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

The Crooked Stick; or, Poillie's Probation. By *Rolf Boldrewood*. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 338 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

The Sealskin Coat. By *Rolf Boldrewood*. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 505 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
Plain Living. By *Rolf Boldrewood*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 316 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
Thus Spake Zarathustra. A Book for All or None. By *Friedrich Nietzsche*. Translated by *A. Tille*. 9 1/2 x 6 in., xxiii. + 483 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 8s. 6d.

SCIENCE.
Milk: Its Nature and Composition. 2nd Ed. By *C. M. Atkman, M.A., D.Sc.* 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xx. + 180 pp. London, 1899. A. & C. Black. 3s. 6d.

SOCIOLOGY.
The Human Machine. By *J. F. Nisbet*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 315 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 6s.
The Development of Thrift. By *Mary Wilcox Brown*. 7x4 1/2 in., 222 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. n.

SPORT.
The Book of Golf and Golfers. By *Horace G. Hutchinson*, and Others. 9 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., xvi. + 316 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 18s. n.
Fly Fishing. By *Sir Edward Grey*. (Haddon Hall Library.) 8x5 1/2 in., xiii. + 276 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 7s. 6d. n.

THEOLOGY.
The Place of Miracles in Religion. The Hulsean Lectures for 1891. By the *Rev. the Hon. A. T. Lytton, D.D.* 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 150 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 5s.
Rome from the Inside. The Priests' Revolt. Compiled and Translated by "J.E." of "The Christian World." 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 131 pp. London, 1899. J. Clarke. 1s.

The Thirty-nine Articles. Vol. I. By *B. J. Kidd*. (Oxford Church Text Books.) 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 119 pp. London, 1899. Rivington. 1s.
A Gem of Orthodoxy. By *S. L. Marsden*. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., viii. + 360 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 6s.

The Roman Primacy. A.D. 430-451. By the *Rev. Luke Rivington, M.A., D.D.* 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xxii. + 405 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

Foretokens of Immortality. By *Newell D. Hillis*. 7 1/2 x 4 in., 101 pp. London, 1899. Oliphant. 1s.

The Way of Life. By *H. A. Thomas, M.A.* (Small Books on Great Subjects. XIII.) 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 119 pp. London, 1899. J. Clarke. 1s. 6d.
The Ecclesiastical Situation in 1899. By *F. G. Lee, D.D.* 7x4 1/2 in., 51 pp. London, 1899. Baker. 1s. n.

TOPOGRAPHY.
A Handbook of Warwickshire. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 140 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 6s.
Reigate, Redhill, and Neighbouring Districts. (Home-dale Towns.) By *T. F. W. Hamilton*. 7 1/2 x 6 in., 128 pp. London, 1899. Beeching. 6d. n.

All Souls College, Oxford. (College Histories.) By *C. J. Robertson*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xii. + 394 pp. London, 1899. Robinson. 5s. n.

Literature

Edited by H. D. Traill.

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STIMULANT OR SEDATIVE ?

Post-prandial oratory should not, as a rule, be subjected to ante-prandial criticism. The most responsible speakers may yield to the genial influences of the moment, and their utterances are sometimes all the briefer and all the more apparently spontaneous for the care with which they have been prepared. We must offer some apology, therefore, to Mr. Edmund Gosse if we devote a little consideration to a remark which he made at the recent dinner of the Royal Literary Fund. His speech did not receive either the attention or the full report which it deserved as a review, both thoughtful and entertaining, of present literary tendencies. The particular observation we refer to was suggested by Lamartine's prediction that, if the world of readers was not careful, the Novel might become "the opium of the West." In view of the preponderance of Prose Fiction, Mr. Gosse expressed the opinion that the most real danger before us at present was "that Literature may cease to be taken as a stimulant

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and be welcome only as a sedative." The remark is full of suggestion, and is not without its timely warning. But so misleading are the temptations of metaphor to an orator that the sentence is quite equally true—in some respects far more true—when turned the other way. First of all, is literature becoming less of a stimulant than it was? Opium may be the form of intemperance peculiar to the East. It is a very different craving which leads to alcoholism in the West. There we find a desire, not for sedatives, but for stimulants, and in their excessive consumption social reformers find the source of most of the vices and diseases from which we suffer. They would not be far wrong in tracing to an intemperate use of stimulants our mental disorders also. Intellectually a large proportion of society is, so far as anything like good literature is concerned, in a state of chronic alcoholism, the result of too many "nips" of cheap and inferior liquor. The commonest complaint we hear about the journalism of to-day is that it provides a "literature of snippets." And not only snippet journals, but the whole mass of publications which comprise selections from great books, extracts from them, talk about them, and commentaries on them—all come into existence to satisfy the demand for stimulants, for something which will have the momentary effect of stirring the brain to a gentle short-lived activity, and arouse a kind of literary consciousness, without exacting the labour of any prolonged attention to a single subject. Again, the novel which is accused of depriving literature of its stimulus can itself hardly be regarded as an opiate. Not to speak of the sensational story which one "must finish before going to bed," the novels which vex the reader with depressing problems are far too many to give him any hope that in fiction he will always find a soothing and sedative draught.

Secondly, is not the proper function of literature to be a sedative quite as much as to be a stimulant? No book-lover can doubt that it is; and it is for this very virtue that every one who has discoursed on the influence of books has sung its praises. One of the debts we owe to the great writers is that they bring us into a freer, calmer, more spiritual atmosphere. They detach us from ourselves and convey us into a world of scenes and thoughts that have nothing to do with our own interests and worries; and so they have a regulative power, and can curb the blood or lower a feverish temperature. They act, also, as an antidote to the heat and excitement of intolerance. Mr. Mackail tells us that William Morris, who had first been a revolutionary socialist, modified his views after reading the *Odyssey*. It may not be possible to apply quite so exact a prescription as this for the complaint; but the principle it illustrates is a true one. Though authors may not always be the least passionate and intolerant of men, readers grow more liberal as their studies widen. Or look at it from the point of view merely of style—here it is

just the qualities which claim the epithet "sedative," of which we most regret the absence in many recent writers. Who but an inveterate dram-drinker can read the leisurely sentences of Scott, or still more the lucid, harmonious, reflective prose of Hawthorne or Washington Irving, without experiencing a feeling of calm intellectual content? And what of the "sweet calm" of Wordsworth; or, the soothing, sometimes almost caressing music of Tennyson?

The two latter names remind us that when we turn from generalities as to the bracing or soothing influence of literature on the mind to ask how our modern poets affect us, we shall find that here again it is by no means stimulus which is the one thing lacking. Patriotism and pessimism—these are the chords to which two very different schools of fashionable bards tune their music. Some sing of Empire, of ships and battles, and a life of action; others look inwards instead of outwards, and find in healthy action and in the joy of living nothing that appeals to a jaded æsthetic sense. They are both passing phases, no doubt; and they do not exhaust the themes of the modern verse-writer, or fully describe the temper in which he writes. But they help to show the decadence of an older poetical ideal, less material on the one hand, more calm and cheerful on the other. We lack the sedative of a Wordsworth or a Tennyson. Read the former's poem on revisiting the Banks of the Wye. The "sweet inland murmur" of the mountain streams—the cliffs

That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky—

these give him "tranquil restoration," "a serene and blessed mood" to which his spirit turns

when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart.

This is the spirit one looks for, sometimes in vain, in the mass of "recent verse," some of which we discuss in another column. There, too, one hopes to find the spirit of Tennyson, the spirit of high romance, of pure poetry unsullied by sordid visions, and never pointing to material ends, reposing as it were in a sheer contemplation of beauty. Of stimulus we have more than enough: it is to the poet of all men that we look to spiritualize the grossness of life and to console us for its sorrow.

Still there may be truth in the view that literature ought to be stimulating in the sense that it ought not to be an end in itself. History, for instance, in the opinion of Dr. Gardiner which we quoted last week, is a poor study unless it is a help to progress. The finest writings may incur a reproach like that which political economists bring against luxuries—that they represent unproductive expenditure. The ethical view of it is that they should either lead to action or stimulate thought, and here, perhaps, Mr. Gosse's dictum as to the tendencies of modern literature seems to represent a truth. Mr. Kipling's popularity is no doubt due in some degree to the belief that he has done something to teach two nations the duties of Empire. But the end of the century does not compare favourably in this respect with its middle period,

when such writers as Ruskin, Carlyle, and Kingsley really exercised an influence, hardly yet exhausted, on the practical side of life. It is not so easy to point now to any sphere of literature likely to mould the actions of society: and, as regards the world of thought, the mass of printed matter which passes so rapidly before the eye, the paragraphic style, and the host of subjects which claim a moment's attention do not encourage any activity on the reflective side of the brain. But, after all, at the dawn of letters Tyrtaeus was not the only type of popular bard; and if in modern times writers who have made men think, or spurred them to act, are reckoned among the greatest of the classics, their reputation is built to a great extent on qualities which fall outside the province of pure literature. Indeed, even Mr. Gosse, we suspect, would admit that authors who are too conscious of being teachers, and readers who are too keen upon being taught, miss the finest essence and the most subtle virtues of literature. Modern life, in fact, is much too full of difficulties, both of thought and action, for writers to ignore them. It is the stimulants of literature that seem to us so full of danger. Fifty years ago Matthew Arnold asked where we should find again "Wordsworth's healing power," and we can still echo his lament.

The cloud of mortal destiny,
Others will front it fearlessly—
But who, like him, will put it by?

It will strike many people as strange that Literature alone among the arts should have been ignored in the toasts at the Royal Academy banquet. The omission certainly cannot have been due to the fact that the guests included no man of letters whose position entitled him to respond to such a toast; for the list of those present includes the names, among others, of Mr. J. E. C. Bodley, Mr. F. C. Burnand, Mr. W. J. Courthope, Professor Jebb, Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, Sir John Lubbock, Professor Mahaffy, Dr. J. A. H. Murray, Sir E. Maunde Thompson, and Mr. Stanley Weyman. Yet Music and the Drama were duly honoured, while Literature was left out in the cold. Moreover, with all respect for Sir Squire Bancroft, who made a very good and modest speech, the choice of an actor rather than a dramatic author to reply for the Drama seems to indicate an imperfect appreciation of the true nature of dramatic art.

It happens, too, that this year the exhibition has little to show that touches literature. The portraits of writers seem to have found their way to the New Gallery, where Mr. Glazebrook has shown extraordinary skill in making Mr. Hope, of all people, look cherubic. In the absence of "subject" pictures, the English stand in contrast to the French exhibitions, where the large historical canvas finds its home. We do not regret this so much as the comparative absence of a literary inspiration such as Mr. Abbey's. "Literary inspiration" is, we are aware, "a very vile phrase" in the ears of many artists; but it is not the less regrettable that, as we believe to be the case, the average art student is less cultivated to-day than he was fifty years ago.

The recent protest of the two ladies in the *Cornhill* against the denial of a sense of humour to their sex—a somewhat too vehement outburst, on which we commented the other day—has rallied to them a thorough-going

champion in the person of Professor Tyrrell, who cannot, he declares, see the slightest reason for ascribing to women "an inferior appreciation of humour," and who adds that, "on the other hand," he is inclined to believe that "in the highest kind of humour in English literature a woman occupies a very pre-eminent position indeed." We do not quite see the force of this "on the other hand." The mere fact that a particular woman of genius, with a remarkable gift of creative imagination and high intellectual power, happened also to be richly endowed with the faculty of humour has not much relevance to the question as to women's general appreciation of the humorous. Such reasoning, at any rate, would equally avail to prove that as regards all the rest of the array of mental and spiritual qualities which combined to form the artistic and literary individuality of George Eliot, women in the mass stand on a perfectly equal footing with men. This, which as we know, was "some time a paradox," is not, it is true, regarded as paradoxical in these latter days, but it is a proposition which we take leave to say is still far from being established.

It is a pity, too, that the Professor should have dealt so freely in sweeping pronouncements, not necessary to his substantially just appreciation of the humour of George Eliot, about that of another great English humorist. It is surely going a great deal too far to say that "the humour of Dickens is already beginning to cease to appeal to his own countrymen." That this is true of some of it must of course be admitted, but of what humorists, even of the greatest, is it not true? In all humour there is a perishable element, an element which belongs to the passing modes of its age and expires with them. But we might as reasonably say that the humour of Shakespeare is "beginning to cease to appeal to his countrymen" because we can no longer smile at the idiotic quips of his clowns, or because the catch-words of the Host in the *Merry Wives* have fallen unmeaning and unamusing with the lapse of years.

The utmost that can be justly said in any comparison between Dickens and George Eliot is that a much larger proportion of the former's humour is of the transitory and perishable kind. But then it must be remembered that its total bulk is much larger also. The Professor, again, is mistaken, we think, in drawing so hard and fast a line between what may be called "fantastic humour" and the humour that is rooted in our common human nature. He seems to imply that the writers who excel respectively in each variety fall into two entirely distinct classes, and he apparently forgets that one of the greatest of the world's humorists was a master of both. Much of Sterne's humour is more extravagant, and, so to say, "unnatural" than that of Dickens, and there were and are many of Sterne's "countrymen" in his day and our own to whom the pure—and impure—fooleries of "Tristram Shandy" did not and do not appeal. But Mr. Walter Shandy, and My Uncle Toby, and Corporal Trim are none the less immortal on that account.

A Society of Dramatic Authors is projected for the purpose of defining and defending the rights and privileges of playwrights. It remains to be seen whether it will form a part of the existing Society of Authors or will frame a separate constitution of its own. In view of the peculiar nature of the grievances complained of, the latter course seems the more likely to be adopted. The chief complaint is that managers arrogate the right of "cutting" or otherwise tampering

with the text of plays; and it is argued that they are no more entitled to do this than a publisher is entitled to alter the rhymes and rhythms of a poet. But a theatrical manager stands to lose a good deal more over the production of a play than the publisher does over the production of a poem. On the other hand, the tendency of certain actor-managers to transfer the "fat" of other people's parts to their own, or to those of their leading ladies, is apt to ruffle the feelings of an author. Sheridan, for example, if he were alive, would certainly be annoyed to see Mr. Augustin Daly allowing Miss Ada Rehan to speak the words which he had put into the mouth of Charles Surface. The Society of Dramatic Authors we fear will find that it has its hands full when it sets out to seek a *modus vivendi* in this difficult matter.

Reviews.

The Life of William Morris. By J. W. Mackail.
vols., 9½ x 6 in., xv. + 375 + 364 pp. London, 1899.

Longmans. 32/-

The task of writing the official biography of "a man so various" as William Morris is no easy one. He was a man of many interests, widely known, displaying his personality freely and without restraint. His biographer, therefore, will be tried by as many different touchstones as there were sides to his character, and, it is inevitable, must fail to represent them all with equal fidelity. But the best must not be the enemy of the good; and, greatly though Mr. Mackail's work falls short of an ideal account of the man, yet it was necessary that some such account should have been written. The very first words of his book emphasize his position and explain it: Mr. Mackail tells us that he undertook this biography at the request, not of Mr. Morris' family and executors, but of Sir Edward Burne-Jones; it is, in fact, "Morris seen from above." Whether the results justify the attitude will be for the readers of the biography to determine. Mr. Mackail several times compares Morris and Johnson. It must have occurred to him that our best picture of Dr. Johnson is that built up for us by the donnish Scot who sank the coldly critical superiority of the classical scholar in the admiring subserviency of the devotee. This book should, indeed, have been written by a committee of authors. The short limits of an article forbid us to follow our author into all the multifarious phases of Morris' activity, and we must merely say that the future historian of English decorative art will find much material here ready to his hand which, given as it is on the authority of the surviving partners of the firm of Morris and Co., must be received as authentic. Mr. Mackail's position as a scholar of some brilliancy awakens special interest in his treatment of the literary aspect of Morris' life rather than the artistic.

The poetic activity of William Morris extends over a very long period, and was more than once marked by changes. His early poems, those of them at least published with "The Defence of Guenevere," combine an analytical turn of mind, quite in the style of Browning, with medieval surroundings and a strong sense of colour. As years went on analysis was expressed rather in the point of view of the narrator than in the narrative itself, till at last his writing was as free from introspection as an Icelandic Saga itself. His verse withal is eminently of the kind that should be read aloud; his theory of poetry demanded this excellency, and he composed long sections of his work walking about and declaiming. His position

as a prose writer is more uncertain: a few support his work through thick and thin, undeterred by the cries of "Wardour Street" raised by writers nurtured in styles savouring rather of the Tottenham-court-road or of Shoreditch. The great majority of readers treat his work as they do all good literature, they glance at it and turn away: a few suspend their verdict. Indeed, it is obvious that while the prose style of William Morris is too simple for the admirers of complexity of sentence or involution of thought, it stands a better chance of comprehension at the hands of future ages. All things considered, no one can doubt that the series of prose romances which he produced in the last years of his life forms a unique monument of poetical prose. Mr. Mackail, as is natural, devotes considerable space to an account of the earlier work. Fortunately, he has been able, by the help of Mr. Cornell Price and Canon Dixon, to give us a lively picture of the days when Morris' poetic turn was discovered, and even to furnish us with some hitherto unprinted fragments of the verse of those early days. We are thankful to have seen these latter, not only on account of the intrinsic beauty of many passages, but because they go far to remove the lingering regret we have felt at Morris' refusal to allow this early work to be reprinted. But this latter sentiment must not be understood to apply to the fragments given of Morris' projected Troy Book. No consideration of their incompleteness should, we hold, forbid the printing of fragments as rare and wonderful as these. What reviewer could resist the temptation to quote the song of Grecian Helen pacing slowly round the wooden horse?

O my merchants, whence come ye
Landing laden from the sea?
Behold we come from Sicily:
Corn and wine and oil have we,
Blue cloths and cloths of red.
Merry merchants, when you are dead,
We shall gain that you have lost:
Out-merchants from the sea,
Your graves are not in Sicily.
The corn for me, the wine for thee,
The blue and red for our ladies free.

Morris' theory of writing poetry restricted from the general way in which he put it to the particular, answered his own case very well: tale-telling was to him the whole end of poetry, and versification was but a means of arriving more swiftly and economically at the desired end. Hence, perhaps, his dislike of praise of his earlier poems, where the effect of sound was often the only thing aimed at. Mr. Mackail devotes considerable amount of space to the discussion of "Sigurd the Volsung," which Morris believed would be the work by which he should be longest remembered. His verdict is:—

The fact remains that what he tried to do was wrong, and that no skill can set it wholly right. . . . To continue after the main interest is gone would be a grave fault of art. But it is a fault of art scarcely less grave to anticipate that interest, and excite it at the opening of the tale in disparate matter, and, as it were, on a false issue.

The real meaning of this piece of criticism is that Mr. Mackail is applying to a lengthy piece of work a standard properly applicable to something in the nature of a play—which by the conditions of its production must be heard or seen as a whole at once. Or, more crudely still, Mr. Mackail is not so interested in the story of Sigmund as in the story of Sigurd, and does not perceive the intimate connexion between them. Of Morris' deliberate assault on the classical element in Virgil and his very successful attempt to exchange his toga for doublet and trunk hose Mr. Mackail speaks with more kindness than might have

been expected of him: it was, he says, the romantic element in Virgil that appealed to Morris, or, as the poet himself often put it, the ballad element. A useful account of the provenance of the various "Poems by the Way" is supplied; but Mr. Mackail has not told us of the origin of the last "Goldlocks and Goldilocks," which was not only written for it, but was written after the volume was printed, because it was too small, and required at least a couple of sheets more to make it presentable. Mr. Mackail has pronounced the general verdict on the unfortunate rendering of "Beowulf"—a failure in no small measure due to the difficulty which Mr. Morris experienced in obtaining help with the original. And yet we are bound to say that the version contains detached passages of the utmost brilliancy, which do not lose by comparison with anything that the poet ever wrote.

Of the personal side of Morris' character we are given but few glimpses. We are told of the qualities in which he conspicuously differs from Mr. Mackail, but the little anecdotes which throw so much light on a man's personality are woefully to seek. Some day, it is to be hoped, we shall have a few of "the hundred merry tales" of Red Lion Mary, and of Mr. Marshall, or some of the stories of the Icelandic expedition which Morris used to tell—stories which would have relieved a rather monotonous chapter. A hint is given of his likes and dislikes in literature. But there is much omitted that might have been said. He liked a tale; he was disgusted when he found that the "Three Midshipmen," which he had bought on a railway journey in the hope that it was a tale of the Marryat order, turned out to be a religious tract. Michael Scott, Marryat, Cooper, and Lever he would always read: Borrow and Dumas and Dickens he loved to his dying day, but the only play of Ibsen he could endure was *The Enemy of the People*; he disliked the Russian spirit in literature, he could not read Meredith, and he loathed Maeterlinck and the literature of which he is a representative.

Perhaps the stricture on his disposition which Mr. Mackail makes with most apparent ground is the complaint of his self-sufficiency. As he did not depend on the good opinion of the world, so could he dispense with the friendship of his friends. The outer circle of these last made no difference to him, and this, mainly, is the reason why he has left no school. He was surrounded by, he had to work with, men who were jealous of his undoubted superiority in the field of art, and were always on the watch for some opportunity of pillage. All his life long, he once said, he was abused and stolen from. The irascibility, the Berserker fits of rage on which Mr. Mackail lays stress, were but physical manifestations of energy, and he would often stop in the middle of a storm to quote Leech's angry husband or some appropriate passage of Dickens.

It will be seen that in our opinion the personal biography of William Morris has yet to be written, but no biography, by whomsoever written, will altogether supersede the book that is before us; the view of Morris is so individual that it could have been supplied from no other quarter and its absence would have been a distinct loss. It reminds us of a description of a Gothic cathedral seen from the rarefied atmosphere and cold serenity of a captive balloon moored to the cloister garth. The lovely beauty of the saint-king watching over his royal town, the angels circling the apse, the gargoyles and grinning demons, all these are caught and described, but not one word of the tapestry-covered walls, the carven pillars, the storied front, or the jewelled windows which delight the eyes of the humble dweller on mother earth. In some

special qualifications for his task Mr. Mackail is painfully lacking: a man can have great scholarship and a high position in the literary world without knowing anything of medieval literature or sentiment, but such a one is distinctly unfitted to deal with the problems that arise in Morris' life. No person who knew anything of medieval French would have said that there were two translations of Aucassin and Nicolette—there is a translation and a paraphrase, agreeable and interesting, but wilfully mistranslated and wanting in many of the fine qualities of the original—nor would any one familiar with medieval literary history speak of the Troy story in terms which seem to place Benoît and Guido on the same footing, whereas one was the originator and the other a copier. A medieval scholar, too, would hesitate to attribute the Ogier story to Celtic sources, knowing as he would the difficulties in the way of maintaining such an attribution. Moreover, an English scholar would have felt a certain difficulty in coupling Piers Plowman with Chaucer as models of the modern in literature opposed to the English of the *Gesta Romanorum*, and certainly would not have referred to a story from the latter by the number given it in two of the many versions which exist, instead of giving its number in Oesterley, which is the recognized edition.

As a writer, too, Mr. Mackail does not fulfil our expectations. Take, for example, such a turgid sentence as the following, "As rich in imagination, as irregularly gorgeous in language, as full in every vein and fibre of the sweet juices and fragrance of the spring"; or again, "The particular spot was, however, very much chosen"; or again, "The part of the volume which one gathered to represent its spirit and form most intimately to many lovers of poetry is neither of these." And, if we may hint such a thing, the repetition of a harmless jest about the Marquis of Lorne and the poet-laureateship is hardly in the best taste. Mr. Morris' serious selection for the post was of course Sir Theodore Martin.

We have left ourselves little space to deal with other aspects of the book. The history of Morris' Socialism is written from the standpoint of a cultured and not unsympathetic outsider, but future historians of the democratic movement should be warned that no statement in the book is of the least value as giving the inner history of the movement. We have to add that the work is well and handsomely got up, printed on better paper than we have seen for a long time in works of this kind, and that the illustrations do credit in a marked degree both to the artist and to the reproducers, Messrs. Walker and Boutall. Especially we would call attention to the photogravures of the Watts portrait and of Morris' painting of Queen Guenevere. We congratulate the publishers on so handsome a volume, and the author on the very real measure of success he has had in the treatment of so difficult a subject.

CROMWELL.

The Two Protectors, Oliver and Richard Cromwell. By Sir Richard Tangye. With 38 illustrations. 9×6 in., 302 pp. London, 1899. Partridge. 10/6

Oliver Cromwell and his Times. Social, Religious, and Political Life in the Seventeenth Century. By G. Holden Pike. Illustrated. 7½×5½ in., vii. + 286 pp. London, 1899. Fisher Unwin. 6/-

The tercentenary of the birth of Cromwell affords an opportunity for a fresh outburst of encomiums upon the Puritan hero

from his most enthusiastic admirers. In a measure, we can all take part in it; though we can hardly, by an extension of Milton's phrase, consider the Protector, as Sir Richard Tangye does, to be "England's Chief of Men." There can be little doubt that for 150 years after the Restoration his character and policy received much less than justice; but, in the present reign, devotion to his memory has almost passed into a cult, of which the Nonconformist bodies and one political party (*minus* their Irish allies) are the most fervent votaries.

Neither of the books which are the subject of this notice can claim to be of much independent value in a literary sense: the writers have employed original authorities, but they have compiled still more largely from modern authors. Sir Richard Tangye is often content merely to echo Mr. Frederic Harrison, to whom his book is dedicated, and from whom he borrows whole pages at once; Mr. Pike quotes almost as freely from Carlyle, Macaulay, and Mr. Picton. Nor does either work attempt an estimate of Cromwell's character or of his conduct at critical junctures; each is simply one long pan of indiscriminate eulogy. Sir Richard gives a short list of "authorities," in which contemporary and modern writers are jumbled together; but with the exception of "Carrion" Heath (whose Carlylese nickname must be made to stick) they are all on one side; there is no evidence that he has read a page of Clarendon. With such a list a one-sided view is a foregone conclusion. Some allowance, however, may be made for one who has a fine collection of Cromwellian relics, and who in this work offers his countrymen some share in his treasures. Including the "Horoscope" and the "Death Mask," it contains no fewer than twelve presentments of Oliver, the originals of six being in the author's collection; and many of the ancient prints and autographs here reproduced are of great interest. Sir Richard has also made use of a few unpublished documents from his own collection, the most important of which are letters written by Oliver during the second siege of Pontefract, a Journal of his Second Chamber by its Clerk in 1658, and some very interesting particulars of Richard Cromwell's later years. We are inclined to think the short chapter on the latter the most valuable, because the most original, part of the work. Very few people remember that, after being Protector for nearly eight months, he was obliged to live abroad for more than twenty years; and that, residing subsequently on his estate for more than a generation, he very nearly outlived the Stuart dynasty, as he died only two years before the death of Queen Anne brought that dynasty to a close.

Turning once more to the great Protector, we find in both these works a tendency to glide easily over the more questionable incidents in his career, of which his severity during the Irish campaign may serve as an instance. Mr. Pike had intended, he tells us, to devote a whole chapter to this part of the subject, but apparently found it so uninviting that he has condensed it into three pages. Sir Richard Tangye opens his chapter on the campaign with a sentiment which it would be well if he would apply rather more widely. "In dealing," he says, "with a period of history more or less remote there is a natural tendency to judge of the action of men by the standard of our own time." Yet it is by that standard alone that he judges the severities of the Star Chamber, the mistaken Church policy of Laud, and the personal government of Charles. He is never tired of alluding to "the cropping of Dissenters' ears" &c., forgetting that in the seventeenth century the modern spirit of toleration had no existence. Cromwell, indeed, was so far in advance of his time as to advocate it in theory; but any one who will closely examine his treatment of Romanists and of the Royalist clergy when he was in power will discover how very far removed his practice was from such an ideal. We fancy, from some of Sir Richard's remarks about "the Romanizing clergy," that he has himself not fully learnt the lesson; at any rate, his statement that "Popery, under Laud, had a free hand" in the Church will to-day need no refutation. We should like to know Mr. Pike's authority for his assertion that Laud was ever offered or

"desired" a pension from Rome. It is true that, on succeeding to Canterbury, he was tempted with a cardinal's hat; but the charge against him of seriously entertaining the proposal utterly broke down, as may be seen from his written reply to it; while his controversy with Fisher the Jesuit and his success in making converts from Rome will go far to prove his fidelity to the English Church.

Opinions will always, we suppose, be hopelessly divided on the morality and the policy of the execution of Charles. Mr. Pike, with a truly remarkable insight into the secrets of the dead, says that "till the last Cromwell's conscience never accused him of wrong-doing in regard to that dread act;" and yet the same writer speaks of regicides as having been "basely judicially murdered at the Restoration." Sir Richard Tangye stoutly defends the execution against all censure. But we think he is mistaken in the sequence of events which led to it. He represents the King's escape from Hampton Court in 1647, and the outbreak of the Second Civil War in 1648, as the moving causes of the deed—the first, because it proved that negotiation was useless, the second, because it caused so much fresh bloodshed. But a letter from Baillie to Henderson of May 19, 1646—a fortnight after the King joined the Scots—proves that even at that early date a party in the Army wished for his execution. At first Cromwell gave little support to this party; but afterwards he was gained over to it by the fear that Charles would make a separate arrangement with Parliament and the Presbyterians behind the back of the Army. Whether or no Cromwell secretly suggested the escape from Hampton Court, as Clarendon hints, in order to put a stop to the negotiations with Parliament, it is plain that, without the concurrence of the Army, he did not wish them to succeed; and it was their renewal by Parliament and the Scotch before the close of the Second War that really sealed the King's fate. This it was, and not revenge for the more recent bloodshed (a poor defence truly!) which brought on Pride's Purge and the tragedy that so swiftly followed it. Sir Richard Tangye actually has the courage to insinuate that "the Sovereign People" could rightfully do what Sovereigns themselves, as Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, had done to other crowned heads. Passing by the fact that these "heads" were not "Sovereigns," we need not discuss whether the deed could be defended, if it had really been the act of "the people," though, at least, it would have been less indefensible. For when Lady Fairfax (if it were really she) exclaimed from the gallery of Westminster Hall that "not half the people of England" were concerned in it, she was much understating the case. As Hallam shows, it was the act of a very small minority, who happened for the moment to have the sword at their back. And we have since learnt—though some of our neighbours seem slow to learn—that the due subordination of the Army to the civil power is the foundation of all domestic order. Sir Richard Tangye's hatred to the unfortunate King is well illustrated by a note to the remarks on his doom. We are told that "in order to promote his suit with the Infanta Charles was base enough to permit the sacrifice" of Raleigh to Spain. Such an innuendo is as unworthy as it is utterly unfounded. Charles was under eighteen at the time and had no share in the government; and even if the Spanish match were then more than a hazy project, it is notorious that four years later he was personally indifferent to it.

We fear that we have somewhat neglected Mr. Pike's book. As its title indicates, it is not strictly a life of Cromwell; for though all the illustrations are connected with him, little more than a third of the text is dedicated to his glory. The rest consists mainly of excerpts from books, which we must be pardoned for saying are more interesting in the original, as the Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, Evelyn's Diary, and the account of the King's escape in the "Boscobel Tracts." As a whole, however, it is agreeably written, with an eye for the picturesque; and the last chapter brings together many useful details of religious and social life. Unfortunately, the correction of the press leaves a good deal to be desired.

DANTE IN ART.

Iconografia Dantesca. The Pictorial Representations to Dante's "Divine Comedy." By Ludwig Volkmann. Revised and Augmented by the Author. With a Preface by Charles Sarolea. With 17 plates and 4 woodcuts. 11×7½ in., xx.+240 pp. London, 1899. Grevel. 21/- n.

Dr. Volkmann's work on the illustration of Dante has been well received in Germany and Italy (where a translation by Baron Locella has recently appeared), and it was certain that sooner or later there would be a demand for an English translation. Messrs. Grevel have now issued the work in English, in a handsome volume, which will appeal to all lovers of Dante. Of the value of Dr. Volkmann's researches there can be no question. One of the most interesting points established by him is that, contrary to the general impression on the subject, Dante's influence upon Italian art in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was comparatively insignificant. The time-honoured claim, for instance, of the great fresco in the Campo Santo at Pisa (now assigned by the experts not to Orcagna, but to Lorenzetti da Siena) to be a representation of Dante's Hell will not stand for a moment before Dr. Volkmann's critical examination. Similar claims on the part of the frescoes in San Petronio at Bologna, of those by Taddeo Bartoli at San Gemignano, and of others in various parts of Italy are in like manner summarily disposed of. In one case only does any medieval artist appear to have deliberately followed Dante in the details of his composition. That artist was Bernarke Orcagna, whose well-known and fortunately well-preserved fresco of Hell in the Strozzi Chapel in Santa Maria Novella in Florence so closely follows the topography and arrangement of the *Divina Commedia* as practically to serve as an illustration to the poem. A fairly successful photograph of this fresco is given as Plate I. in this volume. It suffers, however, from being on too small a scale, which makes it impossible to distinguish the details clearly. In this respect it is far inferior to the representation of the same fresco given by Kraus in his *Dantes Leben und Werk* recently reviewed in these columns. In order to do justice to the fresco Dr. Volkmann ought to have divided it into sections, and to have reproduced these on a much larger scale in several plates. This is the only fault we have to find with the illustrations of the book, which, so far as the rest are concerned, fulfil their purpose admirably.

After dealing with the frescoes, Dr. Volkmann treats of the illuminated MSS. and the woodcut illustrations in the early printed editions of the *Divina Commedia*. The famous Botticelli drawings once in the Hamilton collection, now in Berlin, form the subject of an interesting chapter, which is accompanied by an excellent full-page plate of Botticelli's sketch of Dante and Beatrice, in illustration of Canto XIII. of the *Paradiso*. Dr. Volkmann points out that Botticelli was conspicuously superior to many of his successors in his accurate knowledge of the poem he was illustrating. Gustave Doré was a great sinner in this matter; and to any one really familiar with Dante, and with the spirit of the *Commedia*, his conceptions appear often ludicrously inadequate. It is interesting to English readers to note how many famous English artists have drawn inspiration from Dante. Pre-eminent among these, of course, figures D. G. Rossetti, who forms an exception to the general rule in that he studied for the purposes of his art not the *Commedia*, but the *Vita Nuova*. Dr. Volkmann displays a very creditable acquaintance with the English department of his subject, which may be accepted as a guarantee of his thoroughness and accuracy in the rest of the work—qualities which have been vouched for by the consensus of continental opinion.

We could have wished that the author of the English translation, whose name does not appear, had been better qualified for his task. Many of his sentences have a very un-English ring about them, and he uses terms (such as "dome" for cathedral) in senses which are not current on this side of the Channel. The shortcomings on the part of the translator are the more to be regretted, since in all other respects (with the single exception mentioned above), the volume is highly commendable.

THE HERO OF "THE TALISMAN."

Saladin, and the Fall of the Kingdom of Jerusalem.
(The Heroes of the Nations Series.) By Stanley Lane-Poole.
7½ x 5¼ in., 401 pp. London, 1898. Putnam. 5/-

Few would dispute the application of the name of hero to Yusuf Salah-ed-din, the conqueror of Jerusalem; but it is a little difficult to think of him as the hero of a nation. A Kurdish adventurer who ruled first over Egyptian fellaheen and then over Syrians and Mesopotamian Turkomans is as little "national" as almost any man that can well be cited. We say "almost" because Messrs. Putnam's series already includes a life of Julian the Apostate, who is even more oddly placed in it than Saladin himself.

But to cavil at a title is ungracious when the book itself is excellent. Mr. Lane-Poole is well known as a competent Orientalist, whose knowledge extends into many corners of Mahomedan history, where English scholars rarely intrude. That his severer studies do not prevent him from being a very picturesque and interesting writer when he has to address a popular audience the present book is sufficient to prove. We may describe it as eminently readable from the first page to the last, even when the author is obliged by his subject to wade through obscure Mesopotamian wars or difficult Syrian genealogies.

Saladin is mainly known to the British reading public as the opponent of Richard Cœur-de-Lion in the Third Crusade. But it is from his earlier campaigns that he is better judged; in 1191 he had become so far the greatest monarch of the East that his very qualified success in fending off the crusaders and maintaining Jerusalem seems unworthy of his reputation. More might have been expected from the victor of Tiberias than a campaign ending with a compromise, by which the Moslem sacrificed the coastland in order to be permitted to retain the inland. The really striking part of Saladin's life is the period between 1169 and 1183, during which he strung together, state by state, all the long list of principalities that owned him as suzerain. When in the first-named year he was left Vizier of Egypt by the sudden and unexpected death of his uncle Shirkuh, there was as yet nothing in his career that gave promise of his future achievements. "Men thought him," as Mr. Lane-Poole remarks, "a well-behaved and intelligent subaltern, too quiet and unambitious for high command—it was, indeed, this opinion of Saladin's docility that procured him an office where a tractable tool was wanted."

Unless we were acquainted with the Sultan's early years of manhood, in which he had showed himself a loyal and obedient servant, and never thrust himself to the front, we should be unable to grasp his character. The record of his middle life, looked at from the outside, reads like that of many other successful military adventurers. It is only by comparing it with his previous career that we realise that he was no mere self-seeking usurper, but a conscientious statesman trying to keep Islam together for the great struggle with the Franks. It would be as unjust to represent Gustavus Adolphus as inspired by nothing more than a lust for military glory and territorial aggrandisement when he invaded Germany as to draw Saladin as an ordinary Oriental conqueror. Both he himself and his followers looked upon his whole career as a long episode of the *Jihad*, the "Holy War" against the Infidel. If he took the reins of power out of the hands of the heirs of his master, Nur-ed-din, it was because he saw that union was absolutely necessary for the Moslem states of the Levant. The Frankish principalities had been established in Syria mainly owing to the fact that the Seljuk Empire had broken up into small and jealous factions just before the First Crusade. The progressive dismemberment of Islam had only ceased when Zengi united enough of the faction-ridden Emirates to make a solid barrier against the Christians. But when Zengi's great son had expired, it seemed as if history were about to repeat itself, and the strong state, not yet forty years old, which had held back Baldwin III. and Amaury, were destined to disruption. The young boy Es-Salih and his self-seeking ministers and relatives would almost certainly have

wrecked the Empire of Nur-ed-din if Saladin had not interfered. That he honestly looked upon himself as the champion of Islam in all that he did in Syria and Mesopotamia is certain. As far as he could he left the house of Zengi undisturbed. Its younger branches, when he had forced them into vassalage, were left as reigning princes, and long survived in Mesopotamia. In dealing with Moslems he always preferred to make the older rulers do him homage rather than to expropriate them. He was not set on annexation, but only on binding together all the forces of Islam for the great attack on the Kingdom of Jerusalem which was the dream of his life.

It was the enthusiastic admiration and affection which his moderation and justice inspired among all who came in contact with him that enabled Saladin to carry out his great plan. A mere self-seeker would probably have failed; the man whom all were compelled to recognize as the genuine champion of Islam just succeeded. Yet even Saladin himself more than once thought that all his efforts had been thrown away. There were moments during the Third Crusade when the Sultan almost made up his mind that the game was lost and Jerusalem about to fall back once more into the power of the Franks. When in 1192 he dismantled all the fortresses that he had gained with such toil in 1187-88 and drew back for a final stand in front of the Holy City the prospect looked very black. The army was cowed by the carnage of Arsouf and the terrible reputation of Cœur-de-Lion. The Emirs were discouraged, though still ready to fight out the desperate game at their master's orders. But the Sultan stood firm, showed a bold front, and was rewarded by seeing his enemies turn back and finally ask for peace, instead of making the final rush on Jerusalem that must almost inevitably have succeeded. To those unacquainted with the personal and racial feuds that raged in the camp of the Franks, the saving of Jerusalem for Islam must have appeared almost like a miracle wrought in favour of the never-despairing Sultan.

Hitherto we have looked at the great struggle of Saladin's life from the point of view of the Moslem, as Mr. Lane-Poole would have us see it. It is not the point of view most familiar to us. Accustomed to read the Crusades in historians of our own faith, we have, perhaps, undervalued the strength of the Christian attack. It is usual to speak of the Frankish kingdom of Jerusalem as a failure from the first, a state bound to fall to pieces before the first strong enemy who should attack it. Far other is the impression given by the perusal of the Mahomedan chroniclers. It seems to us so astounding that a few hundred Christian knights should ride roughshod over Syria for three generations, that Kings of Jerusalem should deliver battles at the head of armies that never counted more than 1,500 or 2,000 mailed horsemen, and often shrank to 400 or 500, that we refuse to take the Frankish kingdom as a serious factor in the history of the East. The enemy knew better; unwilling admiration pierces through their hatred when they describe the astounding exploits of their enemies. Osama and Boha-ed-din give us a far better appreciation of the Crusader's courage than any Western chronicler. It is from their confessions that we understand the astounding fact that but for Zengi and Saladin the Frankish kingdom might have gone on "conquering and to conquer." If a man of real genius had ever ruled at Jerusalem the Christians, in spite of their small numbers, and despite of the feudal organization that clogged their efforts, might have pushed to the line of the Euphrates and even have conquered Egypt. It was the ill-fortune of Christendom that the man of genius appeared on the other side. Jerusalem fell, King Richard was turned back with his task not half accomplished. Yet even then so strong was the grasp of the Franks on Palestine that their rule survived Saladin, and that Acre, Tyre, and Tripoli, with many a strong town more, still flew the banner of the Cross three generations after the great Sultan had been laid in his tomb at Damascus.

We must give a word of approval to the admirable genealogical tables which are dispersed through Mr. Lane-Poole's book. The illustrations are also excellent, but we cannot say as much for the maps of Palestine and of Saladin's Empire, which are far too coarse and ill-engraved. They are almost the only

blots on an otherwise excellent book, and should be replaced in a second edition. If we may criticise a very minor point—the orthography of names—we would suggest that some corrections might be made among Western names—e.g., Malo-Leone should surely be Mauleón, and the Earl of Ferrers should be Ferrers, Earl of Derby. But these are trifles and would not take five minutes to set right.

RECENT VERSE.

I.

The poems of "Maxwell Gray"—contained in *THE FOREST CHAPEL* (Heinemann, 5s.)—whose reputation hitherto has been founded on her novels, seem to us among the most likely of all the collections before us to become popular. They are healthy, cheerful, and sometimes old-fashioned in their subjects. In treatment they are always lucid, which is a comfort, but they have also high lyrical qualities, a graceful movement in the sequence of thought, and an almost invariably musical rhythm. The irregular metre of the ode, for instance, is treated in many of them with exceptional skill; and "New Year's Bells," which is in this style, is really a beautiful poem. The old Pantheism which has inspired so many religious poets has seldom been more simply and faultlessly expressed than in "The Charm," beginning—

If there be glory in the sun,
If splendour on the sea,
Sweet music in all rills that run,
Dear God, it is of thee.

This little book is well worth perusal by all who are seeking among our modern bards a singer who has a true ear for melody and is wholly free from affectations.

To attempt a conclusion of "Christabel" at this time of day requires a certain amount of pluck. Mr. E. J. Chapman, however, has, in his *DRAMA OF TWO LIVES* (Kegan Paul), been courageous enough to essay the effort, and we may say at once that his amiable and modest preface invites none but the kindest judgment. Mr. Chapman does not take himself over seriously—a rare virtue in a poet—and the attitude is the more commendable in that he has considerable felicity in the versifier's art. His imitation of Coleridge, for example, is a really clever *pastiche*, catching more than a faint echo of its original:—

Up from her knee rose Christabel,
And toss'd aside her blinding hair,
And cried with cry of fear and pain:
"What bring'st thou, then, from Tryermaine,
That thus thou standest silent there?"
He bent him low and answer made:
"A gruesome tale have I to tell—
Jesu, Maria! shield thee well
From witchcraft's hate and powers of Hell!"
"God's mercy shield us all," she said.

This is admirable *imitation*, and Mr. Chapman's talent is not confined to imitation alone. He has a delicate sense of natural beauty, much metrical facility, and more than a little humour. Several sides of verse-making are agreeably displayed in his pleasant pages; and, if he does not exhibit himself as a particularly pretentious poet, he is at least an eminently sane and companionable singer.

We imagine Mr. Aleister Crowley, author of *SONGS OF THE SPIRIT* (Kegan Paul), to be a young man; evidently he is just passing through the Swinburnian epoch. His verse is full of the influence of "Poems and Ballads"; it contains a riot of words without much thought at the back of them. We seem, for example, to have heard this sort of thing a good many times before:—

The garland I made in my sorrow
Was woven of infinite peace;
The joy that was white on the morrow
Made music of viols at ease.
The thoughts of the Highest would borrow
The roar of the seas.

And yet, despite a good deal of bombast about "just being one with love," and the like, Mr. Crowley has many poetical qualities, and a good deal of promise. His muse is windy, and boyish in over-emphasis, but he has a true sense of musical sound, and, metrically, he has scarcely a bad line. He should mature and live to write very respectable verse. We doubt if he will ever be original; but in the middle way of discipleship he ought to do well enough.

Sir J. Grainger Stewart has, in *THE GOOD REGENT* (Blackwood), attempted the difficult task of settling an historical question in the medium of blank-verse drama. His hero is the Earl of Moray; and, believing him to have been misjudged, the poet seeks to portray his character in a more favourable light than the common. Now, blank-verse drama is not a good medium for the development of a thesis, and it is impossible to deny that "The Good Regent" falls between two stools. As drama it is terribly heavy, as verse it can hardly be called distinguished:—

Welcome, dear brother! counsel such as yours
Is ever valued. All that you have said
Of Rizzio, and Bothwell, and the rest,
Has been considered and most duly weighed,
But to Lord Darnley you must be more just.

This is a sample chosen at random, and it will readily be perceived that over two hundred pages of it is apt to prove soporific. The work, however, is not without dignity of a certain formal kind; and, if pompous, is at least interesting in its historical aspect. We are inclined to think it a pity that the work took verse-form at all; it would have made a suggestive character study, for it is eminently thoughtful and well digested.

The Unicorn Series of Books of Verse (Unicorn Press, 2s. 6d. n.), of which *IN THE WAKE OF THE SUN*, by Mr. Fred. G. Bowles, is the fourth, is certainly the richer by its publication. A cultivated lucidity would greatly heighten the value of some of Mr. Bowles' work, no doubt, but there is music and imagination which make his verse welcome reading. There are some fine pictures of the "old ecstasies" of the skies in a poem called "Orion," beginning:—

Where life-touch'd planets lifeless swept,
Mid blazing comets idly spun;
High-born Orion proudly kept
The shadowed highway of the sun!

But we confess we like Mr. Bowles best in a simpler vein, as in the following:—

Let us go home, the day is done,
And softly steals the pale young moon,
A silver shadow of the sun,
Athwart the broken haze of noon.
Let us go home; the summer night
Is all for you and me, my lass;
The years have stolen half our sight,
But come! there's one more stile to pass.

Let us go home, the corn is ripe,
All yellow falls the driven leaf,
What are they but the golden type—
The richer hope that springs from grief?
Let us go home; the dawn was fair,
The noon was full, the eve is sweet;
The night may hide enough of care—
But love shall guide our homeward feet!

Let us go home! we cannot stay.
Our eyes are blind—or is it night?
You, Dear, shall lead our homeward way:
Yours is the clearer, truer sight.
Let us go home; our love is strong,
But here, before you, stands the stile—
My hand, good wife, 'twill not be long,
I'll join you in a little while!

Some well-written verse is to be found in Mr. Robert Bain's *IN GLASGOW STREETS* (Glasgow, Henry Nicol), a little book which, coming in a humbler guise than most minor poetry, contains much that deserves a more careful reading than can be

invited for the majority. There is a pleasant ring about this

Howe'er I wander o'er the world
May fate be kind to me,
And never let my tired feet
Be far from the salt sea.

My eyes may lose my native hills,
But yet my heart's at home,
If at the winding of the road
I catch the glint of foam.

For the sweet, salt savour of the sea
Brings healing to all pain—
The open road, the only road,
That brings us home again!

There are some touching Scots songs, too; and, though the note is generally a minor, there is a certain harmony in the little volume which lifts it above the common herd. Mr. Bain has much of the secret of sympathy.

The Dean of Ely, in a little volume, paper bound, called *BRYHTNOTH'S PRAYER*, and other poems (Fisher Unwin, 1s. 6d.), writes pleasant enough verse in varying moods, reminiscent sometimes of Kingsley, of whom the Dean is a devoted disciple. He is most successful, we think, in his carols, of which we should have been glad to have had more than the two given us.

Mr. George Bidder's book, *BY SOUTHERN SHORE* (Constable, 6s.), is chiefly worth reading for some pleasant pictures of Italy such as "Naples, Early Morning" and "Naples, Night," and for its reproduction of the atmosphere of the land where—

Blue as a sapphire swells the sea,
Into the gleaming of the air!

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

THEOLOGY.

Such books as *WOMEN OF THE NEW TESTAMENT*, by Mr. Walter F. Adeney (Service and Paton, 3s. 6d.), show how sluggish is the popular imagination. The "delightful simplicity" (to use the author's words) of the Bible conveys little to the jaded skimmer of daily papers; for every year the number of those who have learnt to read grows less and less. Therefore Mr. Adeney must step in and (in language modelled upon its favourite journals) repaint the gospel pictures for the public. Fresh from the police-court columns, the story of Salome conveys nothing to us, till we are reminded that it is "an unparalleled mingling of bloodthirsty vengeance with sickening jocularity"; and are told that "such a scene unsexes any woman"; and that "Lady Macbeth would shrink from it with horror," which is probably unfair to Lady Macbeth; also that "Lucrezia Borgia could not be credited with the loathsome combination of devilry and buffoonery." Poor Lucrezia, that innocent victim of modern opera! Why should she be dragged in? But we do not blame Mr. Adeney. The fault is rather in the public which requires him.

The title *RECONCILIATION BY INCARNATION* (T. and T. Clark, 7s. 6d.) well explains the purpose of Dr. D. W. Simon's learned if somewhat heavy treatise. Starting with an inquiry into the ultimate factors of the universe, matter, energy, &c., he proceeds to discuss the relationship between God and Man and the "rectification of the abnormal relations" by the Logos. His treatment of the questions raised by the Incarnation is independent and free, but, on the whole, he settles to the belief of the Church, seeing fewer difficulties, for instance, in the virgin-birth than in the objections to it. The thought of the present century, he notes, has found more and more truth in the idea of an incarnation, however various may have been the modes of conceiving it, and however far it may have been from accepting the simple account of the Gospels. The incarnation he defines further on as "the becoming a member of the organism of humanity." The book covers a good deal of ground, natural

science and literature being marshalled before us, as well as theology, both English and German.

It is pleasant to think that such sensible sermons as Dr. J. H. Bernard's *VIA DOMINI* (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) are being constantly preached in the cathedrals and college chapels of England and Ireland. Religious animosity may run high in the sister island, but here in the centre of its learning, at Trinity College, we find a spirit that augurs a better future. For Dr. Bernard is essentially reasonable and tolerant; he is broad-minded in his orthodoxy, and he is not hampered by eloquence. It must be admitted, also, that his style is without much distinction; and his thought is marked by commonsense rather than originality in dealing with the profound subjects that are raised by these "Sermons for Christian Seasons."

Two new volumes of "The Bible Student's Library" (Queen's Printers, 6s. each) are *THE BOOK OF DANIEL FROM THE CHRISTIAN STANDPOINT*, by Rev. J. Kennedy, and *THE AGE OF THE MACCABEES*, by Rev. A. W. Streane. The appearance of these books makes one wish that her Majesty would change her printers; or that Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode would make an effort to place the Queen's print on a level with the Queen's English. Such ugly, vulgar dulness of type, title-page, and cover is now happily becoming exceptional. Of the two volumes Dr. Streane's is the more interesting; it deals with a little known period, which yet is of great importance for the student of the New Testament; for the attitude of the Jews at the time of Christ cannot be understood by those to whom the period between Alexander the Great and Herod the Great is a blank. Dr. Kennedy's "Daniel" is merely a fighting book. He attempts to confute Dr. Driver and the higher critics, and in doing so exhibits more learning than tact. What, for instance, is so likely to prejudice a reader against the argument that is to follow as the motto on the fly-leaf:—"Can Time undo what once was true?"

CHRISTIANITY AND ANTI-CHRISTIANITY IN THEIR FINAL CONFLICT, by Mr. Samuel J. Andrews (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a thoughtful, rather than a powerful book. The writer's apparent aim is to show that in the tendencies of the present time may be discerned a "preparation for the final fulfilment of the Scripture predictions" respecting a widespread apostasy from the Christian faith, and the appearance of an Anti-Christ. Mr. Andrews' view of these tendencies is uniformly pessimistic, and a large section of the book is devoted to quotations from modern writers. Mr. Andrews' summary of the Scriptural statements respecting the Anti-Christ is careful and sober, though it does not take account of the results of recent criticism—e.g., in regard to the date and character of the Apocalypse, or the authorship of the second epistle of St. Peter. Mr. Andrews' survey of modern movements and tendencies lacks balance, but much that he says is forcibly and suggestively stated.

Mr. Macpherson's *CHRISTIAN DOGMATICS* (T. and T. Clark, 9s.) is an attempt "to give a systematic presentation" of Christian doctrines from the standpoint of a "moderate Calvinism." The section on the "History of Dogmatics" is singularly fair and admirably concise. In its calmness, its spirituality, and its breadth, Mr. Macpherson's statement of Christian doctrine contrasts favourably with most books of the same class.

Two reissues which deserve notice are the sixth edition of Mr. W. J. Cripps' *OLD ENGLISH PLATE* (Murray, 21s.), which incorporates the new information, especially as to church plate, gained by antiquarians, many of whom were stimulated by the appearance of the book twenty years ago to make their own inquiries; and the third edition of Mr. Rowland Ward's *RECORDS OF BIG GAME* (Rowland Ward, 30s. n.), which has many new illustrations, and another valuable addition in the shape of short descriptions of the characteristics and distribution of each species.

Messrs. Newnes' new *HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES* (12s.) is a handsome, well-printed quarto, with a wealth of illustrations (set in the page) by Helen Stratton. They are worked in pen and ink, and are full of originality and humour, and in thorough accord with the spirit of the text.

COCK-CROW.

The moon has set; the prophets of the morning
Sonorous and defiant, shrill and clear,
Under the starlight echo forth a warning:
"The Lord of Day is near!"

A sense of light unseen is slowly growing
O'er weald and wold ere yet the dawn's unfurled—
Ere yet the God, on stairs of gold a-glowing,
Climbs up the edge o' the world.

Sweet is the sunrise savour of the grasses,
Fragrant the incense of the dewy way,
And breath of flowers; yet no sweet surpasses
The scent of the newborn day.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Among my Books.

THE MOOD AND THE BOOK.

It is rather a strange thing—but observation assures one of its truth—that comparatively few people understand that in reading, as in every other pursuit worth pursuing, there is room for the practice of art. Nowadays we are all utilitarian rather than artistic; and it is, perhaps, because so few people know how to read that we are gradually ceasing, as the literary journals perpetually remind us, to be a nation of book-lovers. Every man who knows his letters thinks he can read; and the portly financier who sits opposite you in the railway carriage every morning, deep in columns of stocks, would smile with indulgent contempt if you assured him that from end to end of the year he never reads intelligently at all—reads, that is to say, in the only way that reading is worth while—the only way that leaves an effect beyond the moment. Still, one scarcely expects Throgmorton Street to be literary, and the art of reading would not be worth discussing at all among one's books and bookmen friends if it were not that many of the sincerest lovers of literature seem to miss the full enjoyment that springs from a book chosen to fit a mood, and a mood chiming in exact harmony with a book. The mood and the book! The time, and the place, and the loved one all together! This is the true secret, the true art, of reading, and in its kind its charm is unsurpassable. Only to attain to it is difficult.

All art is a matter of selection; and, above all things, the art of reading depends upon choice. But, just as the maiden in her first season fails to know her own mind, however much she is herself convinced to the contrary, so the untrained reader is ignorant of what he wants, is incapable of choosing the book which he is ripe to enjoy. I know a man, a true lover of poetry if ever there was one, who will go out into the fields on a blue spring morning, and read Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" in the open air, full of the belief that this is the one way to appreciate it. And I believe that nine people out of ten would agree with him; possibly, indeed, they are right. Yet I remain unconvinced. The open country, where "the young lambs bound as to the labor's sound,"

with the springing sod beneath me, and the carolling lark above—here is, perhaps, the one place and the one moment in which I do *not* want to read that immortal pæan of spring, in which it seems for the hour unnecessary, for the very reason that it is inevitable. Poetry, said its author, is emotion remembered in tranquillity; if that be so, reading, too, should surely be governed by the same sentiment. To enjoy the portrayal of an emotion, whatever the form of art, we must be at the moment free of it in our own selves. If you are labouring under loss, you do not want to see the *Antigone*; and it is when we are without trouble ourselves that we are best able to sympathize with the less fortunate. Emotion, in a word, works by contrast; and since reading is essentially the arousing of emotion, it is largely dependent upon the selection of contrasted or antithetic moods. The man who is without a sense of contrast is without imagination also; and to lack imagination is, intellectually, to be dead already. And in some form or other imagination survives in almost every healthy, working intellect. To look at the thing in its lightest aspect, we all remember Calverley's city clerk at the seaside, how he sat him down upon the yellow sand, between the sun and moon upon the shore:—

And thought how, posted near his door,
His own green door on Camden Hill,
Two bands at least, most likely more,
Were mingling at their own sweet will

Verdi with Vance. And at the thought
He laughed again, and softly drew
That *Morning Herald* that he'd bought
Forth from his breast, and read it through.

Well, that is the Cockney reduction to absurdity of my little theory of contrast, and it is so violent that it almost seems to wreck it with burlesque. And yet consider the human nature of the thing! Consider how the reader revelled in the familiar stocks; in the railway accident at London Bridge, "whereby many City men were delayed for an hour at the busiest time of the morning"; and how every item gained in relish from the sense that for a fortnight he was free of it all! He chose a homely medium, it is true, but he appreciated the value of contrast; and I am not sure but that he went down to his house justified rather than my friend who needs the chorus of nature about him before he can be at one with Wordsworth!

Of course, one does not want to labour the point of contrast; literature is not entirely "allopathic," as Harley Street might say. The mourner must still return to *In Memoriam*, and the armies of the future will doubtless march into action to the music of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. But that well-worn Greek audience, which fined Phrynichus for moving it to tears, understood better than most of us that man lives by the reaction of moods alone. The child, too, seems to understand it better than the man. In a familiar passage Mr. Ruskin declares that, if a young girl is turned loose in a library, she will inevitably choose only such books as are healthful to her. In the matter of girlhood Mr. Ruskin is an optimist; and one fears that in these days of "feminine culture" the confidence is a little too enthusiastic. But it is certainly

true that boys and girls, running riot among their father's books, do manage with wonderful felicity to pick out the book that suits the mood. Youth has no affectations; it never reads what it does not care about, and it derives immense enjoyment and stimulus from the book that pleases it. Somehow, the richer shelves of maturity do not always seem to add to that pleasure quite in the proportion that they should. It may be that many interests blunt the emotions, that "he who increaseth knowledge increaseth," if not "sorrow," at least confusion, and that when the moods become more complex it is more difficult to find the books to fit them. Certainly, in the art of reading, there are some things that never return, "some first affections, some shadowy recollections," which can never be recaptured. They come like a flood of light across the countryside in spring; every bush and every tree falls into relief, and the wood beyond is woven with mysterious hollows. So, when first the mood and the book join hands, in the golden spring of boyhood, life seems flooded with new meaning, a great wonder breaks in upon us; we lift up our eyes unto the hills, and we know that the world is good. And oh! if only those emotions, those evasive, tremulous moods could be restored to us! But they pass with the light step and the careless laugh, and the thoughts of man are grey, grey thoughts!

It may be, then, that for pure enjoyment the man of few books is to be envied, just as the man of few moods seems to come most easily through the tangle of existence. But the moods must be strong; and the books, need one add? must be of the elect. Perhaps not even a hundred "best books" are necessary to a liberal education: one has known men of natural literary culture who were probably on intimate terms with fewer. For the elect have always their moods; you never turn to them in vain; they mourn to you, they pipe to you, you may weep or dance at will. But what is one to say for the dreary multitude of books poured forth every week from these weary presses of Britain, books whose very existence seems staked on the boast that they have no mood for any one? Worse still are the magazine and the popular pennyworth of home chatter. It is said that the cheap periodical is killing the book in England; if there is any truth in it, it is a wretched outlook. For the newest form of magazine seems designed solely for the killing of moods; it snaps its cheap information at you like a pistol, with a "Stand and deliver" intonation which annihilates thought; it is nothing for two pages together; it makes mocks and mows like a dancer in a booth, and it leaves you exhausted without the satisfaction of having been entertained. It is produced by those who lack imagination for the better suppression of imagination in others, and it promises to be fatal to the play of the idea. Promises—but, let us hope, will fail of its effect. Surely we shall not be contented with it for long. It seems impossible that the coming generation will not return upon itself—return, too, to the pleasant pastures of pure literature. The very violence of the change must end in reaction; restlessness cannot be a permanent mood, even with the young. But never more than now was it the duty of those of us

who care for literary tradition, and believe in the incalculable power of books to humanize and recreate—never was it more our duty to do what we can to hold to what is restful and sure in letters, and to repress what is restless and vain. Life is made up of emotion; it is by literature that emotion is most keenly aroused. There is the mood and there is the book. Shall they not work together to the perfecting of the little while that is given us for toil and for enjoyment?

ARTHUR WAUGH.

FATE AND THE APOTHECARY.

[BY GEORGE GISSING.]

"Farmilee. Chemist by Examination."

So did the good man proclaim himself to a suburb of a city in the West of England. It was one of those pretty, clean, fresh-coloured suburbs only to be found in the West: a few dainty little shops, everything about them bright or glistening, scattered among pleasant little houses with gardens eternally green and all but perennially in bloom; every vista ending in foliage, and in one direction a far glimpse of the Cathedral towers, sending forth their music to fall dreamily upon these quiet roads. The neighbourhood seemed to breathe a tranquil prosperity. Red-cheeked emissaries of butcher, baker, and grocer, order-book in hand, knocked cheerily at kitchen doors, and went smiling away; the ponies they drove were well-fed and frisky, their carts spick and span. The church of the parish, an imposing edifice, dated only from a few years ago, and had cost its noble founder a sum of money which any church-going parishioner would have named to you with proper awe. The population was largely female, and every shopkeeper who knew his business had become proficient in bowing, smiling, and suave servility.

Mr. Farmilee, it is to be feared, had no very profound acquaintance with his business from any point of view. True, he was "chemist by examination," but it had cost him repeated efforts to reach this unassailable ground, and more than one pharmacist with whom he abode as assistant had felt it a measure of prudence to dispense with his services. Give him time, and he was generally equal to the demands of suburban customers; hurry or interrupt him, and he showed himself anything but the man for a crisis. Face and demeanour were against him. He had exceedingly plain features, and a persistently sour expression; even his smile suggested sarcasm. He could not tune his voice to the tradesman note, and on the slightest provocation he became, quite unintentionally, offensive. Such a man had no chance whatever in this flowery and bowery little suburb.

Yet he came hither with hopes. One circumstance seemed to him especially favourable; the shop was also a post-office, and no one could fail to see (it was put most impressively by the predecessor who sold him the business) how advantageous was this blending of public service with commercial interest; especially as there was no telegraphic work to make a skilled assistant necessary. As a matter of course, people using the post-office would patronize the chemist; and a provincial chemist can add to his legitimate business sundry pleasant little tradings which benefit himself without provoking the jealousy of neighbour shopmen. "It will be your own fault, my dear sir, if you do not make a very good thing of it indeed. The sole and sufficient explanation of—of the decline during this last year or two is my checking health. I really have not been able to do justice to the business."

Necessarily, Mr. Farmilee entered into negotiation with the postal authorities; and it was with some little disappointment that he learnt how very modest could be his direct remuneration for the responsibilities and labours he undertook. The Post-office is a very shrewdly managed department of the public

service; it has brought to perfection the art of obtaining maximum results with a minimum expenditure. But Mr. Farmiloe remembered the other aspect of the matter; he would benefit so largely by this ill-paid undertaking that grumbling was foolish. Moreover, the thing carried dignity with it; he served her Majesty, he served the nation. And—ha, ha!—how very odd it would be to post one's letters in one's own post-office! One might really get a good deal of amusement out of the thought, after business hours.

His age was eight-and-thirty. For some years he had pondered matrimony, though without fixing his affections on any particular person. It was plain, indeed, that he ought to marry. Every tradesman is made more respectable by wedlock, and a chemist, who, in some degree, resembles a medical man, seems especially to stand in need of the matrimonial guarantee. Had it been feasible, Mr. Farmiloe would have brought a wife with him from the town where he had lived for the past few years; but he was in the difficult position of knowing not a single marriageable female to whom he could address himself with hope or with self-respect. Natural shyness had always held him aloof from reputable women; he felt that he could not recommend himself to them—he who had such an unlucky aptitude for saying the wrong word or keeping silence when speech was demanded. With the men of his acquaintance he could relieve his sense of awkwardness and deficiency by becoming aggressive; in fact, he had a reputation for cantankerousness, for pugnacity which kept most of his equals in some awe of him, and to perceive this was one solace amid many disappointments. Nicely-dressed and well-spoken and good-looking women above the glass of domestic servant he worshipped from afar, and only in vivacious moments pictured himself as the wooer of such a superior being.

It seemed as though fate could do nothing graciously with Mr. Farmiloe. At six-and-thirty he suffered the shock of learning that a relative—an old woman to whom he had occasionally written as a matter of kindness (Farmiloe could do such things)—had left him by will the sum of six hundred pounds. It was strictly a shock; it upset his health for several days, and not for a week or two could he realize the legacy as a fact. Just when he was beginning to look about him with a new air of confidence, the solicitors who were managing the little affair for him daily acquainted him with the fact that his deceased relative's will was contested by other kinsfolk whom the old woman had passed over, on the ground that she was imbecile and incapable of conducting her affairs. There followed a law-suit, which consumed many months and cost a good deal of money; so that, though he won his case, Mr. Farmiloe lost all satisfaction in his improved circumstances, and was only more embittered against the world at large.

Then, no sooner had he purchased his business, than he learnt from smiling neighbours that he had paid considerably too much for it. His predecessor, beyond a doubt, would have taken very much less; had, indeed, been on the point of doing so just when Mr. Farmiloe appeared. This kind of experience is a trial to any man. It threw Mr. Farmiloe into a silent rage, with the result that two or three customers who chanced to enter his shop declared that they would never have anything more to do with such a surly creature.

And now began his torment—a form of exasperation peculiar to his dual capacity of shopkeeper and manager of a post-office. All day long he stood on the watch for customers—literally stood, now behind the counter, now in front of it, his eager and angry eyes turning to the door whenever the step of a passer-by sounded without. If the door opened his nerves began to tingle, and he straightened himself like a soldier at attention. For a moment he suffered an agony of doubt. Would the person entering turn to the counter or to the post-office side? And seldom was his hope fulfilled; not one in four of the people who came in was a genuine customer; the post-office, always the post-office. A stamp, a card, a newspaper wrapper, a postal order, a letter to be registered—anything but an honest purchase across the counter or the blessed tendering of a prescription to

make up. From recreation he passed to amusements, to (tragic) farry; he cursed the post-office, and committed to detestable perdition the man who had waxed eloquent upon its advantages. Of course, he had hired an errand-boy, and never had an errand-boy had so little legitimate occupation. Resolved not to pay him for nothing, Mr. Farmiloe kept him cleaning windows, washing bottles, and the like, until the lad fairly broke into rebellion. If this was the sort of work he was engaged for he must have higher wages; he wasn't over strong, and his mother said he must lead an open-air life—that was why he had taken the place. To be bearded thus in his own shop was too much for Mr. Farmiloe; he seized the opportunity of giving him a full swing, and burst into a frenzy of vilification. Just as his passion reached its height (he stood with his back to the door) there entered a lady who wished to make a large purchase of disinfectants. Alarmed and scandalized at what was going on, she had no sooner crossed the threshold than she turned again, and hurried away. Her friends were not long in learning from her that the new chemist was a most violent man, a most disagreeable person—the very last man one would think of doing business with.

The house was but poorly furnished, and Mr. Farmiloe had engaged a very cheap general servant, who involved him in dirt and discomfort. It was a matter of talk among the neighbouring tradesmen that the chemist lived in a beggarly fashion. When the dismissed errand-boy spread the story of how he had been used, people jumped to the conclusion that Mr. Farmiloe drank. Before long there was a legend that he had been seen suffering from an acute attack of delirium tremens.

The post-office, always the post-office. If he sat down to a meal the shop bell clanged, and—hope springing eternal—he hurried forth in readiness to make up a packet or edify a mixture; but it was an old lady who held him in talk for ten minutes about rates of postage to South America. When, by rare luck, he had a prescription to dispense (the hideous scrawl of that pestilent Dr. Bunker) in came somebody with letters and parcels which he was requested to weigh; and his hand shook so with rage that he could not resume his dispensing for the next quarter of an hour. People asked extraordinary questions, and were surprised, offended, when he declared he could not answer them. When would a letter be delivered at a village on the north-west coast of Ireland? Was it true that the post-office contemplated a reduction of rates to Hong-kong? Would he explain in detail the new system of express delivery? Invariably he betrayed impatience, and occasionally he lost his temper; people went away exclaiming what a horrid man he was!

"Mr. What's-your-name," said a shopkeeper one day, after receiving a short answer, "I shall make it my business to complain of you to the Postmaster-General. I don't come here to be insulted."

"Who insulted you?" returned Farmiloe like a sulken schoolboy.

"Why, you did. And you're always doing it."

"I'm not!"

"You are!"

"If I did"—terror stole upon the chemist's heart—"I didn't mean it, and I—I'm sure I apologize. It's a way I have."

"A damned bad way, let me tell you. I advise you to get out of it."

"I'm sorry."

"So you should be."

And the tradesman walked off, only half appeased. Mr. Farmiloe could have shed tears in his mortification, and for some minutes he stood looking at a bottle of laudanum, wishing he had the courage to have done with life. Plainly, he could not live very long unless things improved. His ready money was coming to an end; rent and rates loomed before him. An awful thought of bankruptcy haunted him in the early morning hours.

The most frequent visitor to the post-office was a well-dressed middle-aged man, who spoke civilly, and did his business in the fewest possible words. Mrs. Farmiloe rather liked the

look of him, and once or twice made conversational overtures, but with no encouraging result. One day, feeling bolder than usual, the chemist ventured to speak what he had in mind. After supplying the grave gentleman with stamps and postal orders, he said, in a tone meant to be conciliatory:—

"I don't know whether you ever have need of mineral waters, Sir?"

"Why, yes, sometimes. My ordinary tradesman supplies them."

"I thought I'd just mention that I keep them in stock."

"Ah—thank you—"

"I've noticed," went on the luckless apothecary, his bosom heaving with a sense of his wrongs, "that you're a pretty large customer of the post-office, and it seems to me"—he meant to speak jocosely—"that it would be only fair if you gave me a turn now and then. I get next to nothing out of this, you know. I should be much obliged if you—"

The man of few words was looking at him, half in surprise, half in indignation, and when the chemist blundered into silence he spoke:—

"I really have nothing to do with that. As a matter of fact, I was on the point of making a little purchase in your shop, but I decidedly object to this kind of behaviour, and shall make my purchases elsewhere."

He strode solemnly into the street, and Mr. Farmiloe, unconscious of all about him, glared at vacancy.

Whether from the angry tradesman, or from some lady with whom Mr. Farmiloe had been abrupt, a complaint did presently reach the postal authorities, with the result that an official called at the chemist's shop. The interview was unpleasant. It happened that Mr. Farmiloe (not for the first time) had just then allowed himself to run out of certain things always in demand by the public—halfpenny stamps, for instance. Moreover, his accounts were not in perfect order. This, he had to hear, was emphatically unbusinesslike, and, in brief, would not do.

"It shall not occur again, Sir," mumbled the unhappy man.

"But, if you consider my position—"

"Mr. Farmiloe, allow me to tell you that that is a matter for your own consideration, and no one else's."

"True, Sir, quite true. Still when you come to think of it—"

"I assure you—"

"The only assurance I want is that the business of the post-office will be properly attended to, and that assurance I must have. I shall probably call again before long. Good-morning."

It was always with a savage satisfaction that Mr. Farmiloe heard the clock strike eight on Saturday evening. His shop remained open till ten, but at eight came the end of post-office business. If, as happened, any one entered five minutes too late, it delighted him to refuse their request. These were the only moments in which he felt himself a free man. After eating his poor supper, he smoked a pipe or two of cheap tobacco, brooding; or he fingered the pages of his menacing account books; or, very rarely, he walked about the dark country roads, asking himself, with many a tragi-comic gesture and ejaculation, why he could not get on like other men.

One afternoon it seemed that he, at length, had his chance. There entered a maidservant with a prescription to be made up and sent as soon as possible. A glance at the name delighted Mr. Farmiloe; it was that of the richest family in the suburbs. The medicine, to be sure, was only for a governess, but his existence was recognized, and the patronage of such people would do him good. But for the never-to-be-sufficiently-condemned handwriting of Dr. Bunker, the prescription offered no difficulty. Babbling his palms together, and smiling, as he seldom smiled, he told the domestic that the medicine should be delivered in less than half an hour.

Scarcely had he begun upon it when a lady came in, a lady whom he knew too well. Her business was at the post-office side, and she looked a peremptory demand for his attention. In vainly futile, he crossed the shop.

"Be so good as to tell me what this will cost by book post."

It seemed to be a pamphlet. Giving a glance at one of the open ends, Mr. Farmiloe saw handwriting within, and his hostility to the woman found vent in a sharp remark:—

"There's a written communication in this. It will be better rate."

The lady eyed him with a terrible scorn, and said:—

"You will oblige me by minding your own business. Your remark is the merest impertinence. That packet consists of MS., and will, therefore, go at book rate. Be so good as to weigh it at once."

Mr. Farmiloe lost all control of himself, and well-nigh screamed:—

"No, Madam, I will not weigh it! And let me inform you, as you are so ignorant, that to weigh packets is not part of my duty. I do it merely to oblige civil persons, and you, Madam, are not one of them."

The lady instantly turned and withdrew.

"Damn the post-office!" yelled Mr. Farmiloe, alone with his errand-boy, and shaking his fist in the air. "This very day I write to give it up. I say—damn the post-office."

He returned to his dispensing, completed it, wrapped up the bottle in the customary manner, and despatched the boy to the house.

Five minutes later a thought flashed through his mind which put him in a cold sweat. He happened to glance along the shelf from which he had taken the bottle containing the last ingredient of the mixture, and it struck him, with all the force of a horrible doubt, that he had made a mistake. In the frate confusion of his thoughts, he had done the dispensing almost mechanically. The bottle he ought to have taken down was that; but had he not actually poured from that other? Of poisoning there was no fear; but, if indeed he had made the slip, the result would be a very extraordinary mixture; so surprising, in fact, that the patient would be sure to speak to Dr. Bunker about it. Good Heavens! He felt sure he had made the mistake.

Any other man would have taken down the two bottles in question, and have examined the mouths of them for traces of moisture. Mr. Farmiloe, a victim of destiny, could do nothing so reasonable. Headless of the fact that his shop remained unguarded, he seized his hat and rushed after the errand-boy.

If he could only have a sniff at the mixture it would either confirm his fear or set his mind at rest. He tore along the road—and was too late. The boy met him, having just completed his errand.

With a wild curse he sped to the house, he rushed to the tradesman's door. The medicine just delivered! He must examine it—he feared there was a mistake—an extraordinary oversight.

The bottle had not yet been sent upstairs. Mr. Farmiloe tore off the wrapper, wrenched out the cork, sniffed—and smiled feebly.

"Thank you. I'm glad to find there was no mistake. I'll take it back, and have it wrapped up again, and send it immediately—immediately. And, by-the-by—" he fumbled in his pocket for half-a-crown, still smiling like a detected culprit.

"I'm sure you won't mention this little affair. A new assistant of mine—stupid fellow—I am going to get rid of him at once. Thank you, thank you."

Notwithstanding that half-a-crown the incident was, of course, talked of through the house before a quarter of an hour had elapsed. Next day it was the gossip of the suburbs; and the day after the city itself had heard the story. People were alarmed and scandalized. Why, such a chemist was a public danger!

One lady declared that she ought at once to be "struck off the rolls!"

And so, in a sense, he was. Another month and the flowery, bowery little suburb knew him no more. He hid himself in a great town, living on the wreck of his fortune whilst he sought a place as an assistant. A leaky pair of boots and a bad customer found the unbearable spot of his constitution. After all, there was just enough money left to bury him.

Notes.

In commemoration of the thousandth anniversary in 1901 of King Alfred's death, it has been decided that a statue of him, together with a hall to be used as a museum of Early English History, shall be erected at Winchester, where he was buried. The publication of a popular work on Alfred has, we understand, also been arranged for, and other means of commemoration are being considered. For these purposes £30,000 will be necessary, of which £3,000 has already been subscribed. Donations should be sent to Mr. A. Bowker (ex-Mayor), Guildhall, Winchester.

At last Saturday's ceremony at Edmonton, where bas-reliefs to Lamb and Keats were unveiled to commemorate their connexion with the town, Mr. Frederic Harrison noted the one element in common between the two men, that they were both almost entirely self-educated. Otherwise it would be difficult to find two contemporary writers of genius so different as the respective authors of "The Ode to the Nightingale," and "A Dissertation upon Roast Pig." As to Lamb's connexion with Edmonton, the story of his sister's illness, which brought him there, and of his own somewhat sudden death must always appeal to the visitor to "Bay Cottage."

But the interest of Keats' sojourn at Edmonton as a surgeon's apprentice, and at Enfield under the tuition of the Rev. John Clarke, and as a schoolfellow of Charles Cowden Clarke is not so purely personal. It touches the question as to the character of his early studies. While at Enfield he made the exhaustive researches in Lempriere's "Classical Dictionary," Tooke's "Pantheon," and Spence's "Polymetis" which bore fruit in his treatment of the Greek Mythology. Mr. W. M. Rossetti says he also made some acquaintance with Shakespeare, and told a younger schoolfellow that he thought no one durst read *Macbeth* alone in the house at two in the morning. While at Edmonton, too, the future author of "The Eve of St. Agnes" no doubt imbibed much of its medieval spirit in his studies of Spenser. The mixture of classical and medieval lore in "The Faerie Queene" is in fact thoroughly typical of Keats. His attachment to Spenser, too, like his attachment to De Foe, fostered his native gift of narrative poetry. Perhaps his love for "The Faerie Queene" accounts for some of the *longueurs* of "Endymion," just as his later studies of Dryden's *Fables* may have been partly responsible for the conciseness of "Lamia."

Influenza has claimed another victim in the world of letters in the person of Mr. Henry Offley Wakeman, who was taken ill at Basle, on his way home from Egypt. Mr. Wakeman had a distinguished career at Oxford, taking a first in history in 1873, acting as bursar and tutor at Keble, and as history examiner in 1888 and 1889, and holding an All Souls' Fellowship. He wrote a great deal on historical subjects, and many of his books were very widely read. The principal of them were—"The Church and the Puritans," "Introduction to the History of the Church of England," and "The Ascendency of France" in the "Periods of Modern History" Series. His impartiality as a historian was, to a certain extent, affected by his well-known and pronounced leaning towards the views of the High Church Party, but the merits of his writings were recognized even by his opponents, and high hopes were entertained for his future work.

The late Duke of Beaufort had a certain connexion with letters. In conjunction with Mr. A. E. T. Watson he edited the whole of the Badminton Library of Sport, and was also author of the volume on Driving, part author of that on Hunting, and a contributor to that on Riding.

When *The Prisoner of Zenda* proved successful in its stage version at the St. James' and the vogue arose for "costume plays," there was some thought of Mr. George

Alexander reviving *Henry V.* In place, perhaps, of Shakespeare's drama, Mr. Edward Rose provided a play of the next reign, called *In Days of Old*, in which the wars of York and Lancaster form the background to a complicated story of the loves and hates of Lillian, Amyra, and Ulick Boddart, which admits the appearance on the stage of Henry and Margaret of Anjou. Here, again, as at the Garrick last week, despite the excellent setting, dresses, and actors, the drama has been forgotten. This is the difficulty which hampers the praiseworthy desire to revive the historical drama. There is a clash of interests on the part of the two Boddarts, and there is a clash of swords and some atmosphere of the period, but Mr. Rose has yet to write an epic play on the Wars of the Roses.

The vulgarization of the fittest among words and proper names is an inevitable process. It takes but a few years, sometimes a few months, for terms of appreciation to become hackneyed and insincere—and therefore meaningless—by the violent uses of journalism. "Precious" died ten years ago; "winsome" had but a feeble existence which has now fluttered away; "convincing" is moribund; "distinguished" and "charming" need much care. No critic who respects his style can now say that so-and-so "has arrived" or "will go far." The phrases serve for a day, and to-morrow pass into the banal; the ready-made, into the service of the hurried and the commonplace—some of them, perhaps, to be revived under happier auspices.

The decay and the revival holds good in just the same way in the case of proper names. "Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere." This is a matter of which the romance writer must take careful note. Many names have had to be blotted out of the already small list suitable for serious heroines. A correspondent, Mr. Leonard Merrick, is at the present moment unable to finish a book because, as he wrote, the name of his heroine had taken on an entirely new significance. For three years he thought of her as Maud; he endowed her with the attributes of the Maud of his imagination. But meanwhile time had been at work, and a change for the worse had set in—"Mord Em'ly" was published, then came Alice Maud of the "Hooligan Papers," and, behold, Maud had become a synonym for 'Arriet. Maud is no longer "tall and stately."

Maud, the delight of the village, the ringing joy of the hall.

What is she now? My dreams are bad. She may bring me a curse.

To-day she suggests, not the calling of the birds in the high hall garden, but the discords of a concertina in a side street off Covent-garden. Tennyson would not have chosen Maud had he written to-day.

Our correspondent thinks that there should be a protest against the profanation of the most beautiful names belonging to Englishwomen. Yet the heroines of Lambeth may be as good Englishwomen as those of Kensington Gore. The name of Maud, for instance, is for all the world to use. Tennyson popularized it; in the passing of a generation it fills the streets of Walworth. The days of Maud, we fear, must, like those of Helen of Troy, have an end. Maud, Violet, and Irene slip from Bayswater into Bermondsey; the whirligig of time brings in his revenges, and Betty, Peggy, Susan, and Sarah are once more the names which suggest the beauty and light of English womanhood. Some names, like John and Mary, belong to all classes and yet retain for special reasons a dignity of their own. But they are exceptions which prove—that is, as our correspondence on this phrase explained, "test"—the rule.

The innumerable verse-writers of the day, a selection from whose recent productions we review on another page, are by no means averse to experiments in metre; and we cannot but think it a pity that they so very rarely see what can be done with that expressive and essentially English rhythm, the hexameter. It is only by a coincidence that the English bears a deceptive resem-

blance to the Classical hexameter; and it is essentially English, not only because it has in the hands of Clough, Kingsley, and Longfellow proved its magical power as a vehicle for romance, for *vers de société*, and for classical legend, but because it represents almost perfectly the cadence natural to English sentences.

This characteristic, and the licence which the poet may allow himself in placing the accent on the third or on every other syllable, involves, of course, a serious danger, and accounts, for instance, for Longfellow's "hasty, but somewhat irascible blacksmith." But for a writer with a fine ear, even if he do not bind himself by the severe accentual rules observed by Kingsley in "Andromeda," the lilt of the metre can be made to reveal a peculiar charm and distinction of its own, and indeed to transport us, as no other metre is able to do,

Far over hillock and runnel and brooklet, away in the champaign,
into the land of dreamlike and beautiful visions. But it is not suited to a lyrical introspective mood; and does not, therefore, we suppose, suggest itself to the self-conscious minor poets of to-day who have allowed the novelist to monopolize the field of romantic narrative—a field in which the poet has achieved, and, when a fresher, happier spirit breathes over the face of the waters, will, we hope, yet again achieve, his greatest victories.

A very clever and interesting pamphlet recently published by the Oxford University Press, and written by a Cambridge scholar, Mr. W. J. Stone, seems to show that to critics nurtured on classical metres—Mr. Stone is, we think, an Etonian—this view of the hexameter does not offer much satisfaction. He recognizes the accentual English hexameter as a legitimate metre, and we do not quite see why, if this is admitted, he should object to its being used for translating Homer. Nor should he ignore the distinction between Kingsley, who alone made a conscientious attempt to avoid trochees, and the other hexametrist among our English poets. But he is not content with our accentual hexameter, and appeals in almost plaintive phrases, as of one crying in the desert, for the revival of a metre purely quantitative. He is conscious that he is "exploring a desert white with the bones of distinguished predecessors, and persistently shunned and derided by the mass of sensible Englishmen." So dissatisfied is he with the present state of things that for him there is no other road for a hexametrist but that which leads to the desert aforesaid.

I shrink with horror [he says] when I picture the crowd of ready sympathizers, who, like Matthew Arnold, are prepared to meet me half-way. Believe me, there is no compromise. Reject the idea altogether, or be prepared to follow it to its logical end. No one need agree with me on any single point of prosody, but a strict prosody there must be, if the attempt is to have any sound basis at all.

This of course is one main difficulty to Mr. Stone's ingenious argument. A strict prosody must be to a great extent arbitrary and as little likely to gain general consent as a system of phonetic spelling. We are wholly at a loss to see why the first syllable of "reaction" is to be long because "Syllables followed by a vowel are all long unless they come after the accent of a word." And is even Mr. Stone, when with laudable intrepidity he puts his principles into practice, always a safe guide? Take these two lines:—

For shē | willed Ōdys | seūs should ā | wāke ānd |
see hēr in | āll hēr |
Loveliness.

and

Thān whēn | twō dwēlling | in ōne ā | bōde āre āt |
ōne in | āll things.

What, we ask in despair, is to be the quantity of "in," which, though in each case followed by a vowel, is here both long and short? But the real bar to the recognition among us of a quantitative metre is one not alluded to by Mr. Stone. To Southern peoples with their lingering speech, dwelling with a soft mono-

tony on the longer syllables, quantity becomes easily appreciable. To the northerner who ejects his words with forceful jerks no metrical distinction is possible but that of accent.

But it is only fair to give a brief sample of Mr. Stone's own performance, entreating our readers to read it slowly, keeping the natural accent, but dwelling on the syllables which are naturally long.

When maidens and mistress alike had wearied of eating,
They cast from them aside their veils and fell to the ball-play,
White-armed Nausicaa leading the measure to the players:—
As the arrow-scattering goddess Artemis hunts on a hill-side,
Or on Taygetus far-towering or Erymanthus,
Glorying in the rapid-footed hinds and hardy-footed boars:
While many nymphs with her, all of Zeus begot aegis-bearing,
Come to the hunt sportively;—a pride and glory to Leto.

On the second or third reading much beauty may be extracted from the rendering. "The arrow-scattering Goddess," quite unscannable by "accent," gains a fine sonorousness for the "quantitative" reader. To all students of prosody this pamphlet will afford much matter for thought—not only for its ingenuity but for its sketch of the history of the English hexameter.

An interesting study in metre as illustrated by the rhythms of Coventry Patmore has just been written by Mr. Maurice F. Egan, LL.D., of the Catholic University of America. He analyses the general technique of Patmore, and concludes that:—"It is in the management of the pauses—in the recognition of the value of time beats—that Coventry Patmore's supremacy in the ode form lies."

The day has not come when the reading of poetry will be taught as carefully as the musician teaches the reading of music, but a score of the verse effects of Mr. Patmore might easily be prepared, within certain musical limitations, which would broaden the views of those readers of verse who now fancy that the music of the great poet consists principally in recurrent rhymes or assonances, and thus limit their perception and enjoyment.

The revised edition of Mr. J. E. C. Bodley's "France" (Macmillan, 10s.) contains a new preface of great interest. Its aim is to persuade English readers that the failure of justice in France, and the too powerful influence of lawyers and journalists "who for twenty years have made ministerial instability a science," gives no ground for suggesting any inferiority in the French nation itself. Mr. Bodley disputes the maxim that "every people has the government it deserves." Aptitude to work parliamentary government successfully "is not a virtue the absence of which degrades a people, as the French may see if they look across the Vosges."

Germany in its united Empire and in its component parts has a political system of which any schoolboy in Laputa could demonstrate the vices. None the less it has pushed past France to the front rank of nations. . . . The greatness or superiority of a nation does not depend on the theoretical principles of its constitution, or we should hail Uruguay and Venezuela as patterns of government for the human race. It depends on the effective sum of the qualities of its people. . . . Parliamentary proceedings at Westminster usually give no sign that there is a dark side to the picture of national prosperity with which we dazzle the world: while most often the debates in the French Chamber totally disguise the existence of goodness and decency in the land.

The French "inferiority" in fact, such as it is, "comes from their adherence to a régime which disagrees with them." The new volume on which Mr. Bodley is at work deals with religious subjects in France, including possibly Anti-Semitism.

Few people are aware that one of the novels of M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, "Le Forestier," was translated in 1892 by Mrs. Simpson, the daughter of the late Mr. Nassau Senior, and the authoress of "Many Memories of Many People," for Harper and Brothers, New York. It stands apart from other and later writings by the same author, and reveals a real love of the country. It is written under the pseudonym of "Jules de Ghouzet." It has never been published in England.

We mentioned in our last issue some volumes of interest which changed hands at Messrs. Sotheby's last week. The following also deserve mention:—Caxton, Higden's "Polychronicon," an imperfect copy, £111; Garrick's own copy of the "Poliphili Hypnerotomachia," 1499, £25 5s.; the only known copy of Martin Luther's "Enchiridion piarum precatumum," first edition, £4; Walton's "Compleat Angler," a fairly perfect copy of the first edition, £91; Milton's "Paradise Lost," first edition with the first title-page, 1667, £89; Ben Jonson's "Collected Works," first edition, two vols., quarto, in beautiful condition, £18 15s. Among the more modern books were Tennyson's "Ænone," the privately printed edition of 1857, with the Latin translation by Lord Lyttelton, £35. This little pamphlet was in the pink covers so rarely found complete, and, with the exception of one leaf, was in perfect condition. Thackeray, "Esmond," first edition, £43; Scott, "Waverley," first edition, three vols., in boards as issued, £150—a record price. This copy was perfect, the leaves being entirely uncut. A somewhat similar copy was sold in the same rooms in March last for £5 15s., but in this latter case it was a cut copy in cloth, which made all the difference. Included in the sale was an almost complete set of the Kelmscott books, and the prices obtained showed a considerable advance on those paid for a similar set sold in February last.

But the surprise of the sale came in the extraordinary prices realized by the Stevensoniana. They consisted chiefly of odd pamphlets, and the whimsical Davos Platz prints, thrown off when the author and Mr. Lloyd Osbourne were amusing themselves there with a printing press in the winter of 1881-2. Many of the sixty-seven lots consisted of small single pages, and the majority of them were absolutely without any intrinsic value whatever. Yet together they fetched the enormous aggregate of over £600. The actual average would undoubtedly have been higher had not the collection contained many duplicates—eighteen copies, for instance, of "The Pentland Rising." On the other hand, some of the lots represented the only specimens which can come on the market, the executor of the late Mrs. Stevenson having placed in the sale, unreservedly, all the pamphlets, &c., given by Stevenson to his mother.

As this sale was, so far as the works of Stevenson are concerned, unique, we give below the prices paid for each individual example, quoting the top price where duplicates were concerned, the others not falling much below the figures here given:—"Macaire," a melodramatic farce by W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson, 1885, £14; "Beau Austin," a play, by W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson, 1884, £20; "Admiral Guinea," a melodrama, by W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson, 1884, £19 11s.; "Kidnapped," the original unpublished leaflet edition, 27 pp., £30; "Testimonials in favour of Robert Louis Stevenson, Advocate," privately printed, 1881, £5; "Father Damien," the original Sydney edition, 1890, £41; "Notice of a new form of intermittent light for Lighthouses," 6 pp., with three diagrams, £12; "The Pentland Rising," 1866, £9 10s.; "The Charity Bazaar," 4 pp., £8 10s.; "Moral Emblems," 6 tiny leaves, £13 10s.; "Advertisement of a Second Collection of Moral Emblems," single leaf, £6; "Black Canyon," 4 small leaves, £11; "Advertisement of Black Canyon," 1 leaf, £5 5s.; two leaves printed on light blue paper with rude woodcut of a man admiring a daisy, and on the opposite page, "The Marguerite. Lawks! what a beautiful flower! T. S.," 1882, £8; "A Martial Elegy for some Lead Soldiers," a single leaf, £2 6s.; "The Graver and the Pen," 6 ll. and five woodcuts, £12 15s.; "Not I, and other Poems," four diminutive leaves, £22; "Rob and Ben; or, The Pirate and the Apothecary," three rude woodcuts in black and white, £16 5s.; "The Surprise, vol. I., Saturday, June, San Francisco," 4 pp., rudely printed, with small cuts, £21 5s.

The Ashburnham MSS., sold by Messrs. Sotheby on Monday last, formed one of the most noticeable collections of the kind dispersed during the last years of the nineteenth century—certainly

since the Hamilton MSS. were sold ten years ago. Yet they constituted only the "appendix" of the immense collection formed by the fourth Earl of Ashburnham. The catalogue was compiled from notes made by the late Lord Ashburnham himself. The first lot, a slightly imperfect "Legenda Sanctorum, or lives of Seyntis in Englysshe," fourteenth century folio, realized £37 (Quaritch). This once belonged to Elias Ashmole, whose arms were stamped in gold on the binding. A folio Bible of the fourteenth century in Latin, written on fine vellum in Gothic characters, brought £125; another Latin Bible of the eleventh century, also on vellum, £146; and a copy of the later version of Wycliffe's Bible of the fourteenth century, a fine specimen of calligraphy on vellum, no less than £1,750. In 1620 William Davenpore, of Bramhall in Cheshire, left "this Booke (God willinge) for a heire loome" to his heirs. A Psalter of the thirteenth century, written in double columns on vellum, brought £51, and a copy of the Gospels in Latin £110. The latter was a fine manuscript in long lines with rubrics and initials in red. Books of devotion realized by far the highest prices at this sale, and among them the following are worthy of mention:—"Heures avec Calendrier, &c.," a quarto of the fourteenth century, £57; three quartos of the fifteenth century, "Horæ Latine," £81; "Orationes Devotæ," £77; "Officia Liturgica," £70. Others were "Horæ Beatissimæ Virginis Mariæ," a sixteenth-century octavo, £300; "Evangeliarum, sive lectiones Evangeliorum per anni circulum," a twelfth-century folio, £300; and "Evangelium S. Matthæi," a ninth-century folio, £166.

Chaucer was represented by six entries, three of which related to contemporary MSS. of "The Canterbury Tales," all unfortunately defective. They realized respectively £130, £23 10s., and £101. Rolle's "Pricke of Conscience" appeared three times, the best MS. being one of the fourteenth century, on vellum, which sold for £71. Sir Philip Sidney's "The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia" (sixteenth century) was a surprise, for it brought a trifle of twelve shillings only. Froissart's "Les Chroniques de France" (fifteenth century), in three vols. folio, on vellum, realized £151; and Bede's "Historiæ Ecclesiasticæ libri quinque," a very ancient MS. of the eighth century, £230. A fifteenth-century copy of Higden's "Polychronicon" brought £66, but three copies of "The Chronicle of Brute" failed to sell for more than a few pounds, though each was written on vellum and dated from the fifteenth century. In the case of printed books an estimate of their value can usually be given with tolerable accuracy; not so with MSS. No one would have supposed that a folio volume of "York Miracle Plays," fifteenth century, would have realized £121; or that a very important collection of MSS. made by John Urry for his edition of Chaucer's works, contained in four volumes, would have brought no more than £1 8s. On the whole, however, this sale was an extremely important one. The total sum realized amounted to £8,495 3s.

American Letter.

A NEW KIND OF PLAY.

Among the few dramatic novelties which have been offered to our playgoers during the season now pretty well ended, it is not saying very much of Mr. James A. Herne's *Rev. Griffith Davenport* to say it is first. It is not saying too much to say it is the only new thing of importance; for neither *Cyrano de Bergerac*, which was so bad, nor *Trelawney of the Wells*, which was so good, was quite fresh, though both were notable, and both were new to us. These pieces were of foreign origin and were of foreign sanction before they came here; but Mr. Herne's play is native to our air, if not to our time; and though it has not yet fully made its way with our public, it is worth considering for the high plane on which it has measurably succeeded. That is where I should like to consider it, without concealing my belief that it has faults which may well account for its want of entire success.

This has certainly not been attributable to unfriendly treat-

correspondence. On the whole, Mr. Leslie Stephen, after noting that there is no breach of confidence involved, as Browning left his son full authority to do what he pleased with his love letters, gives the publication his approval.

The difficulty [he writes] about the Browning letters is, I think, this—whether, in spite of their own undeniable merits, they will not set a precedent eminently likely to be abused. They may be justified as exceptional. The case is one of those in which the total result is so impressive and edifying that the ordinary rule may be disregarded. Unfortunately, when a precedent is set, there is no way of limiting the application to be made of it. Everybody is apt to be exceptional in his own eyes, and in the eyes of his nearest relatives; and one fears that the habit of turning out the most private receptacles will be encouraged without reason by the success of this particular performance. . . . All that one can do is to recognize the possibility of some bad consequences, and reserve a right to condemn the next follower.

Another article in the same number to which one turns with interest is that on "An Irish Poet," by Lord Lytton. Lord Lytton is only twenty-three years of age, but his paper proves that he inherits the literary talents of his family, and has a gift for luminous and suggestive criticism.

A writer in *Blackwood's* gives an account of a curious and remarkable volume which (though Macaulay knew it well) is probably known now to few, under the title of "An Irish Boswell." In the same year in which "Boswell's Johnson" was published, there was also published a biography almost worthy to rank with that immortal work, and for the very same qualities which have made it immortal, viz., the life of one Philip Skelton, an Irish Ecclesiastic of much vigour of mind and body, written by Samuel Burdy, his enthusiastic admirer. This is a very well written article, and the topic is an excellent one.

In *Longman's* Mr. Andrew Lang talks pleasantly about the late Mr. Palgrave, against whom the only charge he ever heard brought was that he talked too copiously. "Poets and critics at Oxford," says Mr. Lang, "come in little groups—Mr. Arnold, Mr. Clough, Mr. Palgrave; or, Mr. Mackail, Mr. Beeching, and their group." He regrets that Palgrave did not write the "Lives of the Poets," which Jowett suggested he should do. In writing of Palgrave, Mr. Lang mentions Mr. Ruskin, and adds the following little reminiscence:—

I think I can remember, in the sixties, hearing Mr. Ruskin ask, "Who is Villon?" and certainly I lent him the works of that poet with which he had been unacquainted.

Mr. Lang, by the way, thinks that the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford should be a matter of three years tenure, instead of ten; and he excites our curiosity by the remark, "There can be no doubt as to who should succeed Mr. Courthope in the chair of Mr. Matthew Arnold." In the same magazine Mrs. Clement Shorter has a good narrative poem in the ballad style, called "Earl Roderick's Bride."

Macmillan's is political rather than literary this month; but it has one sketch of fine poetical quality picturing Finland in its summer glory of rich colour. We may cull from it one little flower:—

The vitality of the human could not vie at all with this vegetative vitality. The pale-hued peasant leisurely handling his hay, piling it high on the low sledge (now doing its summer service of sliding along stubble instead of ice) sank into insignificance amid his environment of flowers girdling the shorn field like a huge garland. Perhaps the difference lay in that they had slept under the snow and he been wakeful, possibly hungry, above it, so that they, but not he, throbbed with the joy and wonder of resurrection. It seemed to me that in them the land was singing a loud, jubilant doxology, singing it in colour instead of in sound, but with as just and rare a music.

Temple Bar has, in "Jacobean lyrists," one of those well-written critical studies one is accustomed to look for in this magazine. It gives a pleasantly-written account of Herriek, Carew, Suckling, and Lovelace—"the four poets whose names are one sweet litany associated with the last years before the storm."

FICTION.

The Awkward Age. By Henry James. 7½ x 5¼ in., 414 pp. London, 1899. Heinemann. 6s.

Those of Mr. Henry James' readers who believed and perhaps hoped that "The Other House," and still more "The Two Magics," might be taken as marking the definitive adoption by him of a new and a broader and bolder artistic method than that of his earlier works will be, if not disappointed, at any rate undeceived by his latest novel. "The Awkward Age" is, from the point of view of manner, a most pronounced "reversion to type." It is Mr. James at his most subtly psychological, at his most overwhelmingly copious, at his most exasperatingly deliberate. As regards subject its affinities are more recent. It shows us again the Mr. James of "What Maisie Knew," and, later still, of "In the Cage," the minute and patient, and, if the truth must be told, the too often wearisome student of that curiously corrupt and frivolous section of contemporary society to which he has latterly devoted so much of his attention. Here he is at his acutest as an analyst, and as a storyteller at his slowest and his most difficult. The length of "The Awkward Age" is inordinate, and though the delicacy and fineness of the literary workmanship are, as usual, admirable, the reader's interest in the fortunes of its characters is in danger of waning to extinction before its close. This, too, is the more to be regretted because the main motive of the story—an exhibition of the contrast between the manners and sentiments of the "old school," as represented in the elderly Mr. Longdon, who has lived for some twenty or thirty years out of the world, and those of the newest new, as personified by Mrs. Brookenham and her daughter, Mr. Vanderbank, Mr. Mitchett, the Duchess, and the rest of the fashionable triflers and *intrigantes*, among whom he finds himself—is one which no living writer is capable of presenting with that half-humorous, half-tragic truth which so impresses one in all Mr. James' work on these particular lines.

Considered apart as character sketches, the various figures that flit through this long but almost eventless society drama are, many of them, individually excellent. Mrs. Brookenham, the attractive, witty, absolutely "unmoral" woman of the world, with her modern, precocious, and too knowing, but frank, down-right, and in many ways loveable, eighteen-year-old daughter, are both drawn with singular skill; and the way in which the elderly Mr. Longdon, who has cherished a hopeless attachment for the girl's grandmother, gradually overcomes the shock of the contrast between the faded romances of the past and the rather slangy prose of the present—a recovery which becomes at last so complete that he makes Nanda his wife—is made credible and, even in a suppressed sort of way, touching. The colourless husband of Mrs. Brookenham, and the "decadent" son Harold, with his cynical vivacity of talk and his habit of helping himself to money from his mother's bureau and of borrowing casual five-pound notes from afternoon callers—these, too, slight as they are, are well realized portraits. Here is the former:—

It could not be said of Edward Brookenham, who seemed to bend for sitting down more hinges than most men, that he looked as if he knew this or anything else. He had a pale, cold face, marked and made regular, made even in a manner handsome by a hardness of line in which, oddly, there was no significance, no accent. Clean shaven, slightly bald, with unlighted grey eyes and a mouth that gives the impression of not working easily, he suggested a stippled drawing by an inferior master. Lean, moreover, and stiff, and with the air of having here and there in his person a bone or two more than his share, he had once or twice at fancy balls been thought striking in a dress copied from one of Holbein's English portraits. But whenever some such meaning as that had been put into him, it took a long time to put another—a longer time than even his extreme exposure or anybody's study of the problem had yet made possible.

Allowance made for a touch of Mr. James' characteristic obscurity in the last sentence, this is a vivid piece of description,

which goes far to enable us to realize Mr. Brookenham's true inwardness. There is sympathy, too, as well as insight, in the portrayal of the humorous, tender-hearted, secretly proud, carelessly chivalrous millionaire, Mitchett, son of a great bootmaker "to all the Courts of Europe." Indeed he is one of the most effective pieces of character-drawing in the novel just as "Little Aggie," the surely impossibly ingenuous *ingénue*, is the least so.

But no skill of portraiture, no inventiveness in dialogue, will fully compensate a reader for the relentless *longueurs* of "The Awkward Age," the intolerable thinness to which the material is beaten out, and the indescribable slowness with which the author conducts us to his conclusion. It is only an apparent paradox to add that the journey is the more fatiguing because his pace and ours are set steadily in the direction of the goal, and we advance towards it without halt or divagation. A frankly discursive book offers continual reliefs; but we feel here that nothing is purely episodic, that every chapter is conscientiously designed to bring the *dénouement* infinitesimally nearer—and it is this feeling which makes impatience ungovernable, just as to creep along a high road, "unhasting but unresting," at the rate of a mile an hour would tire one more than any number of rambles over the adjoining fields. In the avowedly "short story" Mr. James can often be concise enough: if he would only learn to cultivate the art of compression and apply it in those longer works of his which need not be as long as they are, it would be much to the advantage of his art.

The Black Douglas. By S. R. Crockett. Illustrated by Frank Richards. 7½ x 5 in., 479 pp. London, 1899.

Smith, Elder. 6/-

Mr. Crockett is always picturesque. In his latest book that feature of his work is as pronounced as ever, but the effect is too often produced at the expense of fidelity. His great fault is over-elaboration. He is never content to place his characters naturally before the reader; he must always dress them up in the exaggeration of the stage. Did woman ever live to whom the following description could be truthfully applied?

Her skin was fair with a dazzling clearness, which even the gathering gloom only caused to shine with a more perfect brilliance, as if a halo of light dwelt permanently beneath its surface. Faint responsive roses bloomed on either cheek and, as it seemed, cast a shadow of their colour down her graceful neck. Dark eyes shone above, fresh and dewy with love and youth, and smiled out with all ancient witcheries and allurements in their depths. Her lithe, slender body—

and so on. Then would a casual meeting with a stranger in friendly circumstances be likely to arouse such powerful feelings as Mr. Crockett describes here?

As Sholto passed them on his return he stood aside, poised at the salute, looking meanwhile with awe on the great and notable French soldier. Yet at the first glimpse of his unvisored face there fell upon the young man a dislike so fierce and instinctive that he grasped his bow and fumbled in his quiver for an arrow, in order to send it through the unlaced joints of the Marshal's gorget.

Such passages—and they are numerous—show a singular lack of self-restraint. They give an air of unreality to the whole book, and leave the impression of a fairy tale. Yet, apart from these faults, it is a good story of its kind. The Black Douglas, the sixth earl, is a fine character, and we are unfeignedly sorry to lose him when he is inveigled to Edinburgh by the treacherous Crichton and there done to death after a mockery of a trial. From an artistic standpoint, his disappearance at this early stage must be regarded as a blunder, for the story is only half told. The interest drops at once and does not revive again until the end is nearly reached. Sholto MacIse, we suppose, must be considered the author's hero. At any rate, when the Black Douglas goes, he takes the leading rôle. He is a marvellously lucky youth. The son of a smith, he is taken into the Earl's household, finds the daughter of a baron ready to fall in love with him, is made Captain of the Castle guard and knighted, and speaks and acts as one to the manner born—all within a few months, and while he is still in his teens. This is rapid promotion indeed, and we can only say that he seems to have justified

it. After the Earl's death Sholto goes in disguise to France in pursuit of Marshal de Retze who has carried off two girls, one of them the baron's daughter. There we are introduced to devil-worship, and are invited to witness the sacrifice of children. This would be horrible enough if it were convincing, but it is so overwrought that it fails to stir the pulse. Still, Mr. Crockett should know his public by this time. There is no reason why "The Black Douglas" should not be as popular at the libraries as any of its predecessors.

Rachel. By Jane F. Findlater. 7½ x 5 in., 319 pp. London, 1899. Methuen. 6/-

Miss Jane Findlater's new novel, at once pleases and disappoints us. In Rachel she has drawn a living, breathing woman; but the immaturity which marred that arresting but painful story, "The Green Graves of Balgowrie," has not disappeared. Miss Findlater has many and good gifts, amongst them a faculty of creating out of simple materials a powerful and abiding impression. No one who has read it can forget the picture of the two desolate little girls playing in the chill house at Balgowrie; for the physical sensation of aching cold which it produces only certain scenes in the school part of "Jane Eyre" seem to us comparable with it. In "A Daughter of Strife," the picture of Anne sitting in her little attic room in a flashing glory of sunset lives in the memory, and so does Michael, in the book before us, telling fortunes in a publichouse in Edinburgh. Nevertheless, we do not realize Michael; neither, we are disposed to think, in spite of the careful work she has bestowed upon him, does Miss Findlater. The son of a gipsy woman, who eventually leaves her husband for a man of her own people, Michael is endowed with second sight and an absolute unworldliness, and possibly it is this which makes him so aggravating. He becomes the fashion in London, as leader of a strange religious sect, the Foreseers. He is lionized, rich, and famous, though fallen from grace, and using his gift of prophecy for self-aggrandizement. All this happens after he has crossed the path of Rachel Chesney, Rachel whom he loves, but leaves to marry Ellen Morrison, his landlady's daughter. Rachel is delightful. Sharp-tongued, flippant, fresh and gay she is, and such she remains even when happiness is snatched from her grasp. Miss Findlater's style is always direct and unaffected, often it reaches distinction; yet here and there signs of weakness are apparent which seem traceable to a somewhat tentative grasp on some of the vital matters of life. Moreover, she has not yet quite learnt the art of presenting her characters *impersonally*, allowing them to make their own impression without asides and comments. How well Miss Findlater can write at her best, a passage from near the end of the book may indicate:—

An extraordinary feeling crept over Rachel then, a feeling of expectancy, of she knew not what. She sat up and wondered what it could possibly be that she expected to see. "If I believed in ghosts, I would think it was that," she said.

Then suddenly she rose and crossed the room to the window and drew up the blind. It was a clear night; overhead there were myriads of stars. "Oh, I know, I know," Rachel cried. "He's leaving the world; at this very moment he's leaving me." She pushed up the window and knelt down beside it. The night wind blew in cold against her bare breast, but Rachel never noticed the cold. She gazed up at the dark, glittering sky, and all her childish pictures of the soul as it passes up to Paradise through the air came crowding back upon her fancy. Such a chill night! So far to go among those uncounted worlds! So alone . . . just a moment ago, in that dark room she had been in to-day, the next moment passing up, up through the clear cold air into curiously different and changing conditions. . . . It seemed to Rachel as she knelt there, looking up into the sky, that she followed Michael's soul a long, long way from earth; and then gradually she felt as if he had left her too far behind. "I have lost sight of him," she said. She crept back into bed, and lay there looking up now at the whitewashed ceiling that appeared a symbol of the limitations of poor human nature. She was on earth; Michael was before God. An awe that was very foreign to Rachel's nature overcame her at the thought; the Spiritual world pressed in upon her; the earth she dwelt upon seemed to shrivel to the size of a crown piece.

Though it is not an advance upon the author's previous books, "Rachel" is yet a clever and interesting piece of work.

A week or two ago we referred to Mrs. Hogan's "The Study of a Child," and on the general question of child-study we deprecated the over-strained attitude adopted by enthusiasts. The contrast to such a book as Mrs. Hogan's is THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHILD (Blackwood, 6s.), which, after appearing serially in *Blackwood's Magazine*, is now issued in volume form. Mrs. Hogan shows us the mother and the teacher intently watching the development of the infant mind; careful, solicitous—over careful, over solicitous, it may be, yet ever mindful of the little mortal's physical, mental, and moral well-being. The author of the "Autobiography" tells a story which is, in the main, a record of the cruelty and mismanagement to which a little girl was subjected some thirty years ago, when the "child-study" movement had not begun. It is a story told with vivid, life-like effect; indeed, if it were not so absolutely convincing, we should hesitate to believe that some of the instances of ferocious brutality towards a helpless child were possible to any but the lowest and most degraded of human beings. This is the portrait of the unfortunate child's mother:—

She made so superb a picture that even I, who saw her through a hostile and embittered glance, stopped and asked myself if that imperial creature really were my mother. Her very beauty was of a nature to inspire terror, as if the mere dropping of her white, gold-fringed lids meant the sentence of death to the beholder. She was a curious woman, my mother. Children seemed to inspire her with a vindictive animosity, with a fury for beating and banging them, against walls, against chairs, upon the ground, in a way that it seems miraculous to me now how they were saved from the grave, and she from the dock.

And as if it were not enough that the hapless little Irish girl should have owned a parent of this nature, she was handed over at the age of eight to the tender offices of the "Ladies of Mercy," the nuns of a convent at "Lysterly," the neighbourhood of which town may be conjectured from the context:—

Do the ladies of Lysterly continue to train atrociously and mismanage children, to starve and thwart them, as they did in those far-off days? Or has the old convent vanished, and carried off its long tale of incompetence, ignorance, cruel stupidity, and futile vexation?

We sincerely hope so. There is nothing so harrowing as to read of an ill-treated child, and, despite its many bright pages, its assurance that life was not all tears, sorrow, and beating, the "Autobiography" is sufficiently heart-breaking. As a story, in spite of its vividness, it suffers from occasional irrelevant digressions, and a tendency on the part of the author to reflection and comment when simple statement would be more effective. But the sadness of such a book as this lies in the reflection that the ill-treatment of children is not the characteristic of any particular period. At the present time, side by side with the anxious parent and teacher pursuing the study of the childish mind with strenuous, even ludicrous, ardour, there are tyrants and bullies exerting physical cruelty, and a still larger class of unsympathetic, unimaginative grown-up people inflicting even worse mental torture upon the little ones in their charge. "It is so easy to make a child happy that it is a mystery to me how the art is not universal with grown-up people," says the author of the "Autobiography." Let us forgive any exaggeration in the "child-study" movement if it tends even by a hair's-breadth to advance this art.

Among the score or so of women novelists who are producing really sane and successful work, Miss Arabella Kenealy impresses one specially as a writer with brains. In her last two books, "Woman and the Shadow" and A SEMI-DETACHED MARRIAGE, just published (Hutchinson, 6s.), you feel in touch with a keen wit throughout. This impression is not derived from any display of conversational fireworks, or from any brilliant reflections on life. Indeed, certain ideas as to the modern woman entertained by Miss Kenealy sometimes betray her into propositions so nearly approaching nonsense as "This our day is a day of mannish

women and emasculate men." Apart, however, from her views on the "woman question" she always writes with verve and originality; but her power is particularly shown in the perfect command she maintains over her plot and her characters, and the vivid, clear cut presentment of certain types of men and women. The scheme of her picture is clearly conceived and every touch is put in with certainty. This strikes us particularly in the love story of Celia Welltron and Sir Latimer Coyle, who agree, on the latter's instance, to form a "semi-detached marriage," that is to marry and keep up two separate establishments. Celia, the pretty heiress of a rich dynamite manufacturer, is an enchanting study; Sir Latimer, a completely selfish neurotic baronet, is the villain of the piece. Of course, their marriage turns out all wrong, and the dynamite is ready to bring about the crisis which ends, we are glad to say, in Celia marrying the right man at last. But the story of the baronet's courtship—Celia idealising the man of intellect, and Sir Latimer captivated by her fascinating femininity—is traced, so it seems to us, with extraordinary consistency and skill. There is more attention paid to plot and less to character in this novel than in "Woman and the Shadow," and it contains nothing so good in the way of social satire as Mrs. Kew-Barling. But the story is always well in hand; every character in it tells, and at every turn of it the humour or the pathos is hit with an unerring hand—the one never cheap or banal, the other never maudlin or depressing. It is in this mastery over her materials, and in the vivid conception of what she means that the critic finds to his satisfaction that among the host of women writers he has here met a novelist with brains.

Mrs. H. E. Dudeney is a good writer, and her MATERNITY OF HARRIOTT WICKEN (Heinemann, 6s.) is a notable book, though certainly not a pleasant one. The subject is heredity—the most fascinating and obscure of subjects. But Mrs. Dudeney, in laying stress on the evil and disease carried with it by the Wicken blood, does not take sufficiently into account the saner healthier influences which the Wicken marriages must have introduced. Although Harriott's mother was a poor weak creature, and as such bound to succumb to Wicken strength, she came at least of a healthy normal stock. Her sister, Mrs. Megson, is the very type of the commonplace, common-sense British matron. Harriott's husband, Dandie Darnall, is unimaginative, even-tempered, essentially normal. He and Harriott lead a happy, uneventful life up to the birth of their child, and one might reasonably expect this child to inherit something of its father's constitution and temperament, to derive something from its mother's ancestry. But it proves to be from birth an idiot of the most hopeless kind. How Harriott endeavours to conceal the child's affliction from her husband provides the plot of the story, and here Mrs. Dudeney forsakes real life to wander into novel-land, where concealments and misunderstandings are the very breath of our nostrils. The improbabilities of this part of the book are palpable; but, in spite of this, and in spite of much quite unnecessary vilification of the suburbs and of housewifely qualities, "The Maternity of Harriott Wicken" abounds in admirable passages, in little nature-pictures of cloud, of flower, of tree so freshly observed as to stick pertinaciously in the memory. Mrs. Dudeney has the power of translating a feeling, an impression into a few vivid words which faithfully transmit her experience to the mind of the reader—and this is great art.

OMAR THE TENTMAKER, by Nathan Haskell Dole (Duckworth, 6s.), has a certain interest in virtue of its subject. It is an attempt to make the great Persian poet live again for us in a work of fiction; but the author, though always fluent, and sometimes even eloquent, is not quite on a level with his task. He possesses many gifts, but not the particular gift of story-telling. There are too many incongruous modern touches in his work; and the illusion—what there is of it—is constantly dispelled by the bad habit of beginning chapters with general observations, such as "The chase has ever been regarded as the noblest sport of kings," "The monotony of female wearing apparel in the East is favourable to intrigue," and "In all

religions, in every age, the priests, as a class, have claimed their privileges with 'the greatest jealousy.' Not thus do those proceed who have learnt the art of rivetting the attention of the reader. The book has, undeniably, a critical value. It does, to a certain extent, show us the relation between the poet and his poetry—the philosopher and his philosophy. In a measure it also recreates the period. But it contains too many bald historical statements for a novel, with too much chatter for a serious study, and only touches the emotions when it quotes FitzGerald. The Omarist, though he may wish it had been better done, will find it an interesting addition to the literature of the subject.

It is unusual to find in these days a novelist who allows a single book to occupy her for seven years. Yet this, according to the note prefixed to *ONE POOR SCRUPLE* (Longmans, 6s.) is what Mrs. Wilfrid Ward has done, and she would deserve praise, if for no other reason, for having approached so nearly to the *nonum prematur in annum* of Horace. We have no means of discovering whether this deliberate procedure has improved her book. It bears no signs of undue carefulness, but, on the other hand, it certainly is free from the common faults of the lady novelist. There is no slipshod diction about Mrs. Ward's style, which is a considerable point in her favour. The central motive of her story is not particularly strong, but, at any rate, the story is well told. Mrs. Ward has drawn her female characters admirably; Madge in particular is excellent, and, if her men seem rather weak by comparison, it is only because we naturally compare them with her own women, not with the men commonly found in other novels. Mark Fieldes, the rising young author, is sketched with clever satire, but he remains somewhat unconvincing. Lord Bellasis and the others are shadowy. Yet the book is above the average; it bears the stamp of originality, and several of the scenes are finely conceived. The author knows a good deal about Roman Catholicism and about London society. Her own sex she knows perfectly. The conversation of these ladies is done to admiration; every sentence uttered by Cecilia or Madge is characteristic of the speaker. The dialogue is undoubtedly the best part of the book, as the title is the worst.

FROM OMDURMAN.

The influence of Omdurman is indeed far-reaching, for a crop of military melodramas would seem to have sprung from the stricken field of last September.

RACECOURSE AND BATTLEFIELD, by Nat Gould (Routledge, 2s. 6d.), takes the hero with the Sirdar's army to Khartum, and devotes successive chapters to the rush of the Baggara, the stand round the Black Flag, the charge of the 21st Lancers, and such like events, which we read of in yesterday's newspaper. It is an unobjectionable tale, but we found the newspaper more enthralling.

UNTIL THE DAWN, by S. E. Walford (Chapman and Hall, 3s. 6d.), is brightly written. There are no glaring defects of style or characterization in it. There are one or two cleverly contrived situations, but too often the author stretches "the long arm of coincidence" until we can plainly see the fingers manipulating the puppets. The best part of the book is the conversation of Hilda Boscawen, a clever flirt who discharges with great zest and flippancy many epigrams.

THE THREE CAT'S-EYE RINGS (Simpkin, Is.), by Mr. T. Mullett Ellis, is a tale of the pursuit of the Khalifa. The fortunes of the Khalifa are in some subtle way mixed up with the fortunes of a certain Scottish family, and the story rests upon the superstition that, in order to capture him, it is necessary to bring three cat's-eye rings together. One of the rings is in the possession of a beautiful English lady; a second is owned by a brave English officer; the third is on the finger of the Khalifa's favourite wife. The beautiful lady therefore persuades three young men from an army crammer's to assist her in organizing a private expedition to the Sudan, and the novel narrates the adventures which befell that expedition. It is not a novel which is calculated to

interest the man of taste; but we do not doubt that there will be a public for it.

IN CLOAK AND SWORD.

So long as novelists write as cleverly as Mr. S. Levett-Yeats in *THE HEART OF DENISE, AND OTHER TALES* (Longmans, 6s.), the public will delight to honour the romance of cloak and sword, Denise de Mieux is Maid of Honour to Catherine de Medici: she is married against her will to M. de Lorgnac, a soldier of fortune at the Court of Henry III. When they meet, later, under remarkable circumstances, Denise loves her lord and all is well. Catherine de Medici and Henri of Navarre both sit for their portrait. The volume also contains a story of an Italian bravo, "The Captain Maratti's Last Affair," which is told with great élan, and some other tales of Indian and Burmese life which are also good.

MERODECH (Sands, 3s. 6d.) is a promising romance by Mr. Cecil Hartley. He has taken as his hero the son of Chilperic, and in the stirring times in which that unfortunate prince lived he has found much excellent material for an exciting story. The period is well described and the characters are natural, but the end will hardly please the ordinary reader of fiction. Stories of this class are often given to young people in order to teach them history. In Mr. Hartley's book, however, there are expressions to which a careful parent will object; it is a pity that he should have unnecessarily limited his audience.

Mr. Fred Wishaw's *MANY WAYS OF LOVE* (Dent, 4s. 6d. n.) is a pleasantly told and simply conceived romance of the Court life of the time of Catherine the Great. The early days of the future Empress at Zerbst are sketched with skill, and the later life at the Court of the Tsarvna is well suggested, if not actually depicted. The heroine of "Many Ways of Love" tells the story of her life in the first person, and manages that difficult task with delicacy and wit. Elsa von Adlerberg is the daughter of some early friends of Catherine, and in due course she goes to the Russian Court in the service of the great lady who is known at Zerbst by her childish name of "Figchen." But before this departure Elsa has met and loved Douglas von Doppelheim, a heroic and handsome young gentleman of the period, and he loves Elsa. At the Court of Catherine they meet, and then begins the duel between the heroine and her mistress, for the grand Duchess has looked upon Douglas and loved him. Elsa refuses to surrender her lover, and there are plenty of trials of faith, but all comes right in the end. The picture of Catherine seems rather poor and colourless to those who know her period and are familiar with M. Waliszewski's intimate and vivid portrait, but it is sufficiently clear and pleasing to serve for fictional romance.

Probably not many authors have ever succeeded in spoiling the material for a good story so completely as has Mr. Henry Hudson in *WILD HUMPHREY KYNASTON* (Kegan Paul, 6s. n.). It is plain that the author and his friends have taken considerable trouble to ferret out particulars about the bold outlaw—the Robin Hood of Shropshire—who serves for the hero of the book. There is a lengthy appendix, compiled, as we learn, from researches in the British Museum and the Record Office, dealing with Humphrey Kynaston, his property, and the rest of the Kynaston family, with which it appears that Mr. Hudson is himself connected. Accuracy is, no doubt, good, and the author has woven a tolerable plot from the adventures of his hero, but these advantages are nullified by his absurd manner of writing. Archaic diction is permissible in a tale of the fifteenth century, but surely, even in the reign of Henry VII., conversations were not carried on with the ridiculous pomposity that characterizes Mr. Hudson's dialogue. And his own narrative is couched in equally inflated language. He employs the periphrastic method so dear to our ancestors, in which the simplest occurrences must be dignified with a wholly disproportionate wealth of words. A man tries to catch a mare, and is kicked for his pains. In Mr. Hudson's language this is translated, "The unwary constable received a thud full upon the buckle of the belt which confined the rotund proportions of his inflated abdomen." This is humour of the unconscious variety, and the reader will be

repaid by many such gems in the course of the book. "Wild Humphrey Kynaston" is sumptuously bound in green and gold, and illustrated with photographs, including one of the author.

SOME NOVELS "TO PATTERN."

To our mind, Miss Mary Angela Dickens wastes her pleasant and straightforward style on so mechanical and out-worn a plot as that of her new novel, *ON THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE* (Hutchinson, 6s.). That blow on the head, followed by total loss of memory which is only restored by a second mental shock; how often are we not treated to this in fiction, and what a cheap device it is, after all! Nevertheless, the story is briskly written, and, although personally we look for something better from Miss Dickens, it will serve its purpose, no doubt, in providing an afternoon's amusement.

The novels of Colonel Savage are all cast in the same mould. They are, emphatically, machine-made fiction, and the aim of their author is to make them hot and strong and sweet. To do him justice, he generally succeeds in pleasing the taste of the general public. There is a manly directness about his methods; he does not waste his time over psychology or subtle characterization. His stories are told in superlatives—pictures of love and adventure painted in the primary colours. *THE WHITE LADY OF KHAMINAVATKA* (Routledge, 2s. 6d.) is by no means a bad specimen of its class, full of excitement, if rather breathlessly narrated. Colonel Savage's manner is very much that of Mr. A. C. Gunter, but it has the saving merit of avoiding the perpetual use of the historic present. The scene in this instance is laid in the Ukraine, and the story deals with a feud between the houses of two Russian nobles.

THE LUCK OF THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK, by E. Balme (Routledge, 6s.), is a pleasing little tale of a familiar type. A pretty and penniless orphan comes to live in the house of a lonely man who is her relative and benefactor. His household consists of three very unattractive females, who act as an excellent foil to the young beauty. The end would be so obvious that no story at all would be needed if the author had not artfully brought in a second man, mildly villainous, to complicate the plot. He is triumphantly disposed of at last, and all ends in the only possible way.

Mr. Tom Gallon's book, *THE KINGDOM OF HATE* (Hutchinson, 6s.), deserves popularity. Labyrinthia is one of those delightful principalities just over the border-land of probability which are well-known to us from the writings of Stevenson and many others. But Mr. Gallon's details are all his own and often far out-run the wildest fancies of other historians of the kingdoms of strange doings. We recommend those who like a breathless story of love, adventure, beautiful princesses, wicked cousins, murders in Soho, and an ever-increasing series of dramatic surprises to read "The Kingdom of Hate." Its method, however, is somewhat cheap, and it will add to the reputation of the clever author of "Tatterley" chiefly as demonstrating his versatility.

Mr. Hamilton Aidé runs his story, *JANE TREACHEL* (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.), on well worn lines. His heroine, Jane herself, in fact, is the mysterious, magnetic governess we have all met and, in the person of Mademoiselle Ixe, cordially admired. Jane Treachel, however, is not a Russian spy; she has been a circus rider in Madrid instead, and it is her daring horsemanship which first attracts Sir George Grandville, the father of her little pupil. From the moment when Jane "vaulted into the saddle, touching the groom's hand with her foot, and stroking Ambassador's arched neck with her right hand as she seized the reins with her left"—the domestic tragedy begins, and it requires all the skill of Geoffrey Chaworth, a cousin who cherishes a strictly platonic affection for Lady Grandville, to avert catastrophe. For Jane, and apparently not for the first time, goes from bad to worse, and endeavours to remove Lady Grandville by poison inserted through the rind of an orange. Geoffrey frustrates her knavish tricks, and the determined Jane is brought to bay. "I throw down the cards," she says, and then, in conclusion, "Had you been free, I should have made you a good wife, Sir George," she observes, ignoring the presence of Lady Grandville with engaging frankness. Nevertheless, we like Jane. She is interesting, as, indeed, is the story as a whole.

A WEAVER OF RUNES, by W. Dutton Burrard (Long, 6s.), does his weaving in Kashmir, and does it with liveliness and spirit. But, like so many authors, Captain Burrard hardly understands the value of compression. His book would be twice as good, in our opinion, were it half as long.

Mrs. Edward Kennard and Nat Gould between them would seem to have a "corner" in modern sporting novels, and,

though these writers have not the merits of a Surtees, a Whyte-Melville, or a Hawley-Smith, they seldom fail to supply their admirers with a readable story. In *MORALS OF THE MIDLANDS* (Hutchinson and Co., 6s.) we have the approved mixture of horsey slang and county scandals. The book teems with descriptions of runs and races, but none of these can compare with Ouida's thrilling account of the Grand National in "Under Two Flags." Mrs. Kennard gives us no very pleasant impression of the manners, the morals, or the grammar of "Midlandshire."

THE AMAZING LADY (Heinemann, 6s.) is a rather extravagant story of a neurotic young lady who comes from her town surroundings down to her brother's country vicarage for change of air and amuses herself with embroidering altar frontals and complicating the lives of two well drawn but not ideal men. The novel is said to be by a new writer, and there is certainly a quality of freshness about it which helps one to forget its equally apparent absurdities. The author, M. Bowles, is a fairly acute observer, and some of the detached scenes in the book are admirable. It is a considerable accomplishment on the part of Miss Bowles (doubtless the writer is a lady), while taking her heroine seriously, to have constructed a rather amusing and original novel out of not very promising materials.

CARR OF DIMS CAUR, by Theo. Douglas (Harpers, 6s.), has a highly sensational plot, involving a malevolent old man whose one idea is to keep alive until the clock strikes twelve upon a particular day in order to use the power which will then be his to disinherit an unfortunate widowed daughter who has displeased him. Of course, the main excitement hangs round this momentous date, but there is a weird interest introduced, which is rather effectively managed. Until the very end we are not sure whether the fascinating woman who is the real heroine is intended for flesh and blood or an apparition. The idea of a large legacy being left to a ghost is a new one in the way of "sensations," and makes a startling climax to the scene where the old man's will is read. "Carr of Dimscaur" has little literary merit, but, in its kind, it is far from being a failure.

HARRY INGLEBY, SURGEON, by Frederic J. Webb (Fisher Unwin, 6s.), is curiously unequal in its merits. Where the author deals with drawing-room topics and dialogue the book is banal to weariness, but no sooner does Mr. Webb come to medical matters than his book is quite exceptionally striking and interesting. The daily drama of a great hospital, the accidents, the struggles with death, the pathos of the "children's ward," the difficulties and humours of a young doctor's life are set out in "Harry Ingleby" with a simple directness that shows a true dramatic sense. We have seldom read anything more convincing in its way than the chapter on "Some Realities of Practice." There is no mass of technicality that will pass over the heads of readers; it is the purely human side of surgery and medicine that Mr. Webb has treated so admirably. If he will drop feminine dialogue and keep to his medical students and their experiences he should certainly succeed as a novelist.

Correspondence.

JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I was much interested by your article on Du Bellay last week, but was somewhat surprised to see the orthography in which that lovely poem, "The Winnower," appears there, though I recognize the great freedom that was taken with orthography before the days of Vaugelas. I would like to ask, however, why you say "Ronsard and Du Bellay had seen too much of the world." I am not aware that Du Bellay's life was in any way irregular before he published "La Défense," in 1549, and no authority I can consult has been able to enlighten me.

I have taken the liberty of translating the Latin ode by the Venetian Navagero, which served as Du Bellay's model for the sonnet. Your readers will thus see how greatly Du Bellay has enriched the theme with new images of grace and beauty:—

Ye winds that rustle through the grove
On pinions light with gentle sound,
Cymon the winnower offers to you garlands.
And sprinkles baskets of sweet scented saffron
Allay your rage, sweep away this dead chaff,
The while he winnows the ripe grain till noon.

By the way, Mr. Lang has translated "The Winnower," or

rather interpreted it for English readers, for he often strays from the beaten path; as for instance when he translates:—

Ces merveillettes roses
Tout fraîchement écloses
Et ces œilletz aüssi,

as

This branch of blushing roses,
Whose fresh bud encloses
Windflowers too.

May I offer an alternative reading, which at least has the merit of verbal and metrical fidelity:—

Roses of beauty rare
Fresh-blown and clustering fair,
Carnations too.

One last query:—When Shakespeare wrote his seventeenth and fifty-fifth sonnets had he seen this of Du Bellay?

Si, sous le ciel fust quelque éternité
Les monuments que je vous ay fait dire
Non en papier, mais en marbre et porphyre
Eussent gardé leur vive antiquité.

Respectfully yours,

HY. WINTER.

Middleton College, Carlton Road, New Brighton, May 2.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the notice of Du Bellay which appears in your issue of April 29, the writer remarks that "his birth, which fell about the time of the battle of Pavia, was said to be intended by Providence as a compensation to France for that disaster." But surely Du Bellay never occupied such a position in the world's eye as to warrant such a suggestion? It was beyond all doubt Ronsard to whom this unique compliment was paid: Ronsard, "the Prince"—the admired of all Europe, from Mary in her prison to Elizabeth on her throne, in whose immortality the sceptic Montaigne believed, and for whose patronage Tasso humbly sought.

Yours faithfully,

Dublin, April 30, 1899.

R. C. G.

OMAR.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Many of your readers will be reading just now FitzGerald's translation of Omar Khayyam. The following couplet, which was shown to me some years ago, when or how I have forgotten, may therefore prove of interest. It will be noticed that the letters which compose the word Omar are here used in seven different combinations.

Sit mora sub ramo, canit Omar, fontis ad oram;
Cui sit amor quantum dat tibi Roma, Maro!

Yours faithfully, CECIL HEADLAM.

Authors and Publishers.

A verse translation of Ibsen's "Love's Comedy" is being prepared by Professor Herford, who translated "Brand" in the original metres. It will appear in the series of Foreign Dramatic Classics, edited by Mr. R. B. Johnson. The current issue of the *Dublin Daily Express* has an article by Professor Herford on "The Scandinavian Theatre."

The book on Turner's life and art, which Mr. Walter Armstrong, director of the National Gallery of Ireland, is preparing, comes at an apt moment. This volume, with the illustrated work on Turner to be published by Mr. George Allen, will help visitors to the Guildhall Gallery to arrive at a mature judgment of Turner's powers. Some of the enthusiasms, perhaps, of thirty years ago will be found to lack substantiation. Mr. Armstrong's book is to contain some seventy reproductions of pictures generally recognized as the finest of his work. Messrs. Agnew are the publishers, and the work will be issued at twelve guineas and at six guineas.

Mr. Whistler's new book, "The Baronet and the Butterfly: A Valentine with a Verdict," will be published in Paris before

the end of this month, by Monsieur L.-Henry May (9 and 11, Rue Saint-Benoit, Paris). There will be two editions, the popular one, price six francs net, and the *édition de luxe*, printed on Van Gelder paper, limited to 250 copies, and signed by Mr. Whistler, price 25 francs. It will in appearance be uniform with Mr. Whistler's previous book, "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies."

The "International Geography," which Dr. H. R. Mill is editing for Messrs. Newnes, promises to be an exhaustive work. The first part will include about a dozen articles on the Principles of Geography, containing one on the Oceans by Sir John Murray and Dr. Mill, and another on Political and Applied Geography by Dr. J. Scott Keltie. The other parts will deal exhaustively with every quarter of the globe in articles by well-known travellers, such as Sir H. H. Johnston and Professor F. Nansen.

M. de Lanessan, the former Governor of Indo-China, has written a book on the Algerian question, which M. Alcan is to publish within two or three weeks. With M. Leroy Beaulieu, M. de Lanessan is the most eminent French authority on colonial matters, and the solution which the latter has given in his book to the antisemitic problem is eagerly awaited. This volume will appear in the famous "Library of Contemporary History," in which is shortly to appear the "Savoie-Sardaigne et Mantone" portion of the "Recueil des Instructions données aux Ambassadeurs de France depuis le traité de Westphalie jusqu'à la Révolution Française," and in which came out the other day the most useful summary we have of the history of the Wars of the Revolution and the Empire: "Les Campagnes des Armées Françaises" (1792-1815), by M. Vallaux, a *normalien* now professor in a Brest academy. This book, by the way, deserves to be recommended to those who, bewildered by the mass of new documents unearthed during the last fifteen years, and conscious that many of the old views are erroneous, seek for a compact record of the period in which all this fresh matter has been utilized and critically compared.

Mr. James Henry Yoxall, M.P. for Nottingham Boro' West, the author of "The Lonely Pyramid," "Secondary Education," and other books, contemplates a new volume of extracts from his addresses, essays, &c., on education and cognate subjects; and is also issuing a new and revised edition of "The Pupil Teacher's Geography." Mr. Yoxall's *début* as a writer of books was made at seventeen years of age in a little volume called "Facts and Fancies about Ferns," published anonymously. As a student of the Westminster Training College he published two slim books of verse which achieved the distinction of entailing no pecuniary loss on their author. Mr. Yoxall, by the way, claims to have been among the first to recognize a writer of merit in the author of "Ships that Pass in the Night," whose latest novel, "The Fowler," we reviewed last week. Eight years ago, when Miss Harraden's name was quite unknown, he selected for reproduction in a school book, out of a hundred story books, of similar size and price, published by Messrs. Blackie, her delightful little tale, "Things will Take a Turn."

As a counterblast to the highly specialized series so much in fashion, the Bradley-Garretson Publishing Company of Toronto are about to pack the whole of the nineteenth century into twenty-five volumes, treating of political, literary, social, religious, and scientific progress. That no corner of knowledge be overlooked, "other cognate subjects" will be included. Dr. Aubrey, author of "The Rise and Growth of the English Nation," will deal with the economic progress of the century. The music of the "Recessional" would not seem to be ringing in the ears of the Bradley-Garretson Publishing Company.

Notwithstanding the remonstrances of the municipal councillors of Tours to the projected commemoration of the Balzac centenary on May 16th, the actors of the Théâtre Français will go officially to Tours for the centenary in order to play *Mercadet*. In Paris a one-act play in verse entitled *Orgon*, found among Balzac's papers after his death, will be produced at the Français. According to the French law, the copyright in the whole of Balzac's works expires on August 16th, 1900, and French publishers are already preparing to meet the probable demand

for cheap editions. Several expensive *éditions de luxe* are also projected.

Apart from Sir Rudolf Slatin Pasha's volume, no book dealing with the affairs of the Sudan can be so full of knowledge and interest as that of Herr Charles Neufeld, which is about to be published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, under the title of "A Prisoner of the Khaleefa."

Mr. Menzies Fergusson will publish shortly, through Mr. Gardiner, of Paisley, a book on Alexander Hume, an early Scottish poet, and some of his contemporaries. Hume's "Hymns and Sacred Songs" were first issued three centuries ago, and were reprinted by the Bannatyne Club in 1832. One of the most notable of his friends was the first Earl of Stirling, an intimate of Drummond of Hawthornden, and the author of a metrical version of the Psalms which has sometimes been attributed to James VI. of Scotland and I. of England. Mr. Fergusson's forthcoming book will contain an account of the life and work of the Earl.

There are, we believe, some fifty musical journals, if we may include the *Nonconformist Musical Journal* in the same list as such special publications as the *Brass Band Journal*. Nothing daunted, however, the Unicorn Press are about to publish a new shilling quarterly, to be entitled the *Chord*. It is designed for the general reader who "loves music for its own sake," and not for its technicalities; who, in fact, accepts all "chords" as beyond criticism. In the first number M. A. Bruneau, the French composer and critic, will write on the prospects of the younger composers in France, and Mr. J. F. Runciman will deal with "The Orchestra and its Degeneration." Two practical architects will give a design for a music room.

"The Little Book of Death and Rest Eternal," a book Messrs. Rivingtons are to publish, embodies an interesting, if somewhat morbid, conception. It contains the old English Office of the Dead, the celebrated treatise of Henry Montagu, Earl of Manchester, on Death and Immortality, first printed in 1631, and the Contakion, or Anthem, from the Russian Office for the Departed, with its proper musical setting. The volume has been designed to serve as a memorial book for departed friends and contains a Kalendar with blank pages for entering obits. The Office of the Dead is printed in red and black, and a copy of an old engraving is inserted as a frontispiece.

Mr. F. M. Ramsay writes to us from Preston House, Faversham, to point out that it should have been Rudolf, not Paul, Lindau who was mentioned in a note in our issue of April 15 as a German writer who gives singular true pictures of English society. The full title of the book, of which a new edition has just been published in Berlin, is "Fonar und Mayfair"; another book by the same author, "Robert Ashton," gives an excellent picture of English life.

For the subject of an address at a meeting of the National Home-Reading Union, to be held at Drapers' Hall on May 9th, Mr. James Bryce could hardly have chosen one more vital to the interests of the Society—viz., "What Reading Means." The Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University, Sir Owen Roberts, and others will assist. Tickets of admission may be obtained from the Secretary, N. H. R. U., Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, W.C.

Under the direction of the Imperial Academy of Sciences a series of critical editions of Russian classical authors is being prepared, the early volumes of which are announced for publication this year. The first will be the works of Pushkin in two volumes; those of Lomonossow and Lermontow are to follow.

The two autograph responses of Moses Maimonides, recently acquired by the British Museum, will be published in an early number of the *Jewish Quarterly Review*. In the same article will be given the original Arabic text of other responses by the same authority. Maimonides has for the last seven hundred years been at once the Luther and the Aristotle of his co-religionists.

Mr. H. Croft Hillier has in the press a comprehensive work of a philosophical nature, to be issued in four volumes, with the

title "Heresies: or, Agnostic Theism, Ethics, Sociology, and Metaphysics." He propounds scientific proof of the existence of God, and of the falsity of existing theological creeds and moral conventions. Mr. Grant Richards is to be the publisher, and the first volume will be ready early this month.

Dr. Otto Pniower has in preparation a comprehensive work on Goethe's "Faust" dealing with the origin of the Faust legend and the growth of Goethe's work, the writing of which, as is well known, extended over a period of fifty years. In chronological order a collection will be given of every scrap of correspondence and conversation obtainable on the subject, and Goethe's own interpretation of certain obscure passages. It will be the most ambitious commentary ever attempted on the great German masterpiece. It is to be published by Wiedmann, Berlin. In commemoration of its associations with Goethe's youth the town of Strasbourg has decided to erect a statue of the "Young Goethe" there, which will be unveiled this year on the anniversary of the poet's birthday.

The interest in local antiquities is fast developing. The new county magazines have given it much encouragement, and a good many books have been published recently on British archæology in various aspects. We have noticed books on the round towers of Ireland and on the history of the High Crosses. We are now promised a work on Scottish Market Crosses, by Mr. John W. Small, F.S.A., the author of "Scottish Woodwork of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries." It will be the first published on the subject, and will consist of about 100 drawings, accompanied by an account of all the known old market crosses in Scotland. The publisher is Mr. Æneas Mackay, who will issue the volume to subscribers at the price of 40s.

Messrs. W. and J. Goss, of High-street, Kettering, are issuing to subscribers a transcription of "The Compotus of Kettering for the Year 1292," prepared by Mr. C. Wise, who has been examining the roll of the different manors owned at this period by the Abbey of Burgh. The list is an interesting example of the monkish caligraphy, and was recently discovered at Rockingham Castle. Mr. Wise will also translate and copiously annotate the document, throwing light upon the manorial practices to which reference is made in the Compotus.

Messrs. Houlston announce a book on "The Vale of Anworth," in Scotland, by Mr. D. B. Anderson, also containing papers on a number of eminent men, including Sir Charles Hallé, Professor Blackie, Professor Veitch, Rev. Dr. Boyd, of St. Andrews ("A. K. H. B."), &c.

Mr. A. Stapleton writes to us from 30, Notintone-place, Sneinton, Nottingham, to say that he is investigating the whole subject—bibliographical, antiquarian, historical, &c.—of the "Merry Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham" as a student of Nottinghamshire history. He says:—

I invite the co-operation of all who may be interested, and shall be pleased to acknowledge any notes bearing on the subject. I shall be glad to have my attention drawn to any references to the "Tales" as a book, or to the "fools of Gotham" as a tradition, in old literature (beyond the references already printed in modern or well-known books); and I shall specially welcome notes (with dates, if possible) of editions of the "Tales" printed in London, the provinces, Scotland, or Ireland, and hope to be brought into correspondence with owners of such impressions.

One more edition of the Sonnets of Shakespeare is announced by Mr. John Lane. It will be illustrated by Mr. Henry Osipov, who has an attractive decorative method.

Mr. J. M. Lely has nearly finished a popular handbook to Church Law, which will be published by Mr. Horace Cox.

Mrs. Arthur Bell has brought up to date her volume, "Heroes of American Discovery," for a third edition. The two companion volumes, "Heroes of North African Discovery," and "Heroes of South African Discovery," are also to be published shortly, in revised fifth editions, by Messrs. Walter Scott.

An enlarged number of the *Gospel Magazine* will be published in memory of its erstwhile editor, A. M. Toplady, the author of "Rock of Ages." A large amount of original matter connected with Toplady's life and writings will appear.

Naming novels has become as difficult as naming race-horses. Two years ago we reviewed Miss M. C. Balfour's "The Fall of

the Sparrow." A new novel already announced as "The Fall of a Sparrow," by Mrs. H. H. Penrose, has had to change its title to "As Sparrows Fall."

Mr. Grant Allen will publish on May 9, through Mr. Grant Richards, his new romantic story, "Miss Cayley's Adventures." The volume will be profusely illustrated by Mr. Gordon Browne.

Mr. Nat Gould has arranged with his publishers to write four novels for the year 1900, and has three more to deliver for the current year. Messrs. George Routledge have, in fact, agreed with him for seven novels in advance.

Mr. Silas K. Hocking's new novel, "The Day of Reckoning," will be published immediately by Messrs. Warner.

Baron Corso, the author of "Stories Toto Told Me," will issue in the autumn, through Mr. John Lane, another series of these tales. He is at present engaged on a Life of Pope Pius II. and a third series of the Toto stories.

"The Last Emeralds of Zarinthia" is the title of a novel by Mr. H. Pottinger Stephens—better known, perhaps, under his new name, "Pot"—which Messrs. Sands will publish in the autumn.

Mr. Frankfort Moore's novel, "The Millionaires," is being translated into German by Fräulein Schotte.

Mr. Carlton Dawe's "Rose and Chrysanthemum"—a series of Japanese stories now appearing in the *English Illustrated Magazine*—will be published in September by Messrs. Sands.

The first novel published for some time past by Mr. John Murray will be "Lesser Destinies," written by Mr. Samuel Gordon. It deals with many aspects of life in the East-end.

Messrs. Wells Gardner are publishing a new novel by Miss Ethel F. Heddle, who has, we believe, the distinction of being the only writer of fiction whose books the late "A. K. H. B." ever read.

"Florizel's Folly" is to be the title of Mr. John Ashton's new book on a well known royal romance of George IV.'s reign.

Messrs. Methuen are publishing "Tales of Northumbria," by Mr. Howard Pease, the author of several well-known stories of the North, written with great vigour of style and an intimate knowledge of local life.

The Editor of the *Contemporary Review* wishes us to state that the article, "Liberal Catholicism," by "Romanus," which appeared in the December number of the *Contemporary*, 1897, was neither written nor inspired by an American Bishop.

Mr. Archibald Colquhoun has slightly deviated from the route which we announced that he was taking on his way home from China. He now proposes to return, not through Burma, but by way of the French Colonies, to which a chapter of his book will be given.

In consequence of Mr. Poultney Bigelow's continued ill-health, he has had to give up his promised lecture before the Royal United Service Institution on the "Yankee Soldier." Mr. Bigelow has been ordered to Vichy after six months of fruitless struggle against the complaint which attacked him while in the Philippines.

Mr. F. E. Robinson of 20, Great Russell-street, W.C., begs to announce that he has taken Mr. H. G. Boulton into partnership. The style of the publishing business will now be known as F. E. Robinson and Co.

We understand that M. V. Emile-Michelet is to be the new literary and artistic editor of the well-known French monthly, *l'Humanité Nouvelle*. M. Hamon is the scientific editor.

Lord Yarborough has designed the cover for a new book by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, the author of "The Glamour of the Impossible."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.
Concerning the Royal Academy and the Paris International Exhibition of 1900, and other Reveries. By Henry Nagely. 8½x5½in., 73 pp. London, 1899. Stock.
The Queen's Empire. Vol. II. 9½x12in., 288 pp. London, 1899. Cassell. 8s.

BIOGRAPHY.
Le Prince de Bismarck. Par Charles Andler. 7½x5½in., x+400 pp. Paris, 1899. Bellais. Fr.3.50.
Life of Bishop Smythies. By G. W. Ed. by E. F. Russell, M.A. 8x5½in., xvii+272 pp. London, 1899. Universities' Mission to Central Africa. 4s.
Saint Ignatius of Loyola. By Henri Joy. Translated by Mildred Partridge. (The Saints Series.) 7½x5½in., xiv+262 pp. London, 1899. Duckworth. 3s.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.
The Fairy Tales of Hans Christian Andersen. New Ed. Illustrated by Helen Stratton. 11x8½in., xvi+320 pp. London, 1899. Newnes. 12s.

ECONOMICS.
Kindell's African Market Manual for 1899. 7½x3½in., 328 pp. London, 1899. Mathiesons. 5s. n.

EDUCATIONAL.
French as Said. Being Thirty Exercises on French Pronunciation Taught on the Plain English System. By E. A. Williams. 8½x5½in., x+96 pp. London, 1899. Burelgh. 3s. 6d. n.

The Merchant of Venice. (Black's School Shakespeare.) Ed. by J. Strong, B.A. 7x5½in., 102 pp. London, 1899. A. & C. Black. 1s. n.
Cicero: Pro Sulla. A Translation with Test Papers. By F. G. Plaistowe, M.A. (The University Tutorial Series.) Cr. 3vo., iv+44 pp. London, 1899. Clive. 2s. 6d.

FICTION.
The Awkward Age. By Henry James. 7½x5½in., 414 pp. London, 1899. Heinemann. 6s.
Ragged Lady. By W. D. Howells. 7½x5½in., 357 pp. London, 1899. Harper. 6s.

The Newspaper Girl. By Mrs. C. N. Williamson. 8x5½in., 390 pp. London, 1899. Pearson. 6s.
Strong Hearts. By G. W. Cable. 8x5½in., 345 pp. London, 1899. Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.

Leigh of Lara. By B. MacDermot. LL.D. 7x5½in., 169 pp. London, 1899. Simpkin. 1s. 6d.
By Creek and Gully. Ed. by Lala Fisher. 8x5½in., 297 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 6s.

The Knight of King's Guard. By Ewen Martin. 8x5½in., 303 pp. London, 1899. Pearson. 6s.
The Mystery of the Medea, and The Third Attempt. By Alex. Vaughan. 7½x5½in., 295 pp. London, 1899. Pearson. 3s. 6d.

The Waters of Caney Fork. By Opie Read. 8x5½in., 287 pp. London, 1899. Innes. 6s.
The Romance of Elisevay. By Mrs. W. M. Ramsay. 8½x5½in., 265 pp. London, 1899. Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.

The Kingdom of Mammon. By Violet Tweedale. 7½x5½in., 474 pp. London, 1899. J. Long. 6s.
Adrian Rome. By Ernest Dowson and Arthur Moore. 7½x5½in., 344 pp. London, 1899. Methuen. 6s.

Romance of Lady Arbell. By Alastor Graeme (Mrs. F. T. Marryat). 7½x5½in., 306 pp. London, 1899. F. V. White.
The Span o' Life. By W. McLennan and J. N. McIlverraith. 7½x5½in., 368 pp. London, 1899. Harper. 6s.

HISTORY.
France and England in North America. Part VI. A Half-Century of Conflict. 2 vols. By Francis Parkman. 8½x5½in., xi+368+416 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 17s. n.

Piers Gaveston. A Chapter of Early Constitutional History. By Walter P. Dodge. 9x6in., x+249 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 12s.
A Primer of Free Church History. By A. J. Evans, M.A. 7½x5½in., 144 pp. London, 1899. Allenson. 2s. 6d.

LAW.
The Establishment and Extension of the Law of Thurneysen and Havet. By Lionel Horton-Smith, M.A. 9½x6in., 122 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan & Bowes.

LITERARY.
Suetonius. History of Twelve Cæsars. Translated by Philemon Holland. Anno 1606. The Tudor Translations. XXI. Ed. by W. E. Henley. 2 vols. 8½x6½in., xxxviii+233+311 pp. London, 1899. Nutt.

Shakespeare in France under the Ancien Régime. By J. J. Jusserand. 8x6in., xxviii+496 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 2s.

Letters of Thomas Carlyle to his Youngest Sister. Ed. by Charles T. Copeland. 8½x5½in., viii+276 pp. London, 1899. Chapman & Hall. 6s.

MEDICAL.
The Hygiene of the Mouth: A Guide to the Prevention and Control of Dental Diseases. By R. D. Pedley, F.R.C.S. 8½x5½in., 93 pp. London, 1899. J. Segg. 2s. 6d.

MILITARY.
The Queen's Service. By Horace Wyndham. 7½x5½in., 305 pp. London, 1899. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Robin Hood: The Question of His Existence. By A. Stapleton. 8½x5½in., Workshop, 1899. Sissons.
Manual of Library Cataloguing. By J. H. Quina. 7½x5½in., 164 pp. London, 1899. Library Supply Co. 5s. n.

Ranna: oder, über das Gelehenleben der Pflanzen. Zweite Auflage. Von Gustav Theodor Fechner. 8x6½in., 300 pp. Hamburg and Leipzig, 1899. Leopold Voss.

MUSIC.
A History of the Pianoforte and Pianoforte Players. By Oscar Reiz. Translated by E. E. Kellett and E. W. Naylor. 9½x6½in., xi+336 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 12s. 6d. n.

PHILOSOPHY.
Have You a Strong Will? By C. J. Leland. 7½x5½in., xxxii+235 pp. London, 1899. Redway. 3s. 6d. n.

POETRY.
The British Anthologies. Vols. IV., V., and VI. Shakespeare, Jonson, Milton. Ed. by Prof. E. Arber, F.S.A. 7½x5½in., 312+312+312 pp. London, 1899. Frowde. 2s. 6d. each vol.

The Forest Chapel, and other Poems. By Maxwell Gray. 7x4½in., 127 pp. London, 1899. Heinemann. 5s.

Unpainted Pictures, and other Fragments in Verse. By H. N. Burgh. 6½x4½in. London, 1899. Stock

Edinburgh Poems and Songs. By James Lumden. 7½x5½in., xvi+328 pp. Haddington, 1899. Sinclair. 6s.

REPRINTS.
Dante: The Divina Commedia and Canzoniere. In Five Vols. Vols. I. & II. Translated by E. H. Plumptre, D.D. 6½x4½in., 238+260 pp. London, 1899. Isbister. 2s. 6d. n. each vol.

Dealings with the Firm of Dombey and Son. By Charles Dickens. (Temple Ed., 3 vols.) 6x4in., 402+422+408 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 4s. 6d. n.

My Friend Jim. By W. E. Norris. (6d. Series.) 8½x5½in., 118 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan.

A Dead Man's Diary. By Coulson Kernahan. 7½x5½in., 218 pp. London, 1899. Ward, Lock. 8d.

God and the Ant. By Coulson Kernahan. 7½x5½in., 32 pp. London, 1899. Ward, Lock. 1d.

SCIENCE.
Essays in Psychological Research. By Miss X. (A. Goodrich-Freer). 9x5½in., xv+330 pp. London, 1899. Hedway. 7s. 6d. n.

SOCIOLOGY.
The Awakening of Women: or, Woman's Part in Revolution. By Frances Swiney. 7½x5½in., xi+323 pp. London, 1899. Redway. 5s. n.

The Martyrdom of Labour. By A. T. Story. 7½x5½in., 293 pp. London, 1899. Redway. 5s. n.

SPORT.
Records of Big Game. By Rowland Ward, F.Z.S. 3rd Ed. 9½x7in., xvii+504 pp. London, 1899. Rowland Ward. 30s. n.

THEOLOGY.
The Dictionary of the Bible. Vol. II. Feign-Kinsman. Ed. by James Hastings, M.A., D.D. 11x7½in., xv+870 pp. London, 1899. T. & T. Clark. 2s.

Public School Sermons. By H. Montagu Butler, D.D. 7½x5½in., 271 pp. London, 1899. Isbister. 6s.

Thoughts and Counsels of Father John. Selected and Arranged from "My Life in Christ." By Cyril Bickersteth, M.A. 5½x3½in., xxix+390 pp. London, 1899. Mowbray.

TOPOGRAPHY.
A History of the Border Counties (Roxburgh, Selkirk, Peebles). By St. G. Douglas, Bart. 8½x6in., xvii+482 pp. London, 1899. Blackwood. 7s. 6d. n.

Literature

Edited by **H. D. Traill.**

Published by **The Times.**

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THE "SOUL-SECRETS" OF THE EMINENT.

In a recent review of the Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett we remarked that their editor's decision in favour of publishing them, though we thought it a sound one, could "hardly fail to divide opinion." And so it has proved, though, amusingly enough, the first protest against their publication comes from a quite unconsidered quarter and has been made in an interest which we confess to having left out of account. The division of opinion which we foresaw had reference to the question whether Mr. R. B. Browning should or should not have withheld this correspondence from the public, as consisting largely of very intimate and often impassioned love-letters exchanged between his parents; it certainly never occurred to us that he might have been expected to suppress it out of tenderness for the memory of his maternal grandfather. The indignant remonstrance of Mr. Moulton Barrett, to which we devoted a few words of comment in our last issue, presents to us an entirely

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new aspect of the question, and one on which the remonstrant has a perfect right to insist. He is quite entitled to object, from his own point of view, to the publication of matter, however deeply interesting to the world of letters, which gives what he maintains to be an unjustly injurious impression of his father's character. At the same time, and without laying any stress upon the literary interest of the correspondence, we find it impossible to share Mr. Barrett's view of the seriousness of the affair. We can readily give credit to the son's contention that his father was not at all wanting in affection for his children, and we can quite believe that his daughter held him in somewhat exaggerated awe. But in many cases probably this is, and always has been, true of the so-called "domestic tyrant," the martinet father of real life who has stood for his portrait to the comic dramatist from Terence down to Sheridan. He justly suffers, however, for the impression which his behaviour produces on those around him; and, anyhow, a protest from a descendant of Sir Anthony Absolute against the cruel injustice of his ancestor's portrait in *The Rivals* is something which the world will never be able to read without a smile.

The more serious question suggested by this correspondence has not however been long in presenting itself. It is discussed with perfect impartiality and excellent judgment by Mr. Leslie Stephen in the current number of the *National Review*, and though we observe with satisfaction that he takes our own view as to the soundness of Mr. Browning's exercise of the editorial discretion, it is clear that he has arrived at this conclusion by a route beset with disturbing doubts. This, indeed, is significantly shown in his accurate and felicitous description of the feeling uppermost in all minds with any pretensions to delicacy, when confronted with some of the more intimate revelations of sentiment and emotion on the part of the two correspondents. "I felt," he writes, "unpleasantly like an eavesdropper while reading these letters, and I cannot at once admit that the feeling was simply erroneous or due to the illusion that writers of letters so full of life must still be living." And in a later passage in his paper he puts the point still more plainly in the observation that this sense of impropriety is "due to the impression that one is looking over the shoulders of the writers at a moment when they would certainly have shown the door to an intruder." Truthful, however, as is this account of the effect produced on us by our admission to these peculiarly sacred secrets of two ardent and sensitive natures, we fear that the process by which Mr. Stephen suggests the possibility of its mitigation would have been impracticable. "Admitting fully," he says, "that the story ought to be told, that we had a right to be aware of this ennobling element in the lives of two such persons, was it really necessary that the whole correspondence should be published, or the whole destroyed?"

I cannot help fancying that some one might have been found—though, no doubt, the task would have required very exceptional tact and insight—who could have given the truth without publishing the correspondence in mass”; though “undoubtedly,” he adds, “it would have been necessary to use the words of the writers and to publish some of the letters completely.” Unfortunately, however, as our reviewer pointed out in discussing this very alternative, “courtship and criticism are so closely interwoven” in those letters which it would have been desirable not to publish “completely”; the exchange of purely intellectual ideas is so complicated with the love-duet; the “feast of reason” alternates so rapidly and continually with the “flow of soul” that the suggested selective process would inevitably leave the correspondence in a somewhat disjointed and fragmentary condition.

In short, it seems to us that Mr. R. B. Browning's choice lay, as he held it to lie, between the destruction of these profoundly interesting and valuable documents, and their publication substantially entire. But although, in adopting the latter alternative he had the fullest paternal sanction, the feeling of embarrassment, to which Mr. Stephen bears witness, and of which every one must have been conscious in reading many passages of the volume, is sufficient, we think, to show that the paternal sanction in such a case is not decisive in itself of the question of propriety. Its ethics are not so simple as that. We all feel that there may be some invitations to us to invade the sphere of privacy, which, though offered to us in perfect good faith by the “parties concerned”—to use a somewhat question-begging expression—it might not be well for us or to the higher interests of civilized and cultivated life to accept. We do not say—indeed we have already affirmed the contrary of the proposition—that the case of the Browning Letters falls within that category. Without unreservedly accepting Mrs. Browning's much too sweeping dictum that “the world has a right to the ‘soul secrets’ of eminent people,” we do not hesitate to repeat our acknowledgment that there are cases in which it is expedient to assume and to give effect to the “right” thus claimed; and this, simply because, on an impartial balance of considerations for and against, it may sometimes be reasonable to conclude that the harmful effect of admitting the public to these otherwise too sacred confidences will be more than counterbalanced by the intellectual and spiritual profit which the reader may derive from them. In other words the question of divulging or respecting what Mrs. Browning calls the “soul secrets” of eminent people depends rather upon the value of the secrets than upon the eminence of the people. Where, however, this value is adequate, it is no doubt true, in a sense, that in proportion to their eminence—so far at least as this implies a certain inevitable conspicuity of position and publicity of action—those who have most notably interested or enlightened mankind during their lives must expect that their “soul-secrets” will be more curiously and eagerly sought after among their literary remains.

Browning, as we know, specifically accepted this conclusion, subject to his son's discretion, as regards

these letters; and his wife's concurrence in it has been constructively signified in the general dictum which we have quoted. Nevertheless, we cannot but share Mr. Stephen's doubt whether the publication of the letters, in spite of their own undeniable merits, will not set a precedent eminently likely to be abused. Its justification, of course, is that the case is exceptional, and that, as we have just said in other words, the total result is so impressive and edifying that the ordinary rule may be disregarded. But unfortunately, as Mr. Stephen goes on to remark, there is no way of limiting the application of precedents. “Everybody is apt to be exceptional in his own eyes, and in the eyes of his nearest relatives, and one fears that the habit of turning out the most private receptacles will be encouraged without reason by the success of this particular performance.” It is impossible to pronounce such a fear altogether unfounded. The hunger for other people's “soul secrets” is not only quite sufficiently keen already, but it belongs essentially to that form of appetite which grows by what it feeds on. There will always be a curious and inquisitive public for the love-letters and other such confidential correspondence of any two people whose names are tolerably familiar to the world. The word “eminent,” in such a connexion, is pretty sure to receive a handsomely liberal interpretation; and the “literary” journalism which has puffed men and women writers during their lifetime into a position far above their real claims is likely, if only for the sake of making yet more “copy” out of them, to maintain the fiction of their fame even after their death. Without, therefore, wishing to stop the supply of “soul-secrets” to the literary market altogether, we are strongly of opinion that its encouragement would be most undesirable.

The McGill University of Montreal has done a popular thing in being the first University to recognize Mr. Rudyard Kipling by offering him an honorary degree. There was a time when Mr. Kipling imperilled his popularity in Canada by writing satirical verses about the Canadian climate—a subject on which Canadians are far more sensitive than Anglo-Indians. Both he and they, however, were too good Imperialists to let such trifles stand in the way of friendship—the more so, seeing that what Mr. Kipling said about the Canadian snows was a mere nothing compared to his frequent indictments of the “prickly heat” of Bengal; and we may take it that the compliment thus bestowed upon him by a colonial University, whose Principal is a Scotchman and an Oxonian, is intended as a demonstration of Imperial sentiment no less than as an honour to a distinguished man of letters.

In the *Author*, Sir Walter Besant writes of the Royal Literary Fund and the Civil Pension Grant, and refers to a criticism passed in *Literature* on certain previous remarks of his on these subjects. “The Grant and the Fund,” Sir Walter says, “have nothing to do with each other. The former gives pensions: the latter gives temporary relief. Without any reference to the former, it is proved that the latter could only find, last year, twenty-two distressed men or women of letters.” The facts are not in dispute; but our contention is that, instead of discouraging subscriptions to the Literary Fund, the

better way would be to enlarge its scope. Its administrators should not have to refuse relief on the ground that it is to be permanent. We agree with Sir Walter Besant that the Civil Pension Grant ought to be confined to persons distinguished in literature, science, and art, and to their widows and daughters; but we fail to see that the Literary Fund could not be usefully employed in contributing to the same end, or that it is, at present, any too large for such a purpose.

It is reassuring to hear that "the school teachers of Louisville, Kentucky, and Jeffersonville and New Albany, Indiana," have arisen in their might for the defence of the purity of our common language. They have met at New Albany, and organized an "Anti-Slang League," the object of which is to promote the speaking of the English tongue, pure and undefiled, "an end to which the teachers pledge themselves to use their best efforts." They will, of course, have our best wishes; but we would submit to them that the invasion of "slang," strictly so called, is not the only, or perhaps the gravest, danger with which the English language is threatened in these breathless days. Slang words and phrases may exist, and for ages have existed, colloquially, in most modern languages side by side with their correct literary forms, but rigorously excluded from their authoritative dictionaries. Occasionally, but only occasionally, they have succeeded in overleaping the barrier and finding their way within the sacred pale; but in almost all such cases they have owed their admission to their recognized fulfilment of some special need of expression, and have thus enlarged the power of the language without any very serious diminution of its purity and elegance.

It is not the introduction of new and unclassical words and phrases which is so much to be dreaded as the misuse or abuse of old ones. Ignorance, carelessness, and above all haste—the imperative desire for brevity which, by the way, is nowhere so operative as among the countrymen of these heroic school teachers—combine to assist this degenerative movement; and its results find their way into literary use and ultimately into the dictionary with much more readiness, and after a much shorter period of probation, than actual slang. In the very same issue of the newspaper from which we have gathered the above piece of news, an American gentleman speaks of himself as having "deeded" a certain property to his wife. No doubt it is a handier expression for a young nation in a hurry than "assigned by deed"; and we ourselves have adopted the term "to will" for "to devise by will," though we are not particularly proud of it. But where is the process of summarily turning substantives into verbs, whenever it saves an infinitesimal fraction of time, to end?

Mr. Bryce's text at the annual meeting of the National Home Reading Union on Tuesday was the intellectual "reaction" produced by judicious reading. He confessed that he never rose from the study of a magazine without asking himself "Why did I do it?" But he boldly upheld fiction, and was a little sarcastic on the librarians who triumphantly report that the novels they issue have fallen below eighty per cent. of the whole. He did not even think it necessary to warn or to except. But discreet selection is of course the work of the Union itself. Few institutions do more useful work, and we are glad to see that its membership is increasing, and that it is particularly attracting more and more attention among schoolmasters.

Reviews.

Letters of Thomas Carlyle to his Youngest Sister. Edited, with an Introductory Essay, by Charles Townsend Copland. 8½ x 6 in., viii. + 276 pp. London, 1899.

Chapman & Hall. 6/-

Not every fresh addition to the voluminous mass of Carlyle literature is, to our mind, as welcome as this volume of comparatively uninteresting letters from Carlyle to his youngest sister Janet, who emigrated to Canada with her husband Mr. Robert Hanning in 1851, and died at Toronto about a year-and-a-half ago. One welcomes them, uninteresting though they are on the whole, as revealing a thoroughly lovable side of a character which, say what else we will of it, it is easier to regard with almost any other feeling than love. This aspect of it has, of course, been shown before in the stricken widower's remorseful tributes to his lost wife, and in other like passages of reminiscence; but the compassion, genuine and profound, no doubt, in many minds, which utterances like these unquestionably stir, is not in very close relationship to the sentiment to which it is proverbially akin. Pity and love in this case are hardly nearer to each other than a couple of "Scotch cousins." Our sympathies, if not so powerfully appealed to for the moment, would, we feel, be more permanently won by any evidences of humanity, unselfishness, and natural affection which might be gathered from Carlyle's written or spoken words during those long years when his public or semi-public utterances were almost invariably gloomy and not infrequently ill-natured, while his domestic life was largely spent in accumulating material for subsequent self-reproach. And from these letters, happily, a sufficient amount of such evidences is to be gathered. His protecting and almost paternal love for Janet Carlyle, some fifteen years his junior, and his pious and reverential affection for his mother, to whom several of the letters in this volume are addressed, set the writer before us in a new and unwontedly pleasing light; and their freedom from the egotism, the acridity, and the eternal grumbling which begin by amusing and too often end by wearying us in his ordinary correspondence excuses all their triviality of detail.

The Introductory Essay by Mr. C. T. Copland, Lecturer on English Literature at Harvard University, with which the collection is prefaced, is apt to annoy the reader occasionally by a certain excess of self-consciousness on the part of the writer, who, for instance, provokes serious remonstrance when he begins a new paragraph by exclaiming, in his own person, "Hence loathed Melancholy, and a truce to sable!" In its appreciation of Carlyle's quality as a letter-writer it is sound and suggestive. It is somewhat wanting, however, in relevance to these particular specimens of his correspondence—as, indeed, is indicated by the fact that most of Mr. Copland's criticisms require to be illustrated by quotations from letters not contained in this volume. It would have been more to the point if he had used these extracts, eloquent, passionate, bitter, full of outcries against life and literature, and the tendency of politics, and the "nature of things" itself, with the tender homely humdrum of Carlyle's contemporary letters to his mother and his sister. Indeed, in one admirable page of his Introduction, Mr. Copland proves that he was aware of that "more excellent way" in which, on the whole, we cannot altogether admit that he has walked. "So far and so much," he writes, "for Carlyle's general aspect as a letter-writer, I have tried to show," though he has not adequately

developed his demonstration, "that in addressing himself to a very few friends, and especially to his own family, he displays a different set of qualities."

The difference between his vehemence toward the world at large, and his gentleness toward his mother, sometimes seems as marked as that between the two visions of the prophet Jeremiah: the one a seething caldron, the face of it from the north; the other a rod of an almond tree. The world, in truth, for this peasant of genius, was, to the considerable extent to which he remained a peasant, an assemblage of persons and things to be approached with many reserves and a deal of more or less violent disapproval. Annandale, contrariwise, was an honest strength-giving corner of the world which did for him through life the office of the earth to Antæus. He went back to it so often that he never lost his native accent, and, in certain respects the point of view to which he was born.

This disposition to regard his native valley as the *omphalos* of the universe, and to make it the measure of all things, comes out amusingly enough in a letter to Janet Hanning, a couple of years or so after her settlement in Canada. She had been suffering from "ague-fever," and her brother impresses upon her the necessity of fixing her abode in "an airy situation quite free from the neighbourhood of damp ground, especially of stagnant water, and with a free exposure to the wind. That undoubtedly is of great importance." And he continues:—

You are accustomed from sound old Annandale to take no thought at all about such things, but you may depend upon it they are necessary and indispensable considerations in your new country. I beg you very much to keep them earnestly in view with reference to the house you live in. Plenty of dry wind, all marshes, &c., at a distance, and there is no more danger of ague in Canada than in Scotland; that you shove up your windows in season and keep your house as clean as a new pin—these are advices I need not give, for you follow these of course, of nature or inveterate habit, being from of old one of the neatest little bodies to be found in five Parishes.

To see the Sage, however, at his most comically homeliest one should read his letter of request to his sister for a pair of "wristikins" (muffatees, as they used to be, and perhaps still are, called in England), which "it has struck me in these cold days I might apply to you" to make. The best pair that he has is now a very old one, knitted for him by one of his sisters at Hoddam Hill many years ago, but "they have beautiful stripes of red yet as fresh as ever." In fact, the author of "Cromwell," at that time in mid-wrestle with the Protector's Letters and Speeches, sometimes wears these beautifully red-striped wristikins in preference to the pair Mrs. Carlyle had bought for him out of the Chelsea shops. Thus, being already provided, he need not in the least hurry his sister as to the matter. She can wait till she has leisure, till she can get right her colours, &c. But—and here is the important point, so important that we may without apology exchange abstract for extract:—

The great defect of all my present wristikins is that they are too slight, too thin, and do not fill up the cuff of the coat, which is rather wide with me. They should be at least double the common thickness of those in the shops. If you had fine *boozey* yarn and took it two ply, it will make a pretty article.

Then as to colour: this he thinks should be "deep for our reeky atmosphere here"; but though red is beautiful and holds out well, the philosopher thinks that "perhaps the basis should be some sort of brown." But, he concludes magnanimously:—

Please your own eye. There never was a good horse of an ill colour. As to breadth, I think they should be at least three inches.

How delighted Carlyle himself would have been to come across anything of this kind among the papers of one of his heroes—say, in a letter from John Knox to Margery

Bowes! How he would have lingered over the details, hoping that a good and sufficient pair of wristikins did, after whatever anxious deliberations upon stuff and colour, finally get themselves made; and moralising over the fact that the wrists they warmed are dust, and dust the nimble fingers of her who knitted them, the click of her needles long fallen silent. No one knew better than Carlyle that it is trifles of this kind that make vital and human for us the historic figures of the past. To the popular impression of himself vitality, it is true, has never been wanting; but for many of us the Carlyle portrayed by himself and his biographers has lacked a certain element of humanity which these letters will help to supply.

The Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant. Arranged and Edited by Mrs. Harry Coghill. 9 x 6 in., xvi. + 451 pp. Edinburgh, 1899. Blackwood. 21/-

Few modern writers have left behind them a more pathetic self-revelation than is to be found in the autobiographical fragments which Mrs. Coghill has piously woven together and pieced out with letters into a pretty full record of Mrs. Oliphant's life. These fragments were written under varying conditions and from diverse impulses: partly to interest the writer's sons, partly to add to the provision for them which she toiled so industriously but vainly to effect, partly to relieve the pressure of intolerable anguish by the "lyrical cry" which brings so much relief. It is not surprising that Mrs. Oliphant, who always had a gift of moving the reader's sympathy, should do so in the sad pages which narrate the downfall of her maternal ambitions, and which were written beside the death bed of her last surviving child. "And now here I am all alone. I cannot write any more." So ends the autobiography of the woman who died, as the old Roman curse had it, *ultima suorum*. It is no wonder that the record of a life smitten so hard by Fate as was that of Mrs. Oliphant contains many elements of pathos. Those who know the details of her domestic afflictions will be glad to learn, on her own authority, that life, in spite of all, had its bright side for her. The words in which she asserts this are worth quoting:—

I have lived a laborious life, incessant work, incessant anxiety—and yet so strange, so capricious is this human being, that I would not say I have lived an unhappy life. . . . Sometimes I am miserable—always there is in me the sense that I may have active cause to be so at any moment—always the gnawing pangs of anxiety, and deep, deep dissatisfaction beyond words, and the sense of helplessness, which of itself is despair. And yet there are times when my heart jumps up in the old unreasonable way, and I am—yes, happy—though the word seems so inappropriate—without any cause for it, with so many causes the other way. I wonder whether this is want of feeling, or mere temperament and elasticity, or if it is a special compensation—

"Werena my heart licht I wad dee"—

Grizel Hume must have had the same.

On the other hand, this book tells us for the first time that Mrs. Oliphant's life contained inward elements of tragedy which one would never have thought of associating with her limited but sane and sober talent. The real tragedy of her life was not in the blows which took away from her one source of joy after another; it lay in that inability to see things as they are and weigh them in a just balance which is so common a cause of discontent. The unstudied outpouring of many of these pages makes that perfectly clear. All her life Mrs. Oliphant suffered from a variety of the ailment of the *femme incomprise*. She seems to have believed that, if circumstances had favoured her, she might have out-shone George Eliot and Charlotte

Brontë; at least this supposition comes too often to her pen not to have been very close to her heart. Her notion was that the necessity to "boil the daily pot," which her husband's premature death and other family circumstances forced upon her, prevented her from attaining her proper position in literature. "It is a little hard sometimes," she wrote, "not to feel with Browning's Andrea, that the men who have no wives, who have given themselves up to their art, have had an almost unfair advantage over us who have been given perhaps more than one Lucrezia to take care of." She wondered if she would have done better if she had been "kept in a mental greenhouse," like George Eliot. To this question her autobiography supplies no uncertain answer. Much more than literary ability goes to the writing of a great book. A particular kind of energy, for one thing, is necessary; it is rooted in the power to see things as they are and act on the experience so gained. It may seem odd to deny any kind of energy to Mrs. Oliphant, with her hundred and twenty published works, besides so much journalism; but the reader of her autobiography will understand our meaning. She complains that she lived from hand to mouth, that the price of a book was always eaten up before it was received, that it was never possible for her to devote a year to work that was not paid for in advance. Yet within the first decade of her independent career she was in the habit of receiving a thousand pounds or more for each of the novels that she turned out at the rate of two or three annually. When one remembers the conditions in which Carlyle and Tennyson devoted themselves to literature, the contrast is too striking for the reader to have any doubts that Mrs. Oliphant was one of those rather numerous writers of talent who are made happy or miserable, according to their temperament, by the belief that they only need favourable conditions to produce the great book which the necessity of pot-boiling prevents their ever attempting. In Mrs. Oliphant's case the belief was a source of sorrow. Yet she tells us, with a sort of pride that often attends a similar confession, that she was prevented from saving money enough for the year's labour on a great novel by her dislike of the small economies of life. She preferred to travel first-class, and have her comforts. So do we all: that is a natural instinct, and not the proof of refinement which it seems to those who dwell in the twilight of vague ideas. Only some have thought out the fact, which most of us learn by experience, that as everything in this world has to be paid for in some currency, it is well to consider the price beforehand. Mrs. Oliphant unconsciously tells us that the price she paid for her first-class ticket was the abandonment of her chance to be ranked with George Eliot and Jane Austen. That is clear enough proof that she was too far out of touch with the reality of things to be more than the excellent story-teller and sound literary hack whom we know. Herein is, to our mind, the strongest element of her life's manifold pathos.

We have little space left to speak of the interesting picture of Mrs. Oliphant's literary life, which is supplemented by her well-arranged letters. We may draw special attention, perhaps, to the glimpses of Tennyson and Carlyle—the Carlyle of the newly published letters. Of Tennyson Mrs. Oliphant's first experience was not very promising—the "roughness and acrid gloom" which "saved him from his over-romantic appearance" impressed themselves on the young writer, who felt rather annoyed because the great poet took little notice of her. At the end of the luncheon party to which a friend took Mrs.

Oliphant, she went up to Mrs. Tennyson to take leave, when the following incident occurred:—

I am never good at parting politenesses, and I daresay was very *gauche* in saying that it was so kind of her to ask me; while she graciously responded that she was delighted to have seen me, &c., according to the established ritual in such cases. Tennyson was standing by with his ragged beard and his saturnine look. He eyed us, while these pretty speeches were being made, with cynical eyes. "What liars you women are!" he said.

Mrs. Carlyle called once, to find Mrs. Oliphant in great trouble over her baby, which had had an attack of convulsions.

By the first post possible that same evening I got a letter from her, telling me that Mr. Carlyle had made her sit down at once and write to tell me that a sister of his had once had just such an attack, which never was repeated. . . . That was not much like the old ogre his false friends have made him out to be.

It is hard to know whether to be sorry that Mrs. Oliphant never completed her autobiography, as she intended. We should have gained a delightful book, but we might have lost a curious human document.

A BOOK OF ESSAYS.

A Paladin of Philanthropy, and other Papers. By Austin Dobson. 7½ × 5½ in., 361 pp. London, 1899. Chatto & Windus. 6/-

There is no settled scheme in Mr. Austin Dobson's latest volume of essays. They are collected from various reviews and magazines: some, apparently, have served as introductions to printed books. They range at large over a considerable variety of subjects—from Goldsmith, and Gay, and Luttrell to memories of Old Whitehall, and changes in the neighbourhood of Charing-cross—and they make as interesting reading as can be desired for any one blessed with a touch of the antiquarian spirit, and with a love of eighteenth century books. The reprinting of contributions to periodical literature is an offence in the eyes of some: the reviewer scents easy bookmaking from afar, and objects to the collector of desultory essays that his volume presents no settled design. Desultory essays should present (as collected) no settled design: they are sufficient in themselves, if good of their kind; and we shall be pleased to listen to Mr. Dobson's delightful studies of by-gone times until he tires of writing them. Few men living are better qualified to deal with the period he is so fond of handling: certainly none could veil so solid an erudition with such an engaging charm of manner. The writer is steeped in that half-forgotten literature; there is scarcely a paragraph without its apt quotation or allusion. His papers are packed with information—so much so that we find ourselves too often regretting Mr. Dobson's encyclopædic mind. For, as essays, some of these are overloaded with material. They are delightful reading for the student, but the mere lover of literature would welcome a little more of the author's personality. After all, it is the personal element that preserves most writings—and essays in particular—from oblivion.

The "Paladin of Philanthropy," who has the honour of giving a name to this collection, is that General Oglethorpe who appears fitfully in Boswell's "Johnson," and figures largely in other books of the period. Living to an extreme old age, it was his boast that he had once "shot snipe in Conduit-street," but he is more justly renowned for his services to British colonization in the founding of Georgia, and in his subsequent defence of the settlement against Spanish invasion. This account of his fortunes makes as interesting a paper as any in the volume. "Angelo's Reminiscences"—the autobiographical notes of Henry Angelo, son of the founder of the once famous fencing school—provide material for a picture of the days of Garrick, and Foote, and of Gainsborough and Reynolds. "Boswell's Predecessors and Editors" is an exhaustive essay, for which bibliographers will be thankful, and "John Gay" is the subject of a kindly and appreciative sketch. These four are, perhaps, of more general interest than the others, but there is not one of the thirteen that

is not well worth reading. The book makes an admirable pendant to the series of "Eighteenth Century Vignettes." It is written pleasantly, easily, and with now and then a welcome touch of humour. Mr. Dobson's critical faculty is as acute, his mastery of facts as complete, as ever. Sometimes he permits himself a clumsy locution—it is perhaps the penalty of a plethora of material—but there are few writers who could handle such a mass of facts as lightly. And the work—a crowning mercy—is equipped with an adequate index. It is a book not only to read, but to keep.

"BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE SEA."

Highways and Byways in Donegal and Antrim. By Stephen Gwynn. With Illustrations by Hugh Thomson. 8×5½ in., xvi. + 319 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 6/-

Here is a really interesting and well-written book, in which, nevertheless, the author contrives to fall between two stools. He has tried to combine a book for the stay-at-home reader with a guide for the cyclist or pedestrian who is "doing" the north-west coast of Ireland between the heather and the sea. The former is either amused or annoyed according to his mood by being constantly and pathetically implored "not to take the second turning to the left," let us say, between Killybegs and Ardara; but we should imagine that the latter would be rendered "fit to be tied" (the Irish equivalent for frenzied) at having to mine out such special information, as well as distances, hotels, &c., from the bowels of over three hundred closely-printed pages. True, there is a map, and there is also an index, but the road distances are not marked upon the map, and there is no itinerary. We cannot, therefore, recommend it as a guide-book *per se*; and although, after a day's tramp, one would enjoy its perusal keenly in some farmhouse of Malinmore, or by the "wild sea banks" of Glen Columbkil, we cannot, owing to its weight, recommend the tourist to take it with him. But we do recommend him to read it before he starts; it will provide him with plenty of information and enjoyment, especially if he reads it at a table.

Mr. Gwynn, a native of Donegal, knows his highways and byways thoroughly, has a nice sentiment for scenery, and possesses a pleasant and literary style. And if he sometimes pads, as in the account of the siege of Derry, which belongs to the historian, or in the long story of the Sons of Usnach, which belongs to the folklorist, he is delightful at other times in his understanding of the peasant, and in his appreciation of the peasant's humour. Irish is still the natural language of the wild west coast, the language of trade, business, and schools. In Glen Columbkil or Gweedore, when the men speak English it is the English of foreigners, not merely English with a brogue, but English with a strong foreign accent. "It's the Irish we speak among wursel's, but we hae enough Scotch to speak till yer honour" is a West Donegal apology for imperfect English, the peasantry believing that any language which is not Irish must be Scotch, owing to the prevalence of Scotchmen in the neighbouring province of Ulster. Scotch is, likewise, a synonym for Protestant as Irish is for Catholic. "There's a many comes here for the watter, Scotch and Irish," said one referring to certain holy water in Columbkil chapel; "an' for a' that A see a Scotch prayer goes up as far as an Irish one." A less liberal spirit was exhibited by the publican at Portsalon, who, having unsuccessfully opposed the granting of a spirit licence to his Protestant rival, went away bitterly cursing the "bloody Orange majority" of the Licensing Bench. "Ah, well," he said to a knot of his sympathizers, "let him alone, boys. Wait till he gets to Hell. He'll find no Orange majority there!" The capital "bull" thus perpetrated makes one pardon the bigotry of intention, although the solace found in the certainty of eternal punishment—for their neighbours—is widespread among the peasant class. It was the evergreen consolation of an old Catholic Irishwoman, whom we knew, when reflecting on the luxuries and follies of the great (Protestant) ones of the

earth, to remember that they were bound "to fry" for all eternity, before many more years had passed over their heads. Mr. Gwynn gives some amusing instances of the misuse of words, so characteristic of the Irish peasant speaking English. Thus an old ploughman said of a field overgrown with rushes, "It'll be a quare tragedy gettin' them rushes out of thon field"; as we should say "a sad job." The same old man's description of a paddock in early spring was, "It's just fit for an outsport for them young beasts"; and in answer to an objection that it was bare of herbage, "It's not for what they'll get off it, but they'll just peruse over it." The same old Irishwoman alluded to above spoke of some flowers past their first freshness as being "on the demur"; of a plan which appeared to her far-fetched, "I niver heard of sich a critical idea in me life"; of some foodstuff which she had not seen her way to using, "It was always a speculation to me what to do with it." But Mr. Gwynn's example of an odd shot at a medical term—"An' what is it that's ailin' her?" "It's just the brown cats" (bronchitis)—is equalled by that of a Cockney girl, who, returning from the hospital where she had been visiting a friend, explained that the patient was suffering from "harmoniums in her inside," i.e., pneumonia.

The book contains plenty of information for fishermen and golfers, and Mr. Hugh Thomson's pencil and chalk drawings are numerous and charming.

ART.

History of Modern Italian Art. By Ashton Rollins Willard. 9½×6 in., 566 pp. London, 1898. Longmans. 18/- n.

Mr. Willard, whom we take to be an American, has, in this volume, essayed to tell the life story of modern Italian Art. He has done this mainly by passing in review the sculptors, painters, and architects, who—to use the old phrase—have flourished in Italy during the present century, and some of whom continue to flourish there at the present day. The method has proved laborious, for, with the exception of the "Dizionario degli artisti Italiani" of de Gubernatis, there is no standard work on the subject available. Thus, with regard to deceased artists, he has had to supplement the fugitive art literature of their time with what he could glean from friends and descendants, while, with regard to the living, he has had largely to obtain information from the artists themselves. Notwithstanding these difficulties, Mr. Willard has managed to write a history which, if it contains here and there a hasty judgment, strikes us as, on the whole, spirited, accurate, and just.

Although contemporary art is, of course, the final concern of the author, he has thought it wise to take his readers some way back into the past, into the company of sculptors like Canova, painters like Appiani, and architects like Cagnola, all of whom were born in the middle of the eighteenth century. The necessity of so doing is tolerably apparent, for these men were the leaders of the Italian school of neo-classicism, the school which was dominant far on into the nineteenth century, and which, in architecture at least, is still a force. It is, however, best to give Mr. Willard's justification in his own words, all the more as they explain his theory with precision, and suggest what his treatment is like:—

The classic movement of the last years of the last century is the basis upon which the present structure rests. It is necessary to understand that movement in order to see clearly the sequence which led to the totally different art-product of our own time. The foundation is a singular one, however. The present art-structure rests upon it by not resting upon it. It has come to be what it is by sheer reaction. No one can understand Bartolini—the great modern leader—without understanding Canova. An important element in the controlling motive of the former was a desire to get away from what the latter had done. Bartolini did not himself entirely understand the impulses which prompted him to do as he did; but this unconscious reaction constituted two-thirds of the dynamic pressure which forced him into the development of his own peculiar individual style.

Classicism brought Canova fame and riches, but, probably, as Mr. Willard more than hints, wrought the ruin of a great natural gift. Indeed, if one compares his statue of Clement XIV.—modelled when he was only twenty-six—with its commanding gesture and unity, and admirably treated tunic, with any of the Graces or Goddesses of his maturer years (such, for instance, as Pauline Borghese as Venus), with their vulgar sham classical drapery, the deterioration is undeniable. All that Mr. Willard has to say of Canova is interesting, but more interesting is his sketch of Bartolini, the only one of his contemporaries who in any way disputed his ascendancy. Born in 1777, Canova's junior therefore by only twenty years, and trained in the strictest sect of the Pharisees of Classicism, it is in him that we find the first gesture of revolt. Indeed, the dignified realism of the kneeling girl in the "Fiducia in Dio," familiar to all visitors to Milan, and its intense and exquisite pathos, shows an art wholly emancipated from the classic bondage. At any rate his teaching, which sent the student to nature rather than to the Glyptothek, found favour alike with painters and sculptors. For a description of how this leaven worked in the materialism of Vincenzo Vela and others, and how it is working still, we must send the reader to Mr. Willard's conscientious study.

In painting, the transition was of less interest, because the classicals, Camuccini, Appiani, and the rest, were not men of great gifts. Modern Italian art is essentially romantic and realistic, though here and there, as in the work of Sartorio, there is an echo of early Florence. Mr. Willard's sketch of the Neapolitan Domenico Morelli, the most modern yet most spiritual painter of the last half-century, is noteworthy. So, too, is the brief note on Segantini, the artist whose Barbizon lies beyond the Maloja, and his analytical treatment of colour; but one is surprised to find only a slighting reference to Monticelli, who, for all his formless drawing, was one of the few great colourists of the present century. The chapters on the Italian architects are disappointing. Cagnola, the designer of the fine Arch of the Simplon, heads the list, but, of course, there has been no real romantic movement in the architecture of Italy, where they are still disputing over the hybrid horror of the West front of the Duomo at Milan.

Vandyck's Pictures at Windsor Castle, Historically and Critically Described. By Ernest Law, B.A. With 20 Plates in Photogravure. 21½ x 10½ in. London, Munich, and New York, 1899. Franz Hanfstaengl. £3 6/-

This work is, we understand, the first of a series of volumes which Mr. Ernest Law is preparing on the pictures in the State Rooms at Windsor Castle and the masterpieces in the Royal collection generally, such as the unequalled examples of the Dutch School at Buckingham Palace, the specimens of Venetian and Ferrarese art at Hampton Court, and the Raphael "Cartoons" at South Kensington. The present volume includes thirty reproductions of the Windsor pictures with articles by Mr. Law, containing a general appreciation rather than an exhaustive critical survey of Vandyck's work. Mr. Law's efforts have rather been confined to collecting all that might throw light on the individual pictures, to discussing the evidence of their authenticity, and to providing connoisseurs, as far as possible, with material for drawing their own conclusions.

The Royal collection of pictures has never yet been critically described, and the work which Mr. Law has undertaken will be of great value. The author has all the qualities required for this considerable undertaking—enthusiasm, experience, knowledge, a clear, attractive style, and the courage which enables him to form original judgments.

The first picture he gives is the Windsor portrait of Vandyck, which is generally supposed to be the one painted by the artist for Charles I. on the former's arrival in England.

Vandyck [says Mr. Law], the most princely of artists and the favourite painter of the most artistic of princes, must ever maintain a unique position in the annals of social life, as well as in the history of art in this country. . . . No other painter ever succeeded in impressing his own individuality so

strongly on those whom he portrayed, or in identifying himself—foreigner though he was—so completely with a whole epoch and phase of English life. Had it been possible for King Charles to have made his selection from the long range of the great artists since the Renaissance of that one who might best interpret him and his Court to all future ages, he could not have lighted on any who would have fulfilled this function so eagerly, so admirably, so felicitously as did Vandyck—the splendid, the ardent, the refined! No other painter would ever have been so thoroughly in accord, in spirit and in temperament as in taste and in style, with that high-bred dignity of bearing, that ease and grace of manner, that incomparable air of distinction, that perfect "form" which were the marks—salient and supreme—of the men and women who composed the Court of Charles I., and which pervade the artist's whole gallery of their portraiture.

Here one can see something of Mr. Law's point of view. It might be asked, would not Velasquez have been as good a choice if Charles had the world of artists to select from? But "why drag in Velasquez" when Vandyck's work is so entirely satisfying? Its success, however, is due more to the artist and less to his subject than Mr. Law would have us believe in the passage we have quoted. How much of the "incomparable air" of distinction, which he finds in the Court of Charles, is the creation of Vandyck? It is certain that, to no small extent, great painters make their periods; the solidity, the firm simplicity of Henry VIII. and his consorts and his friends can be found in the character of Hans Holbein; the air of dignity in Philip IV., and in the Pope and Cardinals of his time, is really the spirit of Velasquez; the warmth, the grace, the sweetness of the ladies of Charles II. are to be found in Lely's ideal; the health and jollity of the English aristocracy of Georgian times represents the artistic temperament of Sir Joshua Reynolds. As one looks through these splendid reproductions of the Windsor pictures—the delightful Henrietta-Marias, the well-known Charles "and his family," "on a white horse," "on a yellow horse," "in robes of State," the Killigrew and Carew, the Countess of Carlisle, the Princess of Cantecroix—one cannot but feel that the Court of the second Stuart owes no little of its beauty and grace which posterity find in it to the refinement and skill of Vandyck.

One of the most admirably reproduced pictures—and all are of high merit—in this volume is that of the "Head of Charles I. in three Positions." It was drawn, as Mr. Law reminds us, "for the express purpose of serving as a model to the Italian sculptor Bernini in the execution of his bust."

Determined, one might suppose, that nothing should be wanting to posterity—that not a line, not a trace of the 'Kingly image' should perish or elude the perpetuating record of the sculptured marble—he has given us here such a delineation of the monarch's face as for vividness and accuracy exists of no other personage in history. . . . It is characteristic, also, of the depth and intensity of Vandyck's temperament as an artist that this piece, which, as a design for a plastic work in cold marble, might have been supposed to demand in its execution the exercise of no other faculty but a mechanical accuracy of drawing and a scrupulously careful modelling in monochrome, should have issued from his studio a work of supreme merit, instinct with the inspiration of his genius, glowing with all the colour and warmth of life, touched and infused by the soul-kindling fire of his ardent imagination!

Mr. Law writes with vivid appreciation throughout of the originals of the thirty admirable reproductions which have been prepared in photogravure by Mr. Franz Hanfstaengl. To all who are interested in the art of Vandyck this sumptuous portfolio, with the informing and graceful monographs on each of the pictures, will form a valuable source of knowledge.

Bibliography of Eighteenth Century Art and Illustrated Books: Being a Guide to Collectors of Illustrated Works in English and French of the Period. By J. Lewine. With 35 Plates. 10½ x 6½ in., xv. + 615 pp. London, 1898. Sampson Low. £3 3/-

In this important attempt to deal with a great—and in England an almost untouched—subject Mr. Lewine has achieved considerable success. But the thoroughness and comprehensiveness which would have entitled him to unreserved praise are not entirely here. His wide acquaintance with the books

he has catalogued should have ensured greater completeness than he has attained. To be sure, he anticipates objections to some extent by declaring at the outset that "I have excluded some books which are either devoid of any feature of interest from the literary or artistic point of view or are not germane to the object of my work." As to "features of interest," there may, perhaps, be some difference of opinion; but most persons will, we think, agree with us that many of the works overlooked are extremely germane to the object of such a bibliography as this. Such, for example, are the omissions from notable "Catalogues" of the "*Catalogue systématique et raisonné*" of the cabinet of M. Davila (Paris, 1767); of the edition of 1760 with plates by Deseve, and of that of 1768 with plates by Gravelot, from the list of illustrated editions of Rabelais; and of the Chauveau edition from those of La Fontaine's Fables.

We cannot imagine on what grounds many other works have been left out. It may be interesting to mention a few familiar enough to some collectors:—"Recueil de Diverses Figures Etrangères," which, published in Paris in 1760, contains a title and eleven plates after Boucher; Gosmond's "*Les Campagnes de Louis XV., représentées par figures allégoriques*," Paris, 1751; "*Recueil de differens Projets d'Architecture, &c.*," with many plates after La Guèpière, 1752; Dr. Langhorne's "*Fables de Flora*" (London, 1794), which Stothard illustrated; Marin le Roy de Gomberville's "*La Doctrine des Mœurs*," with a hundred plates by Daret, of which a translation was published in London in 1721; "*Vues Remarquables des Montagnes de la Suisse*," which, illustrated by Wolff, Rosenberg, Clément, and others, was published in Amsterdam in 1785; and the "*Heures Nouvelles, dédiées à Madame la Dauphine: écrites et gravées par Senault*," which was issued in Paris, without a date, in 1740. A less cursory examination would doubtless reveal a considerable number of similar omissions, which, together with not a few typographical errors, should be made good in a revised edition.

Fault-finding in this case is not as ungracious as it appears; it is really a tribute to the long-sustained effort of an enthusiastic connoisseur, for we should not have been concerned to take so seriously a less conscientious work. Nearly all the books here catalogued have apparently been seen by the author, who gives particulars of a valuable sort relative to a vast number of them, together with what he considers to be the real market value, independent of the vagaries of reckless collectors and unscrupulous dealers. Had Mr. Lewine taken somewhat lower ground in his preface, the general verdict on his book would in all probability have been more appreciative. The plates give some indication of the character of the originals, but they cannot be considered as works of art in themselves. The rare Freemason series, however, is of great interest and curiosity, especially in view of the imitations—libellous, many of them—that have on several occasions been made. It is to be hoped that Mr. Lewine will not stop here, but will set himself at the earliest opportunity to perfect a work which, with all its minor defects, is an extremely important contribution to the bibliography of literature.

THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY. By Selwyn Brinton, Part II. (Simpkin 3s. 6d. n.). In this second volume, Mr. Brinton has done for the schools of Venice, Padua, Verona, and Ferrara-Bologna what, in his first, he did for those of Pisa, Florence, and Siena. In plan, Part II is an improvement on Part I. The method now adopted is to introduce each school by an essay of a more or less historical character, and to follow this up with a list of the artists belonging to it, and a tolerably full *catalogue raisonné* of their principal works. Thus, after an article on "The school of Squarcione," and one on "Verona la degna," we have lists of the Paduan and Veronese artists and of their works, which, though by no means exhaustive, exhibit a meritorious industry. In these lists—which Mr. Brinton calls Analyses—he contrives to call attention to many points of interest, such as the choice of subject, the artistic affinities of the painting, its admitted or suspected authenticity, and the like. The space at

his command does not, however, enable him to enter into the *pros and cons* of such questions, for as the book is intended to be a handy book for travellers and students *compendiousness* has been deemed of the first importance, and *compression* has, in fact, been pushed to the utmost limits of the bearable. Under these circumstances it is only fair that Mr. Brinton's work should be considered as a sort of critical pemmican, and as such it is wanting neither in the quality of flavour nor in that of nutrition. Mr. Brinton's own comments are sufficiently spirited, personal, and fresh. In the matter of spelling proper names, Muriano for Murano, and so forth, he allows himself considerable license, but not more than is common among Italians. He is up to date, too, though he makes scant use of Professor Wickoff's discoveries, and his summary rejection of so many of the Dosses at Dresden strikes one as hardly justifiable. Nor do we suppose that many experts will agree with his view that the typical Palma, "The meeting of Jacob and Rachel," is "full of Giorgione's sentiment." His descriptions of pictures from personal examination are in the main accurate enough, though here and there are trifling slips. Mr. Brinton tells us, for instance, that in the masterpiece at Castelfranco San Liberale is bare-headed, while in the deep-toned sketch at the National Gallery "he wears his helmet," whereas the exact converse is true.

The modesty of Mrs. Field's preface to *AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE RENAISSANCE* (Smith, Elder, 6s.) should not be allowed to detract from its merits. To say that a book which deals concisely with European art and literature in the extensive period known as the Renaissance can "boast of no research" is absurdly self-depreciative. A volume such as this, although essentially elementary, could not have been written except with a wide and varied knowledge, and others than the students of whom Mrs. Field speaks will be benefited by the concise bird's-eye view of men and things which it affords. Considering the magnitude of the task, the manner of its achievement is worthy of all admiration. A short and fairly complete criticism of the English, French, Italian, and Spanish literature of the Renaissance alone would need a range of reading possible to few; but to this Mrs. Field adds brief summaries of European painting, sculpture, and architecture, and a note on the religious and social conditions of the time. To cavil at details in a book of this nature would be an ungracious task. Mrs. Field's criticism of Villon, for instance, is inadequate, and her statement that Villon typifies "the long-stifled voice of man's lower nature recklessly making itself heard" is misleading, for the most pathetic of all poets stands for much more than this. Again, it is untrue to say that such dramatists as Ford, Tourneur, and Webster "lost the grip of true tragedy." But, on the whole, Mrs. Field is a safe guide, and any disagreement with her opinion regarding a detail here and there is soon forgotten in contemplation of the extent of her labours.

The sketch of the black side of the period with which Mrs. Field concludes is painful reading by the side of the literary and artistic glory of the time, but it is useful to remember that the same age which produced Raphael and Michelangelo produced the Inquisition and made a Borgia Pope. The astonishing contradictions of the Renaissance, the volcanic outburst of artistic energy from the black emptiness of the middle ages, the struggle of human thought and freedom with the tyrannies of Church and Crown, are well touched on by Mrs. Field. We wish the volume could have been twice as long.

TUSCAN ARTISTS, THEIR THOUGHT AND WORK, by Hope Rea (Redway, 5s. n.). This is one more addition to the long and increasing list of books which aim at planting sweetness and light in the inartistic mind of the English tripper. As Sir W. Richmond puts it in a queerly-phrased but eulogistic introduction, "the subject is a very large one and could not have been treated with anything approaching exhaustion in short essay." What the authoress has done is to present the tourist with some half-dozen short sermons on Italian art, taking for her text sometimes a concrete fact like the goldsmiths' predominance among medieval craftsmen; sometimes a philosophical problem like "the relation between Imagination and Reality," and to

illustrate or corroborate her views by profuse references to the *works* of this and the other master. To some extent her attitude resembles that of Mr. Grant Allen in his admirable "Florence," but she does not bring to her task either the same scholarship or the same analytical acumen. It is, however, only fair to say that her book has the charm of sincerity and enthusiasm, and that she writes sympathetically and without a too obvious effort at surprising her readers. Her last chapter contains a really excellent description of the famous arca in Or San Michele.

ECONOMICS.

It is just possible to keep count of the works of first-rate importance which appear in the course of a year. But who could reckon up the endless little volumes which come pouring forth from English and American presses on economic or social subjects—unless, indeed, an amount of time and energy which the occasion scarcely warrants were expended? Little books of this kind divide themselves into four classes. One has first of all the book which is simply and solely a condensation of some larger work. The condensing operation is sometimes performed by the author of the bigger book in question, but oftener by one of his disciples and admirers. Next there is the work of the man who knows his facts, but is quite incapable of reasoning from them, of arriving at any conclusive or definite result. Opposed to his is the far commoner case of the writer who is full of theories, of generalizations, of ingenious arguments, but who quite ignores the necessity of verifying his statements or of basing his generalizations upon facts. And, finally, we have the man—unfortunately for the reader, he comes but seldom—who has taken the trouble to ascertain the truth for himself, and has, moreover, the power of criticizing keenly, reasoning correctly, and thus offering a real contribution to the literature of his subject. It is to this class that Dr. Menger's *RIGHT TO THE WHOLE PRODUCE OF LABOUR* (Macmillan, 6s. n.) belongs. Here, however, the ground is cut away from below the reviewer's feet, for the book is prefaced by an introduction of over 100 pages, in which Professor Foxwell gives what is really a complete and careful review of Dr. Menger's work. To review a review is scarcely profitable, and it would be difficult to improve upon Professor Foxwell's account of the book. He describes it as—

At the same time a history and a criticism. It deals, not with Socialism in general, under all its aspects, but with a single claim or first principle of Socialists, the asserted right of the labourer to the whole produce of industry, or, if we prefer to express it in its negative form, the denial of a right to "unearned" income.

It should be of peculiar interest to English readers in that it treats at length of a little known school of English thinkers, the school of Godwin, Hall, Thompson, and others, and traces the principles they advocated down to their latest developments in theory and legislation. Dr. Menger inquires "how far these principles are consistent with one another, and how far all or any of them are capable of incarnation in a practical coherent system of rights, adapted to human nature as we know it." The inquiry is conducted in a genuinely scientific spirit, and whether we agree with Dr. Menger's conclusions or not, we are glad that his book, which has been known on the Continent for over twelve years, should now have become accessible to English readers. It has been well translated by Mr. E. Tanner, and Professor Foxwell's careful bibliography should prove extremely useful.

On the whole, Mr. Sargent may be placed in the same class. His little book on the *ECONOMIC POLICY OF COLBERT* (Longmans, 2s. 6d.) is one of the admirable series of *Studies in Economics and Political Science* produced under the auspices of the London School of Economics, and is therefore fairly sure to be worth reading. The book, as its author says, is "merely a short study; its object, to give a consistent view of the policy of an administrator and practical economist little known to English students; and to indicate the native sources of information to those who wish to follow up the subject."

This latter end is attained by a clear and well-compiled bibliography. As to the former, Colbert, "habile homme d'affaires," as administrator, as financier, as economist, is studied carefully and impartially by Mr. Sargent, who has the fluent pen and the critical faculty which are the traditional inheritance of Oxford. The author summarizes the results of his study in his final chapter on "Colbert's legacy to France"—

Colbert's policy of trade regulation brought little but evil to France, but progress has followed the application of his real principle, the principle of the removal of hindrances, which dominates his best work as an administrator, and which is the most thorough expression of his views. As a financier he merits ungrudging praise. Here he was truly original; and his principles have received the allegiance of those individuals among his successors in office who have been most distinguished for capacity and judgment.

Dr. Devine's book on *ECONOMICS* (The Macmillan Co., 4s. 6d. n.) cannot quite entitle its author to rank as an original contributor to the science he teaches. But, though he does not say anything new, he repeats old truths with freshness and interest. The book is intended for use in the class-room or lecture-room, and it might with advantage be read by English students who are not always familiar with the works of American economists, and for whom Mr. Devine's methods will have the attraction of novelty. The least satisfactory chapter is, perhaps, that on value, which Mr. Devine discusses at length, but not conclusively. In this small volume many problems, as for example, trades unions, monopolies, industrial co-operation, financial relations, remain untouched, and a supplementary volume of a more advanced nature would be worth having from Mr. Devine's pen. His present book deserves genuine praise for its careful, clear, and fresh restatement of economic truths and theories.

Mr. Townsend Warner, the author of *LANDMARKS IN ENGLISH INDUSTRIAL HISTORY* (Blackie, 5s.), also belongs to the class of writer who condenses large and important books into a small space for the benefit of his pupils. Mr. Warner has performed this office conscientiously enough, though it is a pity that he has not made more use of Professor Maitland's researches in his treatment of manor and borough. We should have thought some knowledge of them essential to Mr. Warner's work. Still, his book may quite possibly prove useful for teaching purposes. No doubt it will save a number of students the trouble of reading such books as Cunningham's "Growth of English Industry and Commerce" (upon which Mr. Warner's volume is mainly based), Ashley's "Economic History," Gross' "Gild Merchant," and the like. Whether this is a desirable end is a matter about which there may be two opinions.

M. Achille Loria is an excellent example of class three. He wields a brilliant pen and is blessed with a good translator. If only his reasoning faculty and his accuracy were equal to his powers of writing he might have done valuable work. Unfortunately, this is not the case, and his *ECONOMIC FOUNDATIONS OF SOCIETY* (Social Science Series, Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d.) is a tissue of plausible but unsound generalizations, of skilful casuistry and bad logic, of wild arguments and astounding conclusions. He has been at a great feast of economic and historical literature and has stolen the scraps; his reading has been wide indeed, but not wise. Almost any one of his general propositions might be inverted and the same results deduced. The panacea for all evils, social, moral, economic, is free land—free land is, indeed, the text, the argument, and the summing up of the book. For the rest, it fills us with a desire to question all his statements. Where are the savage societies whose members are all free, equal, and independent to be found? Is it true that economic transformations are causes of great changes in language? Or that "in primitive communities where capitalistic property does not exist, the ethics of egoism succeed perfectly in assuring the welfare of both the individual and society"? Or that the matriarchal system could only prevail before private possessions existed? As a matter of fact the maternal family can and does co-exist with private property, for example, on the Malabar coast. Yet, despite such astonishing assertions as that "Crime is a morbid emanation of capitalistic conditions," "all

legal aphorisms have been drawn up in the interests of the rich and strong and in contempt of justice and equity," "in the temple of Themis there is no place reserved for the labourer," the book is undeniably clever and well written.

Mr. Allen Clarke, who has written a little work on *THE FACTORY SYSTEM AND ITS EFFECTS* (Grant Richards, 2s. 6d.), is a type of the opposite class. He is—so we gather from internal evidence—an ex-factory hand, the son and brother of operatives, the husband of a factory lass. He left the factory and became a journalist—for towards the end of the book he tells us that—

The northern factory folk have laughed and cried over my humble everyday stories, have cut out of their papers and pasted in scrap-books my factory songs and ballads, and know them as well as I do, have roared with hilarity over my humorous dialect sketches, and have by heart all the comical doings and sayings of my "Bill Spriggs."

We feel that we ought to share this knowledge, but, unfortunately, we do not. The results of both his occupations are writ large upon Mr. Clarke's pages. In the first place he knows the facts, the people, the lives he is trying to describe. And, secondly, he can never resist the temptation of writing journalism and of soaring into wild flights of rhetoric. He is mainly actuated by a hatred of the factory system and all that it involves; and no doubt his little book will enlighten many of its readers as to the conditions under which the Lancashire cotton trade is carried on. If he had only confined himself to a statement of the facts he would have produced a much more telling result. This, however, is rather much to expect. Mr. Clarke's little volume may be commended to any one who is anxious to ascertain the views of a thoughtful man of the operative class—provided that he does not object to very plain speaking and can also sift the real from the merely rhetorical.

Mr. Wilson Harper's work on *THE FOUNDATIONS OF SOCIETY* (Ward, Lock, 6s.) is one of a class which is becoming increasingly familiar—a class which pours forth in unlimited abundance from all sides, and especially from American presses, which treats of all subjects, but dwells most lovingly on sociology and economics. To be brief, it is a Notebook. It is neatly divided up under headings and sub-headings, and it is, perhaps, well to state that the headings are "Society," "Its Origin," "Its Ethical Basis," "Its Economic Basis," "Its Political Basis," "Its Religious Basis." The notes have been taken with great care, and the references, which are numerous, are given with scrupulous exactness. Mr. Harper has read all the best authorities, and all the books and magazine articles about the best authorities. He quotes from St. Luke and Mr. Benjamin Kidd, Plato and Mr. Grant Allen, Bishop Lightfoot and Sir Frederick Pollock; and many other writers of different degrees of eminence. Indeed, the amount of time and trouble which must have been spent in the compilation of the volume is distressing to reflect upon, when it is compared with the net result. Mr. Harper's own opinions appear occasionally, but though cheerful they are in no way original, and the perusal of his book leaves one oppressed with much information, if not perceptibly nearer the solution of social problems. It is not inspiring, but it might with perfect safety be placed in the hands of a well-meaning and commonplace young person who was anxious to study social philosophy. No worse danger than slight boredom awaits the reader of this "investigation into the foundations of society," which concludes that "the realization of a perfect state belongs to the future; as yet it is only a goal seen in the distance," and that "the drift of events is towards the reconciliation of all that is good and true in individualism and socialism. When this reconciliation is finally effected, social progress will be assured, and the foundations of society rendered absolutely stable."

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Few literary "finds" of the last year are, in their kind, more suggestive than the *LETTERS DE L'ABBÉ MORELLET*, edited by Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice (Plon, 3.50f.). The Abbé Morellet,

to whom Voltaire alludes as Abbé *Mords-les*, was a victim of a lack of political foresight. At the close of the eighteenth century he was a friend of the "philosophers" and encyclopædists. These letters, in which, in his role of Anglomaniac, Morellet is revealed as the friend of Shelburne, Burke, Priestley, and Price, open with a touching scene describing the last days of Helvétius, who died in the abbé's arms. He reads and discusses the best pamphlets published in London, and then, in the salon of Mme. Geoffrin, adorns his conversation with brilliant political maxims borrowed therefrom. The contest between Wilkes and Townsend excited his nerve there. At the outbreak of the American War, he rose to the occasion and condemned the intervention of France and the English conservatives. When a Whig administration came into office he urged Shelburne to open negotiations, and, for his pains, obtained a pension from Louis XVI. The next few years were the happiest in his life. He wrote on the liberty of the Press, and was flattered by Shelburne, who called him a French Swift. His enthusiasm for Turgot was so great that in a letter to Shelburne he said that England enjoyed fewer liberties than France:—

... parce que vos préjugés sont bien opiniâtres, et que chez vous l'autorité ne peut pas, comme ici, braver les préjugés nationaux. Mais notre exemple y servira, et si l'administration de M. Turgot dure quelques années seulement, les effets en seront si frappants que l'Europe entière pourra ouvrir les yeux.

Europe did open her eyes, and, in fact, stared in blank astonishment, when the National Assembly, at which the gentle abbé had, at first, laughed, drew up, a few years later, a plan of reform that left none of the old institutions standing. The abbé had mistaken for a period of peace what was merely a lull before a storm, and he, too, was caught up by the whirlwind. It is really pathetic to hear his complaints at the cessation of his pension, and to learn that he is compelled to send his niece to Mme. d'Houdetot. Then the Convention assembled, and all Europe was ablaze. The Allied Armies invaded France, while the King's head fell on the Place de la Revolution. The abbé was not what M. Déroulède would call a "patriot." He wrote to Shelburne that the Allies alone "could establish in France a government that would have some stability and give us, if not happiness and wealth, which have for ever quitted our unfortunate country, at least security for the individual and a little quiet." This passage shows the extent of the abbé's foresight. Peace was restored in France by an army, but it was that of General Bonaparte. The letters end with the elevation of the successful Corsican to the Consulate. For the sequel of Morellet's story we must turn to his *Memoires*, which were published in 1823. In the wreck of the Monarchy he did save the archives of the French Academy and the manuscript of the unfinished Dictionary, and these he restored in 1802 when Bonaparte organized the Institute. In 1807 he was made a member of the *Corps Legislatif*, and he died in 1819, having witnessed to the end the great drama of the Revolution. The Holy Alliance must have given him some hopes that his plan of universal peace was about to be realized. The abbé's letters form an interesting supplement to his *Memoires*, and to the life of Lord Shelburne by their editor.

NAVAL.

Dr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner, who has undertaken to edit for the Navy Records Society the Letters and Papers relating to the FIRST DUTCH WAR, 1652-1654, has issued his volume carrying the record down to the autumn of 1652, and treating in turn of certain phases of the action with a short introduction to each. Dr. Gardiner postpones any general review of the results of the documents to the last volume, which will also contain an Index.

The second issue of *ALL THE WORLD'S FIGHTING SHIPS* (Sampson Low, 10s. 6d. n.) is much more than a reprint of the first with some new information added. Mr. Jane has revised his handbook all through, and has made many improvements in many details. In its present form it is an extremely useful book of reference, not only for naval officers, but for all who want to know what any man-of-war, native or foreign, they may hear of looks like and what her powers are. The indexes and classifications,

very essential parts of such a work, are full and as clear as they well can be considering the complexity of the subject. With Mr. Jane and the Austrian Almanach für die K.-u.-K. Kriegsmarine, which also is about the best thing of its kind, the expert will be well armed. Mr. Jane adds a compact summary of the naval side of the late Spanish-American war, which is more favourable to the Spaniards than some we have seen.

Mr. Bowen Stillon Mends (late surgeon, R.N.), the author of *THE LIFE OF ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM ROBERT MENDES, G.C.B.* (Murray, 16s.), informs us in the preface that he has written it—or rather, to be strictly correct, compiled it—in obedience to his father's wishes. This is his sufficient justification for undertaking the task, and yet we cannot allow that, from the point of view of the reader, there is any visible need for a life of the Admiral on this scale. Sir William Mendes did good service in organizing the transport of the army from Varna to the Crimea, and this is the only war service he had a chance of seeing, though he did a good administrative work as Director of Transports at the Admiralty. It is further the case that Admiral Mendes did not think that his services had been sufficiently appreciated by Admiral Dundas. In the long run he did not suffer by this neglect, real or imaginary. He was one of Sir E. Lyons' men, and was warmly praised by that officer. The Directorship of Transports was given him as a reward for what he had done in the Crimea, and also no doubt because his management there had marked him as a very fit man for the place. Yet the injustice of Dundas plainly rankled in his mind to the end, and it is to this fact that we owe the biography. It would seem as if Sir W. Mendes felt that he could not rest in his grave, unless he died with the assurance that all the world would some day know of the sins of Dundas. To be quite candid, the spectacle of this posthumous revenge on a man dead long before himself is not very pleasant. The weakness, the inefficiency, even the want of courage of Dundas are insisted on *ad nauseam* in the letters of Sir William Mendes to his wife from the Crimea which are quoted in these pages at length. At the same time we cannot say that any very hearty praise is given to anybody else. Even his patron, Admiral Lyons, is rebuked from time to time. Captain Mendes, as he then was, was never tired of insisting on the incapacity of Lord Raglan and the dawdling of the soldiers. He lectures Sir John Burgoyne for his military engineering, and is as schoolmasterly with everybody as with him. Yet he never shows much understanding of the difficulties the soldiers had to contend against. These letters were, perhaps, excusable at the time as coming from a hard-worked and worried man, but to-day it is hardly pleasant or profitable to read them.

PORTUGUESE INDIA.

In the wide field of Indian history a great mass of new information is being rapidly accumulated, and the bewildering multiplicity of the results produces at first almost a feeling of despair. *THE CHRONOLOGY OF INDIA*, from the earliest times to the beginning of the sixteenth century, by C. Mabel Duff (Mrs. W. R. Rickmers) (Constable, 15s. n.), aims at reducing these results to a system. The materials which it lays under contribution range from modern periodical publications to ancient Chinese State records. The minute and accurate testimony of the latter has thrown a new light on many aspects of Indian history, and especially on the movements of those barbarous Scythian tribes which hovered like a threatening cloud on the Northern frontiers of India in the first century A.D. Perhaps the most interesting feature in the book is its summary of the evidence derived from epigraphical and numismatic sources, which has a very real and permanent value. The book covers a period ranging from 3000 B.C. to 1530 A.D. One position of it seems hardly up to the level of the rest. At the end of the fifteenth century the Portuguese begin to appear in India. The references to them are meagre and faulty even in the case of the most prominent names. Vasco da Gama first touched the Malabar littoral in May, 1498, not 1499. Albuquerque captured Malacca in 1511, not 1510, Ormuz in 1515, not 1514. His period of office is given as twelve years, twice as long as the

reality, and—strangest error of all—he is said to have been recalled to Portugal in 1518, whereas he had died at sea in December, 1515. Some mention might with advantage have been made of Almeida, the first Viceroy, Albuquerque's predecessor, and we think it rather premature to date Portuguese decline from the death of the latter. This part of the book seems to have suffered through a too trusting reliance on second-rate authorities. Gleig's "History of the British Empire in India," and Bruce's "Annals of the E.I.C.," though excellent for their own period, hardly strike us as the most convincing names in the bibliography of Portuguese India. The errors, however, are confined to the last few pages; in the continuation (and we hope there is to be a continuation), the dates connected with the first appearance of Europeans in India will, no doubt, be brought up to the high standard of accuracy maintained in the rest of the work.

A separate history of the Portuguese in India, compiled in a manner worthy of the theme, has hitherto been lacking for English readers. *THE RISE OF PORTUGUESE POWER IN INDIA, 1497-1550*, by R. S. Whiteway, B.C.S. (retired) (Constable, 15s., n.), will go some way towards supplying this want. Written without any striking grace of style, it shows much power of research and a painstaking accuracy. The narrative, however, is too crowded with facts. On the rare occasions when Mr. Whiteway indulges in a generalization his comments are terse and judicious. He has grasped, for instance, the true meaning of the Portuguese appearance in India as the final phase of the great medieval struggle between Christendom and Islam; he pithily sums up in a sentence the Asiatic history of the gallant little nation when he describes it as the intrusion of a "Western power into the alien civilization of the East—an intrusion which the East has resented by absorbing and degrading the intruder"—and he has written an interesting and original chapter on the arms and method of warfare of the time. But we could have dispensed with many of the details with which subsequent pages are overlaid. We weary of the never-ceasing squabbles of the Portuguese amongst themselves, and the dreary catalogue of their appalling cruelties towards the "Moors." At times the main thread of the narrative is not easy to disentangle from the minor strands that cross and recross it.

We are disappointed that the author has limited himself for his authorities to published works. His bibliography is good, but he seems not to have examined the extensive transcripts from Portuguese records at Lisbon made for the India Office by Mr. F. C. Danvers. Any opportunity to test the period from contemporary sources should have been eagerly welcomed. Portugal's stately epic of the *Lusiad* has cast a glamour over the crude facts of her Indian supremacy, and in many Portuguese historians the chief persons of the drama loom dimly in a semi-mythical atmosphere, heroic figures performing feats of super-human valour, fighting, burning, and slaying on the far off Indian seas. The narrative is carried down to the year 1550, and from that period Mr. Whiteway dates the final decline of the Portuguese. Signs of decay had already made their appearance, corruption reigned supreme, offices were sold to the highest bidder, and piracy became the ordinary avocation of the needy adventurer. From time to time some viceroy more vigorous than his predecessors effected a temporary improvement, but after D. João de Castro, who resigned in 1550, there followed a series of Governors whose names "are but the milestones that mark the progress along the dismal path of degeneration."

PHILOSOPHY.

Friedrich Nietzsche's *GENEALOGY OF MORALS AND POEMS*, translated respectively by W. A. Haussmann and John Gray (Unwin, 8s. 6d. n.), form the first volume of the English translation of his collected works. Though in Germany Nietzsche is a prime intellectual force, public opinion in our country has not yet made up its mind whether his writing is madness with a streak of genius or genius with a streak of madness. On reading the dithyrambs at the end of the present volume one inclines to the former judgment; on reading parts of the *Genealogy*, to the

latter. Thanks largely to Mr. Havelock Ellis' brilliant essay in his recent volume of *Affirmations*, most educated people are tolerably familiar with Nietzsche's standpoint. It is simply this: that the Christian morality of pity and brotherly kindness is a mistake; that what is excellent is individual perfection of strength and intensity of life, and that each man should pursue this ideal to the utmost of his power regardless of social checks and elaims. The object of the *Genealogy of Morals* is to show how the common, servile, sympathetic, Christian morality came into existence and what we are to think of it. Nietzsche's teaching consists of a few dominant ideas reiterated with extraordinary vigour and variety of expression, and the present volume is enough to give us a fair idea of his teaching as a moralist, or, as he would have preferred to term himself, an immoralist. Needless to say, its tendency is intensely repugnant to all the orderly and law-abiding traditions of English life and thought. And, all prejudice apart, it does not seem that Nietzsche's moral paradoxes will bear the slightest cross-examination or confrontation with the facts. For all that, we cannot afford to push Nietzsche behind us. There really is something in what he has to say. His intense individualism appeals to the young world of artists who are calling out for freedom, a freedom which is often abused, but yet is necessary to the life of art. While to the sober moralists his work is suggestive inasmuch as it raises, in however a violent and paradoxical form, the question whether there is not a great discrepancy between our moral practice and our theory; whether the official morality of the churches does not lay more stress on the virtues of sympathetic emotion than the man of the world can find expedient in the conduct of life. On such topics Nietzsche at any rate makes us think; and that is perhaps the secret of his extraordinary popularity.

M. E. Récejac's *Essay on the Bases of the Mystic Knowledge*, translated by Sarah Carr Upton (Kegan Paul, 9s. net.), which forms part of the English and Foreign Philosophical Library, is "an attempt to make a purely rational critique of mystic knowledge, or it might be better to say, mystic experience." Its task is to select out of all the manifestations of the mystic instinct "that form least likely to vanish at the first touch of pure Reason." The author finds in moral perfection the aim of mystic aspiration. For "Divine evidence is nothing more than moral evidence carried to its highest degree under the joint influence of symbols and holiness"; while "the union with the Absolute" to which the mystic aspires is essentially a moral union. It is failure to recognize these truths which has led to the perversions of occultism and mystic pessimism. Such is the central idea of M. Récejac's essay, and round it are grouped remarks on a great many other topics, including, of course, a criticism of the attempts of Discursive Reason to deal with that field of inner experience which mysticism claims as its own. Unfortunately, the exposition and development of M. Récejac's work is not equal to its main conception. The style is extremely obscure, and the comments on matters of general philosophical interest are not very suggestive or convincing. But it is a disadvantage common to his school of thought that, relying upon inner personal experience, it is the less able to appeal to those who have no large measure of such experience.

GUIDE BOOKS.

If we do not review Murray's *Handbook for Warwickshire* (Murray, 6s.) at length it must not be inferred that the subject is of no great interest or that the author has executed his task in an indifferent fashion. Quite the reverse would be the truth. It has often been a matter of surprise to us that Mr. Murray has so long left Warwickshire of all the counties of England untouched in his inimitable series of county handbooks. We have gone carefully through the book and find but few matters to remark on, it being needless at this time of day to explain the principles upon which Mr. Murray's handbooks are constructed. In treating of the town of Stratford-on-Avon, so rich in its Shakespearean associations, we notice with some surprise that the editor describes without a word of criticism the well-known "Shakespeare Memorial," merely speaking of it as a "Gothic building." This

appears to be hardly correct in any sense, but "Gothic" or not, it seems to many people out of keeping with all the surroundings and history of Stratford, which are Tudor or Elizabethan in the highest degree. It is not stated in connexion with Stratford Church whether the proposal (of doubtful expediency) seriously made some years ago of re-erecting the organ in the nave over the chancel arch has been carried out. The maps and plans are excellent, and Mr. Murray has been well advised in deciding, as he seems to have done, to introduce into all the new editions of his English handbooks maps based on Bartholomew's beautiful $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch map of England. In this connexion we may, however, remark that it is not brought home to the eye that the Moreton and Shipston Tramway has been converted into a railway and is now an integral part of the G.W.R. system.

Baedeker's *NORTHERN ITALY* (Baedeker, 8 marks) has reached an "eleventh remodelled edition," containing twenty-five maps and thirty-five plans. It is very good (as Baedeker's guides invariably are), but we can draw the attention of the editor to certain ways of making it better still. The Alpine department is weak. For such places as Macugnaga the traveller is referred to the handbook to Switzerland—a work which he is unlikely to have with him if he is approaching Monte Rosa, as some do, from Turin. It would be kinder to print the Monte Rosa matter in both handbooks. The Vaudois country, again, is inadequately treated, getting little more than an inch of small print, whereas half a dozen pages would not be more than it deserves. It is an interesting country, for many reasons, and, until Mr. Basil Worsfold's book, "The Valley of Light," appeared the other day, trustworthy information about it was hard to get.

When Lord Macaulay proposed to visit a new holiday resort, he used to spend many busy weeks, reading every book about it that he could lay his hands on. It is an excellent example which only a few of us have the leisure or the diligence to follow. Most of us have to be content with one book, giving the net result of another man's wide reading; and, for the use of such, the glorified guide-book has been invented. *HOLLAND AND THE HOLLANDERS*, by David S. Meldrum (Blackwood, 6s.), is a book of this sort, and as good a book of the sort as we are acquainted with. It is not a history and it is not an itinerary; it supersedes neither Motley on the one hand nor Baedeker on the other. But, to the intelligent tourist, it will prove an invaluable supplement to those admirable works, giving a clear and vivid picture of the Holland of to-day, a detailed account of the fight against the invading waters, and of the life of the people in every class of society. The author's accuracy is nothing less than remarkable. We have searched his paper diligently for mistakes, and have only succeeded in finding one—and that a trifling one. According to Mr. Meldrum, the beef in Holland is bad, but is admirably cooked. Our own experience is that the Dutch serve their beef so nearly raw that it is almost impossible for an Englishman to form any opinion of its merits. But let that pass. Perhaps Mr. Meldrum has acquired a taste for steaks that are sent to table blue; or perhaps there have always been foreign cooks in the houses in which he has stayed. The inaccuracy, in any case, is not such as to impair the value of his book.

Mr. Meldrum may have been right in leaving his readers to go to Motley for the story of the Spanish Wars; but one would have appreciated a chapter on the English in Holland—Sir Philip Sidney, Milton, Myles Standish, Oliver Goldsmith, and the rest. This, however, is a subject large enough for a book by itself, and perhaps Mr. Meldrum means to write it. What he has written is, as far as it goes, very lucid and informing. His account of the operations of the *Water Staat* in particular is as good a popular exposition as need be desired. He tells us exactly how the Haarlem Meer was drained, and how it is proposed to drain the Zuider Zee, and what are the arrangements for opening the dikes at any moment in order to keep out an invader. For the energy of the Dutch in these directions he is full of admiration. But he complains that, in other directions, they are not energetic and he attributes their lack of enterprise to the excessive influence of women. The passage is worth quoting.

Her husband and children and house are the Dutchwoman's only concerns. To make the house comfortable for the husband is her chief end in life, and so eminently does she succeed that he is never happy out of it. Her affectionate care cajoles him from his ambitions. . . . Woman's triumph is complete. Without putting a foot in his realm she entices him into hers. . . . Thus everything confirms the Dutchman in a safe and uneventful life.

There certainly could be no more salient example of the Aristotelian doctrine that virtue is in a mean, and that excess of what appears to be virtue may have deplorable effects.

TRANSFIGURED.

Love took the sordid clay,
 She pierced its grossness as with lustral fire,
 Fashioned a spirit from the common earth
 And crowned him lord and king with tears and mirth :
 Love took the sordid clay
 And shaped it to the god of her desire.

Then, ere he could resign
 His white divinity and fall away
 From that ineffable, ideal height
 Whereto he had been lifted by Love's might :
 Ere he could so resign
 His godhead and return again to clay,

Death took the god of Love—
 The god that was but man ashine with gleams
 From inner fires that Love's own hand supplied—
 And made him deathless who might else have died :
 Death took the god of Love,
 And shrined him in the heaven of her dreams.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

Among my Books.

WHAT TOM BROWN READS.

I stand, this May morning, in a library which is my own and yet not my own ; it is true that in a merely legal sense it is mine. I rent the house of which it forms a part ; the books, furniture, pictures, and apparatus are bought with my money. I may put my head in as I pass, even stand and talk for a few minutes, conscious of the indulgent geniality of its inmates. But were I to protract my stay, I am well aware that on my departure even my best friends would observe, "What a bore my tutor is!" and "I hope to goodness he is not going to behave as if this was *his* room!"

This is my boys' library. It contains many shelves of well-thumbed books in strong repulsive bindings ; a few folding chairs ; a table honeycombed with incised names ; a small billiard-table, much mended, and guarded by stringent regulations ; many bound volumes of ancient illustrated papers ; innumerable dailies and weeklies purchased by subscription. The living furniture of the place varies from three to a dozen sturdy youths, who read, write, talk, play with extraordinary good humour, in a noise which would distract more elderly nerves. Though it is nominally open to all boys above a certain standing in the house, there are unwritten laws, mysteriously made and faithfully obeyed, which determine exactly the favoured few who really use the room ; and an intruder, however legal his status, is received with such grim disfavour, such chilling silence, that there is little temptation to insist on rights in the matter. But one privilege belongs to all the boys in the house from top to bottom—to take out books for the prescribed period, and at stated hours.

To what extent is this privilege made use of? What, in fact, does Tom Brown read? Indeed, does he read at all?

A literary man was driving with a venerable peer, famed

for skill in horsemanship—*Γεφύριος ἰπποῦρα Νέικτωρ*—when the steed gave an awkward wriggle. The man of the pen observed, with miserable geniality, "The horse is a fearful animal, as Mr. Pinchbold said." "Who is he?" said the venerable peer. "Why, he's the man in 'A Cruise upon Wheels.'" "Oh, a book?" said his lordship, grimly, "I don't like books."

Such, many would have us believe, is the attitude adopted by the barbarians, young and old, of the English upper class towards literature generally. Tom Brown is supposed to be a boy *nullius in libri*. I have been for fifteen years a master at Eton, and believe this to be an entire mistake. I have mild literary tastes myself, and have kept my eyes and ears open for traces of similar tastes among my boys, and my deliberate belief is that the boys of this generation read more, and that more boys read, than used to be the case when I was myself an Eton boy twenty years ago.

Books are now a part of the normal furniture of life for the ordinary schoolboy ; they are a source of leisurely enjoyment which plays a large part in nearly every boy's life. On the long winter evening when fagging is over, and tea has been cleared away, and the serious events of the day—such as the house-match or the game—discussed point by point, and next day's work completed, and a little genial scuffling done, to relapse into the easiest of chairs to read till the supper bell rings is for most boys the natural and agreeable thing to do. I remember—and I can lay no claim to a precocious boyhood—how often I lay extended at full length on one of the deal tables of the library, with the gas lights glaring on the bare boards, and the panelling with its painted lists of school honours, with the great courtyard silent without, immersed in some story of Scott or Dickens or Lytton, till the clanging clock recalled me with a curious wrench and gasp from a world which had grown in that hour so far more real than the world of life. That breathless poignancy is year by year more markedly withdrawn : but there is many a boy who can slip, at the rustle of Prospero's pages, into a bigger world than that bounded by football fields and pupil rooms. And yet there are those who are found to say that the pursuit of the romantic in a book unfits for the commonplace realities of life : a pestilent heresy ! Life is a pill that wants some gilding—and most of all for the young : disillusionment is often the herald of grosser visitants ; and a boy fed by the thought of romantic deeds, and the gracious carriage of seemly persons, is far more likely to desire to be seemly and gracious himself, to put some fire into life, than the boy whose horizon extends no further than the *Sportsman* and the *School Chronicle*. At Eton, only one boy that I can call to mind is, and has been, unable to derive the faintest interest from printed matter. He has been known to look into a Lillywhite ; but an attempt to make him pledge himself to read "Treasure Island" ended in failure at the fifteenth page—"and even by that time," he said cheerfully, "I didn't know what it was all about." The hero of my tale makes up by good humour, shrewdness, and great athletic dis-

tion for his deficiency in intellectual curiosity. Still, it is a trait regarded by other boys as both exceptional and unintelligible.

Though literature happens to be my own hobby, and though an absence of all intellectual curiosity in a boy seems to me to portend an old age tedious to himself and insupportable to his family, yet I have long held literature to be one only of many legitimate sources of amusement, to be in no sense a duty, and not necessarily productive of a manly and sensible view of life. It certainly appears to me, as hobbies go, the most prudent and far-reaching investment from an investor's point of view. But it is not every one who has a natural appreciation of style, to whom a well-placed epithet or an unerring noun is as keen a pleasure as a long drive or a delicate put is to an ardent golfer. If the taste is there it is a thing to thank God for and enjoy; not a distinction which confers a right to a sense of superiority over one's fellow creatures, any more than a relish for certain kinds of meat.

If, then, it is granted that the habit of reading does exist among boys, we may pass on to the less important question of what they read. I am not one who would wish to set before boys a very high standard in the matter of reading. If the habit, the craving, is once created, the added years, the insensible alterations of tastes, occupations and ambitions, will bring about a change in the subject-matter of reading.

Fiction is the natural food of the young mind; and, if that is cut off, in nine cases out of ten the impulse is hardly strong enough to survive. My experience is that Mr. Henty is the most popular author among younger boys at public schools; many boys have a shelf of Henty—delightful books in their bright and tasteless binding, every plot with a wholesome resemblance to every other, where the hero is a boy who holds the keys of the situation, and makes attached friends of the great generals and politicians of history, and no wonder:—"Quod novum ridet tenerumque captat lumina vulgi."

Much that is wide of the mark is talked about the pernicious effect of magazine literature. I have times without number been attracted, in a boys' room, by the sight of one of the many illustrated modern magazines which do, for many boys, form the staple of their reading. I declare I cannot see the slightest objection to the practice. Indeed, I would go further and say that I think it a wholesome form of reading. It is comminuted knowledge, it is true, but extends a boy's horizon all the same. He gets, in the compass of a single number, straightforward stories of adventure, descriptions of foreign countries, of eminent persons, of current politics, of natural curiosities, of manufacturing processes, all admirably illustrated. I cannot see in what these books differ from the old Penny and Saturday magazines that our grandfathers use to praise as the origin of so much useful general knowledge, except that they are better written, more interesting, and infinitely better illustrated. As boys get older their tastes vary; a few devour all books; one pupil of mine, aged fourteen, told his mother that he was "so fond of erotic poetry." Another has a taste

for personal memoirs, another for history, another for old plays. One delights in travels, another in natural history. Henty and "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour" give place to Dickens and Thackeray; yet, strange to say, so strong is the sense of decorum in boyhood that when I held a *plébiscite*, and made some twenty of my upper pupils vote on English authors, Walter Scott headed the list without a competitor.

If I am asked why, if this taste for reading be so firmly implanted in boys, it so seldom survives the education of a public school—why an education professedly literary should produce a type so little addicted to literature in after life—my answer would be that we do not cultivate it sufficiently. The complicated grammar which we instil is an admirable training in exactness, an admirable lesson in the art of performing conscientiously a mental operation from which all mental enjoyment is subtracted. But no one can pretend that a masterpiece of literature treated grammatically could retain pleasurable associations for tender wits. Imagine a lesson in "Treasure Island" which entailed all the nouns being parsed *viva voce* and all the verbs on paper. Similarly, who that reads Xenophon in small doses three days a week on alternate weeks could guess that the *Anabasis* is one of the most candid, picturesque, and interesting descriptions of a romantic campaign ever put on paper? Of course it is not to be hoped or even desired that boys will take naturally to high literature. A boy who will read Shakespeare for his own amusement is probably a remarkable boy; the ordinary Tom Brown is far more likely to be of the opinion of George III., who said to Miss Burney, "Is not Shakespeare sad stuff? only one must not say so! What, what! But is there not sad stuff?" The *Ion* of Euripides is no doubt a very Greek play; it contains some beautiful lines; the opening scene has high imaginative beauty; but the plot after all differs little from that of Wilkie Collins' "Dead Secret," except that it is brought out with an intolerable tediousness. No one would maintain the hypothesis that the "Dead Secret" was higher literature than the "Ion." Yet no one would inwardly approve of the boy who preferred Euripides to Collins for private reading. "We're doing Euripides with my tutor," said Smith minor at breakfast in company with Jones minor, at one of my colleagues' houses. "It's awfully hard—and it's harder still when we've construed all we've learnt, and my tutor goes on construing it. I never can make out what it's all about!" "You don't mean you *want* to?" said Jones minor, with scorn and derision.

There the matter lies; the thing cannot be forced at all. The habit is the thing; no harm is done if knowledge is secretly introduced, so long as it is introduced without spoiling the flavour. As Charles Lamb wrote to Coleridge in 1802, "Mrs. Barbauld's and Mrs. Trimmer's nonsense lay in piles about. Knowledge insignificant and vapid as Mrs. Barbauld's books convey, it seems, must come to a child in the *shape of knowledge*; and his empty noddle must be turned with conceit of his own powers when he has learnt that a horse is an animal, and Billy is better

than a horse, and such like, instead of that beautiful interest in wild tales, which made the child a man, while all the time he suspected himself to be no bigger than a child."

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

HUMOURS OF DICTIONARIES.

Many years ago, when the worthy pedagogue, whose weary task it was to teach me Greek, warned me against using an English-Greek lexicon for my compositions, I, naturally, bought one. Almost the first occasion on which I used this curious work introduced me to the humour of dictionaries. For, in the midst of a frenzied endeavour to do a Greek verse, I turned up the word "sad" in my lexicon, hoping to find some Greek word that would fit into my line. I looked up "sad" and the lexicon recommended me to see under "tristful." I looked up "tristful" and was referred to "melancholy." I looked up "melancholy" and was referred again to "grave." I looked up "grave" and it said, *see sepulchre*. Thus I found that there is always a soul of humour in things miscalled dull. There are, in fact, just three jokes in Liddell and Scott. Or rather, there were. For in the last edition, the stupendous pun anent the explanation of the word *συκοφαντης* has, with miserable pusillanimity, been sacrificed. The derivation of this word as meaning "one who informed against persons exporting figs" is now no longer a "figment," but a "mere invention." Lest a similar fate should befall the other two jests we will pass them over in silence.

The work of the "Great Lexicographer" himself teems with quiet fun. Did he not define a lexicographer as a writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge? One may fancy, however, that the Hammersmith Semiramis would hardly have appreciated that. And then there are a dozen other cases in which Dr. Johnson gave way to "capricious and humorous indulgence," as Boswell calls it. But his definitions of Tory, Whig, Patron, Pension, Oats, Excise, and Grub Street are too well known to need quotation. We will only give ourselves the pleasure of repeating one:—

Pension. An allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is usually understood to mean pay given to a State hireling for treason to his country.

The humour here was, of course, intentional; but among my books there is a large French "Dixionary" which is a jest in sober earnest, something after the manner of the "English as She is Spoke," which set us all laughing some years ago. I have said that it is large; and it was, indeed, for its size that I bought it one day, when I had grown tired of those smaller works which always omit the words you want, or translate them by the words which look most like them, regardless of meaning. Some authors are very eccentric in the words they omit. Napoleon had a dictionary, I believe, in which there was no "impossible"; but I have never seen it. For two shillings, accordingly, I bought the two mighty tomes in which the voluble Chambaud interpreted the French and English languages. His volubility is his chief charm. He is never content with the skimpy allowance of one word to translate another. He is never penny-father or muck-worm (*avare*) with his words; he empties the whole pepper-pot. He is not a mere ignoramus; for he knows a B from a bull's-foot (*Il ne fait ni A ni B*); nor must you suppose that he is intentionally a buffoon, jester, Merry-Andrew, Jack-pudding, or pickle-herring (*Buffon*), but there is with him a certain natural bubbling-up or estuation (*Bouillonnement*) of words which gives him a fatal tendency towards loquacity, dicacity, tittle-tattle, chit-chat, linguacity, gibble-gabble, polylogy, prittle-prattle (*Babil*). He is, you perceive, a *prattle-basket*; his tongue is well oiled and hung; he never falters or fumbles for a word (*a bon bec*), but will invent one rather than cheat you of your allowance. Ask him the meaning of so light a word as *Bagatelle*, and he floods you with—"Trifle, trash, bawble, peppercorn, nidgeries, feather, punctilio, pimping-thing, piddling-business, fiddle-faddle stuff,

toy, fiddle-stick, fig, foolery, fingle-fangle, flim-flam, kickshaw, trinket."

You say "*Benet*," and he answers:

Simple, oafish, booby, looby, numskull, hobby, changeling, bull-head, ninny, wise-acre, tony, ninny-hammer, noodle, nincompoop, put.

Truly, his tongue runs glibly or walks well! (*Il a la langue bien affilée*.) If you try a word like "*abolition*," will he be content to say "*abolition*" and have done with it? Not at all. "*N'abandonnez pas les étriers*. Do not quit the stirrups, but spit in your hand and hold fast," you hear him cry, and he adds:—

Abolition, extirpation, dissolution, rescision, circumduction, erasement, expunction, extinction, suppression, indemnity.

One wonders where and how he found some of his wonderful words. Had he the invention of a Rabelais or a Shakespeare in this respect? Or did he use some slang dictionary which led him into reproducing a curious medley of "low, trivial, inglorious, mechanic, putid, vulgar, pelting, despicable, shabby, humble, downward, linsey-woolsey, scurril and scurvy words" (*bas*)? The humour of the matter it would be difficult to explain, but I fancy it lies in his skilful collocation and ordering of words. He will not merely beat you, but he will "bang, belabour, bethump, pommel, curry, drub, thrack, swaddle, and thrash you" too (*battre*). Perhaps, if one knew one's own language perfectly, with all its cant and obsolete words, this master of synonyms would not "charm, queme, enravis, and eyebite" one (*charmer*) as he does. A lady once asked Johnson how he came to define Pastern as the knee of a horse. Instead of making an elaborate explanation, as she expected, he at once answered, "Ignorance, Madam, pure Ignorance." So, let me frankly confess, it may be due to my ignorance that Chambaud's wordsound strange in my ears and that in combination I find them ludicrous. But if that is so I boldly prefer my ignorance to philological omniscience. Omniscience, after all, must be fatal to one's sense of humour. There would be nothing funny in anything if one knew everything.

Besides the eccentricity of his words some of our author's phrases are very instinct or lively (*animé*). Here are some that I have noted as I have gone carelessly through or nuddled along (*aller vite et négligemment*) this great work (for I was always a slow lazy—*un homme lent et paresseux*):—

Il se pendit bien et beau. He hanged himself as round as a robin.

Une femme bise. A brown or tawny woman, waincot face. (Was he thinking of *Biscuit* or *Boisé*? The matter invites ingenuity in the elucidation! But he is always hard on women. He has the face or forehead to say (*a l'audace*) that *Les femmes sont long temps à s'attifer*—Women take a long time in setting off their heads!)

Brut. Noise, ado, lerry, fup, clap, clatter, pucker, rent. *Caprice*. Whim, conundrum, maggot, crochet, crinum, phantastery.

Il se fait beau garçon. He is turning out a pickled youth. *Un affranchi*. A freedman, a libertine, a manumised, a colibert, a denizen.

Chagriner. To grieve, to muzzle, to yearn, to wherret, to hyp.

Brilliant. Lamping, showy, lucid, nitid, relucant, pageant. *Briser*. Flaw, shatter, flake, craze, mangle, mammock, comminute, refract.

C'est une franche Catin. She is one of my cousins; she is one of my aunts; she is of the game; she is an arrant Betsy.

These things, indeed, are not so perfect of their kind as the "This girl have a beauty edge" or the "Not so devil as he is black" of Senhor Pedro Carolino's "New Guide of the Conversation in Portuguese and English"; but at any rate they edulcorate (*adoucir*) the bitterness of the labour of looking out a word. They tell me there are better dictionaries; but, with all their faults, I love and re-love (*rendre amour*) my shilling tomes and their author, not "for the care what we wrote him and for her typographical correction," but because after all "*c'est un bon enfant*, he is a good companion for a winter's evening, he is a hearty cack, an arch-blade!"

CECIL HEADLAM.

Notes.

In next week's *Literature* "Among My Books" will be by Mr. Goldwin Smith, who will write on Sir George Trevelyan's "American Revolution."

The committee promoting the erection of a memorial of Lord Byron in Aberdeen has decided that the memorial is to take the form of a bronze statue of the poet, some eight or nine feet high, which will be placed on a granite pedestal in front of the grammar school where Byron received most of his early education. He had previously been at an educational establishment bearing the grandiloquent title of "Mr. Bower's English School"—really a hovel in the Long-acre of Aberdeen, kept by a certain Mr. Bodsey Bower, and at the age of seven was sent to the grammar school, where he attended till he succeeded to the title.

The performance by the Elizabethan Stage Society of Edward FitzGerald's adaptation of Calderon's famous play, *Life's a Dream*, announced for Monday evening next, May 15th, at St. George's Hall, is arousing a good deal of interest. The Spanish Ambassador has given his patronage, in view of the fact that this is the first time that a play by Calderon has ever been put upon the English stage. *Life's a Dream*, the most celebrated of all Calderon's writings, has been translated into many languages and performed with success on almost every stage in Europe. Miss Margaret Halstan will take the part of Segismund, the Boy Prince; Mr. Ernest Meade will be the King, and Mr. Arthur Broughton Clotardo. Edward FitzGerald's adaptation differs in many ways from the Spanish original, and the dialogue has been entirely re-written. The play will be acted without the aid of scenic effects, and there will be no waits between the scenes. Mr. William Poel, the director of the Elizabethan Stage Society, is superintending the performance.

A correspondent writes:—

At this season of the year the papers are full of art criticism; it is interesting to remember that Sir Joshua Reynolds had a book of Press cuttings just like any self-conscious modern. He had the scraps bound up with his copy of Robert Strange's pamphlet on "The Rise and Establishment of the Royal Academy of Arts," where one can still refer to them and see what early art criticism was like. Here, for example, is a trenchant estimate of Gainsborough:—

"Who, for instance, views a painting of Mr. Gainsborough but must acknowledge that he throws a dash of the purple with every colour from his pencil? Which must proceed either from his not cleaning it sufficiently, or from a reflection from the purple colour of his eye. I remember having seen a portrait by him of a certain nobleman, remarkable for the sobriety of his life, and who was never known to have been drunk; but his lordship having naturally a very florid complexion, the addition of Mr. Gainsborough's purple to the colour of his nose and his cheeks will probably make him pass with posterity as the damndest drunken dog that ever lived."

Nor is Sir Joshua himself more gently handled. The critic thus addresses him:—

"I cannot help taking notice of a fashion which your portraits have helped to introduce, called the Vandyke manner of wearing the hair. It certainly saves the trouble of painting the likeness of the forehead of a child, to bring down the hair almost to the eyes; but I maintain it to be a most barbarous taste, to conceal the finest feature of the face and make every boy and girl look like a wild bull. If to give the face the look of surly pride be your aim, continue combing down the hair. If you want to express innocence and simplicity, part the hair at the top of the forehead and let it gradually separate as it falls down to the ear. But if you desire to behold an open, noble countenance, that detests all pride, show the forehead in all its glory, and let not the neighbouring nations of Europe continue to our children the character of ferocity and pride, under the ridiculous figurative appellation of a John Bull."

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins was certainly the right witness to give evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the clause of the Copyright Bill dealing with the

anonymous or pseudonymous publication of books; and his protest against the proposal to cut down the copyright of works so issued to a term of thirty years will be endorsed by every author. There is no more reason in the nature of things for mulcting an anonymous writer than for mulcting a firm of solicitors or merchants which, for one cause or another, trades in a name which is not that of the actual partners in the business. As Mr. Hawkins pointed out, effective anonymity is a thing that has practically ceased to exist. The author of "Democracy" is, we believe, the only author of a book that has made a stir in recent times whose identity has never been discovered; and even he (or she) would probably have been dragged to light if his (or her) personality had been as widely interesting as that of "Junius." In cases of breach of copyright, it would be necessary, for obvious reasons, for the anonymous writer to disclose himself in order to obtain redress; otherwise the door would be open to impersonation. But it is equally clear that there is nothing in this fact to justify the restriction of his right to his literary property. It is quite enough to leave such a man to decide for himself whether he prefers to keep his secret or to vindicate his claims.

To the *Atlantic Monthly* Mr. Edmund Gosse contributes some recollections of "Orion" Horne. Few poets have had careers so extraordinarily varied. He served as a volunteer in the Mexican War of Independence; coming home across the continent on foot, he visited the Mohawks, the Oneidas, and the Hurons, and bathed in public under the cataract of Niagara; he was wrecked in the St. Lawrence; he quelled a mutiny on a timber ship in mid-Atlantic; he published a poem at the price of a farthing; he sub-edited *Household Words*; he incurred the wrath of Miss Mitford, who "declared that he had used her hospitable dining room to propose to a lady (with £60,000 a year) at lunch, and to another (with £40,000 a year) at tea"; he went to Australia and commanded the gold escort; he also "flung himself into the cultivation of the cochineal insect, edited a Victorian newspaper, became Commissioner of Waterworks, gave lessons in gymnastics, professed the art of natation, and was one of the starters of Australian wine-growing." At the age of seventy he "persuaded the captain of a ship to tie his legs together and fling him into the sea, and swam with ease to the boat."

In his old age he was very poor, and it was in his old age that Mr. Gosse knew him. The picture is well drawn:—

It was from 1876 to 1879 that we saw him most frequently. He was living at this time in two rooms in Northumberland-street, Regent's Park, in very great poverty, which he bore with the gayest and most gallant insouciance. An attempt was made—indeed, several attempts were made—to secure for him a little pension from the Civil List, and these were supported by Carlyle and Browning, Tennyson and Swinburne, to name no smaller fry. But all in vain; for some reason, absolutely inscrutable to me, these efforts were of no avail. It was darkly said that Mr. Gladstone would never, never yield; and he never did. When Lord Beaconsfield came into office, he granted the poor little old man £50 a year, but even then he had not too much food to eat nor clothes to keep him warm. Still he went bravely on, shaking his white ringlets, and consoling himself with his guitar. He was fond of mystery, which is a great consolator. For economy's sake he used to write on post-cards, but always with a great deal of care, so that the postman should be none the wiser. I have such a post-card before me now; it is an answer to a proposal of mine that he should come in and take dinner with us:—

"Nov. 29, 1877.

"The Sharpshooter's friendly shot just received. By adroitly porting my helm, and hauling out my flying-jib, I shall, by 7 o'clock this evening, be able to get the weather-gauge of the Cape I was bound for, and run into your Terrace.

Thine,

REEFER."

Nothing, surely, could be more discreet than that.

Mr. J. Henry Quinn has performed a useful service in writing a "Manual of Library Cataloguing," which is published by the Library Supply Company (5s. n.). The subject is not, perhaps, quite so recondite as librarians are apt to think. But it presents

more difficulties than the average ignorant person is aware of, and it saves trouble to have the rules formulated instead of learning them by slow experience or thinking them out by a desperate intellectual effort. We doubt, however, the wisdom of Mr. Quinn's decision that a classified is to be preferred to a dictionary catalogue. The most useful catalogue in the world is Mr. Portescue's famous subject index, and the arrangement there is purely alphabetical. It is practically impossible to classify human knowledge, and, when the heroic attempt is made, there is no guarantee that the man who uses the catalogue is accustomed to the same classification as the man who compiled it. As we said once before, when discussing this vexed subject, the most erudite can hardly determine whether bacteriology is a branch of botany, zoology, or medicine; but the dullest student can look out bacteriology in an alphabetical index and find the books he wants.

A good subject index is certainly a desirable addition to a library; but in the case of small libraries—libraries, let us say, of less than 10,000 volumes—is it so absolutely indispensable as librarians sometimes maintain? A *minimum* of subject indexing can always be done in the course of compiling the general catalogue; while the earnest student of any particular subject—a comparatively rare person—can either make his own subject index or get the help of the librarian's assistant. This may not be the ideal method, but, when expense has to be considered, it would answer well enough for all practical purposes. Searching a catalogue of ten thousand volumes does not take much longer than reading a novel. At the British Museum readers often take a good deal more trouble than that in working up the bibliography of a difficult subject from Bouchier de la Richarderie, or Quérard, or some similar work of reference.

Mr. A. G. Reid in his "Annals of Auchterarder and Memorials of Strathearn," just published, throws some light on the origin of the familiar Scottish rhyme about a certain "terrible parish" which has long puzzled antiquarians and others, and the explanations given are generally more ingenious than convincing. One version runs:—

O, what a parish, what a terrible parish,

O, what a parish is that of Dunkell!

They hae hangit the minister, drooned the precentor,
Dung doon the steeple, an' drucken the bell!

Though the steeple was down the kirk was still stannin',

They biggit a barn where the bell used to hang;

A stell-pat they gat, an' they brewed Hieland whisky,
On Sundays they drank it, an' rantit, an' sang.

Another version gives Kinkell instead of Dunkell. On behalf of Kinkell tradition says that its bell was sold to the parish of Cockpen—and the proceeds "drucken." Mr. Reid shows that the Kinkell bell was certainly sold to Cockpen, but he cannot find any proof of the charge that its custodians drank the price.

A correspondent writes:—

There is an historical blunder in the statement which has been issued by the local committee in charge of the scheme for the enlargement and development of the old grammar school at Huntingdon in which Oliver Cromwell received much of his education. It is stated that the school was founded in 1187 "by David, Earl of Huntingdon (the Sir Kenneth of 'The Talisman'), who afterwards became King of Scotland, and from whom our own Royal Family are directly descended." The committee is in error in two particulars. David never was king, and our Royal Family is not descended from him. Scott in his novel refers to David quite correctly as "Earl of Huntingdon, Prince Royal of Scotland;" but, as a matter of fact, the Prince never came to the throne. He predeceased his father, William I. (the Lion), who was succeeded in 1214 by David's younger brother, Alexander II., the father of the monarch whose marriage with the Princess Margaret of England led eventually to the union of the Crowns.

The most notable feature in the *Butterfly* is a poem on "Hereditry," by Mr. Adrian Ross; and the most remarkable thing about the poem is the dashing originality of the metre.

The poet boldly ventures on rhymes four syllables long. In this way:—

Give the rein to idleness, and let the weed of folly flower,
Cultivate the naughty rose, and cut the moral cauliflower!
Do not blame the sluggard if a week or so in bed he tarry;
Sleeping is hereditary—nothing but hereditary.

And again:—

So you see heredity must always be a valid answer
When a monarch manifests a weakness for a ballet dancer;
When a noble lord behaves in style that would discredit 'Arry,
That must be hereditary—nothing but hereditary.

We speak subject to correction, but we believe this is really a new departure in the matter of rhyme.

The Socialist authorities of Tours seem to have been somewhat misjudged in their attitude towards a Balzac centenary. It was a Socialist, M. Fournière, who has just proposed in the Chamber that the ashes of Balzac should be transferred to the Panthéon. The dispute over the statue of Balzac by M. Rodin, of which we gave an account a year ago, had just been revived by the exhibition at this year's *Salon* of the new statue by M. Falguières, which has pleased public opinion no more than the other. The appearance, therefore, at the tribune of a deputy to propose the apotheosis of the author of "Père Goriot" was not a surprise. But M. Fournière's appeal on behalf of a writer whom the reactionaries had tried to monopolize as an ardent Catholic caused comment. "Honoré de Balzac," said the Socialist deputy, "belongs to no party. He belongs to France."

"Rodin," Mr. Arthur Symons tells us in the *Fortnightly Review*, "is the first man who has completely understood Balzac." This essay is one of two very interesting articles on the novelist which appear in this month's magazines, the other being by Mr. Garrett Fisher in the *Cornhill*. The latter has one or two curious stories, showing how to Balzac the persons of his novels were the only really living persons. Mr. Arthur Symons has much suggestive criticism. He continues the sentence we have just quoted thus:—

It has taken Rodin ten years to realize his own conception. France has refused the statue in which a novelist is represented as a dreamer, to whom Paris is not so much Paris as Patmos; "the most Parisian of our novelists," Frenchmen assure you. It is a hundred years this month since Balzac was born: a hundred years is a long time in which to be misunderstood with admiration.

The novels of Balzac [Mr. Symons says] are full of electric fluid. To take up one of them is to feel the shock of life, as one feels it on touching certain magnetic hands. To turn over volume after volume is like wandering through the streets of a great city, at that hour of the night when human activity is at its full.

The French papers have been full of souvenirs of Balzac for some time past. The most remarkable is by M. Adolphe Brisson, who has given to the "interview" so artistic a literary form. The interviewer is the octogenarian playwright, M. Eugene Cormon, who saw a great deal of Balzac from 1838 to 1840, when the latter was living at Jardies, near Ville d'Avray.

M. Cormon had just been introduced into the master's study. The latter did not deign to look round. He seemed absorbed in a painful task requiring all his efforts. Seated at his table, his shirt collar wide open, his braces down, he was covering a paper with minute hieroglyphics. M. Cormon advanced and discreetly coughed. But this timid appeal not having been heard, he stopped, frightened, and, holding his breath, amused himself by looking round the room.

There was nothing very attractive. There were common seats, spotted with ink, encumbered with papers, printers' proofs, and books in disorder. On the walls he discerned strange inscriptions chalked in: *Here a picture by Raphael; Here a Goblin tapestry; Here a stylabate of cedar; Here mouldings, Trianon style.* The great man had not had the leisure to procure these works of art, but he had marked their places. M. Cormon, more and more surprised, sat down respectfully on the corner of a sofa, and opened his newspaper. Twenty minutes passed. Finally, Balzac decided to throw down his pen.

"What, is it you?" he exclaimed pleasantly. "You are going to share my omelette. No, no, I won't accept a refusal."

He fancied ingenuously that his guest had fallen from the clouds. M. Cormon did not take offence. He excused himself, but Balzac enthusiastically took him out into his garden, showing him in detail the stones and shrubs. He then brought him back to the dining room, decorated, like the study, with hypothetical panels. . . . Finally, the teapots were brought in, and Balzac became grave. "Coffee and tea," said he, "are the best friends of the man of letters. . . . As for the tea," Balzac put a finger on his lips, and going to a cupboard drew out a carefully tied up package. He undid it with infinite precautions, borrowed from it a pinch of yellow leaves having the delicacy and colour of eastern tobacco. "This tea," he resumed, "is sacred, almost divine. It comes from the palace of the Emperor of China. Virgins gather it with their hands and bring it to him in attitudes of worship. Every winter this sovereign sends some boxes of it to the Tsar of Russia, his brother. One of the bales was obtained by Baron von Humboldt, who has kindly done me the homage of it."

How suggestive is the anecdote! In Balzac it would be difficult to say where dream left off and where real life began.

As far back as October 30th, 1897, we expressed the hope that Professor Texte's "Jean Jacques Rousseau and the Cosmopolitan Spirit in Literature" should as soon as possible be translated into English. It appeared as long ago as 1896, and we have, from time to time, alluded to the results of his inquiries into the reciprocal influence of French and English literatures. We need not, therefore, introduce Professor Texte to readers of *Literature*, or attempt to define at length the extreme utility of his work. It is remarkably well translated by Mr. J. W. Matthews (Duckworth, 7s. 6d.), to whom we owe certain corrections and verifications as well. But M. Texte himself, furthermore, has also improved his book by fresh notes. Researches of this sort can never be entirely completed. The construction of a book of this sort is analogous to the growth of a coral island: it proceeds by the slow piling-up of minute facts, and new discoveries are always possible.

Thus M. Texte writes of the influence upon Rousseau of the author of "Hudibras." Here is a curious proof M. Texte might have adduced, if he had only chanced upon it, of Rousseau's acquaintance with Butler's mock-epic. The "Dictionnaire Social et Patriotique" (Amsterdam, 1770) contains (page 488) the following:—

There is to be found in a collection of verses, entitled "L'Ami des Muses," which appeared in 1759, a poem by Rousseau, entitled "L'Allée de Sylvie." He therein announces his future melancholy in these terms:—

On verra la Philosophie
Naitre de la nécessité;
On me verra par jalousie
Prêcher mes caduques vertus;
Et souvent blâmer par envie
Les plaisirs que je n'aurai plus.

Here surely we have:—

Compound for sins they are inclin'd to
By damning those they have no mind to.

Allon, in his "Essai sur l'Universalité de la Langue Française," as well as M. Texte, insists on the importance of Hudibras in Towneley's translation, which appeared in 1757, but neither of them has noted this apparent proof of Rousseau's knowledge of Butler.

Again, M. Texte might have found in the "Lettres de l'Abbé Morellet," reviewed on another page, a precious store of matter in illustration. In the discussion of the use of the word "cosmopolite" it is pertinent to note the following from Morellet's letter of March 12th, 1776:—

Voilà toujours ma politique cosmopolite, my lord; quoique vous soyez, à mon avis, un peu trop national je suis persuadé qu'elle ne vous déplaira pas, et je crois que vous y reviendrez. Hélas! c'est bien faite de ce cosmopolitisme que votre gouvernement se conduit d'une manière si absurde et si injuste envers les Américains. Vos ministres, &c. . . .

M. Texte shows us Voltaire abusively belabouring poor Letourneur as the type of the Anglomaniacs, for his efforts to introduce Frenchmen to Shakespeare. Here is a letter from that arch-Anglomaniac, equally odious to Voltaire, the Abbé just mentioned, in which he refers to Letourneur's translation. It is really a partial excuse for Voltaire's explosion of jealousy:—

M. Suard vous parlera d'une traduction de Shakespeare, dont nous sommes bien mécontents tous les deux. Nous mériterions bien mieux le nom de barbares que nous vous donnons si libéralement, si nous étions contents de voir votre grand Shakespeare ainsi défiguré. Mais soyez sûrs que les gens de goût qui connoissent l'original sont indignés, et que ceux qui ne le connoissent pas le sont aussi du mauvais françois des traducteurs, qui n'écrivent pas dans notre langue, mais dans je ne sais quel jargon calqué sur les expressions de la vôtre, sans grâce, sans vérité, sans simplicité, et contre toutes les lois de la syntaxe et du goût. Le pauvre Garrick sera furieux.

And the Abbé suggests that the celebrated actor should challenge a member of the firm of translators, Comte de Catullan, to a duel for this insult to the memory of the great poet. Constant readers of French eighteenth century literature can thus supplement M. Texte's documents by others. His book is an epoch-making book, and English readers will welcome it with the same intelligent appreciation as French readers have done. It is interesting to note that M. Texte is now writing an important preface for an "Essai de bibliographie des questions de littérature comparée," to be published soon by Dr. Louis Betz, an American professor at Zurich.

Another translation from the French which will receive a wide welcome is the English edition, now published by Mr. Fisher Unwin (21s.), of M. Jusserand's "Shakespeare in France under the Ancien Régime." We reviewed the book very fully on December 10 of last year, and we note that the absence of an index, to which we called attention, is now supplied. The book can be warmly commended to all lovers of literature as throwing a flood of light on a department of literary history hitherto too much neglected.

An "International Congress of Comparative Literature" is being prepared for the Paris Exhibition of 1900. It is the first of its kind, and nothing could be more characteristic of our time. We shall return to the subject later, giving further details.

Writers who sell their books to publishers without submitting their MSS. for approval will find food for reflection in the report of the case of the "Imperial Press (Limited) v. Johnson." The plaintiff was sued for damages because a book which he had written for the defendant company contained errors. Though he was only called upon to pay a shilling, the inaccurate may well feel the precedent alarming—the more so as the Lord Chief Justice instructed the jury to consider the "cumulative effect" of blunders trivial in themselves. On this principle historians as eminent as Froude and Carlyle might have been mulcted heavily if their works had not happened to hit the public taste; while the historical novelist who is guilty of anachronisms, and the religious novelist who appoints a deacon to a Bishopric, and the lady novelist who, dropping into French, gives us *nom de plume* and *bon riveur* and à l'outrance, may well tremble in their shoes. So long as their books sell they will, of course, be safe; but when the demand for their works of genius slackens it may well be held that the magnitude of their "advances" imposes a correspondingly high standard of composition, and even such little matters as an historic present or a *nominativus pendens* may be brought up against them, with disastrous consequences, in a Court of Law.

A copy of a curious newspaper has been found in the French national archives. It is dated January 9, 1808, and is called *L'Athénée des Dames*. The articles are evidently written by women, and the object of the paper seems to have been an attempt to place women on an equal footing with men. The feminine pioneers of 1808 were evidently nearly a hundred years in advance of their times. *La Fronde*, the Parisian newspaper

written, printed, and published by women, is now in its third year and appears to be successful, whilst only one copy of *L'Athénée des Dames* is to be found. By a strange irony this unsuccessful feminine paper was published in the Rue *Gît-le-Cœur*.

There are several books by the old Tudor printer, Thomas Berthelet, to be found in the last catalogue of second-hand books issued by Messrs. Maggs, Church-street, Paddington. Not so long ago books from Berthelet's workshop could be procured with comparative ease, but since it became fashionable to collect black-letter books, examples from his press have become scarce. Berthelet was a man of considerable note in his day, for, besides being the King's printer, he was one of the original members of the Stationers' Company. From contemporary records he appears to have been employed a good deal in the printing of statutes. His printing is not, however, distinguished by fine qualities, his Gothic types being heavy and dull. Besides printing, Berthelet also bound his own books, and it is interesting to compare his early with his later work. The former bears all the marks of its foreign origin, but his later bindings form excellent examples of what is known as the "Tudor" style, which owes its popularity more to Berthelet than to any other contemporary printer. A record dated 1543 contains an account rendered to the King, Henry VIII., for an abridgment of the statutes, printed by Berthelet and "gorgeously bounde" in his workshop, for which a charge of 5s. is made. Berthelet appears to have carried on business for many years at the "Lucretia Romana," in Fleet-street, and a record of the Stationers' Company shows that he died early in 1556.

At the sales held at Sotheby's at the end of last week the early Italian printers seemed to be at a discount, for some very good Aldines were disposed of for a few shillings each. The most conspicuous example was a small folio volume from the press of Baptista de Tortis, dated Venice, 1481, examples of whose work are very rare; probably there are not at present a dozen genuine copies in Europe. This volume consisted of a collected edition of Cicero, magnificently printed, and in excellent condition. The dignified old volume, in its oaken boards, bearing well its centuries of age, certainly deserved a better fate than to be sold for 11s. In exact contrast to the typographical splendour of this book were two "dumpy twelves," one a translation of Boccaccio, printed by "A. Jeffes for T. Woodcocke," 1587, an ill-conditioned black-letter volume in paper covers, which fetched £11; the other was the rare 1648 Edinburgh edition of "The Life and Acts of the Most Victorious Conqueror, Robert Bruce," a very inferior copy, which sold for £15 15s. The other important books included in the sales were Dugdale's "Monasticon Anglicanum," 8 vols., 1817-30, £21; several fine county histories—viz., Blomefield and Parkin, "Topographical History of the County of Norfolk," 11 vols., 1805-10, £20 10s.; Hasted, "History and Topographical Survey of the County of Kent," 4 vols., 1778-99, £19; Lipscombe, "History and Antiquities of the County of Buckingham," 4 vols., 1847, £16; Shaw, "History and Antiquities of Staffordshire," 2 vols., 1798-1801, £18 10s.; Surtees, "History and Antiquities of the County Palatine of Durham," 4 vols., 1816-40, £18 10s. There was also a copy, in excellent condition, of the *Moderate Intelligencer*, Nos. 1 to 245, February, 1645, to October, 1649, which fetched £26.

THE MYSTERY OF "THE VIRGINIANS."

Did John P. Kennedy write a chapter of "The Virginians," or part of one? This question is revived on the other side of the Atlantic by General James Grant Wilson, and the evidence of the late Mr. Latrobe, the friend of Kennedy, of Mr. Crawford Neilson, of Baltimore, Mr. Sydney G. Fisher, of Philadelphia, and Mr. John Samuel Fisher, of the same city, is invoked to the elucidation of the alleged puzzle. The discussion has so far been made known to English readers through the columns of the *Daily Chronicle*.

The testimony of the gentlemen named turns chiefly upon the good faith of those who are quoted, and on the trustworthiness of the memory of the quoters. There is an attempt to show that Thackeray could not have been familiar with all the facts recorded in the debated chapter (Chapter 4 of the second volume), these facts consisting of landscape descriptions of Cumberland and a trade blunder. It is further pointed out that, although Mrs. Ritchie made a half-promise to deal with the matter in her introduction to "The Virginians," at that time unpublished in the Biographical Edition, she did not carry out her intention. On the other hand, Mrs. Ritchie has declared that the original manuscript of the book is entirely in the autograph of her father. That should be conclusive; indeed, General Wilson accepts it as testimony powerful enough to necessitate the revision of Mr. Latrobe's article in "Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography," of which he is the editor; yet the only concession which has been made is in the ascription to Kennedy of "part" of the chapter instead of the whole of it. The question of Titmarshian touch does not appear to have weighed with the critics in any degree, nor the importance of distinguishing between contribution of information (such as Kennedy doubtless gave) and contribution of *text*.

But there is another point involved of still greater importance; Mrs. Ritchie hints it in her simple statement, the more significant for its simplicity—"I am sure my father wrote his own books." It is, in fact, a question of honesty and morality; and I believe it to be impossible that a man of such sensitive and punctilious honour as Thackeray could have committed a fraud upon the public simply because, as Mr. Latrobe would have us believe, he was afflicted one day with a "disinclination to supply the printer with 'copy.'" Upon this point I would ask permission to make contribution to the discussion by giving Thackeray's own views upon a literary transaction not essentially dissimilar to that here involved.

In *Punch* (No. 327, p. 147, vol. 13, 16th Oct., 1847) there appears an article by Thackeray, hitherto unprinted and unidentified by bibliographies, entitled "X.Y.Z." Over these initials a literary man had been persistently advertising in *The Times* that he would provide "any party" with "sterling poetry" or "first-rate prose." Such productions, it was implied, were at the disposal of the purchaser, who, by publishing them as his own, might secure for himself the credit of having written them. The absurdity of the proposition tickled Thackeray as prodigiously as its immorality disgusted him. He explains how application was made to "X.Y.Z." at the advertised address in the Haymarket (he says it was Mrs. Punch who did so in the name of Adelaide Bunyan—whose "volume of poesy 'Moans of the Nightwind'" still awaits the help of a Mæcenas in support of a publisher). He obtains details and terms from the advertiser, who turns out to be one Mr. Smithers, author of *Rumbuski*, and proceeds to comment upon them thus:—

But has he any right to do so?—that is the point. No young author has a right to go and purchase a hundred lines of sterling verse, written by a *Rumbuski*, and buy a claim to immortality for five pounds five. The tickets to that shop are not transferable, so to speak. It may be very well for a Smithers to throw off a few thousand sterling lines or reams of first-rate prose, and secure his own seat; but he cannot keep places for ever so many friends besides. It is not fair upon us who are struggling at the door.

No, I say; for the interest of the public this scheme must be stopped. Let us concede that *Rumbuski* is the greatest work of the age; that the author of that prodigy may, out of the benevolence of his disposition, and at a reasonable charge, edit the works of geniuses less accomplished; cut down a book of travels; put a little point here and there to the vague moral of a pamphlet; or help a literary dowager to grammar. These jobs are often taken in hand (for the benefit of the public, too) by men of the literary profession.

But here he must stop. . . . You may touch up a man's drawing, Smithers; but you must not do every line of it. You may put a few feathers into a jackdaw's tail, but do not send him out into the world as an accomplished peacock. It is not fair on the other jackdaws.

What?—the author of the great *Rumbuski* a literary smasher, and vendor of illicit coin? O, fie!

With such a code of literary morals—assuredly applicable in still greater force to a man of established reputation—and in the face of such a declaration, it is hardly likely that Thackeray would have allowed another man to strike his literary coin for him. His views of the commercial side of the issue were clear and unyielding; and he knew that when the public were paying for Thackeray they ought to have it, without Kennedy being palmed off upon them on the plea that the genuine author was “disinclined” to be honest. Besides, even if he had agreed to the irregularity, is it conceivable that he would have converted that irregularity into fraud by recopying his friend’s contribution into his own autograph? Surely, in the words of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, “It can scarcely be necessary to contradict the assertion.” Without actually impugning the good faith of the gentlemen cited by General Wilson, some other explanation must be forthcoming.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

FICTION.

There is just a touch of old-world charm about *SUNNINGHAM AND THE CURATE*, by Elith A. Barnett (Chapman and Hall, 6s.), that may secure it a small circle of appreciative readers among those who have a lingering tenderness for the early Victorian period. It is evident enough that “Cranford” is the author’s model here, and perhaps it is not altogether surprising that she has partially failed in attempting to produce a picture of society in Sunningham on the same lines as Mrs. Gaskell’s masterpiece. To tell the truth, the greater part of this book suffers from too faithful a chronicling of unimportant matters: its simplicity degenerates into dulness. Towards the end things go a little more brightly. There is cleverness and pleasant sentiment about the writing, but the story is one that will appeal chiefly to a public of a reflective temperament, who like to absorb their fiction slowly, and to whom any violent excitement is distasteful. Unfortunately, readers of this kind grow fewer in number year by year.

THE GARDEN OF SWORDS, by Max Pemberton (Cassell, 6s.), is a story of the Franco-Prussian War, and the author bravely interlards his pages with scraps of French of varying degrees of accuracy. The favourite objurgation of his troopers is *Sac à papier*, an expression which belongs to the days of the *Grande armée*, and is about as convincing in the mouth of a French soldier of 1870 as “Zounds” or “Odds Fish” would be in the mouth of a contemporary English guardsman. We also have *grandmère* for *grand’mère*, and *porte-étendard* (in conversation) for *porte-drapeau*, and *talkz* for *valse*, and *déjeuner* (thus quaintly accented), and, as the climax, *vilains Prusses* for *sales Prussiens*. This is very near the high-water mark of the lady novelist; and the blunders are a bad blot upon a book that is otherwise by no means devoid of merit. The actual story is, indeed, cheap melodrama, and the characters are hardly individualized. But, on the other hand, bits of the fighting are very vivid, and the description of the charge of the Cuirassiers at Reichshoffen is worth all the money. Boys will appreciate the novel.

In spite of a plot which scarcely seems to lend itself to such a description *CICELY VAUGHAN*, by Philip Davenant (J. Long, 6s.), will be frequently described as a “sweetly pretty story.” The plot bears a somewhat striking resemblance to that of “The Confession of Stephen Whapshare.” In that powerful and depressing story it is the man who poisons an exasperating invalid. Here it is the woman who adopts the same course. It is a coincidence, doubtless, though a curious one, that the hero’s name should be Stephen. But with the name all resemblance ends. We are not roused to enthusiasm for Stephen, the curate, for whom Mr. Davenant so earnestly invites our admiration. The chief fault of the story, which is fairly well written, is its sentimentalism, a fault which a young writer may outgrow.

“It has not happened to many men, as I think, to have fallen into the hands of as cruel and bloodthirsty a monster as ever defiled God’s earth and to have escaped to tell the tale.”

So *ATHELSTANE FORD*, the hero of Allen Upward’s new novel (Pearson, 6s.), begins his autobiography. And on the last page he muses thus, in good old style:—“Sometimes when I walk abroad . . . I ask myself whether all this has really been as I have written it . . . or whether they are not dreams and visions which have come to me while I have slept.” Nevertheless, these dreams and visions are told with a creditable amount of dash and vigour, and in some of them we see Clive, are present at the battle of Plassey, and again endure that night of memorable horror in the Black Hole.

When we began *LADY LANARK’S PAYING GUEST*, by Gertrude Forde (Chapman and Hall, 6s.), we feared, with some reason, that we were committed to four hundred and twenty-eight closely-printed pages of as conventional a romance as could well be imagined. There is the poverty-stricken dame of high degree with the lofty-minded son who will have a “barren title” to support. There is also the American heiress who is to be chaperoned by the high-born dame “for a consideration.” The heiress is, of course, beautiful and *piquante*, with the usual outfit of “guesses” and “reckonings,” and a deceased parent whom she can call “Poppa.” The story does, indeed, result in the orthodox manner, but with a refreshing difference from the ordinary routine. We have not the space to describe this difference, but it saves the book from an over-strong flavour of penny novelette.

THE PRESIDENT OF BORAVIA, by George Lambert (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.), revives some old “business” in the Buried Treasure line that has not been much in vogue lately. “All for the love of a lady,” a young Englishman protects the threatened President of an excessively uncomfortable Republic, and goes through many perils for him, even endowing him with most of the treasure. Of course, the President has a lovely daughter—and eventually a son-in-law. The tale is told in a creditably spirited fashion, and the riches tossed lightly about make our mouths water. Five hundred thousand pounds is hardly worth mentioning in Boravia.

NORTHERN LIGHTS (Redway, 3s. 6d. n.) is a volume of psychical stories, by E. D’Espérance. Presumably the author is a lady. It is certain that she has abundant faith in the appearance of disembodied spirits, and in their occasional intervention in human affairs. She has brought together a good deal of material from out-of-the-way places—from Scandinavia, Bavaria, the Tyrol, and the country of the Wends—and whatever the authorities on spiritualistic matters may say as to the credibility of her stories, they are undeniably interesting. As a rule, she writes brightly and prettily; the few exceptions are found where she attempts to force the pathetic note. The story called “The Mill Stream,” for example, is written almost entirely in a sort of blank verse, which produces, after a short time, an indescribably exasperating effect. But most of the stories are distinctly good, and the supernatural element is not handled at all in the hackneyed manner. “The Light of Pentraginny” is the last, and also one of the best, in the collection.

THE MISTAKE OF MONICA, by Nella Parker (Routledge, 6s.), has a time-honoured plot, but this is partly disguised by the modern tone of the treatment. Monica is an attractive and musical young woman with an obviously business-like love affair in the near back-ground. Yet she despairs of her future and marries the first adventurer who proposes to her, with the persuasions of an elderly aunt to back him. Our sympathies are not vitally aroused by the pathos of a damsel who marries the wrong man to please her aunt, but the author certainly carries off her weak plot valiantly and wins our interest for Monica. After supporting the wrong man in comfort until he becomes insupportable, this strangely unsophisticated heroine betakes her to the care of the well-intentioned admirer of her early days. She sacrifices to propriety by an immediate attack of fever, shortly after which the adventurer-husband bicycles down hill into a stone wall, with the happiest results to every one con-

cerned except himself. It is all rather silly, but really very readable.

THE FAITH THAT KILLS, by Emeric Hulme-Beaman (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.). Mr. Hulme-Beaman is certainly bold. He has taken up the idea of murder and suicide clubs where De Quincey, Stevenson, and Barrie had left it, and has developed it for his own purposes in this novel. His previous success in the "Prince's Diamond" proved that, without being a mere imitator, Mr. Hulme-Beaman has it in him to excel in the region of Stevensonian romance, and we gladly admit that his boldness has here been justified. Primarily, this is the history of one of those generous, true-hearted men who put their faith in a light woman—the faith that kills. But the thrilling interest of the book lies in the chapters which deal with that last enthralling infirmity of gambling, and describe the meetings of that suicide club which the narrator would have us regard as, in its inception, the disinterested product of an unselfish enthusiasm, where men played for their lives as the only stake which would yield the quintessence of excitement and fear, the whole object of a gambler's existence. Gambling and suicide clubs may perhaps be considered to be not very edifying subjects for a novel. But suicide, as De Quincey said of murder, may be laid hold of by its moral handle, or it may also be treated æsthetically, that is, in relation to good taste. The author manages to treat the matter æsthetically by putting the story into the mouth of the sole survivor of the club, a cynical, good-natured gambler, who is cursed with the exasperating misfortune of being unable to lose at the tables, and whose subtle, unconscious self-portraiture does great credit to the author's powers of characterization. Admirably written (though the accents on the French words set one's teeth on edge), this exciting volume will certainly add to the author's reputation; and leads us to look for still better work in the future. One of its chief merits is that it sends us back once more to the pages of "Murder Considered as a Fine Art," and of "The New Arabian Nights."

Obituary.

Mrs. MARSHALL, who died from pneumonia on the 4th inst. at Leigh Woods, Bristol, was well known as the writer of a series of historical tales, published by Messrs. Seeley, and also of many stories for the young. The value of her work lay in the fact that, while not tiresome or didactic, it never failed to stimulate, and undoubtedly gave great enjoyment to thousands of readers. Her plan was to take some historical character, such as George Herbert, Bishop Ken, Purcell, Philip Sidney, and weave round it a graceful story. Her talent was not likely to become widely famous, but it enjoyed its full share of grateful recognition. The good influence exerted by her work was even more powerfully felt by those who came into direct communication with her personality. Among the most popular of her books were "Under Salisbury Spire," "Penshurst Castle," and "Winchester Meads." We have already had occasion in these columns to note the excellence of her last, "Under the Dome of St. Paul's."

Mr. CHARLES HENRY COOTE, who had been employed for forty-one years in the British Museum, was a contributor to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and the "Dictionary of National Biography," and a high authority on the subject of old maps. In 1878 he published a paper on "Shakspeare's new map in *Twelfth Night*"; in 1888 he edited, with an introduction and bibliography, "A Reproduction of Johann Schöner's Globe of 1523"; and in 1894-95 he supplied the explanatory letterpress of F. Muller and Co.'s reproductions of "Remarkable maps of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries." He also wrote the introduction to the Earl of Crawford's "Autotype Facsimiles of Three Mappemondes," and prepared for the Hakluyt Society "Early Voyages and Travels to Russia and Persia," and published, with prologue and notes, "The Voyage from Lisbon to India in 1505-6 by Albericus Vesputius."

Mr. BENJAMIN VINCENT, for many years keeper of the library of the Royal Institution, was a diligent worker in the more laborious fields of literature. Among other undertakings, he assisted in editing "Flügel's German Dictionary" (learning the language for the purpose in a few weeks), compiled an index to the persons, places, and subjects mentioned in the Bible, superintended the preparation of the seventh and later editions of "Haydn's Dictionary of Dates," and brought out a companion "Dictionary of Biography." His classified catalogue of the books in the Royal Institution Library was an admirable work of his kind. Like Faraday, who was his friend and patron, Mr. Vincent was a Sandemanian.

PROFESSOR LUDWIG BÜCHNER, who died recently, was a prominent German disciple of Darwin, and a successful popularizer of the doctrines of materialism. His best known book, "Kraft und Stoff," appeared in 1855, when it excited great hostility, and it obliged its author to resign a lectureship at Tübingen and earn his living by practising as a physician at Darmstadt.

Correspondence.

A SPEECH BY THACKERAY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The thirteenth and last volume of Thackeray's works which Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. have just published contains on page lxii. of the introduction what purports to be the report of a speech delivered by Thackeray on the occasion of the thirteenth anniversary festival of the Royal Theatrical Fund, held at the Freemason's Tavern on March 29, 1858. It is certainly not generally known that the speeches of the actors and eminent men of letters who were present on that occasion—Dickens and Buckstone among the number, with Thackeray as chairman—were printed and circulated immediately after the termination of the proceedings in the form of a pamphlet which must, unless good reason be shown to the contrary, be taken to report accurately what was said by those who appealed to a large audience of something like 200 friends of the Royal Theatrical Fund. This pamphlet is extremely difficult to meet with, as many pamphlets, old or new, often are, and it is solely through the kindness of Mr. W. T. Spencer that I am able to draw attention to the rather singular circumstance that the speech quoted in the recently published volume of Thackeray's works is so unlike that reproduced in the pamphlet that the two may almost be described as essentially different. Dickens also spoke on the same occasion, and the reports of what he said as given respectively in the pamphlet and in Herne Shepherd's "Speeches of Charles Dickens," published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus in 1884, may also be fairly looked upon in the light of different addresses altogether. As an instance of the disparities to which I refer the following may be quoted from the pamphlet. It has reference to the procedure of Thespis who, according to Plutarch, was accustomed to declaim from a wagon:—

Having witnessed his performance Solon sent for Thespis—the great Solon had a large stick in his hand at the time. Thespis came up, and he said to the poor wandering manager, "Sir! how dare you utter such a parcel of nonsense and lies before any public assembly?" In vain Thespis protested that an actor did not of necessity guarantee the truth of all the words he uttered. "Sir! Begone," continued Solon, "the man who would tell such fibs from the stage would not hesitate to forge a bill of exchange."

This incident appears in the new volume of Thackeray's collected works as follows:—

Well, the great Solon having attended one of poor Thespis' performances, sent for that wandering manager when the piece was over and, it is recorded, flapped his cane down upon the ground and said to Thespis, "How dare you utter such a number of lies as I have heard you tell from your wagon. A man who will tell fibs in a play will forge a contract."

To make a schedule of the many points in difference existing

in the two reports, the additions and omissions, would be a laborious and, perhaps, unprofitable task, for the editor of the pamphlet, whoever he was, may, after all, have taken it upon himself to revise and correct the orators' parts of speech much in the same way as Sir William D'Avenant is said to have "amended and polished" the language of Shakespeare. Or he may even have given his own reflections on Theopis and matters theatrical in his own language. This we shall probably never know, though it may, at this point, be not altogether unprofitable to ask, what did Thackeray say?

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
Carshalton, Surrey. J. H. SLATER.

CLASSICAL METRES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the very friendly and interesting comments which you made last week on my pamphlet on classical metres, I am accused of inconsistency in scanning my lines, a charge which from my point of view is of the utmost gravity. What is the value of a prosody if its rules are not kept? But the fact is that the second of the two lines quoted is not scanned as I intended it to be, or, indeed, as it could be according to my rules. It should be divided thus:—

Thān wĥen | twō dwĥlling | In ōne ā | bōde āre |
āt ōne in | all things.

And not—

āre āt | ōne in | all things

which would involve four false quantities. The mistake has arisen I think from the unfortunate spelling of *one*, which I will not believe is pronounced in any way differently from *won*. Accordingly the first *in* and *at* must both be long by position, and the second *in* is short before the vowel, as it should be. I do not deny that my rules are arbitrary, often, perhaps, absurd, but to have broken them in the smallest particular would have been unpardonable. That is my only ground for troubling you with this letter.

Yours faithfully,
Radley. W. J. STONE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I am pleased to see in your "Notes" in the issue of 6th inst. a defence of the much-abused English hexameter, "that expressive and essentially English rhythm," as you justly call it. You regret that the innumerable verse-writers of the day so very rarely use this metre. It is pleasant to find that some one regrets it, but I am afraid there is one thing which is likely to deter the versifier from employing this rhythm, and that is the poor encouragement he receives when he ventures to do so. In the little volume of verse which Messrs. Macmillan published for me some time ago the principal poem, "Persephone," was written in hexameters. I am not going to defend my work against its critics; no one knows its deficiencies better than myself. But one thing I have learned from my venture—the existence, amongst those whose business it is to review current verse, of an ineradicable prejudice against the English hexameter. In every sort of review, in the scholarly pages of the *Saturday*, and in the very provincial columns of the provincial newspaper, the same note is sounded. With a few exceptions, the big critics and the little critics alike cannot away with the English hexameter. One cannot tell how far this prejudice is shared by the public. "Evangeline" is popular; but then more than half the readers of "Evangeline" neither know nor care what metre it is written in, or whether it is written in metre at all; they would probably like it just as well if it were written in prose. Of the small public that reads poetry I am afraid very few have taken the trouble to learn even the A B C of prosody. Among the critics, however, I find certain indications that the prejudice I have alluded to is largely due to a failure to recognize that the hexameter in English must be based on accent, not quantity. The critic cannot forget the drilling in quantity he got at school, and, though in all other forms of verse he scans by accent as a matter of course, the moment the hexameter presents itself, the memory of his longs and shorts revives, and all is confusion. One critic, for instance, objects to my use of

"taciturn" as a dactyl. Well, I admit that as a dactyl it is unsatisfactory. But my critic contends that it is really an anapaest. This surely is to substitute quantity for accent. Perhaps my cockney ear is at fault; my critic hails from Birmingham, where, doubtless, the English language is spoken with classic purity. However this may be, my experience convinces me that the versifier who attempts to write hexameters is sure of a cold welcome. But perhaps, my vanity misleads me. Perhaps the real truth is that "Persephone" is not "Andromeda;" and, perhaps, the poet who has the talent to produce a really powerful poem in hexameters will find all prejudices give way before him. I sincerely hope it may prove so, and am, Sir, yours truly,

CHARLES CAMP TARELLI.

41, Loughborough-park, S.W., May 8.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In connexion with the account in last week's *Literature* of Mr. Stone's pamphlet, the enclosed may be of interest:—

SAPPHO'S LITANY.

Thron'd upon light, Thou very God, Love our Queen,
Daughter of God, mystery-worker, hear me!
Spare from all love's weariness and bitterness
My spirit, O Queen!

Come to me! Thou didst come of old, when I call'd,
Hearing all my sore supplication out of
High Heaven, yea, didst come in answer, and leave
God's palace of gold,

Harnessing to Thy chariot; the love birds,
Making haste, bore Thee to the gloom of our earth,
With the quick beat of many wings, adown mid-
Air from Heaven's height;

Swiftly they came. Then, Blessed Helper, ah! then,
Smiling on me with very face immortal,
Thou wouldest ask: What trouble I had, and why
I summoned Thee;

What was I most fain to have in the wildness
Of passion? "What new love is it wouldest thou
Draw to thee by My loving influence? Who,
Psappha, hath hurt thee?"

Though shunning thee, she to-morrow shall ask thee—
Though refusing thy offerings, give herself—
Though kissing thee not, to-morrow to thy lips
Press kisses unsought."

Come to me now! and deliver from all my
Hard sorrows; and of the longing within me
Fulfil all; and be ever, I beseech Thee,
My succour and shield.

From PLATO.

Day Star of the living wast thou once shining among men,
Now thou'rt Ev'ning Star of the dead in Paradise.

A. E. CRAWLEY.

SHAKESPEARE AND HERALDS' COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—One of the best known facts in Shakespeare's life is his application in 1596 to Heralds' College for a coat-of-arms, and its rejection. It would be interesting indeed could we discover through the plays which official at the college took upon himself to reject the suit. Suggesting that this may be possible, I venture to call attention to the following circumstances.

At the time of the poet's application a certain Ralph Brooke was York Herald. He appears from his works to have been a learned upholder of the rights of the nobility, argumentative, but also skilled in abuse; a most likely man to see many reasons why the application of a mere stage-player should be rejected. Anyhow, it was rejected, and shortly afterwards (about 1598) *The Merry Wives of Windsor* appeared with the name of "Brooke" given to Ford, a character particularly serviceable for the purposes of satire. But this is not the only suggestion we get from the play, for the earliest quarto of 1602 contains passages which seem to point to the conclusion that Shakespeare was having his laugh at the herald, as, for instance, that one

where Falstaff exclaims :—" M. Brooke, thou shalt see I will predominate ore the peasant." He "predominated" in 1599, when the coat-of-arms was granted to him.

Another suggestive circumstance is the change made in the folio edition of the plays of 1623, in which "Broome" is substituted for "Brooke" throughout. Jaggard, one of the printers, had just previously stated that he would have nothing to do with Brooke, the herald. This was in 1619. A violent quarrel between Brooke and other heralds had been in existence for many years, of which the Court itself had not been unmindful. Might not these facts have induced the promoters of this great enterprise of the folio to safeguard it from attack as far as possible by altering Ford's name to "Broome"? The poet could scarcely have been responsible for the change, for the alteration in the folio spoils in that edition a well-known play upon the name "Brooke" which occurs in the quartos.

How far these suggestions are worthy of credence Shakespearean students may be able to decide. I give them tentatively, feeling that anything adding even remotely to our knowledge of the poet through his plays must be of interest.

Yours faithfully,

25th April, 1899.

SIDNEY H. BURCHELL.

Authors and Publishers.

Mr. Wirt Gerrare, the well-known novelist, author of "The War-Stock," has undertaken to write of Moscow for Mr. J. M. Dent's Medieval Towns Series.

Messrs. Constable announce "James Russell Lowell and his Friends." The author was himself included among the latter, being Dr. Everett Hale, a New England minister.

Mr. C. W. Boyd has been obliged to give up his idea of publishing the Rev. A. K. H. Boyd's diaries and correspondence. It seems that Dr. Boyd had expressed a wish before his death that these papers should not be printed, and, of course, his son has cancelled the arrangements he was making for their appearance.

Sir Walter Besant will follow up his volumes on Westminster and South London with a book on East London. The material which he has collected will first appear as a series of articles in an American magazine.

Mr. Temple Scott's "Book Sales of the Year 1898," which has been so long delayed in its publication, will be ready next week. The introduction contains an examination of the modern book-collector, and offers suggestions for future methods.

A curious book has been edited by the Rev. O. P. Wardell-Yerburgh for Messrs. Longmans, who have it now in the press. It is a collection of marriage addresses by various ecclesiastics, including the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Truro, the Dean of Rochester, the Dean of Norwich, Canon Newbolt, and Canon Body.

A New York paper announces that the Doubleday and McClure Company contemplate issuing a "Kipling Calendar" for 1900. Mr. Kipling's father is said to have had a share in the preparation of the calendar and to have "modelled a plaque representing a profile likeness of the author, flanked by two elephants' heads, with a figure of Mowgli and his jungle companions below."

In Mr. Lewis Melville's forthcoming "Life of Thackeray" will appear some hitherto unpublished reminiscences of the novelist from the note-book of the late Dr. J. M. Cookeley, of Boulogne-sur-Mer, who was Thackeray's doctor in that town. Dr. Cookeley was a descendant of the Dr. Cookeley of Devonshire who found the boy Gifford at the cobbler's stall, and at his own expense sent him to Oxford to be educated. The Boulogne Dr. Cookeley was the father of Mrs. Patchett Martin, the translator of Count de Segur's "An Aide-de-Camp of Napoleon" and of Gyp's "Mariage de Chiffon."

Mr. George Moore has been "fighting the air" with a defence of an author's right to alter a published text. He quotes the examples of Shakespeare, Goethe, Balzac, Wordsworth, Fitzgerald, and Mr. W. B. Yeats. He might also have quoted

Mr. George Meredith. It is a wonder he did not quote the author of "The Heather Field." Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons would seem to be of the opinion that Mr. Moore has improved "Esther Waters." They refused to take it when it came out, but they are now taking the sixpenny edition. Or can it be that they have recognized they were wrong in excluding the book from their stalls?

Mr. Lionel Cust has in hand a work on Van Dyck which will be produced in a handsome form by Messrs. Bell. Mr. Cust's position as director of the National Portrait Gallery entitles him to speak with authority on a painter whose fame, notwithstanding his foreign origin, is so largely associated with British portraiture.

Mr. Patchett Martin has completed the revision of a poetic play, *Isola*, founded on a story of Nathaniel Hawthorne's, which he wrote originally in conjunction with the late Miss Clara Lomore (author of "The Love of an Obsolete Woman"), and which contains a careful study of an old medieval *savant* of Mephistophelian character and habits.

Just as the latest volume (on Winchester) in Messrs. Duckworth's "English Public Schools" Series reaches us, Messrs. Methuen announce "The Annals of Shrewsbury School," by the late Mr. G. W. Fisher, which will be ready early next week. The author, who was an assistant master at the school, and whose death occurred while he was revising the proofs, transcribed many important documents regarding the early history of the school. The book will be profusely illustrated.

We mentioned recently that Mr. E. G. Browne, the Lecturer in Persian at Cambridge, was engaged upon an edition of Dawlatshah's "Tadhkiratu'sh-Shu'arā" ("Memoirs of the Poets"). This work will shortly be published, with indices and apparatus criticus, by Messrs. Luzac in London, and by Messrs. Brill of Leiden. All the most important books of reference on the Persian language and literature exist only in manuscript; while others, though they have been lithographed in the East, are hardly more accessible to European students. It is difficult to obtain copies; the text is inaccurate and illegible, and there are no titles, paragraphs, or indices. To this latter class belongs the "Tadhkiratu'sh-Shu'arā" of Dawlatshah, a work of capital importance to the student of Persian literature. The only edition is that published in Bombay, 1887, which presents in many places a corrupt text and is without the indices or tables of contents.

Of books that are written round about the works of well-known authors there is no end; and we are generally glad to welcome them—for books about the books one appreciates make an irresistible appeal. A new volume of this sort will be found in "Mr. Pickwick's Kent: a Photographic Record of the Tour of the Corresponding Society of the Pickwick Club in Rochester, Chatham, Dingley Dell, Muggleton, Cobham, and Gravesend" (Marshall). The book, which has been written by Mr. Hammond Hall, contains some hitherto unpublished facts, and claims to be the completest guide yet issued to the most interesting chapters of the "Pickwick Papers." It has thirty illustrations, mostly from photographs. A chapter is devoted to the origin of the Wardle family of Dingley Dell.

"From Cromwell to Wellington," which we reviewed the other day, is to be followed immediately by a companion volume, "From Howard to Nelson: Twelve Sailors," from the same firm, Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen. The general editor is Professor Laughton, who contributes a memoir of Lord Howard of Effingham. Sir Frederick Bedford writes on Drake, and Professor Montagu Burrows on Blake, Sir Edward Fremantle on Hawke and Boscawen, and Sir R. Vesey Hamilton on Rodney and Hood. Rooke finds a champion in Rear-Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald and Anson in Vice-Admiral A. H. Markham. Rear-Admiral T. Sturgess Jackson describes the career of Howe, whom Nelson styled "our great master in naval tactics and bravery," and the lives of Lord St. Vincent and Nelson will be by Vice-Admiral Philip H. Colomb.

Mr. E. V. Lucas has edited for Mr. Grant Richards an anthology of prose and verse which might, not inaptly, be termed "A Knapsack Library for Pedestrian and Cyclist." He calls it "The Open Road: a little Book for Wayfarers." In his preface Mr. Lucas says:—"It is just a garland of good or enkindling poetry and prose fitted to urge folk into the open air, and, once there, to keep them glad they came." A book to slip easily from the pocket beneath a tree or among the heather, and provide lazy reading for the time of rest, "with perhaps a phrase or two for the feet to step to and the mind to brood on when the rest is over." Many writers have been exploited for the making of this little tome, and among the list may be mentioned R. L. Stevenson, William Morris, Mrs. Meynell, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Mr. William Watson, Mr. Robert Bridges, and Mr. Kenneth Grahame. There are to be three editions;

one in limp cloth, one in limp leather, and a third on India paper from the Oxford mills, bound in leather.

Madame Sarah Grand's new story, which is shortly to appear as a serial, is called "Petticoats." As the title suggests, it is of lighter interest and more in the vein of comedy than the books by which she is best known. Still, it forms one of the series of studies of women which began with "Ideals," and which she hopes to continue in future works. The scene is laid in a corner of the country, seventeen miles from a railway station, and it is this condition of the heroine's existence which helps the author to her plot. The proposal made some time ago to dramatize the Boy and the Tenor episode from "The Heavenly Twins" has not yet taken any definite shape.

Sienkiewicz's American publishers (Messrs. Little, Brown, and Co.) are about to issue another of this writer's works, entitled "Sielanka: a Forest Picture," the sixth volume from the Hungarian author's pen. It is composed of several separate items, and included among these will be fourteen short stories, a "dramatic picture" in one act, some miscellaneous papers, and a five-act play. As was the case with "Quo Vadis," Mr. Jeremiah Curtin will prepare the authorized translation of the book.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has practically finished, subject to correction and revision, the long-promised sequel to "Sentimental Tommy." It is to be entitled "Tommy and Grizel," and will exhibit the artistic temperament under the influence of the passion of love.

Mr. Frank Mathew's new historical romance, dealing with the relations of Henry VIII., Anne Bullen, and Cromwell, will

make something of a new departure by reproducing portraits, after Holbein, of the three leading characters. Another equally interesting innovation will be found in the fact that the binding will be copied from a design used in Henry VIII.'s library.

It has generally been taken for granted that the works of Mr. George Meredith were unsuited to the taste of the proletariat. We are glad to see that Messrs. Newnes think otherwise and are issuing "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" in a sixpenny edition. Taking advantage of the discount price, this masterpiece of fiction is now to be obtained by almost any one who can read.

With reference to our note on Sir Sherston Baker in our last week's issue, the editor of the *Law Magazine and Review* asks us to state that Sir Sherston resigned the editorship at the end of 1897, though he has since contributed to the paper.

Another "hundred best books" is coming from Messrs. Stoneham, who offer them at £9 9s.

Another volume of the works of Nietzsche (whose "Genealogy of Morals" we review in this issue)—Nietzsche Contra Wagner—is announced by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

Messrs. T. and T. Clark announce "The Autobiography and Diary of the Late Samuel Davidson, DD., LL.D.," edited by his daughter. The book will contain an account of the Davidson controversy by Mr. J. A. Picton.

Mr. Eugene Mason, whose "Flamma Vestalis" was included in the Cameo Series, is issuing another volume of poems, the title of which is to be "The Field Floridas."

"Hood in Scotland," by Alexander Elliot, which was published in 1885, has been out of print for some time, but a second edition has now been issued by Messrs. J. P. Mathew, of Dundee. It contains much authentic information regarding the humorist, which is not to be met with elsewhere.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

- ART.**
The Academy Notes. No. XXV. 8½x5½in., 156 pp. London, 1899. Chatto & Windus. 1s.
- BIOGRAPHY.**
Reminiscences. By *Justin McCarthy*, M.P. 2 vols. 9x6½in., xii.+444+489 pp. London, 1899. Chatto & Windus. 24s.
R. H. Hutton of the "Spectator." 7½x5½in., 144 pp. Edinburgh, 1899. Oliver & Boyd. 2s. n.
- DRAMA.**
Anna Ruina. By *Michael Field*. 7½x5½in., 101 pp. London, 1899. Nutt. 3s. 6d. n.
- EDUCATIONAL.**
English Etymology. By *F. Kluge* and *F. Lutz*. 8½x6½in., 234 pp. London, 1899. Blackie. 5s. n.
Tourist's Vade Mecum of Spanish Colloquial Conversation. With Vocabularies, &c. 6½x4½in., 59 pp. London, 1899. Pitman. 1s.
- FICTION.**
Ridan the Devil, and other Stories. By *Louis Becke*. (Green Cloth Library.) 8½x5½in., 330 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 6s.
The Philosophy of the Marquis. By *Mrs. Belloc-Louises*. 7½x5½in., 256 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.
Miss Cayley's Adventures. By *Grant Allen*. 7½x5½in., 330 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 6s.
Lally of the Brigade. By *L. M. Manus*. 7½x5½in., 258 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 2s. 6d.
The Vibart Affair. By *George Manville Fenn*. 7½x5½in., 321 pp. London, 1899. Pearson. 6s.
The Secret of Sorrow. By *Cecil Cheadam*. 7½x5½in., 317 pp. London, 1899. Macquoen. 6s.
Virtue's Tragedy. By *Eff Kaye*. 7½x5½in., 317 pp. London, 1899. Macquoen. 6s.
A Country Scandal. By *F. Emily Phillips*. 7½x5½in., 320 pp. London, 1899. Macquoen. 6s.
In the King's Favour. By *J. E. Muddock*. 7½x5½in., 315 pp. London, 1899. Digby, Long. 6s.
A Mistaken Identity. By *Ramsden Buckley*. 7½x5½in., 217 pp. London, 1899. Digby, Long. 3s. 6d.
Tales of Northumbria. By *Howard Pense*. 7½x5½in., 253 pp. London, 1899. Methuen. 3s. 6d.
- Fire and Tow.** By *C. E. Milton*. 7½x5½in., 312 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 6s.
The Scheming of Agatha Henrick. By *Robey F. Eldridge*. 7½x5½in., 307 pp. London, 1899. Sonnenschein. 6s.
A King's Daughter. By *G. Cardella*. 7½x5½in., 381 pp. London, 1899. Sonnenschein. 6s.
Out from the Night. By *Alice M. Meadows*. 7½x5½in., 314 pp. London, 1899. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.
Blue and White. A Tale of Brittany in 1795. By *Edith M. Power*. 7½x5½in., 466 pp. Edinburgh, 1899. Morin.
On God's Lines, and other Stories. By *Ramsay Guthrie*. 7½x5½in., 283 pp. London, 1899. Christian Commonwealth Pub. Co. 3s. 6d.
Through a Keyhole. Overheard by *Commo Hamilton*. 7½x5½in., 154 pp. London, 1899. Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.
A Son of the Sea. By *John Arthur Barry*. 7½x5½in., 352 pp. London, 1899. Duckworth. 6s.
"God Save England!" By *Frederic Breton*. 7½x5½in., 302 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 6s.
- GEOGRAPHY.**
Toledo. The Story of an Old Spanish Capital. By *Hannah Lynch*. (Medieval Towns.) 6½x4½in., 200 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 3s. 6d. n.
In Modern Spain. Some Sketches and Impressions. By *Reginald St. Barbe*. 7½x5½in., 95 pp. London, 1899. Stock. 3s. 6d.
- HISTORY.**
Roman Life under the Cæsars. By *Emile Thomas*. 8½x5½in., xxiv.+282 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 7s. 6d.
The Naval Pioneers of Australia. By *Louis Becke* and *Walter Jeffer*. 8½x5½in., xii.+313 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 7s. 6d.
The Annual Register, 1898. 9x5½in., 232 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 18s.
- LAW.**
Companies in France. By *Thomas Barry*. 9x5½in., x.+160 pp. London, 1899. Sweet and Maxwell.
- LITERARY.**
Elements of Prose. By *W. A. Brockington*, M.A. 7½x4½in., 161 pp. London, 1899. Blackie. 2s. 6d.
- Books Worth Reading.** A Plea for the Best, and an Essay towards Selection. By *Frank Raffety*. 7½x5½in., 174 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low. 3s. 6d.
- MISCELLANEOUS.**
Dainty Meals for Small Households. By *Marguerite Ninet*. 7½x5½in., 240 pp. London, 1899. Low. 3s. 6d.
The Genealogical Magazine. Vol. II. May, 1898, to April, 1899. 11½x8½in., 575 pp. London, 1899. Stock. 15s.
Old Clocks and Watches and their Makers. By *F. J. Britten*. 9x6½in., viii.+500 pp. London, 1899. Batsford. 10s. n.
- PAMPHLETS.**
The English Reformation. What it was and what it has done. By *J. Gairdner*, LL.D. Macmillan. 6d. n.
The Conversations of James Northcote, R.A., and James Ward, Artist. By *Ernest Fletcher*. Reprinted from the "Manchester Quarterly," April, 1899.
- POETRY.**
Poems. By *W. B. Yeats*. 7½x5½in., xi.+298 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 7s. 6d.
- POLITICAL.**
The Lesson of Popular Government. By *G. Bradford*. 2 vols. 8½x5½in., xix.+520+xii.+590 pp. New York, 1899. The Macmillan Co. 15s. n.
- REPRINTS.**
The Diary of Samuel Pepys. M.A., F.R.S. Vol. IX., Index. Vol. X., Supplementary Pepysiana. Ed. by *Henry Wheatley*, F.S.A. 8½x5½in., 366+342 pp. London, 1899. G. Bell. 10s. 6d. each vol.
The Works of Lord Byron. Poetry, Vol. II. 8½x5½in., xxiv.+525 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 6s.
Lyrical Poems. By *Alfred Lord Tennyson*. (Golden Treasury Series.) 6½x4½in., xii.+270 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 2s. 6d. n.
In Memoriam. By *Alfred Lord Tennyson*. (Golden Treasury Series.) 6½x4½in., 214 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 2s. 6d. n.
- The Works of Shakespeare.** (The Eversley Ed., Vol. IV.) Ed. by *C. H. Herford*, Litt.D. 7½x5½in., 499 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 5s.
- SPORT.**
Golf. New Penny Handbooks, 7½x5½in., 62 pp. London, 1899. Ward, Lock.
- THEOLOGY.**
The Reformation Settlement. By *Rev. Malcolm MacCall*, D.D. Introduction by the Rt. Hon. Sir W. V. Harcourt, M.P. 7½x5½in., lxxviii.+565 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 7s. 6d. n.
The Parallel Psalter. Containing the Prayer Book Version, the Authorized Version, and the Revised Version. 8½x5½in., 220 pp. Cambridge, 1899. University Press. 2s. 6d.
This Church and Realm. By *Rev. C. E. Brooke*, M.A. 7½x5½in., 155 pp. London, 1899. Rivington. 2s. 6d.
The Theology of the New Testament. (International Theological Library.) By *G. B. Stevens*, Ph.D., D.D. 8½x6½in., xvi.+617 pp. Edinburgh, 1899. T. & T. Clark. 12s.
A Short History of the Hebrew Text of the Old Testament. By *Thomas H. Weir*, B.D. 8x5½in., xv.+149 pp. London, 1899. Williams & Norgate. 5s.
Urbs et Orbis; or, The Pope as Bishop and as Pontiff. By *William Humphrey*, S.J. 7½x5½in., 497 pp. London, 1899. Baker. 6s. 6d. n.
Auricular Confession and the Church of England. By *T. Teignmouth Shore*, M.A. 7½x5½in., 33 pp. London, 1899. Cassell.
The Hymns and Hymn Writers of the Church Hymnary. By *Rev. J. Brownlie*. 7½x5½in., 364 pp. London, 1899. Frowde. 8s. 6d.
- TOPOGRAPHY.**
A History of Winchester College. By *Arthur F. Leach*, M.A., F.S.A. 8x6½in., viii.+564 pp. London, 1899. Duckworth. 6s. n.
Durham Cathedral and See. (Bell's Cathedral Series.) By *J. E. Blythe*, A.R.C.A. 7½x5½in., 117 pp. London, 1899. G. Bell. 1s. 6d.
A Pictorial and Descriptive Guide to London. 6½x4½in., 352 pp. London, 1899. Ward, Lock. 1s.

Literature

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THE BALZAC CENTENARY.

"La mort est le sacre du génie," said the great writer, who was born at Tours just a hundred years ago. A volume might be profitably written on that text, but, here and now, the only necessary comment on it is that, although Balzac has been dead for almost fifty years, we have not yet reached a sufficient distance in time from his strange and meteoric career to see it steadily and see it whole. Both the man and the writer still afford ground for the kind of argument and disentanglement of myths which we associate with the names of Homer, Shakespeare, or Villon—stars that are hard to register exactly on account of their distance or their nebulousity. In the case of Balzac both causes contribute to the imperfection of our knowledge. His life has not yet been adequately written; indeed, there is no account of it in French so good, on the whole, as the excellent compilation of his American translator, Miss Katharine Wormeley. The chief authority on the subject has pointed out that Balzac the man is very inadequately known to the

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world as yet. He loved to surround his life with a veil of mystery, to be inaccessible to his most intimate friends when the fancy seized him, to emerge like Jupiter from the cloud, to spend twenty feverish days in a printing-office and leave a masterpiece behind him as he disappeared again into obscurity. The continual embarrassment of his finances, a very Penelope's web for intricacy, the need for discretion in his Platonic friendships, are but two of the main causes of this love of secrecy. The very date of Balzac's birth seems to be still imperfectly known; his baptismal certificate declares that it was the 20th of May, 1799; but his sister, followed by most who have written upon him, stated it to be the 16th. The best original authorities for his life—Madame de Surville and Théophile Gautier—evidently reserved much that they might have told; in the accounts of Balzac given by others of his contemporaries and friends it is never very easy to distinguish between fact and fiction. Indeed, it has been said, with some approach to the truth, that Balzac's whole life was a colossal hallucination. More than any other novelist that we can remember did he live in a world of his own creation. The stories which are current, such as that of his requesting Jules Sandeau not to talk about his sister's illness but to turn to the real world and discuss the affairs of Eugénie Grandet, probably bear witness to something more than that absorption in literary work which is usually deduced from them. Balzac was like the child so well described by Stevenson: "making believe" was the gist of his whole life, and he could not so much as take a walk, or read his play to the actors, or bargain with a publisher, except in character. It was his lot to "walk in a vain show, and among mists and rainbows." Perhaps no biographer will ever succeed in giving us the true and life-like story of that wonderful career which endowed the world with so many masterpieces and the papermakers with so much raw material. At any rate, among all the celebrations of this centenary, it does not seem to have occurred to any competent person that the best of all would be a definite life of Balzac.

Balzac himself says, in one of his letters, that the greatest men are those who stand in no need of the biographer, who are not indebted to him even for the *inane munus* of an epitaph. "The only good epitaphs are those contained in a single name—La Fontaine—Masséna—Molière—one single name which says everything and makes one ponder over it." Such an epitaph is his at Père-la-Chaise, where the monument of David bears but the name of Balzac and the title of the "Comédie Humaine." After all, that tells the whole story. The House of Molière has been playing *Mercadet* at Tours, and a new little play in Paris, but these are *hors d'œuvres*, as, with some regret, one must pronounce even the brilliant "Contes Drolatiques," the finest piece of sincere flattery that has been inspired by Balzac's fellow Tourangeau, the

"prince de toute sapience et de toute comédie." But it is on the "Comédie Humaine" that Balzac's definite reputation alone rests, and on the mass of it, not on separate stories. It is only since the appearance of the almost complete translation of the forty volumes which Mr. Saintsbury has lately edited that the English reader can pretend to appreciate Balzac, for the mere reading of detached fragments, even of "Père Goriot" and "Eugénie Grandet," gives no real impression of his greatness. He is one of the writers who must be judged "all in all or not at all." A smaller reputation may be made and sustained by the innate excellence of a very tiny achievement. Gray and FitzGerald, Villon and Sappho and Prévost, to take the names haphazard, have their secure niches in the House of Fame by reason of a mere handful of work. But when it is a question of climbing the very highest pinnacles in that much ornamented building, quantity must be taken into account as well as quality: by a curious paradox, an author climbs higher the more weight he has to carry. Shakespeare and Goethe, Balzac and Scott and Thackeray must be judged by the mass of their good work, which has a cumulative effect far surpassing the sum of the units.

To praise Balzac, however, now that the celebrations are practically over, is a work of supererogation, just as it would be out of place to direct attention to his obvious faults. But it is well to put on record the number of English-speaking readers to whom the "big yellow books, quite impudently French," have been a striking revelation of a new world. The true "Balzac fever" generally leads to intellectual, as other ailments are said to lead to physical growth. When it gets fairly hold of a young reader, most other books seem tame and flat for the time being, and few occupations are better worth while than to roam in the wondrous world which (as some say) Balzac dreamt and France has since been trying to reproduce. The mood is not permanent, but few experiences are more apt to stir up and re-arrange a young man's views of life than this temporary absorption in an environment so strange and a humanity so familiar. Balzac's aim, of course, was not to invent, but to describe. In the remarkable preface which now stands as a manifesto at the head of the "Comédie Humaine," though it was not written till half the work was done, he has told us how his intention was to do for human society what Cuvier and Geoffroi St. Hilaire had done for the lower animals. Besides the representation of all human types, their environment also came into Balzac's plan, whose subject was simply "l'homme et la vie." That, of course, is the subject which all novelists propose to themselves, but none has yet attempted it at once on so vast a plan and in so scientific a spirit. Balzac died, worn out, in mid-career, and left his plan only half executed. Yet the gigantic fragment which exists will for all time bear witness to what Mr. James has truly called its author's incomparable power. For the moment, the contests which are always raging about Balzac's name in France, the old argument whether he was a realist or an idealist, the search into his methods, and the hunt for his originals, may be allowed to rest. Just now there is only need to

express gratitude for the "rich and complicated legacy" which Balzac left the world. The time of criticism will return: to-day it is enough to say of Balzac, "Peace to his ashes! he was a very great man."

Not even the sacred precincts of the editorial department nor the study of the anonymous reviewer are hidden from the eagle eye of Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Under the pseudonym of "Conan Doyle" in last Monday's *Daily Chronicle* he unveils the latest mystery of the literary world. The crime is the heinous act committed by the reviewer who deals with the same book in several publications. Next as to the clue. Who but a Sherlock Holmes or a "Baconian" would find anything but innocence in the following:—"Claudius Clear, A Man of Kent, O. O."? With the help of these bare signs Mr. Doyle discovers that the writer of two different columns in the *British Weekly* and a contributor to the *Sketch* are one and the same critic. Nor is this all. The same wicked pluralist who is editor of the *Bookman*, and sends a letter at the same time to the New York *Bookman*, "frequently expresses his opinion of any important new book in the anonymous columns of a daily paper."

Apart from the particular case, on which the reviewer in question has himself replied, what is the remedy for the evil in general—what is to prevent the same writer from perpetrating several reviews of the same book, the author from being crushed by the same hand in all quarters? The remedy suggested by Mr. Doyle seems to us to be worse than the evil. "In the last resort (he says) we have one final method of ensuring fair play. A combination of authors who are opposed to wire-pulling and pluralism would easily, either acting independently or through the Society of Authors, break down this pernicious system." This remedy would surely involve a more pernicious tyranny than that of the pluralist over the author—viz., that of the author over the critic. Any system which might possibly allow an author to have a word in deciding who shall or shall not review his book—or still worse his rival's book—would be contrary to the first principles of fair criticism.

Another objection to Mr. Doyle's "final method of ensuring fair play" is, that it is one of those remedies which decrease in effectiveness in direct proportion to the increase in the gravity of the abuse. "It is obvious," he says, "that four or five such critics" as those he complains of "would cover the whole critical press of London": and in such a case, therefore, the protest of the combination of authors would apparently have to take the form of denying their books the advantage of advertisement in any metropolitan organ of criticism whatsoever. We doubt whether that would be a form of reprisal which would commend itself to publishers even from the strictly business point of view. On the moral objections to the proposed introduction of the practice of "exclusive dealing" Mr. Doyle does not touch, though he can hardly be unaware of them. They are indeed patent, and to most people connected in any capacity with the profession of letters will, we should hope, be decisive. It is not to be expected but that conflicts of opinion and of interest should arise from time to time between authors, critics, and publishers, but they can surely fight out their battles in a more civilized fashion than by importing the barbarous weapon of the "boycott." Mr. Doyle, we are glad to observe, would be loth to see it used "unless it were necessary for the higher

interests of literature." If that proviso be insisted on we shall never see it used at all.

Last Saturday saw the final performance, at the Irish Literary Theatre in Dublin, of *The Countess Cathleen* and *The Heather Field*—the latter a new play, which we reviewed on Feb. 4th. The former play, as it touched Irishmen very nearly both on the national and religious side, clearly gave them a welcome opportunity for some free fighting, and during the past few weeks the Dublin papers have indulged in that occupation. The *Freeman's Journal* found in the plays "a splendid evidence of the vitality of the Irish intellect, and of the resurgence of Irish genius," and saw in the dissatisfaction of part of the audience at the performance of Mr. Yeats' *The Countess Cathleen* only "the protest of less than a dozen disorderly boys, who evidently mistook the whole moral significance of the play." The *Daily Nation*, another Roman Catholic journal, was proportionately indignant with the play as both blasphemous and insulting to the Irish peasant: it applauded the "emphatic and eloquent protest against the outrage," which showed "right and patriotic feeling on the part of loyal-hearted young Irishmen," and obtained an adverse opinion on the play from Cardinal Logue, who had not read the play, but only other adverse criticisms on it.

The *Irish Times*, a paper of a different school, stated well the main point which caused all the trouble:—

The idea of *The Countess Cathleen* is the redeeming of the souls of starving peasants who have sold their religious convictions for gold, by the sacrifice of her own soul. If there is one thing more clearly crystallized in the history of Ireland and of the entire Celtic nation, it is that physical pain never yet cost the damnation of a spiritual idea, so far as the Irish peasant was concerned.

No one can miss the literary beauty of Mr. Yeats' dialogue or the power of his symbolic representation of the struggle between good and evil; but it is no doubt provocative to those who insist on regarding it as realism, or with perhaps still more excuse take the Irish peasant of the play to stand for the Irish peasant of Kerry or Donegal. The moral of the controversy is well drawn by Mr. Yeats himself in his reply to Cardinal Logue. "These attacks were welcome, for there is no discussion so fruitful as the discussion of intellectual things, and no discussion so much needed in Ireland." And on the whole the promoters of the Irish Literary Theatre are certainly to be congratulated on its successful inauguration. Next year they are to give Calderon's *St. Patrick's Purgatory*, and plays are promised from Mr. Standish O'Grady and Fiona Macleod.

An interesting experiment is being tried in the New York State Library—viz., the institution of a special department which undertakes to copy documents or make researches, at a reasonable charge, on behalf of students who are unable to come and consult the books for themselves. It is a useful branch of industry which in most libraries is left to private enterprise, and the advantages of organizing it are likely to be felt by everyone concerned. The searchers and copyists would be better off if they were the servants of the library, instead of living, as they now do, from hand to mouth. The student would have a guarantee that the searcher was efficient, and that there would be no attempt to overcharge him. For a student living in London, and desiring to have researches made for him at St. Petersburg or Berlin, the convenience of the plan would obviously be enormous. The new departure in the United States, in short, is one which may be commended to the attentive consideration of the heads of all the great public libraries in Europe.

Reviews.

Reminiscences. By Justin McCarthy, M.P. In Two Volumes. 9 x 6 in., xii. + 444 + 489 pp. London, 1899. Chatto & Windus. 24/-

It is not true of all men—perhaps it is only true of a highly favoured few—that their reminiscences form their best autobiography. There are those who can compile a volume or two of personal recollections which may be read with more or less interest, but which leave behind them either no very distinct idea of the writer's personality or else an impression of it which is the reverse of agreeable. Mr. Justin McCarthy's case is one of the opposite kind. In his Preface, he modestly disclaims the attempt at an autobiography, on the ground that "his life in its own course has been uneventful," and that he has no story to tell about it "which could have any claim to public interest." Another reason adduced by him is that it has been one of the happiest fortunes of his life to meet with a great many distinguished men and women about whom readers in general would be glad to hear anything new; and he has therefore preferred to make these volumes "strictly reminiscences, recollections of the eminent persons with whom he has been brought into association," and not as he insists on putting it, "a record of my own otherwise unimportant doings." Nevertheless we rise from a perusal of these two volumes—and they deserve a much more continuous study than most works of the same nominal description—with a pretty complete and a distinctly engaging conception of the reminiscent, who therein reveals himself to all to whom such revelation was necessary, as a shrewd and humorous observer of men, and what is better, perhaps, a thoroughly genial and generous critic of their characters and actions. There is probably no living practitioner of the two essentially contentious callings of journalist and politician—certainly none who has practised both so long and during periods of such storm and stress—whose record in what Mr. Whistler has sardonically called "the gentle art of making enemies" is one of such absolute and unbroken failure. When we say that we can hardly recall a single really severe or wounding thing having been said of him, even by one of his own closest colleagues, we feel that eulogy can go no further. It is significant that even in the heat of the great Parnellite quarrel, when epithets like "gutter-sparrow" and "little scoundrel" were hurtling through the air, the one and only missile which was levelled at, though it can hardly be said to have hit, or at any rate hurt, Mr. McCarthy was a half affectionate gibe at his excessive gentleness of disposition.

Few writers of reminiscences can boast of the exceptional advantages enjoyed by the author of these volumes throughout his long journalistic career and his twenty years of Parliamentary life. In one or other of these spheres of activity he has made the acquaintance, and in not a few instances won the friendship, of nearly every Englishman of eminence in politics and literature, from Lord Brougham at one end of the political list to Lord Randolph Churchill at the other, and from the Dickens and Thackeray of the fifties to the Rudyard Kipling of to-day. Of most of these he has some characteristic anecdote to tell; and of many he has given us a spirited and vigorous pen-portrait. Indeed, in the art of literary portraiture he is rarely at fault—his one noticeable failure, though that, it is true, is an astonishing one, being his sketch of the late Charles Reade. "One group comes

back to my memory," he writes, *à propos* of a caricature cartoon in a comic periodical long extinct:—

It was made up of a heavy, bulky, grey-headed figure of remarkably ungainly appearance, whom a companion is pushing off the plank into the water. These two were Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault. . . . The portrait of Charles Reade was undoubtedly a caricature, and had an unmistakable quality of spitefulness in it. Reade was, in his way, a fine looking man, big and heavy, to be sure, but with a commanding forehead and clearly cut, although heavy features—a sort of Walt Whitman put into training for the part of a robust English Vestryman.

We wonder how many of those who were familiar with the original would recognize this extraordinary portrait of him. Certainly, to the recollection of most of those who knew him, this "bulky, ungainly" figure survives, for some inexplicable reason, as that of a man of middle height and average bulk, and of, if anything, rather distinguished carriage than otherwise, while the "heavy features" again have, by some mysterious mental freak, impressed upon their memories the image of a countenance of distinct refinement and of a singularly winning charm of expression. Indeed, it was amusing to watch a stranger's introduction to Charles Reade, and to note his blank surprise at finding that one of the most arrogant and truculent controversialists who ever wielded a pen like a bludgeon was an elderly gentleman, with a pleasing voice, an old-fashioned courtliness of manner, and a pair of eyes that looked out with an expression of almost gazelle-like mildness upon mankind.

Another portrait which, though not so wholly unrecognizable as the above, yet approaches too closely to caricature, is that of Charles Kingsley. Here is the description of the impression produced by his appearance at a public meeting in London, where hitherto he had been personally little known:—

Therefore, when he began to speak, there was quite a little thrill of wonder and something like incredulity through the listening benches. Could that really be Charles Kingsley the novelist—I heard people ask—the poet, the scholar, the aristocrat, the gentleman, the pulpit orator, the "soldier-priest," the apostle of muscular Christianity? Yes, that was indeed he. Rather tall, very angular, surprisingly awkward, with thin, staggering legs, a hatchet face adorned with scraggy grey whiskers, a faculty for falling into the most ungainly attitudes and making the most hideous contortions of visage and frame, with a rough provincial accent and an uncouth way of speaking which would be set down for caricature on the boards of a theatre: such was the appearance which the author of "Glaucus" and "Hypatia" presented to his startled audience. Since Brougham's time nothing so ungainly and eccentric had been displayed on an English platform.

We almost wonder that Mr. McCarthy did not credit Kingsley with a nose as abnormal as Brougham's. Surely this portrait, founded on correct observation though it be, must strike most of those who remember its original as overdrawn. But curiously enough the entire sketch of Kingsley, the account of his mental characteristics no less than of his physical appearance, forms the sole exception to the general amiability of Mr. McCarthy's appreciations. His criticisms are more often captious and carping in this chapter than anywhere else. Speaking of one of Kingsley's lectures on History, he writes:—

He flatly denied that there is any such thing as an inexorable law in nature. He proved that even the supposed law of gravitation is not by any means the rigid and universal sort of thing that Newton and such like persons have supposed. How, it may be asked, did he prove this? In the following words:—"If I choose to catch a stone I can hold it in my hands: it has not fallen to the ground, and will not till I let it. So much for the inevitable action of the laws of gravity." This way of dealing with the question may seem to many readers nothing better than downright buffoonery. But Kingsley was as grave as a church and as earnest as an owl.

He felt quite certain that he was refuting the pedants who believe in the inevitable action of the law of gravitation when he talked of holding a stone in his hand.

Here, surely, it must be Mr. McCarthy who has mistaken the object of Kingsley's illustration, and is himself confounding the effective operation of a physical force with the uniformity of the law by which it operates. That Kingsley could have imagined himself to have discredited the validity of the law of gravitation by catching a stone is of course incredible; but, as an example of the way in which the so-called "inevitable action" of an external and impersonal force of nature may be annulled by the intervention of the human personality and the exertion of muscular energy, his illustration—assuming that anything so obvious needed illustrating—is sound enough.

This, however, as we have said, is a solitary instance of Mr. McCarthy's prepossessions having affected, however slightly, the fairness of his judgment. The little biographical sketches with which the second volume in particular of these reminiscences abounds are for the most part models of dispassionate criticism, besides being singularly fresh and original in point of observation. Even the concluding chapters on Mr. Gladstone, a subject to which it might seem beyond the power of man to lend the faintest touch of novelty, can be read with interest; and the hardly less "be-studied" figure of Parnell is set before us in a more vivid and life-like guise than much longer and more ambitious efforts at biography have succeeded in imparting to it. The catholicity of his appreciative powers is nowhere, perhaps, more strikingly attested than in the chapter entitled "After Achilles," where he successively passes in review the characters and individualities of three eminent public men as widely differing from each other as do Lord Rosebery, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. John Morley; and though, of course, there are in each portrait strokes here and there on the accuracy of which not all critics would agree, it would be impossible to deny that each is in the main a speaking likeness, done with a free and spirited hand. Spirited, indeed, would be no bad description of the whole book, which, long as it is, has been written throughout with a sustained animation which carries a reader unwearied to the end.

LADY HAMILTON.

Nelson's Friendships. By Mrs. Hilda Gamlin. 8½ x 6 in., xvi. + 368 + x. + 383 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 28/-

The importance of this book depends on its containing materials not ordinarily accessible. With much industry Mrs. Gamlin has obtained letters and portraits from the various people mentioned in the preface, and in the course of the work she publishes so many letters from the collection of Mr. J. C. Holding, of Southsea, as to lead her to say that "the documents he gradually became possessed of have formed the basis of this present work on Nelson's Friendships." But when we turn from the materials to the subject we find to our disappointment that, instead of illustrating the bright side of Nelson's character by the many friendships he formed from his youth upwards, the authoress is so possessed by the monomania of glorifying the notorious Lady Hamilton that she says very little about Nelson until he was nearly forty and began to be more intimate with the Hamiltons, while most of the second volume is taken up with Lady Hamilton's troubles after Nelson's death.

Taking the book for what it is rather than for what it is called, we agree with its estimate of Sir William Hamilton, who has in the past hardly received the justice which his talents,

his taste, and his amiability deserved. The appendix containing his correspondence, especially with Lord Grenville, preserved in the collection of Mr. J. C. Holding, is the most valuable part of the book, and should be compared with the contemporary documents in the Record Office by all who are interested in clearing up the history of Nelson's command in the Mediterranean at the time of the Battle of the Nile, and its sequel. In dealing with this period from 1798 to 1800 Mrs. Gamlin rightly concludes that the Government in England misunderstood the situation in the Mediterranean, and was unwise, as well as ungrateful, in superseding Hamilton by Paget.

Lady Hamilton's political services also receive ample justice, or rather exaggerated praise. On the well-known topic of the orders to supply Nelson's fleet in Sicilian ports in defiance of the treaty between the Two Sicilies and France, Mrs. Gamlin takes Lady Hamilton's own version of her services in preference to the views of Mr. Jeaffreson, Professor Laughton, and Captain Mahan. But in order to vindicate the Memorial of Emma, Lady Hamilton, to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent (1813), Mrs. Gamlin advances the eccentric hypothesis that Troubridge, who was sent by Nelson from the Ponza Islands to Naples to ensure the power of freely supplying the fleet, landed twice at Naples between June 15 and 17, 1798, and that on his first visit Lady Hamilton's influence with the Queen of Naples was exerted in the manner described by herself. The hypothesis that Troubridge landed twice is not proved; yet we are grateful to Mrs. Gamlin for quoting a contemporary letter of Lady Hamilton to Nelson from the Nelson Papers, 34,989, in the British Museum, although she has been forestalled by Professor Laughton in "The Nelson Memorial." The curious thing is that both writers fail to quote from the same source a far more important letter, which we now publish for the first time:—

Dear Sir,—I send you a letter I have received this moment from the Queen. Kiss it and send it me back by Bowen as I am bound not to give any of her letters.

Ever yours,

EMMA.

This letter from Lady Hamilton to Nelson, which could not have been sent to him before he approached Naples in June, nor after the news of his peerage reached Naples in November, 1798, must have been meanwhile delivered to him by Bowen, Captain of the Transfer sloop, on the occasion when both were in the Bay of Naples, June 17th, of that year. It shows that the reply beginning "I have kissed the Queen's letter," and signed "Horatio Nelson," is misdated by him May 17, and really belongs to June 17, 1798, and not, as Professor Laughton supposes, to May 17, 1799. It also shows that at that critical moment Lady Hamilton was exerting her influence with the Queen of Naples on Nelson's account. What was that influence? We agree with Mrs. Gamlin that in the famous codicil to his last will Nelson spoke of it from his own knowledge; but we all the more wonder that she does not distinguish Nelson's account from Lady Hamilton's. The truth lies between extremes, and is to be sought not in what Lady Hamilton said of herself, nor in what her detractors now say against her, but in what Nelson wrote at Trafalgar in the words "Lady Hamilton's influence with the Queen of Naples caused letters to be wrote to the Governor of Syracuse that he was to encourage the fleet being supplied with everything should they put into any port in Sicily." This guarded statement, far from being inconsistent with the rest of the evidence, at once explains why it was easy for Hamilton, on June 17, 1798, when he carried Troubridge to General Acton, to prevail upon that Minister, who was the Queen's favourite, to write an order in the name of his Sicilian Majesty, which Troubridge conveyed to Nelson, and Nelson, on arriving at Syracuse, July 19, sent to the Governor, Don Guiseppe delle Torre; whereupon the Governor, protesting all the while, much to Nelson's annoyance, that the treaty with France only empowered him to admit four ships, nevertheless obeyed the order, which practically enabled Nelson to supply his whole fleet at once in the harbour of Syracuse, and sail off in a few days in time to win the Battle of the Nile.

On the unpleasant subject of the private relations between Nelson and Lady Hamilton, and the parentage of Horatia, we do not agree with Mrs. Gamlin at all. Her love of eccentric hypothesis suggests to her that Captain Parker was the father of Horatia by a mother unknown. It is true that Parker was constantly with Nelson at the time when "Thomson" so often appears as the father in Nelson's letters to Lady Hamilton; but such circumstantial evidence hardly proves that Thomson is Parker—a conclusion which reminds one of the lecturer's correction that "whenever he had mentioned Alcibiades he meant St. Paul." Moreover, such arguments cannot stand against documents, and it is astonishing that Mrs. Gamlin, having used the Morrison manuscripts, takes not the slightest notice in them of the famous "Now, my own dear Wife" letter, in which, on March 1st, 1801, Nelson, dropping the mystery of Thomson, in his own name addresses Lady Hamilton as his wife, and calls Horatia their child.

It is natural for one woman to protect another; but it is a new and strange portent to find one assailing Nelson's wife in order to glorify his mistress. We do not mean that Mrs. Gamlin's account of Lady Nelson and her son Josiah Nisbet has no merits. She has discovered a water-colour drawing which gives a far more favourable, and, probably, more faithful, picture of Lady Nelson than the miniature discovered by Captain Mahan. She has unearthed two letters of Lady Nelson. Her remarks on Josiah's conduct to his step-father and his share in producing the quarrel between husband and wife are well worth reading. Nevertheless, we are compelled to call this, what Professor Laughton called her previous book on Emma, Lady Hamilton, "a handsome book, beautifully illustrated, but of no authority." She falls into the extraordinary blunder of making Josiah save Nelson's life at the Battle of Cape St. Vincent. She says that Mr. Herbert made no provision for his niece on her marrying Nelson, whereas we know from his will that he allowed her £100 a year. About Lady Nelson she copies the untrustworthy statements in the *Life of Nelson*, by Harrison—how Lady Nelson made such disagreeable remarks about Nelson's presents to his family out of the £10,000 given him by the East India Company that his father refused to take his share; how uncivil and ungenerous Lady Nelson was to Nelson's brothers and sisters, and unsympathetic to their children, during his absence in the Mediterranean; how, when he returned, she annoyed him so much that one night he left the house, wandered about the streets, and, finally, took refuge, according to Mrs. Gamlin, on the Hamiltons' sofa, but, according to Harrison himself, on their bed. In order to prove that Lady Nelson was "cold, easy-going, and selfish," all these uncorroborated assertions are repeated by Mrs. Gamlin, although she knows that Harrison lived under Lady Hamilton's roof to compile a *Life of Nelson* under her directions, "in the delightful retreat of Merton Place," as he says in his own preface. What could be more uncritical than to accept an account of a man's wife from his mistress or female friend?

We give the fullest credit to Mrs. Gamlin for her assiduity and zeal, and deeply regret that, dying at the beginning of April last year, she was unable to see her book through the press. The friend on whom this duty devolved remarks in her preface that "Mrs. Gamlin did not see the Nelson MSS. published in *Literature*, as they did not come to light until too late." Hence we have altogether refrained from criticizing her by their light. But had she seen them she would have seen that she was incorrect in blaming Lady Nelson for not meeting Nelson at Yarmouth, but waiting with his aged father till her husband arrived in London: in asserting that Lady Nelson did not reply to the letter her husband wrote from Southampton after their quarrel; and in supposing that Lady Nelson in the sequel received no sympathy from her husband's relations. We feel sure that, had Mrs. Gamlin lived to read Lady Nelson's repeated and repeated appeals for reconciliation, which we published for the first time on April 23, 1898, she would have reconsidered her whole estimate of Nelson's wife and of Nelson's conduct as a husband.

THE ENGLISH REFORMATION.

1. **The Reformation Settlement**, examined in the Light of History and Law. By the Rev. Malcolm MacColl, D.D. With an Introductory Letter to the Right Hon. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, M.P. 7½ x 5¼ in., lxxviii. + 515 pp. London, 1896. Longmans. 7/6 n.

2. **The English Reformation**. What it was, and What it has done. By James Gairdner, LL.D. Macmillan. 6d.

Canon MacColl is a practised and energetic controversialist, and it is impossible to read his new volume without admiration for his skill of fence and his sturdy adroitness of attack. It is no minute historical investigation in which he is engaged; the book, indeed, is not in any strict sense a history at all. It is a clever and penetrating criticism of many modern fallacies, political, historical, religious, and it is a criticism which boldly carries the war into the enemies' country. It is written with terse directness and it is clearly the result of considerable, though by no means exhaustive, study. The writer is a learned man who has based his conclusions on a sound foundation; but the learning is rather handy than extensive, and the polemic interest is apt to disturb the balance of historic impartiality. A book for the times it undoubtedly is, though much of it reads as if it were an adaptation of earlier work; a book to be read and taken count of, but not by any means a final pronouncement on difficult points of historical controversy.

The book clearly divides itself into three parts, not in its arrangement, but as the contents after they are read sort themselves in the reader's mind. First there is the political part. This begins with an amusing letter to Sir William Harcourt, which may well be commended to politicians who somewhat hastily take up a "cry" before they are sure what it may be worth at the polls. Certainly Canon MacColl shows good reason for us to think that there is a warning in the fate of those statesmen who in this century have taken up warm theological questions and burned their fingers. But whatever may be said about the elaborate and sarcastic argument that the "Squire of Malwood" obviously cannot have had any private ends to serve in his recent campaign, it is undeniable that the main thesis of the "letter" is set forth trenchantly and with a very pretty wit. As the voice of a Broad Church Liberal it is worth listening to. Besides this letter, the last chapter is mainly concerned with ecclesiastical politics. Canon MacColl calls it "The Prisoner of the Vatican: a Chapter of Secret History." The Pope is represented to be the prisoner of his *entourage*, and chiefly of the Jesuits. The unhappy story of Tosti's recantation is told again, and his pathetic letter is given in full. There are dark hints (we do not suppose the Canon means them, though he does protest too much) of poisonings. Both the intrigues which led to the last Papal election and the history of the apparent desire for *rapprochement* with the Quirinal are discussed, as a prelude, it would seem, to the explanation of the decision of Leo XIII. on Anglican orders. The second division of the book is that in which the leading matters of present controversy are examined in the light of the history of the Reformation settlement. Under this head fall the chapters on doctrines such as the Real Presence, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, Confession, Sacerdotalism, the Intermediate State, and chapters of criticism such as those on the judgments of the Judicial Committee and the validity of Roman orders—this last a very neat example of the "counter-check quarrelsome." Historically, it is not difficult for Dr. MacColl to prove, as Dr. Pusey with massive learning proved years ago, that the doctrines now so keenly attacked have always been held by prominent members of the English Church. By the way, the author hints at what has not been unperceived by theologians—that the Archbishop of Canterbury, in his reference to the Lutheran doctrine of "Consubstantiation" in a recent charge, was not very well aware of what that doctrine was, or is. As to the Real Presence and Confession, the points have long ago been proved *nauseam*; none the less Canon MacColl is well worth reading on them, and there is one illustration of his view, at least, which is worth noting. He quotes, from Phillimore's

Ecclesiastical Law, a canon of the Irish Church, inculcating the doctrine of the "ministry of reconciliation," which might serve to quiet the fears of some Protestants. The catena of historical instances of confession in the reformed Church of England is interesting, but far from complete; it might have been visibly strengthened by mention of the comparatively recent cases of Lord Selborne and Bishop Walsham How. Dr. MacColl's conclusion is, judged by a purely historical standard, unassailable. "At all events, let it be clearly understood that what the agitators are really demanding, though they do not seem to know it, is a revision of the Prayer-book and a new Reformation in harmony with the opinions and aspirations of Lord Grimthorpe and Mr. Kensit."

Dr. MacColl's criticism, too, of the "ecclesiastical courts and the Ornaments rubric" question will be found almost conclusive. Historically, he claims to prove (1) that the English Reformation was much more a political than a theological movement; (2) that neither Crown nor Parliament has ever claimed or exercised the right of determining the doctrine, discipline, or ceremonial of the Church without the Church's own sanction; (3) that this implies no derogation from the constitutional supremacy of the Crown in matters ecclesiastical. Of the Reformation in Elizabeth's days there is much said in one of the earlier chapters of the book, where the Papal policy is criticized on the lines of Father Knox's publication of the letters of Cardinal Allen. Father Knox, of course, took up a bold defence of the lawfulness of assassinating Elizabeth. Dr. MacColl might have strengthened his point by reference to Mr. Ethelred Taunton's recent book on the Benedictines, one of the most severe criticisms of the Jesuits ever published by a Roman Catholic writer. If, on the one hand, Dr. MacColl has ignored this valuable book, he seems to have laid far too much stress on the gossip collected by Mr. White in his "Lives of Elizabethan Bishops."

The third part of the book may be best described as autobiographical. We hear of the author's visit to Constantinople "on board Lord Waterford's yacht," of his interviews with Döllinger, Strossmayer, Dean Stanley, Canon Liddon, Bishops Roman Catholic and otherwise, the Abbé Duchesne, Mr. Justice Stephen; of his honorary degree at Edinburgh; of how he gave up parish work and earned £800 a year by his pen while devoting his chief time to study, and other matters of personal interest. Perhaps the most attractive statement in this section is this about Mr. Gladstone. "He asked me, more than once, to send him a list of Evangelicals deserving of promotion and who would be fair to their clergy of all schools. I did my best, and the present Bishop of Exeter is one of the names which I sent." Apart from the somewhat remote interest of this last section, the book is one which well deserves perusal, especially by those who disagree with its author's conclusions.

Dr. Gairdner's pamphlet is of quite a different sort. It is almost entirely historical; and it is the work of the unquestioned master of English sixteenth century history. Dr. Gairdner's thesis is that the Reformation was a good thing, but that the English people did not want it. The Reformation was due to Henry VIII.'s desire to put away Katherine of Arragon and to marry Anne Bullen. Dr. Gairdner thinks that much harm has been done to the Protestant cause because many eloquent writers have failed to look this fact in the face. We have no space to criticize Dr. Gairdner's own view, but we confess we cannot forget that a great body of evidence has been put forward for the view which he rejects. Of this Dr. Gairdner is not ignorant; it would tend to the discovery of truth if he would not brush it aside but deal with it exhaustively. This he obviously cannot do in a pamphlet or a newspaper controversy; we hope he will in a book. Till he does so we must confess to a belief that the balance of evidence is on the side of those historians who have asserted that the national irritation against Rome was so strong and the national interest in the theological development of the Renaissance so vigorous that a national and theological reformation must have come, and that all that Henry did was (in a phrase which Dr. Gairdner in a recent letter to the *Guardian* has accepted) to "open the flood-gates."

A NOTABLE JOURNALIST.

Richard Holt Hutton of the "Spectator." A Monograph. 7½ x 5¼ in., 112 pp. Edinburgh, 1890.

Oliver & Boyd. 2/-

In a passage which reads curiously like a rebuke—and, if so, surely, without fuller explanation, rather an ungracious rebuke—of the late Mr. Hutton's colleague of many years in the editorship of the *Spectator*, the author of this monograph seems to hint a complaint that it has been left to him to write it. Despite the announcement made in that journal at the time of Mr. Hutton's death by the surviving co-editor to the effect that at the express desire of his departed comrade no formal obituary memoir of him would appear in its columns, "Mr. Townsend," we read, "can never have thought for a moment that what is more or less public property already would fail to come forth some time or other, although he, of all men the one who could have told the most, holds his peace." As the reader cannot possibly know Mr. Townsend's reasons for his silence, and is therefore quite unable to say whether he or his censor best interprets the wishes of their departed friend, we cannot but think that it would have been better for the censor either to have said more or to have said nothing. His own qualifications for the task which, he appears to suggest, should have been performed by another, are, at any rate, or so far as information qualifies, adequate. Of his critical judgment, and of a literary style in which infinitives are occasionally split and events "transpire" instead of "happening," there may be more question. But he has made a careful and sympathetic study of Mr. Hutton's individuality and work as journalist and critic, and by those who are able to make the occasional deductions which are necessary on the score of extravagant eulogy his monograph may be read with profit.

This, however, applies with a good deal more exactitude to the chapters on Mr. Hutton's achievements in criticism and theological speculation than to others. To his work as critic and essayist we endeavoured to do justice the other day in our review of the selection from her uncle's papers edited by Miss Roscoe, under the title of "Aspects of Religious and Scientific Thought." Mr. Hutton was undoubtedly a most able and thoughtful contributor to the perpetual controversy between faith and science; and he was also a literary critic of much subtlety of insight and delicacy of discrimination. The author of this memoir discusses him with sympathy and knowledge in both capacities, if now and then with a slight tendency to rhetorical gush in his manner of expressing himself; and his chapter headed "Religion," which shows signs of intimate personal acquaintance with Mr. Hutton's exact beliefs in regard to certain theological dogmas on which his convictions are not to be gathered with absolute certainty from his writings, is distinctly valuable and informing.

But the chapter on Mr. Hutton "As Journalist" is, in the inoffensive sense of the word, more or less of an impertinence. Among those who, if the writer will forgive our saying so, are more competent judges than any of the authorities he quotes, Mr. Hutton's true position as a journalist was long ago fixed and recognized. The estimate formed by his professional brethren of his powers as a political critic and controversialist was a very high one, and by none, probably, was he more highly rated than by those who, in the stormy days of 1876-1880 and of 1881-1885, were accustomed to cross swords with him weekly in the Press. Hence it is a little ridiculous to find the conclusion that "his was the ablest pen that was constantly employed in British journalism for the last thirty years" solemnly commended to us on the authority of Mr. Stead, and to be told that that eminent person, though "confessing with evident sincerity that many would say he had less in common with the editor of the *Spectator* than with any other editor," yet, nevertheless, "owed more as a journalist to Mr. Hutton than to any other of his craft." Nor do we exactly need the testimony to the same effect which may be deduced from the interesting circumstance that "a literary lady" once "said to Dr. Robertson Nicoll that the only two

journalists of genius in the London Press were Mr. Townsend and Mr. Hutton," and that "the editor of the *British Weekly* did not see his way to disagree." Again, the author wholly mistakes the nature and extent of the *Spectator's* influence in quoting the ludicrous remark of "a journal not given to exaggeration" (but apparently not incapable of it on occasion) that if "Mr. Hutton's paper had supported Home Rule, or had even observed a benevolent neutrality, it is probable that Mr. Gladstone's Bill of 1886 would have passed the House of Commons." As a matter of fact, Mr. Hutton's repudiation of the Home Rule policy—though a step eminently indicative of his political honesty—amounted to a confession on his part of so long and so serious a misjudgment of Mr. Gladstone's qualities as a statesman that it was less likely to impress the world than almost any other act of his journalistic life. His previous devotion to Mr. Gladstone had been so profound, not to say superstitious, that the pathetic state of bewilderment in which he was left by the *gran rifiuto* of 1885 was described with equal truth and humour by a distinguished man of letters as only comparable to the mental state of Tom Pinch when his eyes are at last opened to the true character of Mr. Pecksniff. We sympathise with Tom and applaud his renunciation of allegiance; but we cannot say that the whole history of his relations with his patron intellectually impresses us in his favour. The story of Mr. Hutton's Gladstonian discipleship and subsequent defection reveals a side of his character which it needs a fuller and more judicious memoir than this to bring out.

CAMBRIDGE SCHOLARSHIP.

Cambridge Compositions: Greek and Latin. Edited by R. D. Archer-Hind, M.A., and R. D. Hicks, M.A., Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge. 7½ x 5¼ in., 408 pp. Cambridge, 1890.

University Press. 10/-

Composition is often spoken of as an elegant but useless accomplishment. As a fact, it is at the same time one of the most effective kinds of mental gymnastic, and the surest test of scholarship. Training as long and careful lies behind a good set of Greek verses, and as much brain power goes to the making of it, as is needed by a student of natural science for what he calls original work. To judge from the volume before us, fine scholarship is not yet on the decline in Cambridge. There are fewer, perhaps, of those *tours de force* which Dublin delights us with (though Dr. Postgate and Mr. Spratt have the trick); but all the work in this book keeps on a high level, and many of the versions are brilliant. Charlotte Brontë, R. L. Stevenson, and Jane Austen are new-comers in the classical lecture-room; for the rest, the range is from John Bunyan to Queen Elizabeth, from Fielding to the Monk of Evesham, from Shakespeare to a stockbroker's circular. One class of writers, however, has been unduly neglected. Berkeley is inevitable, of course; but why is there no Jeremy Taylor? His noble cadences might have inspired Mr. Archer-Hind to write many a fine piece of Platonic Greek.

The Latin hexameters are perhaps a trifle monotonous, though all are good in workmanship. One of the most successful seems to us Mr. Verrall's version of the scene betwixt Lorenzo and Jessica, which he has made into a graceful *Idyllion*. There are some strong versions of Milton, who translates so well into this measure that he often looks as familiar in Latin as in English. Mr. Graves has a clever piece of Horatian criticism, done from Byron. But where are H. A. J. Munro's hexameters? Here he is seen as an elegiac writer, but his style is too rugged for that sort. The prettiest elegiacs here are after the manner of Propertius. Dr. Reid surprises us with a graceful rendering of "Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss," and Dr. Postgate with "Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen."

Vasta sit an gracilis, nullo discrimine ponam,
Nec sit anus faciam sitne tenella pili.
Quare agite, o socii, baccho cumulate trientes,
Et "bene femineum" vox sonet una "genus."

We wish room could have been found for Mr. Vansittart's

brilliant translation of " 'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves did gyre and gimble in the wabe." Most of the Horatian lyric metres are represented; Mr. Moule gives one fine copy of Alcaics and some others more commonplace, and Dr. Postgate makes *Saba* into a perfect "epode."

Nos tu reversos num paves? Sors debita
Stat una mors mortalibus.

Orti tenebris quam tenebrarum cito
Oblivionem ducimus!

There are a number of graceful hendecasyllables, and Mr. Archer-Hind converts Rossetti's *Lilith* into a passionate poem in the metre of Catullus's *Epithalamium*.

The Latin prose is remarkably good all through. Mr. Spratt and Professor Jebb appear in the character of Tacitus, Dr. Reid as Cicero the orator, Mr. Heitland plays Julius Caesar, and several of the letters would have delighted Pliny or Tully himself. It would take too long to mention all the good things in this part; but we cannot forbear calling attention to Mr. Spratt's "Broker's Circular," and Dr. Postgate's "Jane Austen." The last paragraph of the Circular with Mr. Spratt's rendering is as follows:—

We can deal with you for prompt cash; for settlement on the next settling day; or for the purpose of carrying on from account to account:—whichever way suits best the requirements of clients who favour us with their orders. Do not delay: buy now whilst the shares are cheap: do not wait till they are £10 each.

We wish we had space to quote the whole of Mr. Postgate's delightfully humorous version; but here is a part:—

Mrs. Bennet rang the bell, and Miss Elizabeth was summoned to the library. "Come here, child," cried her father, as she appeared; "I have sent for you on an affair of importance. I understand that Mr. Collins has made you an offer of marriage. Is it true?" Elizabeth replied that it was. "Very well—and this offer of marriage you have refused?" "I have, sir," "Very well; we now come to the point. Your mother insists upon your accepting it. Is it not so, Mrs. Bennet?" "Yes, or I will never see her again." "An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth. From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents. Your mother will never see you again if you do not marry Mr. Collins, and I will never see you again if you do."

How poor Elizabeth was extricated from her dilemma we must leave for those to see who shall buy the book.

A remarkable success is scored by the Greek Verse pieces. Here Mr. Archer-Hind shows astonishing versatility in the lyric metres; and he furnishes what appears to be the only piece of comic verse in the book, a kind of Bird's *parabasis*. Mr. Headlam makes Shelley's skylark warble in Sapphics:—

χαῖρέ μοι, ψυχὰ μάκαρ· οὐ γὰρ ὄρνιν
ἔστ' ὅπως σ' ἐγὼ ποτὰ φῶ πέφυκην,
ἀτὶς ὠρᾶνω πέλας ἐν νόμοισιν
αὐτοδάεσιν

ἐκ φρενὸς μέλπει, ἀπὸ γᾶς δὲ πῆδαις
ἴψος ἐξ ἴψους, νεφέλα πυρωθεῖσα
οἶον, οὐπὲρ ἄλλοις· ἀμα καὶ αἰδοῖσθαι
αἰθέρ' ὄν' ὕγρον.

The same writer gives us a bit of Anacreon and a dainty *scholium*. Some pieces of rhythmic prose, out of Sir Walter Scott, the Cid, and others, are rendered into Greek hexameters. There are a number of graceful epigrams in elegiacs; one by the hand of the only lady contributor, Miss Stawell. Mr. Spratt gives some excellent iambs; while Mr. Archer-Hind—a *te principium, tibi desinet*—has several with the true Aeschylean ring. A few of the contributors follow Euripides too closely in their style; his ear was not a safe guide in rhythm, and many scholars do not realize how very rare trisyllabic feet are in the iambs of Sophocles. We are greatly disappointed, however, to find practically no comic verse either in Greek or Latin. The Greek prose calls for no special remark: it offers less variety, but is all good.

Cambridge is to be congratulated on this proof of learning and taste; and be it observed that the veterans hardly figure in the book. Even Professor Jebb is scantily represented; and as for Shilleto and Paley, they are not here at all. When will some *discipulus pius* collect the floating works of these two?

SIR EDWARD GREY ON ANGLING.

Fly Fishing. By Sir Edward Grey. (The Haddon Hall Library.) 8x5½ in., xiii. + 276 pp. London, 1890.

Dent, 7/6 n.

Judging from the number of works on angling which are appearing at present, the British public does not echo the sentiment of Porthos—*La pêche est un plaisir roturier: je le laisse à Mousqueton*. Neither, certainly, does Sir Edward Grey, whose proficiency in the higher branches of the art is pretty widely known; and Lord Granby, who edits this new sporting series, could not have made a better choice of a writer to lead the way. We opened the book with a little doubt and with no little curiosity, inasmuch as it does not follow because a man is an expert sportsman and because, as is the case of Sir Edward Grey, he is also a lucid and agreeable speaker, that he is able to produce good literature. But the doubts were dispelled and the curiosity gratified by the discovery of something far better than a dry treatise or a mere compilation of "wrinkles." Wrinkles there are, by which the faternity will doubtless profit in the season which has lately opened; but treatise there is none in the forbidding sense. The book is just a collection of notes, disciplined under various headings, and of autobiographical reminiscences told with unaffected and wholly inoffensive egoism by one whose eyes and ears are quick to observe rural sights and sounds. We forgive Lord Granby for splitting his infinitive in the preface (page v.); we wink hard when Sir Edward writes of a trout as weighing "one-and-a-half pounds" (page 266); we can even endure when he does violence to Gaelic orthography by writing "ghillie" (which represents the sound "hillie" in that language) instead of "gillie"; and we conscientiously pronounce the first volume of the Haddon Hall Library to be delightful.

There is plenty in these pages to charm readers who have never known a fisherman's joys—joys, which, as they testify who know, come parlously near pain in their intenser passages. For such the chapter entitled "Memories of Early Days" will perhaps have most attraction, especially the description of the author's schooldays at Winchester; the excitement of the north country boy at beholding trout of a stature unknown in Northumberland burns, sailing about in the limpid medium of the Itchen; his despair at their unparalleled wariness, and his gradual acquirement of the mystery of the dry fly. Very nearly, too, does Sir Edward touch the lover of the country as he describes the ardent, almost irresistible, longing to flee from London in June when "no coolness comes with the evening air, and bed-room windows seem to open into ovens." Happy he who can look forward to spending his week-ends among the water-meadows of Hampshire. The knowledge that we can so escape "is borne about with us like a happy secret; it draws the thoughts towards it continually, as Ruskin says that the luminous distance in a picture attracts the eye, or as the gleam of water attracts it in a landscape."

Keen fisher though he be, Sir Edward Grey is constantly interrupting his discourse on the craft to take note of the things among which that craft leads him. There is no laboured word-painting; just such natural expression of delight in natural beauty which might arise between two companions in a country stroll:—

May is the month of fresh leaves and bright shrubs, but June is the month in which the water-meadows themselves are brightest. The common yellow iris, ragged robin, and forget-me-not make rough damp places gay, and the clear water in the little runnels amongst the grass sparkle in the sun. Of wild shrubs which flower in June, there are two so common that they seem to possess the month and meet the eye everywhere. One is the wild rose, and the other is the elder. The commonest sort of wild rose is surely the most delicate of all shrubs in spite of its thorns. It is exquisitely delicate in the scent, colour, form, and character of its flowers, and there is nothing more graceful in nature than the way in which a long spray of wild rose in full blossom offers its beauty to be admired. I am not so fond of the elder; when one is close to it there is a certain stiff thickness about the bush, and a deadness of colour both of leaves and flowers, and the scent is heavy and spiritless. But masses of elder flower at a distance have a fine foamy appearance, and I always feel that they are doing their best to honour the season.

We have left scant space to notice the chief matter in the book—the precepts of fly-fishing. It is excellent, both in manner and substance. There is an enchanting description of a certain Irish river (the author is too wise to name it) where the trout were of great size, and for several days defied the art of Sir Edward, even with dry fly. At last he got hold of a monster, which straightway bolted into the heart of a waving tangle of weeds.

Into this one hand carefully felt its way along the casting line, and touched at last the side of the great fish. Nothing could be seen, for it was getting dark, and the weeds were too thick for a landing net to be used in them. I tried with one hand to arrange a grip on the trout, and very broad and hard he felt; but at the critical moment he made the most violent commotion in the weeds, and dashed off somewhere. When all was still I felt again, and found in the weeds only the end of broken gut. . . . On the whole, I think that was the bitterest moment I have ever known in angling.

The plates are worthy of the text; the photogravures of Hampshire rivers are exquisite; Mr. Rackham's delicate head and tail pieces are quaint and appropriate, and we note, with approval, that the binder has reverted to the old and excellent fashion of providing a ribbon marker.

THE ART OF DESIGN.

Arbor Vitæ: a Book on the Nature and Development of Imaginative Design, for the use of Teachers, Handicraftsmen, and Others. By Godfrey Blount. 11½ x 9 in., viii. + 240 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 12/6 n.

This book is important, not only for the craftsman, who will find in its pages an intelligible basis of conventionalized art, but also for all who realize the direct connexion between art and life. Handicraft is a domain of art which seems peculiarly capable of reflecting the experience of the modern world, the necessity for law and tradition, and the union of convention with freedom and progress. This dependence upon tradition is found in every period of great art, and is to be discerned on hundreds of carved ornaments of capital and doorway, when great artistic conceptions were the possession of no single artist. The function of tradition is to define the limitations under which the artist works, and to show that the material of each art involves a special quality of beauty.

To this philosophy, often lost sight of, this volume is an important contribution. It sets forth a system of design which has the elements in it of growth, variety, and progress, and which shows every phase of modern life to be as capable of expression in the ornamentation of house, street, and vase, as the beautiful processions of the Panathenaic frieze. A tradition based upon this motive must, of necessity, depend mainly, if not wholly, upon symbolism—not a symbolism which has ceased to clothe intelligible truths, but a living symbolism, created

by new wants and passions. The influence of Blake, of Ruskin, of the early Christian painters, of Ludwig Richter, and others is visible in these pages; but in its wholeness and unity the gospel of "Arbor Vitæ" is original and peculiar to the writer, whose distinction consists in an effort to solve the problem of combining modern progressiveness and freedom with the preservation of the eternal verities. The motive of the book is, in fact, the establishment of tradition based upon evolutionary types, combining within themselves permanent laws, and yet capable of infinite variety, and of being modified by individual temperament.

The author begins with the simple spirals which occur in the oldest form of ornamentation. These reflect facts of nature, and can be woven into complex linear designs in combination with leaves, flowers, and archaic animals. The treatment of space and the meaning of the arcade and frieze are detailed with much insight and beauty of expression. The necessity for enforcing this central truth of vitality and feeling is, no doubt, responsible for a rather dangerous insistence upon expression as the single essential quality. Expression is, no doubt, the final quality which makes imaginative works really worth having, but the expression of the most beautiful thought in the world, conveyed by bad execution or vague symbolism, is imperfect art, struggling, like the art of the Christian middle ages, to express ideas beyond its technical capacity. Yet Mr. Blount constantly implies that correct draughtsmanship means a sacrifice of those qualities upon which he rightly insists; and he maintains, without any corrective or caution, that "we cannot learn to draw till we have learned to feel," which is as if a man should not learn speech until he felt he were a poet. This is allied to the only less dangerous theory embodying his protest against the claims of the intelligence in imaginative art. "Art," he says, "is the language and expression of the heart as opposed to the intellect," and he opposes the simple qualities of spontaneity and directness to the intellectual and lifeless "tricks" of the classical painters with their anatomy and perspective, and the light and shade of the chiaroscuroists. How this antagonism can be maintained we are unable to understand, or how a line can be drawn between the "emotional" imagination of the painter and the "imaginative reason" which assists, selects, directs, and controls. Yet there is so much of value in this book that its services can hardly be over-estimated, and its revelations, of a nature steeped in artistic and poetic feeling, will do something to strike light and heat in the minds of other men.

Mr. Lewis F. Day has added to the list of text books of ornamental design a highly useful work, entitled **ALPHABETS, OLD AND NEW** (Batsford, 3s. 6d. n.), with an introductory essay on "Art in the Alphabet." The book deals entirely with the forms of letters, and it should do much to deliver us from the tyranny of "fancy types" and make for the virtue of simplicity. Mr. Day writes:—

There are two conditions on which the artist may be permitted to tamper with the Alphabet: whatever he does ought, in the first place, to make reading smoother, and, in the second, to make writing satisfactory to the eye. Neither of these desirable ends should, however, be sought at the expense of the other.

With so just a creed as his basis Mr. Day has been able to produce a book of real value. When he says, in effect, that beauty does not imply elaboration or ornament, but that, on the contrary, simplicity and character, and the dignity which comes of them, are demanded in the interests of both utility and of art, he may be restating an obvious truth, but it is one which a glance at current journals will show to be not yet generally accepted. Many artists are great sinners in the matter of the lettering employed in their designs. Mr. Carruthers Gould's admirable caricatures are frequently marred by this defect, and many other black and white men fail in the same direction. Mr. Day's book should be of value to them, for it contains over one hundred and fifty alphabets of all periods from the Greek B.C. 394 to the very latest designs. As one turns the pages which give examples of all periods, one sees that from the Greeks, from

the Romans, from the Italians of the sixteenth century, from the Louis XV. period we have been evolving more and more interesting styles. Among the many new types given in Mr. Day's book. Mr. Patten Wilson, whose lettering in his illustrations to books has always been good, supplies perhaps the most satisfactory alphabet; some of those by Mr. Day himself and Mr. Walter Crane are in excellent good taste. A study of this carefully prepared text-book by designers and printers will do much to cultivate the eye of all intelligent readers of books and papers.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

The literary diversions of a London police magistrate are pretty sure to show, at any rate, common sense; and Mr. Horace Smith's *INTERLUDES* (Third Series, Macmillan, 5s.) will be welcomed by all who found in the first and second series not only common sense, but humour, good taste, and a knowledge of literature. They contain two essays, a ghost story, and some verses, the latter reviving, to some extent, the almost lost fashion of *vers de société*.

The "English Citizen" Series (Macmillan), one of the most successful among the multitudes of series, has had such a prolonged existence that the course of events has necessitated two contributions to it on the same subject. Mr. W. Blake Odger's new book on *LOCAL GOVERNMENT* (3s. 6d.) bears the same title as Mr. M. D. Chalmers' book in the same series, published in 1883. Since then Local Government has been entirely reorganized. At the present rate of progress it is impossible to say how soon yet a third such book may be required, and indeed Mr. Odger's chapter on the Metropolis was written before the introduction of the present London Government Bill. But Mr. Odger's book, if not exactly light reading, is a thoroughly sound historical and explanatory review of the present condition of our Local Government system, and affords a much needed guide to a very complex subject.

OLD CLOCKS AND WATCHES AND THEIR MAKERS (Batsford, 10s.) is an exhaustive and admirably illustrated account, by Mr. F. J. Britten, the secretary of the Horological Institute, of the development of timekeepers, founded on a former book by the same writer. It is purely historical, and not too technical in style.

RAMBLES WITH NATURE STUDENTS, by Mrs. Brightwen (Religious Tract Society, 5s.), is one of that already large class of books which tell the young naturalist what to look at month by month. The number of them, however, need not be regretted. Mrs. Brightwen's little book is quite elementary, but it is well written, well printed, and capitally illustrated.

For that apparently large class of persons who are docile enough to accept the guidance of others as to what they ought to read, Mr. F. W. Rafferty's *BOOKS WORTH READING* (Sampson Low, 3s. 6d.) contains some sensible chapters on the choice of books and a list of famous books with a few notes about them. Mr. Rafferty, among other things, has compiled a list of "books on the choice of books," including Mr. A. H. D. Acland's "Guide to the Choice of Books," which is too little used.

ESSAYS IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH (Redway, 7s. 6d. n.), by Miss X. (A Goodrich Freer), is worth reading by all who interest themselves in "occult" phenomena, since the author writes well, does not theorize, is ready to divest the strange phenomena which she or others have experienced as far as possible of anything sensational or mysterious, and throws much new light on such subjects as crystal gazing, which the non-psychical person is too apt to dismiss with contempt.

The system of self-hypnotism explained by Mr. C. G. Leland (Hans Breitmann) in *HAVE YOU A STRONG WILL?* (Redway, 3s. 6d. n.) is so extremely simple that the book sometimes reminds

one of a mountain in labour. But simplicity is, after all, one of the chief requirements for all prescriptions, medical and moral. A steady forethought and exercise of the will before going to sleep at night, directed to any temper we wish to induce, any action we wish to perform well, or anything we wish particularly to remember, is Mr. Leland's prescription—and by no means a bad one either, as any one who peruses his interesting little book will certainly become convinced.

In *THE GREEN WINDOW*, by Vincent O'Sullivan (Smithers, 3s. 6d. n.), we have the exhilarating spectacle of a decadent essayist dashing his angry heart against the desolations of the world. The author represents that it is better to die than live, that the wise man will love no one but himself, that "to help a man is like reviving an assassin who has designs on your life," that "it is well to shape yourself to an impassive mien, so that you present the same front at a bridal and at a funeral," and more to similar effect. The essays are sufficiently well written to entertain those whose mental balance they do not disturb, and we have little doubt that when Mr. Vincent O'Sullivan gets away from certain contemporary French influences he will do good work.

Dr. S. Monckton Copeman's work in connexion with the scientific problems of vaccination is of European reputation, and the Milroy lectures which he delivered last year before the Royal College of Physicians are well worth publication in volume form. *VACCINATION: ITS NATURAL HISTORY AND PATHOLOGY* (Macmillan, 6s. n.) deals, for the most part, with technical matters which cannot be expected to interest the general reader, but the historical portions will appeal to every one. The introductory chapter, giving an account of smallpox in pre-vaccination days and describing the nature of Jenner's discovery, is a most convincing piece of evidence, all the more impressive because of the perfectly dispassionate and scientific tone in which it is written. The whole book, indeed, will be something of a revelation to the ordinary vaccination controversialist, who is entirely occupied with the manipulation of statistics and apt to forget that there is a scientific side to the question, from which some light may be gleaned. Dr. Copeman successfully disposes of the argument that there is no relation between vaccinia and variola, or cowpox and smallpox; and he fairly proves that vaccinia is, in fact, variola modified by transmission through the bovine animal. The chapter on "Glycerinated Lymph" has a special interest, for Dr. Copeman was himself the first to discover and point out the effect of glycerine in freeing lymph from extraneous organisms. His book should be read by every one who wishes to have a thorough grasp of the subject in the light of modern knowledge.

SHAKESPEARE.

To put forward, as Mr. Cuming Walters does in *THE MYSTERY OF SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS* (New Century Press, 3s. 6d. n.), a new "attempted elucidation" of the Sonnets must imply one of three things—the possession of fresh or neglected facts bearing on the question, a consciousness of unusual critical powers, or—well, extreme hardihood. Mr. Cuming Walters has no fresh facts, nor can we find that he has placed any of the old facts in a light not already familiar to every scholar who is acquainted with the literature of the subject. His erudition is mainly devoted to the quite superfluous task of castigating the moribund "Pembroke theory." He does not appear to have in any way realized the complexity of the problem which he so rashly handles. To force these most enigmatic of poems to render up any portion of their secret on internal examination demands capacities for psychological and literary investigation of no mean order. The temperament of a poet does not submit itself to easy canons. And, unfortunately, Mr. Cuming Walters' scalpel is a blunt instrument. He hacks and slashes the sonnets to a carbonade, and those who cannot watch the mutilation of the fair limbs of a work of genius without a tear had better give his book the go-by. Two examples shall suffice to illustrate, the one Mr. Cuming Walters' psychology,

the other his sense of the meaning of words. His attitude to the "autobiographic" explanation of the Sonnets is determined by an *a priori* objection to any theory which implies that Shakespeare may have had a mistress. It is, he says, "a loathsome assumption that Shakespeare ever had a mistress at all," and the Pembroke-Fytton conjecture is a "pernicious," "defective and despicable," "nauseous, squalid, and pitiful" theory, which he seeks to demolish "for the love of Shakespeare's good name." "It is a pleasure to help to demolish a case which is established upon meanness, depravity, and abominations." That, as a matter of fact, many poets who have similarly erred have written poetry which has had ethical as well as imaginative greatness is a paradox which does not give Mr. Walters pause. Surely you do not so peer into Hamlet's soul.

This is one point; the other is, if possible, more amazing still. "Do not so much as my poor name rehearse," says Shakespeare to his friend, quite literally, brooding upon death:—

No longer mourn for me when I am dead.
Than you shall hear the early, sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell;
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if I say, you look upon this verse
When I, perhaps, compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay.

And then Mr. Cuming Walters:—

We can now understand why Shakespeare did not wish his name to be revealed as the author of the Sonnets—

"Do not so much as my poor name rehearse."

We have quite forgotten to mention what is Mr. Cuming Walters' "elucidation" of the Sonnets. It really does not matter; but if any one wants to know, Mr. Cuming Walters has summed it up for him thus:—

In the Sonnets we may read of the poet's intense hopes and fears regarding his fate, and we learn of his all-consuming desire for immortality. Begin as he may with his theme, he almost invariably merges into allegory, and represents himself as the contestant—"contestant" is good—of death. Bodily death he does not fear; oblivion he dreads. He therefore argues incessantly on the course he shall pursue to defy the ravages of time and prevent the loss of reputation. He may have the applause of the day (on the stage), or he may command lasting renown (by his pen). His "fair friend," his "better angel" bids him to seek immortality; his "dark" mistress, the alluring woman with the "mourning" eyes, tempts him to delights of the present. The two series of poems are almost wholly allegorical and antithetical.

The "Chiswick Shakespeare" leads off with two tastefully bound little volumes containing *HAMLET* and *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE* (Bell, 1s. 6d. n. each vol.). The Cambridge text is used, and each play is preceded by an introduction, short and to the point, by Mr. John Dennis. The feature of the edition, however, is Mr. Byam Shaw's illustrations. These are cleverly conceived and the subjects well chosen, though we are not sure that the illustration of a chance metaphor, as that of the horses making "a mutual stand" at the sound of the trumpet in *The Merchant of Venice*, is a quite legitimate illustration of the play. The characterization, as of Shylock, and of the grave-diggers in *Hamlet*, is also good. *Hamlet* himself, we notice, is given light hair. What we are afraid will not please most readers is the extremely heavy touch which is in vogue for book illustration among some younger artists. We are at a loss to see what is gained by following the methods of stained glass. In most cases the backgrounds and the individual figures are as flat as they can be made: the dense black outlines buffet the eyes mercilessly, and when combined with the heavy masses of unrelieved black they kill all suggestion of anatomy and all delicacy of drawing and not unfrequently obscure entirely the meaning of the artist. We would willingly keep the originality of Mr. Byam Shaw's conceptions if they were worked in the method of Mr. Gordon Browne.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Bishop of Salisbury's life of his uncle the late Bishop of St. Andrews in *THE EPISCOPATE OF CHARLES WORDSWORTH* (Longmans) is hardly likely to appeal to the ordinary public who like biographies, still less to those persons who think of the Scotch Bishop only as one of those select Oxonians who represented the University both on the river and in the cricketfield. The latter fact, indeed, is not even recorded in the present work, which is strictly confined to a history of Charles Wordsworth's episcopate. His life with all its varied energies has been sufficiently depicted in the two volumes of his own autobiography, the latter of which appeared shortly after his death. To all, however, who take a serious interest either in the Eucharistic controversy, or in the question of Scotch reunion, in both of which Charles Wordsworth took a prominent part, the Bishop of Salisbury's book will be of great interest, and its value is increased by the comments of the author himself—one of the most learned Bishops on the bench—on these subjects, which form a substantial part of the volume.

Mr. C. J. Vignole has, we think, been a little too thorough in his exhaustive *MEMOIR OF SIR ROBERT P. STEWART* (Simpkin, Marshall, 7s. 6d. n.). The late Professor of Music at Dublin University was one of the best organists of his day, and a refined though scarcely an original composer, who, in connexion with the Irish Choral Society, did much to raise the standard of Irish music. But—though in compiling a faithful biography of Sir Robert's career Mr. Vignole has achieved his own end in a workmanlike way—we think a shorter memoir would have been of greater service to his hero's fame.

FAMOUS LADIES OF THE ENGLISH COURT, by Mrs. Aubrey Robinson (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.). In a book of this sort, written by a lady, we must not expect an index nor excessive accuracy, but, in compensation, we are given over eighty portraits, mostly very well reproduced, and a letterpress which tells in a desultory way of some women who were famous for any but feminine qualities, and of others who were hardly famous at all, or, at least, whose claims to fame could be packed with ease into one line. Thus, of the subject of the second article in the volume, the Lady Mary Sidney, it were enough to say she was the mother of Sir Philip Sidney; her futile endeavours to get suitable accommodation allotted to her husband during his attendance on the Queen at Hampton Court, the pleading letters which she penned on the subject to this upper servant and the other, do not make for fame, and are really rather tedious reading. From "Bess of Hardwicke," Countess of Shrewsbury, who might well be termed the Countess of Shrews, Mrs. Robinson leads us by the hand across two centuries, down to the Lady Sarah Lennox, an early flame of George III., and the Marchioness of Hertford, a friend of George IV. And she lingers by the way to tell us of Penelope Lady Rich, the "Stella" of Sidney, of Stafford's Lady Carlisle, of "la belle Stuart," and of those fascinating maids-of-honour Molly Lepell, Henrietta Howard, and Mary Bellenden, who rendered Hampton Court, in the days of George II., so desirable a place.

THE LIFE OF PRINCE BISMARCK, by William Jacks (MacLehose, 10s. 6d. n.). When a writer claims to have produced "the first consecutive life of the Chancellor written in the English language," and jauntily brushes aside two such remarkable contributions to his subject as Busch's "Memoirs" and Bismarck's own "Reminiscences," one expects from him something more than a piece of commonplace and often inaccurate compilation. It is difficult to treat Mr. Jacks' work seriously. The "large amount of material" which he has gathered seems to consist chiefly of well-known quotations from the Chancellor's speeches and letters, selected with little judgment and translated with indifferent skill, while the text with which the quotations are woven together into what the author calls "a completed web" is merely an indiscriminating panegyric of his hero in the familiar style of the old Chancellor's Reptile Press. Never a question is raised as to the wisdom of Bismarck's domestic policy, though the failure of his two great campaigns against Ultramontanism and Social Democracy is at the bottom of the internal difficulties with which the rulers of Germany still have

to contend. The author's version of the *Culturkampf*, for instance, has long since been abandoned, even by Prince Bismarck's apologists in Germany, and by the Prince himself in his autobiography. In the domain of international policy Mr. Jacks simply ignores the broader knowledge of Bismarckian statecraft, for which we have in so many cases to thank the Chancellor's own revelations. Such significant incidents as the Gablenz mission before the final breach with Austria in 1866, Lothar Bucher's secret mission to Madrid in the spring of 1870, Bismarck's urgency at St. Petersburg to induce Gortchakoff to denounce the Black Sea clauses of the Treaty of Paris during the Franco-Prussian war, the war-alarm of 1874, the Austro-Russian agreement with regard to Bosnia and Herzegovina, which for the first time caught Bismarck's diplomacy napping, are entirely passed over. Possibly they did not fit in with the author's theories, more probably, we imagine, he had no knowledge of them. For his admiration of the old Chancellor's methods is as uncompromising as that of Dr. Busch himself, and even such embarrassing incidents as the editing of the Ems telegram and the secret "re-insurance" treaty with Russia never disturb his attitude of worship. That Mr. Jacks has absolutely no sense of proportion; that whereas he devotes fifty-five pages out of 500 to the sterile years of Bismarck's early Parliamentary career as a reactionary *Juncker*, he dismisses in fourteen pages the most fruitful and instructive period, perhaps, in the whole of his hero's life—viz., the eight years he spent at Frankfurt as Prussian representative in the old Germanic Diet (his "materials," by the way, do not seem to include Bismarck's correspondence during that period with General von Gerlach, as brilliant and fascinating a piece of autobiography as has ever been written); that he considers, apparently, as beneath his notice such aspects of Bismarck's work as his organization of the Press into one of the most powerful weapons wielded by a modern State—these are, perhaps, matters of minor moment. But a writer who professes to make a serious contribution to the history of the maker of modern Germany should, at any rate, be careful to avoid betraying his ignorance either of the German language or of German politics by egregious blunders. He should not, for instance, mix up in hopeless confusion the Elector of Hesse Cassel with the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, nor should he describe as the firm opponents of the Chancellor the National Liberals in the Imperial Diet of 1871, who were the thick-and-thin supporters of both his domestic and foreign policy from the day the first Imperial Diet assembled at Berlin until he turned his back upon them in 1879. Some elementary knowledge is required even for the use of scissors and paste.

HISTORY.

Miss Yonge has so familiarized us with the title she gave to her well-known series of historical studies that one forgets to question its appropriateness. In the case of her new *COMES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY* (Macmillan, 5s.), which deal with the eighteenth century, it does not strike us as particularly apposite. A *Comeo* is a small work of art, containing but few figures which are highly finished in all their details. This is certainly not the case with the present pleasantly written but rather elementary essays, fourteen or fifteen of which are almost exclusively occupied with the history of France. Far from each being complete in itself, these "Comeos" would often be rendered more intelligible by more introductory matter. For instance, the first *Comeo* is an interesting account of the rise and growth of Methodism, but John Wesley, the great founder of that sect, is suddenly introduced without any account of his previous history, education, or religious opinions, all of which must be considered before we can get a true conception of his career. The second, "The Peace of Aix La Chapelle," plunges straight into the middle of the War of the Austrian Succession with no previous account of the causes of the war, or of the opposing parties. The most successful of the *Comeos* are those dealing with India and America, where the course of events is related in a clear and interesting manner; and there is also a good account of the Siege of Gibraltar. Those on home affairs are not so good. Miss Yonge seems to take no

interest in Constitutional History, and allows her admiration for the morals and religious character of George III. to blind her to his persistent efforts to get the supreme power into his own hands by questionable means, and to the short-sighted views which impelled him to oppose reforms, every mitigation of the penal laws, and largely contributed to the loss of the American Colonies, and the alienation of Ireland. The questions of real importance in the conflicts between the Crown and Wilkes—namely, the illegality of General Warrants, and the illegal action of the House of Commons in declaring him ineligible to sit, and declaring his opponent Colonel Luttrell returned—are not brought out; nor is there any mention of the still more important dispute which arose subsequently over the publication of the reports of debates, and in which Wilkes played an important part. It is curious that there is practically no mention of Ireland.

There are a few inaccuracies contained in the present series, of which one or two are important. The penal laws against Roman Catholics were not only not done away with at the Revolution, but one of the most severe was passed in 1699. At the battle of Rossbach, Frederick the Great did not defeat Prince Charles of Lorraine and the Austrians, but defeated the combined French and Imperial Army under Soubise and Hildburghausen. Lord George Germaine was not tried by Court-martial for his conduct at the Battle of Fontenoy, but for his conduct at the Battle of Minden, as indeed is mentioned earlier in the book. The Parliamentary proceedings against Wilkes are also incorrectly given in more than one particular.

We have received from Messrs. Macmillan four more volumes of the library edition of the works of Francis Parkman: *THE OLD RÉGIME IN CANADA, COUNT FRONTENAC AND NEW FRANCE UNDER LOUIS XIV.* (8s. 6d. n. each), and *A HALF CENTURY OF CONFLICT* (17s. n.). The first volume, it should be noted, contains a certain amount of information about La Tour and D'Aunay—the rival claimants to Acadia—which was only added to the 1893 edition, and is not to be found in that of 1874. "A Half Century of Conflict" covers the history of France and England in the New World during the first half of the eighteenth century, stopping just before the eventful struggle between Wolfe and Montcalm. It was prepared, we are informed, from no less than 70 folio volumes of MS. material supplied to the author by the Massachusetts Historical Society, and not, at the time of writing, open to the inspection of the general public.

QUAKER CAMPAIGNS IN PEACE AND WAR (Headley, 6s.) consists of the reminiscences of Mr. William Jones, who was honorary commissioner of the Society of Friends' War Victims Fund in France in 1870-71, and in Bulgaria in 1876-77. He had many opportunities of studying history from behind the scenes, and has many striking stories to tell. The following statement concerning Thiers' conduct during the Commune ought certainly to be contradicted, if it can be—

As none of the chiefs of the Commune durst to make their appearance at Versailles, they availed themselves of Dr. Norcott's services as an intermediary between themselves and the Government. Norcott gave to Whitwell and myself an interesting account of one of the most delicate of his missions to Versailles. It was to endeavour to induce President Thiers to agree to an exchange of a leading Communeard named Blanqui for the Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Darboy, who had been captured and detained as hostage in the fortress of Mazas.

Norcott pleaded in vain for this exchange of prisoners. Thiers was obstinate, and when Norcott assured him that the life of the Archbishop was at stake, he shrugged his shoulders and cynically remarked, "The old fellow has lived long enough."

This is not the authorized version of Thiers' behaviour in the matter, but if it be the true one it certainly does something towards whitewashing the Communists at his expense. Another story narrates how the same Dr. Norcott was the last man on the Vendôme Column—

He observed ropes attached to the summit and hanging down into the hands of the crowd bent upon the work of destruction in the square below. He hastened to descend the

steps, but had not proceeded far down before he felt the whole structure swaying and rocking from side to side in an alarming manner. Rushing with difficulty down the remaining steps, he just succeeded in clearing the foot of the column when it fell with a tremendous crash.

The last volume of the ACTS OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL (Eyre and Spottiswoode), like many of the others, owes its value in great part to Mr. Dasent's admirable preface. The medley of affairs brought before the Council in a single year (1588-9) is so large and so confused that, without the preface, the reader would have extreme difficulty in utilising these minute records. Many of them are only isolated illustrations of Elizabethan law and manners, but the more important part relates to the fortunes of what may be called the English Armada, the retaliatory expedition under Drake and Norris which started for the coast of Spain early in 1589. Mr. Dasent's detailed account of this adventure leaves nothing to be desired. Financially, the expedition was a failure to all concerned, from the Queen herself to the common seamen and soldiers, who received only five shillings apiece. But, in other respects, it was a considerable success, seeing that it inflicted great losses on the Spaniards, while the infinitely larger Spanish Armada of the previous year had been driven round our coasts without doing us any damage at all. Mr. Dasent notes how potent a factor in English maritime history was the south-west wind, which allowed the Spanish Armada of 1588 to enter the Channel, but made it difficult for Drake and Norris to reach Spain in 1589. Perhaps we may draw from these records the further conclusion that sea-power has been indefinitely increased in modern times by everything that tends to render our ships indifferent to weather. These Elizabethan fleets, liable as they were to be dispersed or wrecked by every gale, were comparatively puny weapons of offence. Their success, even when they were well equipped—which was not always the case—depended on luck almost as much as on good management. The majority of the papers refer to Ireland, Wales, recusancy, and piracy, but are not, during this particular year, of exceptional interest.

A NARRATIVE OF THE CHANGES IN THE MINISTRY, 1765-1767, told by the Duke of Newcastle in a series of letters to John White, M.P., which Miss Mary Bateson has edited for the Royal Historical Society (Longmans, 10s.), relates to a period of our political history which is amply covered by other authorities, and on which Sir William Anson's researches have recently thrown so much new light. They were written by Newcastle, then an old man, to his friend, John White, member for East Retford, and they form a narrative, "very secret" at the time, but probably designed for ultimate publication, of the events which led to these ministerial changes. It may be said briefly, that the King, finding Grenville unendurable and Pitt impracticable, had recourse to Rockingham, who took office in 1765 and, after repealing the Stamp Act, was dismissed in 1766 and made way for Grafton and Pitt. Pitt, now Lord Chatham, resigned in 1768, and the ministry dragged on, completely under the King's thumb, until the still more compliant Lord North took office in 1770. The most important part of this narrative is that which describes the endeavour of the weak Grafton ministry to secure the support of both Rockingham and the Bedfords, and so to form a combination of the most powerful of the Whig factions. These negotiations were eagerly promoted by Newcastle, but fell through, greatly to his vexation; in consequence of the dissensions between the Whigs themselves. The letters present us with the usual picture of the King, restive in his constitutional position; of "the King's friends," a mere gang of hireling members of Parliament; of Pitt, difficult but indispensable; of Rockingham, honest and capable; and of groups of mutually jealous Whig noblemen.

The difficulty is to draw a correct portrait of Newcastle, the rather unworthy Nestor of all the Whigs. He had held high office, and had been for about half a century in public life. Yet hardly any one has written of him without a sneer. He was an insatiable borough-monger and a jobber, and fend of place and

power. Yet, so far from enriching himself, he died, it is said, £300,000 the poorer for his political career. Perhaps we may conclude that he had moderate ability, honesty according to the standard of his time, and, certainly, an unvarying sense of his own importance. It is clear from many passages in the letters that it was intolerable to him that any Whig Government should be formed without him. But Pitt, though Newcastle did not know it at first, made it a condition that he should be excluded, and declared that he would not sit with him at the council-table. Newcastle's own desire, at the end of his public life, seems to have been that he should have power and patronage, the two things he loved best, without the fatigue and responsibility of more than nominal duties. He constantly complained of slights; grumbled that Rockingham snubbed him or acted without his advice; and, when Chatham and Grafton succeeded Rockingham, he repeatedly wrote that he was the "first sacrifice to Lord Chatham's boundless ambition." In short, to himself he was one of the two or three most important men in the Kingdom; to others he appeared as an exalted but superannuated politician, whose services, never very brilliant, were no longer in demand. All things considered, he cannot be taken at his own valuation.

NEW FRENCH BOOKS.

MM. Colin et Cie. have just brought out the fourth series of the PORTRAITS INTIMES, which is the general title for the collection of essays in the "interview" form which we owe to M. Adolphe Brisson, and an excellent example of which we gave last week in connexion with Balzac. In the chapter on "La Vie Intime de Michelet" M. Brisson has preserved the extraordinary correspondence which passed in 1847 between Michelet and the enthusiastic girl Mlle. Athenais Mialaret, then exiled in Vienna as *institutrice* in an Austrian family. He also gives us, in his "interview" at Nice with Mme. de Maupassant, a series of hitherto unknown poems of de Maupassant, together with comments by the mother on the early years of Flaubert's little literary ward. There is not a page in it which has not its importance *pour servir à l'histoire littéraire de notre temps*.

There is a delightful new book of Pierre Loti's to record. The very title, *REFLETS SUR LA SOMBRE ROUTE* (Calmann-Lévy, 3f. 50c.), itself puts the reader into the proper mood. Criticism halts abashed before such sentences as this, which introduces a little essay here on "Dogs and Cats":—

Les Chats ont des petites âmes ombrageuses, des petites âmes de calinerie, de fierté et de caprice, difficilement pénétrables, ne se révélant qu'à certains privilèges et que rebute le moindre outrage, ou quelquefois la déception la plus légère.

M. Loti, however, is one of the initiated. Such little purring creole souls as these are what his fine Röntgen vision penetrates with ease. An artist of this kind must be allowed to record his thoughts just as he likes; to go off "at half-cock" as often and as frankly as he likes. At Madrid, at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, he falls into an infantile state of commiseration, but his tears are so touching that you have not the heart to scold; you almost cry yourself. Loti is a thing to be "felt," not to be commented on. And it is enough to state that a new volume bearing his name has now for a week been accessible, and that it has on every page the same old mysterious delicacy.

THEOLOGY.

A most welcome sign of the times is the growing production of cheap and sound religious books. Such are the shilling "Oxford Church Text Books" (Rivingtons), of which we have received *THE HEBREW PROPHECIES*, by Rev. R. L. Ottley, and *EARLY CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE*, by Rev. Leighton Pullan; they are just the sort of book which every educated man ought to read who takes the slightest interest in religious thought, but has not time to specialize. Mr. Ottley does not shrink the results of modern criticism; Mr. Pullan's subject makes his book even more interesting, dealing as it does with the phases of Christian thought from St. Paul to St. Augustine, and supplying

a concise answer to the question, *What is Christianity?* The S.P.C.K. are giving us another series, "Early Church Classics," for the same modest sum of one shilling; THE DOCTRINE OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES, that remarkable document of (it would seem) the fourth century which was only discovered sixteen years ago, is here translated and edited for us by Dr. Charles Bigg. Professor Richard G. Moulton's admirable "Modern Readers' Bible" has received a further addition in BIBLE STORIES (OLD TESTAMENT) (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.), which edits the more exciting parts of the Old Testament for the benefit of children and of those happy people who have childlike minds. Dr. Moulton's method is to give the books of the Bible in their proper literary form; and the extraordinary increase both in charm and intelligibility can only be realized by those who have seen the books of this series. We only wish he would crown his work by publishing the Bible in one volume. Meanwhile parents should not miss this new *Biblia Innocentium*.

Another and more expensive series is the "Oxford Library of Practical Theology," which is being edited by Canon Newbolt and Rev. F. E. Brightman. In their preface the editors declare their object to be "to translate the solid theological learning, of which there is no lack, into the vernacular of everyday practical religion." In this it will not be denied that Canon Newbolt has succeeded in his opening volume, RELIGION (Longmans, 5s.). It attacks its vast subject within, of course, well-defined limitations, being essentially a practical treatise for the enlightenment and assistance of Anglican laymen; it is rather an explanation of Anglicanism as it is most generally accepted than a contribution to original thought. It approaches sometimes too near to the sermon, but it does not cease to be readable; and it bears the mark of a man who has lectured as well as preached, who can make a subject intelligible without making it too loose.

Yet another series is "The English Theological Library," which is edited by Rev. Frederic Relton, and has a general introduction by the Bishop of London. The general editor has given us Bishop Wilson's MAXIMS OF PIETY AND OF CHRISTIANITY (Macmillan, 5s. 6d. n.), that collection of shrewd and profound thoughts which was almost forgotten till Matthew Arnold rescued it from oblivion in "Culture and Anarchy." Perhaps its arrangement in the alphabetical order of the subjects considered made English people forget it, for Thomas Wilson did not write his maxims for publication, and the editor, Cruttwell, had to do as best he could; perhaps its epigrams were above the heads of an age that liked obvious sentiment in its religious literature. Be that as it may, its practical wisdom and its lively turns of thought make it one of the most delightful as well as useful of religious classics.

Professor Harnack's THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT POSITION OF PROTESTANTISM (translated by Mr. T. Bailey Saunders) (A. and C. Black, 1s. 6d. n.) will prove a disappointment to those who delight in polemics, many of whom, we fear, must have already puzzled their brains over this little book without discovering anything except that Protestantism in Germany is a very different thing from Protestantism in England. It has given up "theology," but yet is troubled by a mild form of the ritualistic epidemic, and Dr. Harnack detects a growing fondness for creeds, which fondness he declares to be essentially Catholic. At the same time he sees much to give him a firm hope in a great future for Protestantism as "a Church of faith, freedom, and patience."

In Messrs. Methuen's very attractive "Library of Devotion" the "Christian Year," on which we commented at length some time ago, is followed by the LYRA INNOCENTII (2s.), also edited, with scholarly care, by Dr. Lock, Warden of Keble.

The recent preparation of a Scotch "Church Hymnary" by the four Presbyterian Committees has suggested to the Rev. John Brownlie the idea of a book on THE HYMNS AND HYMN WRITERS OF THE CHURCH HYMNARY (Frowde). It includes a general sketch of Hymnology in its different epochs, but is not, as he confesses, a book for hymnologists. This appears, to take one instance, from the account of the Rhyme of Bernard of Cluny, where the author points out the difficulty of the monk's task in composing a long poem in "dactylic hexameters," but says nothing of the complicated system of rhyme which he imposed on himself. Mr. Brownlie's theological point of view may be gathered from the

truly remarkable statement:—"This, then, was the aim which the leaders in the Oxford movement set before themselves in the Tracts for the Times—to approximate the creed and practice of the Church of England to that of the Church of Rome." But there is a good deal of useful information given in a popular way, and an interesting appendix collates the chief hymnals in use to see which hymns they have in common. One only appears in all the twenty-four collated, viz., "Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear."

MISSIONS.

The two portly volumes containing THE HISTORY OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY (Frowde, 30s. n., and 21s. n.) since its foundation in 1785 follow closely on a similar work (of which the third volume has yet to appear) giving the history of the Church Missionary Society. Together they form a most important contribution to the history of nineteenth-century mission work. The Church Missionary Society volumes contain a good deal of general matter about the Evangelical movement. Mr. Richard Lovett, who has spent nearly six years in preparing the present work, confines himself more strictly to the mission work of his society, its most important spheres being Africa, where Livingstone worked for it; India, where it opened the campaign before the end of the last century; China, with the remarkable pioneer work done there by Morrison; Polynesia and Madagascar, in both of which the society came into contact with French influence. The volumes are carefully indexed, admirably printed, and contain many maps and portraits.

All who take an interest in the affairs of the Universities Mission to Central Africa will be glad to read the LIFE OF BISHOP SMYTHIES (Office of the Universities Mission to Central Africa, 4s.), which Miss Gertrude Ward has written under the editorial direction of Mr. Edward Francis Russell. The book has no great literary merit, but the life of the Bishop deserved such a careful and appreciative record as is here given it.

GOD FIRST; OR, HESTER NEEDHAM'S WORK IN SUMATRA (Religious Tract Society, 3s. 6d.), gives the diary of a lady, well known as a philanthropic worker in London, who at the age of forty-six took up missionary work in Sumatra. It is edited by Mary Enfield.

THE ANNUAL REGISTER FOR 1898 (Longmans, 18s.) comes, as usual, as a welcome summary of the events of the year in all the various departments of human activity.

DURHAM (1s. 6d.), by J. E. Bygate, A.R.C.A., is the latest addition to Bell's Cathedral Series. It furnishes all the information, both architectural and historical, that the average intelligent visitor is likely to require.

Messrs. Cassell now conclude with a second volume their wonderful "pictorial and descriptive record" of THE QUEEN'S EMPIRE (9s.). The work consists, as is well known, of large, admirably reproduced photographs illustrating every quarter of the Empire, and all phases of Imperial life, with short notes on each photograph. The selection and arrangement deserve all praise.

Messrs. Ward, Lock have published a new and revised edition of their pictorial and descriptive GUIDE TO LONDON (1s.). The fact that it is in its 72nd thousand sufficiently attests its popularity. The arrangement is lucid, and the maps are numerous and excellent. It is a cheap and commendable shillings-worth.

THE ILLUSTRATED OFFICIAL GUIDE published by the New Palace Steamers Company (2d.) is edited by Mr. Austin Brereton, and contains a mass of archaeological information concerning the buildings on the banks of the Thames and the sights to be seen at Southend, Ramsgate, Margate, and Ostend.

Helen Milman (Mrs. Caldwell Crofton) is a pleasant writer on garden subjects, and her little book on MY ROSES (Lane, 1s. 6d.) will certainly help those who want some simple rules of practice in rose-growing.

Under the playful title of THE BARONET AND THE BUTTERFLY (May: Paris) Mr. Whistler publishes a number of documents setting forth the story of his notorious quarrel with Sir William Eden about Lady Eden's portrait. It is, perhaps, not for us to decide whether the memory of that quarrel was worth reviving, but in the interest of fair play we must protest that Mr. Whistler ought not to have suppressed the most interesting *pièces bearing on the controversy*. He attacks Mr. George Moore with wearisome iteration; but he does not allow us to read the letter in which Mr. George Moore defended himself in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and to which Mr. Whistler found himself unable to reply otherwise than by challenging that eminent art critic to mortal combat on the field of honour.

TO A SILVER BIRCH TREE AT SUNRISE.

What strange, translucent star do you enshrine?
Or does the moon come from her throne divine
High on the azure peaks of night to be
All day on earth the dryad of a tree?

O, first sweet wonder of the adventurous fawn!
Now from the settled palanquin of dawn
The bearers have withdrawn

Their dusky faces and their sable wings,
Hiding behind the hills in eastern fear
As through the golden-rifted purple springs
The sylph whose royal pleasure shatters here
Red roses of Cashmere.

Fair vestal in the sylvan choir of day!
The sun for your dear ministry would stay
From his ascending way:
How graciously his stirrup-cup is raised
To you, the flowerless flower of all the trees;
To you he drinks, and you alone are praised
When from the down-turned cup the crimson lees
Flush deep the sparkling seas!

The kine of snow, the milch kine of St. Bride,
Come from their heavenly pastures to abide
Their milking by your side;
O, sweet to hear, around your silver stem,
The Christ Child's gentle foster mother sing
And croon her morning milking song to them,
"White grow the birch trees; white the lilies spring:
White milk, white milk you bring!"

What strange, translucent star do you enshrine?
Or does the moon come from her throne divine
High on the azure peaks of night to be
All day on earth the dryad of a tree?

CHAUS DALMON.

Among my Books.

NOTES ON SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN'S "AMERICAN REVOLUTION."

By way of an episode in his highly interesting and sparkling "Life of Fox," Sir George Trevelyan gives us another history of the American Revolution. His work comes out at a curious juncture, when the American rebels, who are the objects of his unbounded sympathy and admiration, are themselves, in the fourth generation, crushing what they call the rebellion of people who are fighting for their independence, to whom they are totally alien, and to whose allegiance they have morally not a shadow of a claim. If Sir George Trevelyan reads American journals, he finds in them language of domination not less imperious than was the language of George the Third, the Bedfords, or Hillsborough.

I cannot help being rather sorry that Sir George Trevelyan should have turned aside from a theme by his treatment of which, whether we could entirely agree with him or not, he was giving us great pleasure, to one of which we are rather weary. After all, to tell the truth, this American Revolution was limited in its significance and importance. Separation was sure to come.

Nobody can imagine the perpetual retention of the United States as dependencies by Great Britain. The connexion had already existed far too long. There was no rational ground for it except the need which the Colonies might have of the Imperial power to protect them against French aggression, and even against that there is to be set the tendency of reliance on the Imperial arm to prevent the Colonies from vigorously combining among themselves for their own defence. The Colonies were already in fact Republics, although they received Royal governors with whom they were always bickering, and who did no good unless it were by sometimes repressing a juvenile tendency to the issue of paper money. The social structure of aristocratic England differed fundamentally alike from that of the community of freehold farmers in the northern States and from that of the slave-owning south. Differences of social structure called for a corresponding difference in political organization. The quarrel might have been avoided, and instead of the war and the bitterness which ensued, the daughters might have left the parental home with the parental blessing, and with filial affection unimpaired. So we fondly think. But statesmen, however sensible of the wisdom of emancipation, might have found it difficult to take the step, especially with a George the Third upon the Throne.

The effect of the revolt of the Colonies upon British politics was surely not so great as is commonly supposed, and as Sir George Trevelyan seems to assume. The Crown would probably have gained power by the subjugation of the Colonies. So at least thought George the Third, whose instincts, though not sublime, were pretty sure. Chatham said, in his oratorical way, that three millions of British in America, if they were enslaved, would be fit instruments to make slaves of the rest. Nobody thought of making them slaves, nor was it possible while Great Britain was under parliamentary government. But prerogative, or, to speak more exactly, the influence of the Crown, would have been strengthened. Yet it was not much weakened by defeat. The sympathies of the people were at first, and for some time continued, with the King. The Colonies were far away, and a successful resistance had nothing like the effect of a successful resistance to the Crown at home. Upon the failure of the war and the fall of North, the King was forced for a time to bow his neck to the yoke of the detested Whigs. But he soon succeeded in breaking that yoke, putting Pitt, the Minister of his choice, at the head of the Government, and excluding the Whigs from power, with the brief interlude of the Grenville Ministry, to the end of his life. Nor was the British system of colonial government much changed. Colonial self-government was the product of the Liberal movement, which carried the Reform Bill, and it had its immediate origin in the Canadian Rebellion. The politics of France were more affected by the American Revolution than those of Great Britain.

The war was not fruitful of military genius or great exploits. Washington's moral leadership was superb, but he won no battle. The endurance of his army at Valley

Forge is the most heroic incident in the history, and against it have to be set many incidents far from heroic. The Royal generals were about the worst ever sent out by England, and their army was largely composed of German hirelings. In the open field the Hessians won; in bush fighting the Americans. The patriots, according to the express statement of Washington, were reduced to extremity when France threw her weight into the scale. The savagery on both sides, especially in the Carolinas, was revolting.

Sir George Trevelyan's history is in the highest degree panegyric, and in that respect resembles the American histories of former days, though it escapes their grandiloquence. American historians have greatly advanced in impartiality as well as in research. They now admit that there were two sides to the question, and endeavour to do justice to the Royalists. The change is marked in the school histories, which are still supposed to be the great source of American feeling against England. In reading Sir George Trevelyan's panegyric, and comparing it with recent treatment of the subject, we have a certain sense of relapse.

That George the Third was the originator of the fatal policy of taxing the Colonies seems hardly probable. There was no sympathy, there was, on the contrary, strong antipathy, between him and George Grenville. The policy was exactly in Grenville's line, as was the kindred mistake of tightening the pressure of the revenue restrictions and stopping the safety valve of smuggling. Franklin certainly did not think that the King had been the source of mischief, for he speaks of him in the most loyal and loving terms. When the struggle had begun the King's arbitrary temper was aroused, and to his charge must be laid the obstinate persistence in the war of coercion when his best advisers, and even North himself, were for making peace, and only persisted in the hopeless conflict from a mistaken sense of duty to the King. Nothing can be worse than personal government without personal responsibility, such as George the Third had succeeded in bringing about, and the consequences are a perpetual warning to constitutional statesmen.

New England character is painted by Sir George Trevelyan in the most flattering hues. It had, besides the somewhat narrow and unattractive virtue of the Puritan, the good qualities natural to a people whom opulence disposed to hospitality, and whose manners equality preserved alike from arrogance and servility. But New Englanders were disputatious and litigious—both in a high degree. Lawyers were the leaders, and by them the public mind was formed. Every tavern was the constant scene of political debate. Slave owners, who formed the other section of the Revolutionists, are proverbially violent and overbearing. As Sir George Trevelyan advances he will find how human some of his patriot saints are. He has occasion to allude to the cabals against Washington. He will find judgment passed on the character and conduct of the members of Congress by one at least of their number in very decisive terms.

Sir George Trevelyan glorifies—almost deifies—

Franklin. There was much in Franklin that was most admirable as well as very characteristic of those communities, and it was the climax of misfortune when his mediation was withdrawn. But there was also in him an element of New England wiliness and a lack of the strictest sense of honour. It is difficult to understand how he can have believed himself to be rightfully possessed of Hutchinson's letters, or how he could have failed to foresee that they would be divulged by those to whom he betrayed them and work the mischief which they wrought. Hutchinson, it may be remarked in passing, is an injured man. He meant well to Massachusetts.

When all the taxes except that on tea had been repealed, and a fiscal arrangement had been made in favour of the Americans by which even that tax was more than countervailed, the tendency of the Imperial Government to redress of all practical grievances was placed beyond doubt. There might still have been a reason for insisting on the principle, but there was no good reason or excuse for the commission of the outrages which followed, and which Sir George Trevelyan admits could not fail to be felt as insults by the British nation. Too little is said by Sir George Trevelyan, or had been said by other panegyric historians, on this point. Chatham did rebuke colonial outrage, though hardly with sufficient force. Fox and Burke, so far as we know, did not rebuke it, and the omission is a flaw in Burke's otherwise most admirable treatment of the American question.

When the Royal army vacated Boston, it carried with it eleven hundred fugitive Loyalists, who dared not trust themselves to the mercy of their political opponents. "These people," Sir George Trevelyan says, "formed the aristocracy of the province by virtue of their official rank, of their dignified callings and professions, of their hereditary wealth, and of their culture, except so far as it partook of the self-education which was open to all." No fact surely could be more decisive, either as to the respectability of the cause for which the refugees suffered, or as to the temper of those from whom they had to fly.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Notes.

In next week's *Literature* under the heading "Among my Books" M. Joseph Texte will contribute a study of Sir Thomas Browne.

* * * * *

Mr. George Moore's denunciation of the works of Mr. Kipling, at Dublin, reminds one of a great pulpit orator's recent denunciation of the works of Abdul Hamid. Mr. Kipling, he observed, "would not have written the most hideous verses ever written in a beautiful language if he had not lived in a specially hideous moment—the moment of the African millionaire"; and he added that the verses to which he referred were "a disgraceful blot on the most beautiful poetic record in the world." It is strong language; but the millionaire who is persuaded by it that his prosperous existence has assisted, if only by "contributory negligence," in the composition of the "Recessional" will hardly take offence. Mr. Moore's attack on Mr. Kipling, however, was only introduced as a foil to equally violent praise of Mr. W. B. Yeats. "In the art of writing a blank verse play," he declared, "none except Shakespeare and Mr. Yeats had succeeded." Why drag in Shakespeare? is the question

which this panegyric inevitably suggests; and Mr. Yeats will, perhaps, be something less than grateful to the zealous champion of his genius for having brought it so pointedly to the front.

Since Mr. Kipling entrusted his literary affairs to the house of Macure and Doubleday, rumour has constantly credited him with the intention of prosecuting some one or other with the utmost rigour of the law. First of all, one heard that the parodists of "The White Man's Burden"—whose name was legion—were to be sued for damages, wherever they could be run to earth. Now there comes a circumstantial story that an action is to be brought against Messrs. Putnam's Sons because they have bought up sheets of Mr. Kipling's books from various publishers, and issued them in a "harmonious binding" together with "an informing guide to the Kipling writings" from the pen of Mr. W. M. Clemens. This proceeding, it is said, "seems to raise an entirely new question in copyright law." We should have supposed that the point had nothing to do with copyright, and that it was only open to Mr. Kipling to claim damages on the ground that the so-called "informing guide" was calculated to injure his reputation. However, as the damages claimed are no less than £5,000, and as the house of Putnam's Sons is indignant at the suggestion that it has treated Mr. Kipling badly, the case is likely to be lively and protracted, and "Kipling Limited"—if such a joint stock company is really being formed—will have the fullest opportunity of employing its working capital to the advantage of the lawyers of the United States.

The popular fallacy that there is copyright in titles was exposed at Monday's session of the Select Committee of the House of Lords, when it was pointed out that such protection as is accorded to titles belongs to them under the common law. A man whose name is Pickwick—and the name exists—would have no more right to publish his collected writings under the title of "The Pickwick Papers" than a man of the name of Bass would have to brew beer and sell it as Bass's beer. An attempt to give more specific protection under the Copyright Law would hardly succeed; for it would be ridiculous to give any one a vested interest in such a title as "The History of England," "The Elements of Trigonometry," "Algebra for Beginners," or "The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte." Moreover, as Mr. Cutler, Q.C., pointed out, the Courts already have all the power they need for dealing with any fraud that is likely to occur.

The Anglican clergy do not appear to take a commercial view of the subject of copyright so far as their sermons are concerned. Canon Newbolt, in his evidence before the Copyright Committee, has simply expressed his desire that, *quo cunque modo*, his sermons should reach as large a public as possible; and Canon Liddon is said to have objected to the reporting of his sermons only on the ground that the reports misrepresented them. Where there is a small or no endowment, however, a minister may get very substantial gain from selling his sermons in pamphlet form, as many Congregational and other ministers have discovered. It is a perfectly legitimate source of income.

Canon Newbolt's patience, however, goes much farther, and endures not only pirating without his consent, but the publication of his sermons, from the pulpit, as if they were the work of some one else—an excellent practice, many people will think who suffer from the crude or prolix discourses of preachers who are "not eloquent as Brutus is." There need be no question of honesty or dishonesty if the practice were recognized, even though all borrowers were not as frank as the clergyman whom a friend congratulated on the excellence of a sermon just delivered. "It was as good," said the friend, "as the best of Dr. South's." "It was the best of Dr. South's" was the reply.

The Religious Tract Society, which has attained its centenary, is nowadays an important publishing house, and issues many works of more interest and importance than tracts; but a hundred years ago its founders—the most notable of whom was the

preacher, Rowland Hill—regarded the publication of tracts as the most promising measure that could be taken for the amelioration of the world. In an "Address to Christians" on the various ways by which divine truth may attain access to the human mind the committee of the society makes the following observations:—

Among many others, none of which should be neglected, there is one which merits peculiar notice, and which we would earnestly recommend to the serious attention of the disciples of Jesus, as calculated to be of eminent and extensive benefit—namely, THE DISTRIBUTION OF RELIGIOUS TRACTS.

The distribution of tracts was an easy way of doing good, and also a cheap way—statements which indicate that the committee had an instinctive perception of what was the line of least resistance in philanthropic enterprise. As for the distributor of tracts, an early report of the committee, subscribed, among others, by the father of Lord Macaulay, describes his happiness in glowing terms:—

His piety may be compared to the small rain which, with silent efficacy, revives the hope of a fainting empire. He unites in a plan, whose influence is far felt in every direction; hence he becomes the joyful expectant of good intelligence from all parts, or if the thousands and tens of thousands of tracts which he has assisted to circulate produce no effect with which he is made acquainted, still may he hope that the great and last day will make a glorious development.

This was written in 1801. The religious periodical has, to some extent, now taken the place of the tract. A glance at the latest catalogue of the Tract Society, with its forty-eight pages, shows how far the society has travelled since those simple evangelical days.

The proposal to connect by new buildings on each side of it the main front of "St. Dunstan's in the West" to the other structures in Fleet-street will effectually obliterate the last vestige of a spot which has always been remembered in connexion with the history of printing in London. It was to "The George" in St. Dunstan's Churchyard that Richard Pynson, about 1500, transferred his business as a printer which he had previously started at Temple-Bar in 1493. At "The George" he was followed by Redman and Tottell, while, within a few yards of this place, Wynkyn de Worde settled at "The Sun." These men were succeeded by Robert Copland, Marsha, William Rastell, Berthelet, and other well-known craftsmen who helped to make St. Dunstan's Churchyard, as a printing centre, as famous in the west as St. Paul's Churchyard was in the east.

The reappearance of Mr. Benson upon the London stage next winter will be looked forward to with interest by all theatre-goers. Those who recall his scholarly reproduction of *The Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Globe some years ago, the careful attention which he then bestowed upon every detail of the text, upon the *mise en scène* and upon the Mendelssohn music, will be glad to find that this play will be once more in his repertoire. In choosing his plays Mr. Benson has evidently intended to strike a mean between the "safe draw"—*The Tempest*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *She Stoops to Conquer*—and the scholarly experiment—*Richard II.*, *Henry V.*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Hamlet*, to be given in its entirety, as at Stratford the other day. Mrs. Langtry was, we think, the last actress who has taken the part of Cleopatra, with Mr. Coghlan as Antony.

From the point of view of the manager, Mr. Benson is no doubt right not to give too many "interesting revivals," but one or two more experiments would not be without their attraction. As he intends to perform *Richard II.*, would it not be worth while to revive Marlowe's *Edward II.* at the same time? The similarity as well as the points of difference in the two plays, especially in the famous death scenes of the two Kings, would give great interest to the successive performances of the two plays. *Timon of Athens*, too, is in Mr. Benson's provincial repertoire, and might well be included in his London programme. There is no doubt some difficulty connected with

the performance of this play similar to that experienced by Miss Wallis the other day in reproducing *Measure for Measure*—viz., that of expurgation, which would be needed, at any rate, in one of the finest scenes. But is *Timon of Athens* to be for ever lost to the London stage for such a reason? We are stricter with Shakespeare than with our modern playwrights.

The proprietors of the *Sunday Daily Mail* announce that they have stopped the publication of that paper as a "frank concession to the religious feeling of the public." As they simultaneously announce that the enterprise which they have decided to abandon was a "big success," it is difficult to understand how the "religious feeling" referred to proved its sincerity. One would have expected that it would express itself in a refusal to buy the paper or subscribe to it. That is a point, however, which it would be unfair to press too hard. In any case, Mr. Harmsworth is to be congratulated on his determination to produce another new paper—the *Illustrated Mail*—to take the place of the one he has withdrawn. By this means he will be able to find employment for a good many deserving people who would otherwise have been thrown out of work. We wish the *Illustrated Mail* the success which we have no doubt that it will deserve.

A correspondent suggests the following Latin version of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman's quotation in the House last week :—

Firm and erect the Caledonian stood ;
Prime was his mutton, and his claret good ;
" Let him drink port," the Southern statesman cried ;
He drank the poison, and his spirit died.

Carne ovium solita et leui nutritus Iaccho,
Scotus erat forti pectore ; quid melius ?
Combibit imprudens Anglo suadente Falernum ;
Deperiit Scotus ; quid miserabilius ?

We comment elsewhere on the opportunities of usefulness open to the new department of the New York State Library, which is to answer questions put to it by correspondents at a distance. But if the letter-bag of the British Museum officials is any guide it will offer an unique field of activity for cranks of one sort or another. These persons hold that the librarian and his assistants at the Museum are omniscient, and from time to time they put them the most astounding posers. Here, for example, is a letter addressed to the principal librarian, asking for particulars of moneys believed to be in the custody of the Court of Chancery :—

Sir,—I beg to write to you respecting Cash and Baul I have been told that their is property belonging to this family in Chancery they came from Staffordshire the name appeared in the *Lloyd's* newspaper 20 or 22 years back I did not see it myself but I have been told will you kindly forward me an answer to this as soon as you can.

So the letter runs, without a stop from the beginning to the end of it. Genealogical research is another topic which brings many applications to the Museum—mainly from American correspondents. The following letter, which is too long to be printed at length, may not be typical, but it is none the less interesting on that account :—

Dry Goods and Notions.
Groceries and Provisions.

Michigan, U.S.A.

Gentlemen of the British Museum,

Dear Sirs,—I have been industriously hunting up my ancestors lately, and, by switching off from the Watson family with my great grandmother I have been enabled to trace them back, through Edward I., to the line of Swedish Kings: the author says they were descendants of one family from father to son, that being the case, Odin was my 60th grandfather, and he reigned 70 years before Christ. . . . So, if I can trace his tribe back, and find who was King of it, it is altogether likely that I can trace him back to Adam. Anyhow, I would like you to give me a hoist, just at this point, and help me over into Asia Minor.

It occurred to me that, after reading all this, you would feel awful bad if you could not do something for me.

In an article on Miss Wilkins in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. Charles Miner Thompson draws an interesting literary parallel :—

Miss Wilkins' stories have [says Mr. Thompson] a certain rare quality which always gives strength to fiction. It is the air on the part of the author of being exterior to his story and irresponsible for it, of seeming to say, "I do not explain, I do not justify, I find no fault, I neither laugh over them nor grieve; these events are not my invention—they happened. I report them, and allege nothing about them except that they are true." It is this quality, as much as any, which gives a peculiar impressiveness to the tales of Guy de Maupassant. So far as method is concerned, his story called in its English version "A Bit of String" might have been written by Miss Wilkins.

Indebtedness to the French master would probably be repudiated by Miss Wilkins herself; but it is interesting to speculate on what books that might have been written if the author of "A New England Nun" had been born a Frenchwoman and the author of "Boule de Suif" a New Englander.

Apropos of Balzac, a correspondent writes :—

Léon Gozlan used to relate how he met Balzac one day, on the Boulevard des Capucines, "dying with hunger." The novelist insisted on taking Gozlan to a confectioner, who sold macaroni patties. Forgetting his hunger, Balzac plunged into an appreciation of Cooper's "Lake Ontario" (newly published). Gozlan noticed that the shop attendant, an English girl, had heard him address Balzac by name, and was gazing at the author as though fascinated. She was astounded presently by the appetite of genius for macaroni patties, which disappeared by couples. "How much do I owe you?" asked Balzac. "Nothing, M. Balzac," said the English girl firmly. Balzac was nonplussed for a moment; then he pushed his precious copy of "Lake Ontario" into the girl's hands, saying, "I can never sufficiently regret, mademoiselle, that I did not write that book."

Book-collecting is becoming daily everywhere more fashionable. Especially is this the case in America, a fact to which we referred the other day in discussing the continued drain of the Shakespeare folios from this country. In the British Colonies the same movement is observable. In the older Colonies civilization is largely "settled," and, as a consequence, the pursuit of wealth is giving way a little to the desire for culture. Fairly good private libraries are therefore now to be found in places where, ten years ago, such things would have been sought in vain. The real value of books is thus becoming rapidly known, and the *fiasco* that occurred at the sale of the library of Sir Harry Parkes is a story that will not be retold, for the number of collectors in Australia is not only growing apace, but many commissions are now coming to England for rare and valuable works. Much the same state of things exists in South Africa, where every bit of old Dutch furniture or china, the only things previously regarded as choice, has drifted into the hands of wealthy families who appear disposed to hoard their possessions. People with leisure and means are therefore turning to book-collecting and to building up private libraries, and a curious illustration of this is afforded by the request for a new bibliography of the works of Matthew Arnold which lately came to a London publisher from Johannesburg.

A little volume sold last week at Sotheby's recalled Carlyle's grim remark that, although the aristocrats of France thought they could laugh at the theories which actuated the revolutionaries, yet their skins went to bind some of the books used to disseminate those theories. The volume was a duodecimo entitled "List Générale des Contre-Révolutionnaires mis à mort à Commune-affranchie." The list extended "depuis le 21 Vendémiaire jusqu'au 17 Germinal de l'an deuxième de la République," and it contained some 1,800 names. The book was bound in crimson morocco, with tooled skulls and crossbones and inlays of "peau humaine."

This gruesome method of binding books has only occasionally been resorted to in England. One of the earliest instances was the binding of two books belonging to the Mexborough Library in a piece of the skin of Mary Bateman, a Yorkshire woman who

was hanged as a witch at the beginning of the present century. The skins of criminals have also been used for the same purpose. A copy of the life of Cordier, the murderer of Maria Martin at the Red Barn, was bound in a piece of his own skin, and at Exeter there is a book covered with the skin of a man named Cudmore, who was executed there in 1830 for poisoning his wife.

During the first week in June Messrs. Sotheby will be engaged in selling a further instalment of the MSS. and autograph letters collected by the late Sir Thomas Phillipps. There are many interesting letters relating to statesmen and public events in England during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Among the MSS. on vellum are the cartularies of Byland and Fountains Abbeys. There is also a long series of domestic papers beginning with the household roll of Anne, Duchess of Buckingham, dated 1463, and including such interesting papers as the journal kept by Sir Henry Wotton when he was in the suite of the Earl of Essex sent by Elizabeth to assist Henry IV. against the League; the original vellum Wardrobe Roll of the ninth year of the reign of Elizabeth, with a fine signature of the Queen; and a large collection of letters addressed to and from Sir Robert Walpole. The extensive MSS. collected by Cardinal Giuseppe Renato Imparali illustrate the private history of the Papal Court during the latter half of the seventeenth century. There are also documents relating to the affairs of the Protestants in Germany and the Low Countries during the period of 1611-1630, and a large collection of papers signed by Napoleon and his generals and statesmen.

American Letter.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR AMERICAN FICTION. FIRST PAPER.

One of the most interesting books which has fallen in my way since I read "The Workers" of Mr. Wyckoff is Mr. Thorstein Veblen's "Theory of a Leisure Class" (Macmillan's). It does for the idlers in terms of cold, scientific analysis the office which Mr. Wyckoff's book dramatically performs for the workers; and I think that it is all the more important because it deals, like that book, with a class newly circumstanced rather than newly conditioned. The workers and the idlers of America are essentially the same as the workers and the idlers of Occidental civilization everywhere; but there is a novelty in their environment peculiarly piquant to the imagination. In the sociological region the spectacle has for the witness some such fascination as geological stratification would have for the inquirer if he could look on at its processes; and it is apparently with as strong a zest as this would inspire that Mr. Veblen considers the nature and the growth of the leisure class among us.

His name is newer to me than it should be, or than it will hereafter be to any student of our status; but it must be already well known to those whose interests or pleasures have led them into the same field of inquiry. To others, like myself, the clear method, the graphic and easy style, and the delightful accuracy of characterization will be part of the surprise which the book has to offer. In the passionless calm with which the author pursues his investigation there is apparently no animus for or against a leisure class. It is his affair simply to find out how and why and what it is. If the result is to leave the reader with a feeling which the author never shows, that seems to be solely the effect of the facts. But I have no purpose, as I doubt if I have the qualification, to criticize the book, and it is only with one of its manifold suggestions that this notice will concern itself.

The suggestion, which is rather a conclusion, is the curious fact, noted less securely and less scientifically before, that the flower of the American leisure class does not fruit in its native air, and perhaps cannot yet perpetuate itself on our soil. In other words, the words of Mr. Veblen, "the English leisure class being, for purposes of reputable usage, the upper leisure class of this country," the extraordinary impulse among us toward the aristocratization of society can as yet fulfil itself

only in monarchical conditions. A conspicuous proof of this is the frequent intermarriage of our moneyed bourgeoisie with the English aristocracy, and another proof, less conspicuous, is the frequent absenteeism of our rich people. The newspapers from time to time make a foolish and futile clamour about both these things, as if they were abnormal, or as if they were not the necessary logic of great wealth and leisure in a democracy. Such things result as infallibly from wealth and leisure as indigence and servility, and are in no wise to be deprecated. They are only representations on a wider stage of the perpetual and universal drama of our daily life. The man who makes money in a small town goes into the nearest large town to spend it, that is, to waste it—waste in some form or other being the corollary of wealth—and he seeks to marry his children there into rich and old families. He does this from the instinct of self-preservation, which is as strong in classes as in individuals; if he has made his money in a large town, he goes to some such inland metropolis as Chicago to waste his wealth and to marry his children above him. The Chicago, and San Francisco, and St. Louis, and Cleveland millionaires come to New York with the same ambitions and purposes. But these are all intermediate stages in the evolution of the American magnate. At every step he discovers that he is less and less in his own country, that he is living in a provisional exile, and that his true home is in monarchical conditions, where his future establishes itself often without his willing it, and sometimes against his willing it. The American life is the life of labour, and he is now of the life of leisure, or if he is not, his wife is, his daughters and his sons are. The logic of their existence, which they cannot struggle against, and on which all the fatuous invective of pseudo public spirit launches itself effectlessly, is intermarriage with the European aristocracies, and residence abroad. Short of this there is no rest, and can be none for the American leisure class. This may not be its ideal, but it is its destiny.

It is far the most dramatic social fact of our time, and if some man of creative imagination were to seize upon it, he would find in it the material of that great American novel which, after so much travail, has not yet seen the light. It is, above all our other facts, synthetic; it sums up and includes in itself the whole American story; the relentless will, the tireless force, the vague ideal, the inexorable destiny, the often bewildered acquiescence. If the novelist were a man of very great imagination indeed, he might forecast a future in which the cycle would round itself, and our wealth would return from European sojourn, and dwell among us again, bringing its upper class with it, so that we should have a leisure class ultimated and established on our own ground. But for my part I should prefer the novel which kept itself entirely to the actualities, and studied in them the most profoundly interesting spectacle which life has ever offered to the art of fiction, with elements of equal tragedy and comedy, and a pathos through all which must be expressed, if the full significance of the spectacle were to be felt.

ROSENFELD'S SONGS FROM THE GHETTO.

Yiddish, in its gaberdine of right-to-left-reading Hebrew characters, had seemed to me such an impenetrable mystery as I sometimes confronted it in the Socialist papers of the East Side, that it was with a joyful surprise I found myself quite able to

read it when I came to it in the German print which it wears in Mr. Rosenfeld's very notable volume of poems. It is as easy to read as our Pennsylvania Dutch, and the number of Hebrew words in it is not greater than the number of

English words in that dialect, which is as far from the parent German in accent and structure. There are a few Polish words and a very few French words in the Yiddish, and for these, as well as the Hebrew words, Professor Leo Wiener, who writes an introduction to Mr. Rosenfeld's poems, supplies a glossary. It was at first, as he tells us, a Lower Rhine dialect, and it has taken up the various outlandish vocables in becoming the common parlance of the Austrian, Polish, and Russian Jews; and perhaps it has unconsciously freed itself from many of these in reaching its highest poetical development in Mr. Rosenfeld's

verse. In the superior interest of this one may well leave all philological questions to Professor Wiener, who necessarily knows immeasurably more about them, and whom I hope I am not disputing in my effort to persuade even slightly Germaned readers that they may hope to know Mr. Rosenfeld in his native tongue. In any event, they will have the help of Professor Wiener's very faithful prose translation, which accompanies the original from page to page throughout the book.

They will have to thank the editor also for the biographical note, which is almost as essential to a full appreciation of Mr. Rosenfeld's poetry; for it is very important, as well as very interesting, to realize that these passionate laments of overwork and poverty come from the heart of a man who has known both. He was born of poor fisherfolk in Poland thirty-six years ago, and fled to England to escape the Russian conscription. There he learned tailoring, and when he came to America he slaved at his trade in the sweat-shops of New York till his health broke, and he was forced into the yet more precarious career of a writer for the Yiddish papers. It is the hopeless misery, the furious despair, of the sweat-shop which cries from his verse "in parole e sangue." Here is the Song of the Shirt from one who made the shirt, and not merely from the pitying witness who looked on while it was making. The opening poem, and perhaps the best, "In Schap" (In the Sweat-Shop), expresses the stupefaction and the loss of self which comes from killing toil, and the mad rebellion against the loss, and then the hopeless grovelling back into the conditions, as these common facts of the sweat-shop life have never been expressed before, possibly because they have never been expressed at first hand before. The strain repeats itself more plaintively in "A Trähr auf'n Eisen" and "Der Bleiche Arpreter" (A Tear on the Iron, and The Pale Operative), and yet again with piercing stress in "Mein Jüngele" (My Boy). This last seems to me one of the most affecting pieces in the book, but it may be only the most universally appealing. It comes from the deeply wounded heart of love in such prayer, such protest, to the human instinct in all, that even those so happily placed in life as to be able to leave their children altogether to servants and governesses must feel for the father who goes to work too early and comes home too late to see his boy awake, and can only hear him babbling of him in dreams.

It is very simple; Mr. Rosenfeld's work is always simple, but it seems the greater on that account, and it is not the less subtle. What the poet's economic creed is may be inferred from the fact that he holds the conditions to blame, and not the greed and cruelty of certain bad men. It is on the "system" that he invokes the curse, and not on the boss, or the capitalist, or the judge. The whole anguish of society-made misery is poured out in the powerful poem of "Das Areme Gesind" (The Beggar Family), which ends with such a malediction. "Varzweifung" (Despair) is the hopeless wail of all the generations of toilers; and such a poem as "Was is' die Welt?" (What is the World?) seems to image the new man standing up in the ruin of the immemorial slave. It is by no means the best in the book; and yet it has certain qualities which have tempted me to put it into English rhythm for such readers as have not the original at hand. I have kept the measure and movement of the Yiddish, but I have sacrificed the rhyme to the greater literalness of the version.

WHAT IS THE WORLD?

And if our world is but a sleeping room,
And if our life is but a dreaming:
Then I wish it to happen that my few years, too,
Shall pass in agreeable visions.

I want my own visions of freedom and joy,
Like those of the fine people yonder;
I want in my slumber one glimpse of delight;
Of tears I am tired of dreaming.

And if our world is a fair banquet, a ball,
Where we all as guests are invited,
Then I wish to sit, too, at my ease in the hall,
And have my own share in the feasting.

I too can digest a thing that is good,
I can very well manage a dainty;
I have in my body the very same blood
As those who have treasure uncounted.

And if our world is but a garden fair,
Where roses on all sides are blooming,
Then I wish to stray through its paths as I please,
And not as the rich shall allow me.

I wish to wear, I too, my garland of flowers,
I seek not for thorns to adorn me;
I want to roam there with my love at my side
In the glow of the myrtles and laurels.

And now if our world is a red battle-field,
Where the strong with the weak are contending,
Then I care not for storm, for wife or for child,
I stand not aloof from the struggle.

I plunge under fire; a hero I grow;
Like a lion I fight for the weaker;
And if a ball strike, and I fall on the field,
I also can greet death with laughter.

Besides the Songs of Labour, there are some National Songs and Miscellaneous Pieces. Through all runs a strain of unfathomable sadness, which never rises to gaiety and rarely to hope, but which pleases as the constant melancholy of Leopardi pleases. Now and then there is something that recalls the weird charm of the German romantic poets, but in this new singer of the underworld of overwork there is a richer pathos, a keener passion than their medievalized dreamery ever knew. It is his sufficient glory to speak to whoever reads him, for all those crushed by the "system" which once threatened to grind out his own being. When they think, they think such thoughts as his; he is their misery uttering itself in music; he is their voice.

It is not so strange that this voice should first make itself heard among us if, as the people of that sort of thinking believe, the "system" has its way here less trammelled by legislation and opinion than anywhere else. Amid their economic slavery our incongruous political liberty invites those suffering from the "system" to the revolt and protest which are of the heart of Mr. Rosenfeld's poetry. These are the social reasons why the speech of an oppressed people should flower here in a beauty unknown to it before; but this development of the dialect may be in the process of evolution from sources not so palpable. I find a certain pathos in the conjecture that this outcast parlance is probably reaching its supreme effect in the moment before it is lost in the world of American-English about it.

W. D. HOWELLS.

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FICTION.

On the Edge of the Empire. By Edgar Jepson and Captain D. Beames. 7½ x 5 in., 276 pp. London, 1899. Heinemann. 6/-

Mr. Edgar Jepson's humour, familiar to most of us through his "Passion for Romance" and its sequel, is of so essentially modern a type that the background of unrelieved Orientalism of the present book hardly sets it off to advantage. He has wisely chosen a soldier as his collaborator. The sketches of pure Indian life show observation of no common quality and, occasionally, a tragic power that is unexpected. But the undiluted native will not hold the interest of English readers much longer without plenty of the British element thrown in. In "On the Edge of the Empire" an occasional colonel, or even Mem Sahib, does play a part; but the sketches, for the most part, keep to the native point of view. There is much that will probably be new to English readers. For example, the idyllic vision of the Babu shown in "The Regimental Babu" certainly throws a new light upon his uses.

In a corps in which the men are of one race, the officers of another, there must needs be many points of friction. With

the best will in the world it is impossible to learn of oneself what the native soldier really wants. He is too stupid to see that the Sahibs cannot possibly know what they have never learned or seen, and he will always believe that they know the ins and outs of his life as intimately as he does himself. Consequently, in making his requests, he leaves out nearly everything which would make his meaning plain; he is generally incapable of expressing his ideas even to himself; and, lastly, he suffers from a total want of mental perspective and an extremely limited vocabulary. . . . Here is where the Babu comes in. He has acquired an intimate knowledge of each sepoy's private affairs; he can understand all their dialects after a fashion of his own; and he also knows all about the Sahibs and understands very well their difficulties, though his knowledge of English is often scanty. . . . Though an Indian, he lacks the utter selfishness of his race. He will attend to the affairs of strangers even when his own affairs claim his time, and for the most part out of pure benevolence.

We are tempted to wish for a separate novel, on different lines, from both Mr. Jepson and Captain Beames. The former can hardly do much better than give us another cheerfully cynical novel like "The Passion for Romance"; while Captain Beames has probably plenty of knowledge left of Indian life, both white and dusky.

In *THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE MARQUISE* (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.) Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes has done an exceedingly clever thing. She has attempted the task, as unusual as it is difficult, of telling a story by means of dialogue only. In the airiest way, and by means of the sketchiest conversations of the always sketchy society set, she presents us with a large number of uncommonly well-individualized characters, and sufficient material for the making of dozens of novels. There is laughter in these interwoven life-stories, and tears, comedy, and tragedy—tragedy, indeed, of the very grimmest sort. Yet you must dig to find it and to realize its grimness to the fullest extent, and if you dislike tragedy you can refrain from digging and keep to the smiling surface of things, as do the persons most nearly concerned. For nothing is definitely stated; all remains mere suggestion, mere inference, the unformulated suspicions which gather round the crisis being transmitted almost without formulation to the mind of the reader in singularly skilful fashion. The Marquise of the title, a French visitor at an English country house, is a delightful creature, well-bred, witty, warm-hearted; and the chapters given to the newspaper offices of "The Trafalgar Flag" and "The Daily Copybook" are among the best in the book. Here the author has her foot upon her native heath, so to speak, and the result is hugely entertaining.

THE UNCALLED, by Paul Laurence Dunbar (Service and Paton, 5s.), marks something of a new departure in the author, whose negro-sketches are fairly well known in this country. The plot has more of grimness in it than of humour, though there is plenty of incidental fun, and the talk is as racy as anything in "Folks from Dixie." The poor little waif who becomes the "mission" of a maiden lady in a prim little village, which never allows him to forget his parentage eventually works his way to happiness in a manner which is well described and convincing. We could wish that all publishers would follow the courteous example of Messrs. Service and Paton, who cut the leaves of their books "for the convenience of reviewers."

GREY WEATHER is the title, and *Moorland Tales of My Own People* is the subtitle, of a volume of short stories by Mr. John Buchan (Lane, 6s.). Readers who insist upon action and movement will not care for them; but readers who are content with atmosphere will be satisfied—provided always that Scotch atmosphere appeals to them. It is seldom that anything happens in any of Mr. Buchan's stories. Or, rather, what happens is usually nothing more than that the narrator loses his way on the hill-side, or among the peat-bogs, and meets a shepherd or other solitary, of whom a character sketch is given. The thing is well done; the impression intended seldom fails to be conveyed. But the stories are too much alike; the impression is too frequently repeated; with the result that the reader, after a while, is over-

taken by fatigue. All the stories but one are written in the difficult Caledonian tongue.

A *TRIP TO PARADOXIA* (Greening, 5s. n.) is the title Mr. T. H. S. Escott gives to his collection of some dozen social and political sketches, and is also the name of the first and longest of them. Mr. Escott's style when in lighter vein is well known, and this book, which is rather flamboyantly dedicated to the Earl of Rosebery, to the house of Stanhope, to Sir William and Lady Priestley, &c., will, without adding greatly to his reputation, provide an hour or two of amusing reading. Many of the characters could, no doubt, be traced to originals, but the note of "actuality" which the sub-title "Humours of the Hour" suggests is hardly sustained throughout the volume.

ANNE MAULEVERER (Methuen, 6s.), the latest novel by Mrs. Mannington Caffyn ("Iota"), the author of "The Yellow Aster," is intensely interesting, and the humour and irony not far to seek, but the writing itself is often poor. Here and there colloquialism is carried to the point of slang and commonplace. The story is the development of the character of Anne Mauleverer, who interests one from the very beginning of the book. She is an artist and half Irish, and in the course of her work and studies in Italy she interests herself in the Royal stables, and, believing that by right of being an Irishwoman she understands more about horses than all the stud grooms in Italy, she by accident impresses that idea upon the King, the result being a series of amusing incidents. Anne is closely and vividly portrayed. Father Butler, an excellently-drawn priest, gives a clear picture of her nature:—

However things had gone [he says] you could never have been a really happy woman. You feel too much. You're too honest. You're rather too elemental. You have the imagination of a primitive people, and pain haunts you. It will take a life or so before you accept frankly the ultimate justice of God. Perhaps even longer before you become meek.

"Anne Mauleverer" deserves, we think, as wide a popularity as "The Yellow Aster."

MISS CAYLEY'S ADVENTURES, by Grant Allen (Grant Richards, 6s.), is a set of short stories which have already appeared serially. The "series of short stories" is a comparatively new development of the literary craft; and in a good series, such as this is, one may examine the rules that have to be followed. The first rule seems to be that, instead of a plot out of which incidents arise, the storyteller must start with a central theme on which incidents can be hung, as clothes are hung upon a peg; by this means the instalments acquire a certain independence of each other, and no reader need shrink from reading No. 3 because he has missed Nos. 1 and 2, and does not expect to be able to buy No. 4. The second rule has to do with the choice of a hero or heroine. The field of selection is wide; so far as we can see it is only limited by one condition. The hero, or heroine, may be handsome or ugly, virtuous or vicious, but he, or she, must be sufficiently a fool to be always getting into a mess, and sufficiently nimble-witted (or lucky) to get out of it successfully. In each instalment the hero, or heroine, gets into, and out of, one definite quandary. That was the plan on which Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne wrote "Captain Kettle" and Mr. Conan Doyle "Brigadier Gerard" and Mr. Marriott Watson "The Skirts of Chance;" that is also the plan on which Mr. Grant Allen has written "Miss Cayley's Adventures." They are good enough in their way, and there is only a small dose of improbability in each of them. Improbability, however, is a literary medicine with cumulative effects; and twelve doses of it taken in rapid succession are calculated to leave the patient's nerves rather shattered.

STORIES OF REBEL IRELAND.

The policy of writing such stories as *THE REBELS* (Ward, Lock, 6s.) may be questioned, for they must help to keep alive animosities which were much better allowed to die, but after making that protest we can congratulate Mr. McDonnell Bodkin, Q.C., on the ability with which he has performed his task.

He, at any rate, is not one "who fears to speak of Ninety Eight." He sides uncompromisingly with the rebels, and the picture which he draws of English cruelty would be terrible indeed if we could believe in its accuracy. Some truth there is in it no doubt—far too much, we are afraid—but Mr. Bodkin gives us no relief. According to him, every English soldier who set foot in Ireland during this disastrous period of its history was an utter savage, without a particle of humanity in his nature. He seems, also, to have been a thorough coward, ready to run at the sight of a pike or of a French uniform, and successful in the end only by reason of overwhelming numbers and with the aid of Irish treachery. It is quite possible to regret much that was done during the rebellion, and yet to be unable to think so badly of one's fellow-countrymen. Certainly cowardice has never been one of their faults. To say that the story is based on facts will not help it here; Mr. Bodkin knows the meaning of "special pleading" better than most of us. It is unfortunate for him that his chief character, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, should have died in Newgate before the rebellion began, for after that event his story flags. But in Christy Culkin he has depicted an admirable specimen of the better sort of Irish peasant—one who had no taste for the hideous reprisals in which his comrades indulged—and every reader will rejoice when he and Maurice Blake and his wife get safely on board the schooner which is to carry them to a happier home in America. In many respects "The Rebels" is a better book than any other that its author has yet written. It shows a surer touch, and will be read with interest even by many who disapprove of its sentiments.

The sympathies of Mr. Rupert Alexander, the author of *MAUREEN MOORE* (Burligh, 6s.), are, like Mr. Bodkin's, with the rebels. It is a curiously formless story, yet it has a value which many infinitely better stories lack. For the author writes of Ireland as only a close observer could, and of the condition of the country at the time of the abortive rising in '98 he has given a fairly faithful picture. When he attempts to draw an English officer he is apt to fall into caricature. But he does not spare the other side. He depicts with grim fidelity the brutal cruelty of the Whiteboys, and yet shows, in one instance, the softer qualities of which they were capable. If Mr. Alexander will only study the technique of his art as carefully as he has studied the Irish peasant he may write an excellent novel.

THE MARBLE KING, by Lilian Quiller-Couch (Arrowsmith, 6d.), is hardly more than a short story, though it would be ungracious to expect a larger sixpennyworth where the quality is so good. The little tale has originality and imagination. That it is impossible hardly tells against it. The author rightly calls it a "mystery."

Melodrama, but this time of the music-halls rather than of the mess-room, is the rock on which *HOYA CORNEY*, by Mrs. Bertram Tanqueray (Digby, Long, 6s.), splits and sinks. One records this with regret, for the description of Fenland scenery and the account of the boyhood of Hoya Corney—a modern Cimabue, a genius in corduroy—are well done and give promise of better and maturer work, when the authoress will be able to resist the temptation of drawing so lurid an absurdity as Lottie Lepla.

PRIESTESS AND QUEEN, by E. E. Reader (Longmans, 6s.), has a touch of "the high romance" about it, and would be graceful and sympathetic enough but for one almost fatal error of style, which will irritate any reader with an ear for rhythm. This error is that the book is largely written in a kind of anæmic blank verse. Thus:—"I'll to the bath, good prince; use no delay. See that the bodies are disposed of straight, or fever else will breed among our men and throw us down like corn upon a scythe." This trick would spoil a stronger book. The illustrations, by the author, are charming.

A FAIR FRAUD, by Mrs. Lovett Cameron (John Long, 6s.), is what its title suggests—the story of a comely young woman who was hardly all that she appeared to be. In spite of a mother with carmine lips and an *alias*, and a convict father, who commits the incredible plagiarism of getting himself mistaken for her lover, the fair fraud is not so very fraudulent after all, and meets with an honourable and matrimonial climax to her adventure; though what the county subsequently remarked of her is not recorded. The secondary love interest of the book is fresher.

We found the courtship of the busy barrister and the little "companion" the most pleasing thing in a not particularly entertaining novel. The Messrs. Grigson, local bankers, who are received by the county, are quite impossible in speech and manners. The author's own speech is not always above reproach; nor is "any one who deludes themselves" strictly grammatical.

THE CRUISE OF THE GOLDEN WAVE (Innes, 6s.), by W. N. Oscar, opens weakly. The first hundred pages are confined to commonplace incidents described in a commonplace manner. Many readers, we fear, will not get any further, yet beyond lies a fairly well-told story of adventure. There is a mutiny, of course, and much strenuous fighting, in which one or two of the ladies on board take a hand. With a desert island, a wonderful cave, and hidden treasure great things may be done, and some of them are not badly done. The climax is disconcerting. All the men and women who are still left alive on the stage fall into one another's arms and there are weddings galore. Only the doctor stands out, but he has a girl waiting for him in England. We would suggest to Mr. Oscar that his work would gain in *raison d'être* if in future he were to exercise a little moderation in pairing off his characters.

Obituary.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

Our Paris Correspondent writes:—

Last Sunday night, for the first time in thirty years, the readers of the *Temps* were deprived of that inimitable little essay on the dramatic news of the week which had given the name of Francisque Sarcey a world-wide authority. The death of Becque had been an event of ill-omen. Years ago a sinister utterance of this terrible inventor of *bon mots* had shocked the boulevard; "Sarcey," he was reported to have said, "Sarcey wished to bury my *Parisienne* alive; I, dead, will bury him within forty-eight hours." Becque was carried to his grave on Monday afternoon. On the following night the master-critic died in the arms of his son-in-law, M. Adolphe Brisson, at 2 o'clock in the morning. On the Wednesday previous he had lunched with M. Claretie, and two hours later the Emir Emin Arslan, who had been present, repeated to me many of the jests of this delightful old man, who seemed then so full of vigour and gaiety. Sarcey was born at Douardan on October 8, 1828. He was a *Normalien* of 1848, a comrade of About and of Taine; and, like them, he began life as a professor. He entered journalism in the columns of the *Figaro*, to which he contributed a series of critical articles over the signature of Satané Binet. A year later, in 1889, he commenced dramatic critic in the *Opinion Nationale*, which he quitted in 1867 to enter the *Temps*, where he has remained ever since. But the *Temps* was only his *point d'appui*. As a *conférencier*, a lyceum lecturer, he had no equal, even in the Paris of Brunetière and Larroumet and Faguet. Inveterately amusing, and instructive as well, he had that irrepressible "gift of the gab" which M. Gaston Paris in his "Lectures on the Poetry of the Middle Age" (Hachette) notes as the most pleasing characteristic of the French in their *châteaux* of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; "quand les comtes ont fini de gaber, ils s'endorment." M. Sarcey, alas, *s'endort* before he had finished his *gab*. There is no one to take up the tale. As a dramatic critic he had probably the largest and most varied circle of readers of any writer in the world. He had good sense, a clear style, a profound acquaintance with the French classics. He had, too, an intimate knowledge of every manifestation of the modern French mind—save one. He was a *bourgeois* and a professor, and as such he was inflexible as to the tendencies of some younger writers. He was a lover of honest prose, he detested "symbolism." Ibsen he did not understand, and he insisted on a play being "well-made," being *du théâtre*. His taste was that of the eighteenth century, and he believed in "canons of criticism." But his *bonhomie* saved him from pedantry. He was a happy composite portrait of the Frenchman, as representative as any creation of Balzac; and this is what so endeared him to Frenchmen that for years he has been known throughout France as "Uncle Sarcey." We look in vain for any one to fill his place.

HENRI BECQUE, the author of *Les Corbeaux* and *La Parisienne*, died last Friday at the age of 62. Becque never attained popularity, but his reputation bids fair to grow with the years, and a century hence, when Sardou and, possibly, even Augier are no longer staged, the two great plays just mentioned will perhaps hold the boards and enjoy the same sort of glory as *Le Mariage de Figaro*—namely, that of being the most representative dramas of the end of the nineteenth century in France. Becque himself put nine-tenths of the critics against him. He was crusty, sharp-tongued, caustic, and uncompromising. He lived apart, poor, proud, distinguished, viewing life from afar and crystallizing his impressions of it in two masterpieces which won him the admiration of thinkers and of all critics who were not the mere spokesmen of a coterie. "*La Parisienne*," said a great French novelist the other day, "est une comédie un peu dure. Tout de même, de toutes nos œuvres à tous, cest peut-être la seule qui restera." *La Parisienne* was at first refused by the committee of the Théâtre Français, though it has now become definitively a portion of the classical repertoire of that company. Becque's death is not a "Parisian event" like that of Pailleton; it is a date, however, in French literary history. One thinks of him rather as a great writer than as a great playwright. The irony of his product, its want of Parisianism and of the facile gaiety of classical French comedy, account for its failure to obtain the favour of bourgeois opinion. In *Les Corbeaux* he relentlessly satirized types in which a middle-class audience recognized themselves; and he paid for his audacity. Yet this piece will, in all probability, give its author his title to immortality. To English readers, as yet unfamiliar with Becque, we recommend its perusal in the "complete works" of this writer published in 1890. He leaves an unfinished play entitled *Polichinelles*, which, we are told, is as full of sarcasm and irony as anything he had ever written.

Correspondence.

ILLICIT COMMISSIONS. TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—On May 8 there appeared in *The Times* a letter from Mr. John Murray, the essential passages of which ran thus :—

The Lord Chief Justice, in introducing the Illicit Commissions Bill in the House of Lords on April 20, is reported to have said :—"Again, in the publishing trade and also the printing trade I am sorry to say the evil is growing worst of all."

As this charge came upon my colleagues and myself as a complete surprise and caused some consternation among us, I ventured to write to the Lord Chief Justice and ask for such further particulars as would enable the council of our association to investigate the case.

In reply, I have just received a very courteous intimation from his Lordship that his "remarks were about the printing, not the publishing trade," accompanied by a permission to make that intimation public.

My gratification at the line taken by Mr. Murray in this important matter is only equalled by my fear that he has been lulled into a false sense of security by Lord Russell's courteous and comforting assurances. For, curiously enough—though the Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Murray are apparently unaware of the fact—two publishers who reviewed Sir Walter Besant's "*The Pen and the Book*" have publicly admitted that it is their habit to take those "illicit commissions" for the suppression of which the Lord Chief Justice is endeavouring to strengthen the hands of the Criminal Law. One of these publishers made his confession in your own columns on January 21, saying, among other things :—

Now, because I, as a publisher of good standing and capital, can obtain certain allowances on the material I buy, should it follow that I should make the author a present of them? By no means. The author is not my partner. . . . If he desire that I should publish his book on commission, I furnish him with an estimate that he can refuse or accept as he pleases, and the details of this estimate are made up of what I may make in

commission on the sales of the book. . . . Whatever "extra" terms I obtain are legally and morally mine.

The other publisher wrote in the *Outlook* on January 14. What he said was :—

My commissions will barely recompense me, but I shall realize on the cost of production. Why not? . . . Sir Walter Besant calls me a thief because I estimate on gross prices instead of net prices. He does not apprehend. The printers, the binders, and the advertisement agents recognize my claim as a good customer to a rebatement of a published charge. Why should I give the author, an amateur, a gentleman, the advantage of the rebatement which, in my capacity as an ungentle professed tradesman and wholesale buyer, I receive on my purchases?

Here, then, we have two publishers claiming secret commissions, one of them on the ground that he is a man of good standing, and the other on the ground that he is not a gentleman. Neither plea, I fear, would be a good answer to a charge under Clause 9 of the Prevention of Corruption Bill, which runs as follows :—

If any person shall give to any agent any receipt, account, or other document in respect of which the principal is interested which (a) shall contain any statement which is to the knowledge of the said person false, or erroneous, or defective in any important particular, or is in any way calculated or intended to mislead the principal, or (b) shall, otherwise than by mistake or inadvertence, omit to state explicitly and fully the fact of any discount, rebate, repayment, gratuity, or deduction having been made, given, or allowed, or agreed to be made, given, or allowed, or any other fact in relation to the transaction which it shall be for the interest of the principal to know, shall be guilty of a misdemeanour, and in Scotland of an offence punishable by fine and imprisonment.

Subject to correction, I submit that the acts defended by your publisher and by the *Outlook's* publisher do not differ in any essential respect from the acts which the Lord Chief Justice proposes to make punishable by two years' imprisonment and a fine of £500; and I further submit that Mr. John Murray and the Publishers' Association could perform no more useful service than that of publicly formulating their well-considered opinion of the publishers who, by conducting their business on the lines indicated in their communications to *Literature* and the *Outlook*, compete unfairly with publishers who conduct their business upon other lines.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

AMICUS CURIAE.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE." TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In his entertaining article upon the "Humours of Dictionaries" Mr. Cecil Headlam refers to the unconsciously comic Portuguese Guide to the English language which, says he, "set us laughing a few years ago." He is referring, manifestly, to the little shilling books which were published by Messrs. Field and Tuer, with introductions by Mr. James Millington.

I have always thought it hard upon those who first discovered and introduced to English readers this "New Guide of the Conversation in Portuguese and English" that no credit was allowed them in the Field and Tuer books, and that during the extraordinary vogue which the work enjoyed—the first volume rapidly running through eight editions—no one drew attention to the publication of 1863.

In September, 1860, the excellent magazine, known as "*Browne's Register of Facts and Occurrences relating to Literature, the Sciences and the Arts*," was first issued, and was generally spoken of as "*The Register*." To the March number of 1863, Thomas Hood contributed an article entitled "*Portuguese English*" in which he reviewed the famous work : "*O Novo Guia em Portuguez e Inglez*, Par Jose de Fonseca e Pedro Carolina, Paris, 1862." He had come across it when seeking for a trustworthy guide to the Portuguese language which he was desirous of acquiring, and when he opened the "small square volume in boards of sea-green colour, printed on what seems a superior sort of cigarette paper," he had no notion of the treat that was in store for him. He dealt with the matter in three columns and a half, and among the numerous examples he gave he

seems to have included some tit-bits that escaped the later editor. "If they [my readers] want a hearty laugh," he concludes, "and a good deal of harmless fun, I recommend them to purchase forthwith a copy of the amusing, diverting, entertaining, and instructive publication, from which I have culled them." The world has certainly been the merrier for Mr. Millington having taken this advice, or having independently happened upon this book of *DIALOGUES AND IDIOTISMS*.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

21, Cadogan-gardens, May 13, 1899.

THE HEXAMETER.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I have been much interested in your "Notes" and "Correspondence," to-day and last week, respecting the English hexameter. Some 15 years since, I attempted to give variety to my blank verse narration entitled "Three Sheikhs" by writing the introduction, interludes, and conclusion in that measure; but I found reviewers in general of opinion that it is unsuited to our language. For this judgment there exist, I imagine, more reasons than one.

The first usually named is the lack of spondees in English, or the necessity, as a rule, of using two distinct words to gain the desired end. This is almost inevitable, if the spondee is to be a true one. For instance, the dissyllable "midnight" is usually accounted a trochee, as in Longfellow's

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour.

In Southey's

Midnight, and yet no eye

Through all the Imperial City closed in sleep!

it might be read as either a trochee or a spondee. But the only case I can call to mind where the general reader would be pretty sure to make it a spondee is in one of the snatches sung in Scene 8, Act 2, of "The Knight of the Burning Pestle"—

When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Next, whether from the natural genius of our tongue, or from custom, the most favoured forms of verse in our literature are based on iambs. Dactyls or anapæsts would not be tolerated in any but short compositions.

But chiefly, I believe, it is the length of the verse that is disliked. Drayton's "Polyolbion" would probably still find readers but for its being written in Alexandrines. It is true we have verses of as many as seven feet, but these are usually printed in the form of stanzas, with lines of four and three feet alternating. The quotation from Beaumont and Fletcher given above, for example, though so presented, is really a couplet of seven feet—or, rather, would be so were the rhyme true.

To show how easily this measure can be written in English perhaps I may quote from "Three Sheikhs" the following:—

Ending a wearisome day's march spent in a desert of
hot sand,
Gladly the caravan took rest, covered by shadows of tall
palms;
Great stars glowed, and the moon, clear white in a sky
of intense blue,
Mingled a light like silver with ruddier beams from the
camp-fires.
Soothed by the charm of the soft hour, three grave men
at a tent-door
Seated together, began to recount their adventures of
past years.
Round them were camels reposing, and horses that fed
on the fresh grass:
Bright in the moon's full splendour a fountain was
splashing, and clear streams
Glided away to the darkness and bubbled and gurgled
their soft songs.

I think these verses will be found correct as to metre; but, for the reasons already indicated, I do not suppose hexameters will ever be popular in our literature, even though, as in the

case of blank verse, much variety might be introduced later on by skilled hands.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HENRY ROSE.

Dalebury, Elmbourne-road, Tooting Bec Common, S.W.

ROUSSEAU AND "HUDIBRAS"

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—You quote, in your issue of May 13th, as an apparent proof of Rousseau's knowledge of Butler, six lines from the former's poem "L'Allée de Sylvie":—

On verra la Philosophie
Naitre de la nécessité;
On me verra par jalousie
Prêcher mes caduques vertus;
Et souvent blâmer par envie
Les plaisirs que je n'aurai plus.

Here, it is suggested, we have the well-known lines from "Hudibras":—

Compound for sins they are inclin'd to
By damning those they have no mind to.

The thought in the French, however, seems to me much nearer to that expressed in the Duc de la Rochefoucauld's epigram:—"Les vieillards aiment à donner de bons préceptes, pour se consoler de n'être plus en état de donner de mauvais exemples." These *vieillards* are the old gaffers of Catullus:—

Vivamus mea Lesbia atque amemus,
Rumoresque senum severiorum
Omnes unius aestimemus assis.

Yours faithfully,

OECIL HEADLAM.

4, Smith-square, Westminster, S.W., May 13.

Authors and Publishers.

Five thousand copies of the two-volume edition of Captain A. T. Mahan's "Life of Nelson" have been sold in this country, and now a cheaper issue in one volume is announced by Sampson Low. This will contain all the matter included in the original edition and has also had the advantage of having been revised throughout by the author.

We have already announced that Messrs. Constable's Library Edition of Fielding will be followed by a Library Edition of Smollett. The introduction to the Smollett Edition will be written by Mr. W. E. Henley.

The next volume in the English Public Schools Series will be "Eton," by Mr. Lionel Cust. That on Christ's Hospital is being written by the Rev. E. H. Pearce, vicar of Christ Church, Newgate-street, who was formerly a master at the school.

Next week will be published the new and enlarged edition of Mr. F. P. Dunne's "Mr. Dooley in Peace and War." In addition to a portrait of the author, it will contain five extra articles, including reflections by the Chicago philosopher-saloon-keeper on Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Lord Charles Beresford. Mr. Dunne is visiting England, and "Mr. Dooley" will, no doubt, soon be telling us how we and our institutions and manners strike him. The new book will, we believe, make its appearance first serially, in this country, in the columns of one of the London evening journals.

The enthusiastic Ruskinite will doubtless hail with enthusiasm the announcement that in Mr. Allen's forthcoming issue of "Proterita," a fragment of the master's writing will be included which has not hitherto seen the light.

Lever's posthumous novel, "Gerald Fitzgerald," is about to be published by Mr. Downey. It belongs to his later period, when Lever had a little lost the dare-devil and rollicking humour of "Charles O'Malley" and "Harry Lorrequer," but had gained in self-criticism. Like his earlier novels it appeared serially in the *Dublin University Magazine*, and his daughter, Mrs. Nevill, left it to Mr. Downey to decide whether he should republish it.

That prolific popular historian, Mr. Justin McCarthy, has not yet done with "our own times." He contributes to the "Story of the Nations" Series (Unwin) "Modern England from the Reform Bill to the Present Time." The book will be illustrated.

Mattias Zurbriggen, the famous Alpine guide who climbed Pioneer Peak with Sir William Conway, Mount Cook with Mr. Fitzgerald, and Aconcagua with Mr. Vines, has written a book called "From the Alps to the Andes," which will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. So far as we are aware, the only existing book by an Alpine guide is Michel Carrier's "Notice Biographique sur Jacques Balmat," Christian Almer's Führerbuch not being a book in the literary sense of the word.

Mrs. Coventry Patmore and several of her late husband's more intimate friends have been engaged for some time past on a memoir of the poet which will probably be ready before the end of this year. The poems of the author of "The Angel in the House" are at this moment as popular, both here and in America, as at any time during the last thirty years. It was only two weeks ago that we referred to Mr. Egan's illustrations from Coventry Patmore's rhythms in a new book on metre.

The sixth volume of the "Cambridge Natural History," which is now nearly ready, completes Dr. David Sharp's treatise on Insects, the first instalment of which is a valuable contribution to entomology. The new volume deals with Bees, Wasps, Ants, Beetles, Butterflies, and Moths, and will contain about 300 original illustrations.

A new volume of verse by Mr. Laurence Housman, entitled "The Little Land: With Songs from its Four Rivers," is being published by Mr. Grant Richards. It has four illustrations, which have been cut on wood by Miss Clemence Housman. Mr. Housman has himself designed the cover.

"In the Khalifa's Clutches," the first instalment of Mr. Neufeld's adventures in the hands of the Dervishes, which are to be published in the *Wile World Magazine*, appears in the June number.

Art, Literature, and Music have their respective Year Books, and Messrs. Greening and Co. are intending to follow suit with "The Year Book of the Stage," which will contain year by year, in a compact and handy form, a complete record of all the important productions of the English stage.

A book of cricketing reminiscences which will appear before Dr. W. G. Grace's (since Messrs. Blackwood have it almost ready for publication) is Mr. William Caffyn's "Seventy-one not out." Caffyn was a member of the Surrey eleven for many years and a fine all-round cricketer. He was one of the earliest English players to visit Australia where he bowled the first ball in the first match of the first tour. He went on the second tour also, and this time was persuaded to stay as instructor to the Melbourne Club. Caffyn also went with an English team to the United States and Canada in 1859. The volume will be edited by "Mid-on" and will have plenty of illustrations.

The Town Council of Perth has now definitely resolved to purchase the old building in North Port, Perth, known locally as "The Fair Maid's House." Scarcely a stranger, it is said, visits the city without inquiring about this house; nevertheless there are some of the citizens who have misgivings. Tradition, it is true, has long associated Scott's heroine with the building; but the evidence, so-called, as to its having been the residence of old Simon Glover, is by no means convincing. Perhaps a new book to be published shortly by Mr. Elliot Stock, under the title of "A Hypnotic Experience in the Fair Maid's House at Perth," will throw light on the subject. The author, Mr. Alfred Beauchamp, passed a night under the roof which is said to have sheltered the fair Catharina, and he has, it appears, a surprising tale to tell. The book is to be illustrated.

Mr. Sydney Young, Professor of Chemistry in University College, Bristol, the author of many memoirs on chemical subjects, is at present engaged in writing a paper on the relative efficiency and usefulness of various forms of still-head for fractional distillation. Some new still-heads, possessing special

advantages, will be described in the paper. Dr. Young is also continuing his researches on the vapour pressures, specific volumes and critical constants of the paraffins and other hydrocarbons, and hopes to have some further data ready for publication before the end of the year.

A German work of some interest will make its appearance here towards the end of the summer. It is a translation of Frau Laura Marholm's "Zur Psychologie der Frau," with the title "The Psychology of Woman." Frau Marholm is no advocate for "women's rights." On the contrary, her work may best be described as an antidote to Mill's "Subjection of Women."

We are glad to learn of the successful arrangements made for the comparatively speedy conclusion of the Oxford English Dictionary. The publishers announce a new departure as to price. The arrangements they make as to subscription must not be confounded with that adopted by *The Times* in issuing *The New Century Dictionary* on the instalment system, though the one may have suggested the other. "Up to December 31st, 1899," Mr. Frowde's advertisement runs, "the delivery of the entire work, as and when published (i.e. the volumes published and those yet to come) . . . may be secured by the payment . . . of the sum of £17 (net cash)." Here the system by which the *New Century Dictionary* is issued is in reality *bouleversé*. Instead of paying a small part of his purchase money and receiving the whole dictionary at once under trust that he will pay the rest of his money in monthly instalments, as is the case with the purchaser of the *New Century Dictionary*, the purchaser of the *Oxford Dictionary* will at once pay all the sum required, and will not receive the whole dictionary until 1909. It is the dictionary and not the purchase money that is to appear in instalments. If, however, the purchaser is content to wait for the full value of his money for ten years, and no "Act of God," such as the burning of the Clarendon Press Buildings, should intervene, he will in the end have the dictionary at a smaller price under the new system. For, while the subscription price of the dictionary is £17 net cash, the published price for it, in the ordinary way, would be about £26.

Messrs. Archibald Constable have sent us for publication the following note, which has been addressed to them by Miss Fiona Macleod:—

Dear Sirs,—I am much annoyed at this continued identification of myself with this or that man or woman of letters—in one or two instances with people whom I have never seen and do not even know by correspondence. For what seem to myself not only good, but imperative, private reasons, I wish to preserve absolutely my privacy. It is not only that temperamentally I shrink from and dislike the publicity of reputation, but that my very writing depends upon this privacy.

But in one respect, to satisfy those who will not be content to take or leave, to read or ignore my writings, I give you authority to say definitely that "Fiona Macleod" is not any of those with whom she has been "identified"; that she writes only under the name of Fiona Macleod; that her name is her own; and that all she asks is the courtesy both of good breeding and common sense—a courtesy which is the right of all, and surely imperatively of a woman acting by and for herself.

Believe me sincerely yours,
FIONA MACLEOD.

Mr. Marion Crawford is engaged upon a novel dealing with the proceedings of Italian secret societies. "The Anarchists" is the title chosen.

A novel of stirring adventure, of which Prince Rupert is the hero, is about to be issued by Messrs. Macmillan, entitled "Rupert by the Grace of God." It is from the pen of Miss Dora M'Chesney.

Yorkshiresmen who have been interested in the sketches of country life which Mr. J. S. Fletcher has contributed to various journals (notably to the *Leeds Mercury* under his pseudonym "A Son of the Soil") will be glad to hear that Mr. Grant Richards proposes to publish towards the end of the month a new volume of his Yorkshire stories. It will be entitled "From the Broad Acres: Stories Illustrative of Rural Life in Yorkshire," and will contain over twenty characteristic tales of Yorkshire folk.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton announce a sixpenny edition of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." In six-shilling form Ian Maclaren's most popular book has reached the 13th edition, completing 90,000 copies. The sixpenny issue will be illustrated by etchings by Mr. William Hole.

Baron Corvo, to whom we referred on May 6th, will publish with Mr. John Lane a second series of "Seventeen Stories Told Me" in the autumn, and is preparing a third. We understand that the other book which we mentioned as one on which the Baron is engaged is not a life of Pope Pius II., but a novel in which the Pope is the hero: and that he is also writing two more novels—"John Joseph Whimperd Thus" and "Nicholson's Prince Alexander."

Messrs. Ellis and Elvey announce another volume of the "Siddal Edition" of D. G. Rossetti's Poems, to be issued early in June. The new volume will be entitled "Ballads," and will contain the three poems "Rose Mary," "The White Ship," and "The King's Tragedy."

"Dinners and Diners: a Handbook to the Restaurants of London, with Recipes by chief and best Chefs," is the full title of a book by Lieut.-Colonel Newnham Davis which Mr. Grant Richards will shortly publish. The cover has been designed by Mr. Lewis Baumer.

Bell's Cathedral Series is not to be confined to Cathedrals,

but will also contain monographs on notable churches. Volumes on Westminster Abbey and Tewkesbury Abbey are in preparation.

A new book on Embroidery is announced by Mr. B. T. Batsford. It will be the combined work of Mr. Lewis F. Day, who is just completing a course of lectures on the subject at the Royal Institution, and of Miss Mary Buckle.

Messrs. Kegan Paul are publishing a new work by Dr. Alfred Binet, entitled "The Psychology of Reasoning, based on Experimental Researches in Hypnotism," translated from the French by Adam Gouaux Whyte.

The first part of the work entitled "The Great Cylinder Inscriptions of Judea," by Professor Ira M. Price, of Chicago, is in preparation, and will be issued in the "Assyriologische Bibliothek," edited by Messrs. Delitzsch and Haupt. It will contain eighty-eight plates. The second part will shortly follow.

The Rev. Sir David Hunter Blair is writing the historical introduction to the final volume, to appear in the autumn, of the Ayrshire and Galloway Archaeological Association. The volume is on the "Five Great Churches of Galloway," including Dun-drennan, Sweetheart, Whithorn, Glenluce, and Linculn, and will be copiously illustrated.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

- ART.**
The Illustrated Catalogue of the Paris Salon. 9x5 1/2 in., 192 pp. London, 1899. Chatto & Windus. 3s.
- BIOGRAPHY.**
Henry George Liddell, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, Oxford. By Rev. H. L. Thompson. M.A. 9x6 in., 288 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 16s.
The Martyrdom of an Empress. With Portraits. 9 1/2 x 6 in., 287 pp. London, 1899. Harper. 7s. 6d.
Robespierre and the Red Terror. From the Dutch of Dr. Jan Ten Brink. By J. Hedeman. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 405 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 12s.
Quaker Campaigns in Peace and War. By William Jones. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xiv.+412 pp. London, 1899. Headley. 6s.
History of St. Vincent de Paul. By M. Rougaud. Translated from the French 2nd Ed. by Rev. J. Brady, C.M. 2 vols. 9x6 in., xxi.+338+376 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 16s. n.
Rudyard Kipling. An Attempt at Appreciation. By G. F. Monkshood (W. J. Clarke). 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 236 pp. London, 1899. Greening. 5s. n.
- BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.**
Mr. Yates' Cricket Club. By E.D.H. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 80 pp. London, 1899. S.P.C.K. 6d.
Saints and Heroes of Our Own Days. By Mrs. T. R. Seddon. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 128 pp. London, 1899. S.P.C.K. 1s.
- CLASSICAL.**
Homer's Odyssey. Book IX. (Black's Classical Series.) Ed. by A. D. Thomson, M.A., D.Litt. 6 1/2 x 4 in., 1+86 pp. London, 1899. Black. 1s.
- EDUCATIONAL.**
Euripides: Hecuba. A Translation. By W. H. Balgarnie, M.A. (The University Tutorial Series.) Cr. 8vo., 37 pp. London, 1899. Clive. 1s. 6d.
Lucretius. Book V. A Translation, with Test Papers. By F. G. Plaistow, M.A. (The University Tutorial Series.) Cr. 8vo., iv.+44 pp. London, 1899. Clive. 2s. 6d.
- FICTION.**
The Individualist. By W. H. Mallock. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 391 pp. London, 1899. Chapman & Hall. 6s.
A Cockney in Arcadia. By Harry A. Spurr. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 241 pp. London, 1899. G. Allen. 3s. 6d.
The Ivory Queen. By Norman Hurst. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 222 pp. London, 1899. Milne. 2s. 6d.
Mr. Passingham. By Thomas Cobb. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 220 pp. London, 1899. Lane. 3s. 6d.
Robespierre. The Story of M. V. Sardou's Play. By Ange Galdemar. 8x5 1/2 in., 327 pp. London, 1899. Pearson. 6s.
- The North Shore Mystery.** By Henry Fletcher. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 270 pp. London, 1899. Sonnenschein.
Fortune's Tangled Skein. By Jeannette H. Walworth. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 286 pp. London, 1899. Warner. 3s. 6d.
The House of Rimmon. By Mrs. C. Kernahan. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 379 pp. London, 1899. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.
Hugh Gwyeth. A Roundhead Cavalier. By Beulah Marie Dix. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 376 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 6s.
The Queen of Night. By Headon Hill. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 252 pp. London, 1899. Ward, Lock. 2s.
The Sword of Allah. By T. R. Threlfall. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 309 pp. London, 1899. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.
An Old Regime's Tragedy. By "Rita." 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 352 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 6s.
"Ma Mère"; or, Sons and Daughters under the Second Empire. By Vicomte Jean de Luz. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 403 pp. London, 1899. Smith, Elder. 6s.
Meg. By Maud Crawford. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 418 pp. London, 1899. Macqueen. 6s.
Atheist Detective and other Stories. By Burford Delannoy. 6 1/2 x 3 1/2 in., 160 pp. Essex, 1899. Ellis. 6d.
Dead Men Tell No Tales. By E. W. Hornung. (The Novelist, No. 1.) 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 123 pp. London, 1899. Methuen. 6d.
Tom—All Alone. By Amelia M. Barker. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 331 pp. London, 1899. Macqueen. 6s.
A Dash for a Throne. By A. W. Marchmont. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 373 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 6s.
- LITERARY.**
A History of Bohemian Literature. (Literatures of the World.) By Francis Count Lützow. 8x5 1/2 in., xii.+425 pp. London, 1899. Heinemann. 6s.
- MILITARY.**
Cromwell as a Soldier. By Lieut.-Col. T. S. Baldock, P.S.C. (The Wolsey Series, Vol. V.) 9x6 in., xv.+538 pp. London, 1899. Kegan Paul.
The Second Afghan War, 1878-79-80. Its Causes, its Conduct, and its Consequences. Vol. I. By Col. H. B. Hanna. 9x6 in., x+386 pp. London, 1899. Constable. 10s. n.
Der Krieg. Von Johann von Bloch. Uebersetzung des russischen Werkes des Autors. Band II.: Der Landkrieg. ix.+751 pp. M. 8. Band IV.: Die ökonomischen Erschütterungen und materiellen Verluste des Zukunftskrieges. viii.+578 pp. M. 8. Berlin, 1899. Puttkammer & Mühlbrecht.
- MISCELLANEOUS.**
The Solitary Summer. By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 190 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 6s.
Yule and Christmas. The Place in the Germanic year. By Alexander Tille, Ph.D. 9x7 in., 218 pp. London, 1899. Nutt.
- Interludes.** (Third Series.) Two Essays. A Ghost Story, and Some Verses. By Horace Smith. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., viii.+114 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 5s.
My Roses and How I Grew Them. By Helen Milman. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 52 pp. London, 1899. Lane. 1s. 6d. n.
- MUSIC.**
"Parsifal" and Wagner's Christianity. By David Irvine. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 418 pp. London, 1899. Grevel. 6s. n.
- NATURAL HISTORY.**
Rambles with Nature Students. By Mrs. Brightwen, F.E.S. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 223 pp. London, 1899. R.T.S. 5s.
The Natural History of Selborne. Part IV. Ed. by Grant Allen. Lane. 1s. 6d. n.
- PAMPHLETS.**
Man, the Microcosm. Part I. The Nature of Man. By Leonard Hall, M.A. Williams & Norgate. 1s. 6d.
On the Relations Between Church and State. By R. W. Church. Macmillan. 1s. n.
- PHILOSOPHY.**
English Philosophical Styles. (Six Studies.) By Wilson Stuart. 9 1/2 x 7 1/2 in., 105 pp. Manchester, 1899. Cornish. 1s. 6d.
- POETRY.**
Ballads and Poems. By Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter). 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 123 pp. London, 1899. Bowden.
Selections from Our Earth—Night to Twilight. By George Ferguson. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 407 pp. London, 1899. Simpkin, Marshall. 1s. n.
The Scent of the Rose. By F. Phosyn Du. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 119 pp. London, 1899. Gay & Bird. 1s.
Poems and Verses. By G. H. Peters. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 50 pp. Kingston-on-Thames, 1899.
- POLITICAL.**
The Break-up of China. By Lord Charles Beresford. 9x5 1/2 in., xviii.+500 pp. London, 1899. Harper. 12s.
- REPRINTS.**
The Chiswick Shakespeare. Hamlet and The Merchant of Venice. With Introduction and Notes by John Dennis. Illustrated by Byam Shaw. 6x4 in., x+164+xii.+114 pp. London, 1899. G. Bell. 1s. 6d. n. each vol.
Woodstock. By Sir Walter Scott, Bt. (Border Ed.) 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., lxviii.+703 pp. London, 1899. Nimmo. 3s. 6d.
Roy's Wife. By C. J. Whyte-Melville. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 243 pp. London, 1899. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.
- SCIENCE.**
Sewage Analysis. A Practical Treatise on the Examination of Sewage, &c. By J. Alfred Wanklyn and W. J. Cooper. 7 1/2 x 5 in., xvi.+220 pp. London, 1899. Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.
- The Tides Simply Explained.** By the Rev. J. H. S. Mosley, B.A. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 151 pp. London, 1899. Rivington. 5s.
The Secrets of the Hand, and How Scientific Palmistry reveals them. By Maud Harries. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 127 pp. London, 1899. Digby, Long. 2s. 6d.
- SOCIOLOGY.**
Die Entstehung des Socialen Problems. Von Arnold Fischer. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xvi.+781 pp. Rostock, 1899. Volckmann. M.12.50.
- SPORT.**
Our Lady of the Green (A Book of Ladies' Golf). Ed. by Louise Mackern. With Chapters by Islette Pearson and Others. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 233 pp. London, 1899. Lawrence & Bullen. 3s. 6d.
- THEOLOGY.**
The Private Devotions of Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester. By Peter G. Mead, M.A. 6 1/2 x 4 in., 196 pp. London, 1899. S.P.C.K. 1s.
Clement of Alexandria. (The Fathers for English Readers.) By F. R. M. Hitchcock, B.D. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 280 pp. London, 1899. S.P.C.K. 3s.
The Communion and Communionist. By the late Rev. E. Hoare, M.A. 7x4 1/2 in., 48 pp. London, 1899. R.T.S. 1s.
Unseen the Book. By Mrs. A. Carus-Wilson. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 160 pp. London, 1899. R.T.S. 2s.
God First; or, Hester Needham's Work in Sumatra. Her Letters and Diaries, arranged by Mary Enfield. 8x5 1/2 in., 320 pp. London, 1899. R.T.S. 3s. 6d.
The History of the London Missionary Society. 1795-1895. 2 vols. By Richmond Lovett, M.A. 9x5 1/2 in., xiv.+832+778 pp. London, 1899. Frowde. 21s. n.
Persian Women and Their Creed. By Mary R. S. Bird. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 104 pp. London, 1899. Church Miss. Soc. 1s.
The Epistle to the Galatians. An Essay on its Destination and Date. By E. H. Askwith. 7 1/2 x 5 in., xx.+153 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. n.
- TRAVEL.**
A Thousand Days in the Arctic. By Frederick T. Jackson. With a Preface by Admiral Sir F. L. McClintock, R.N. 2 vols. 9 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., xxi.+551+xv.+580 pp. London, 1899. Harper. 32s.
Asiatic Studies. By Sir Alfred C. Lyall, K.C.B., D.C.L. 2 vols. Religious and Social. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xx.+332+xiv.+385 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 9s. each vol.
Intimate China. The Chinese as I have seen them. By Mrs. A. Little. 10x6 1/2 in., xv.+615 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 21s.
The Aborigines of Tasmania. By H. L. Roth, and Others. 2nd Ed., rev. and enl. 10 1/2 x 7 in., cxxi.+228 pp. Halifax (Eng.), 1899. King. 21s. n.

Literature

Edited by H. D. Traill.

Published by The Times.

No. 84. SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1899.

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THE USES OF THE CLASSICS.

An academic anecdote—too often related to need retelling here—records the reasons once given by a certain high ecclesiastical dignitary and professor of Greek for the cultivation of the study of that language. Among these he is said to have included the consideration that this particular form of scholarship enriched its possessor with a sense of superiority to other people. To the uneasy conscience of the expiring century this circumstance is so far from recommending the study of Greek that it might actually operate as a deterrent. We have not forgotten the heart-searchings and head-shakings of M. Brunetière a year ago, and the impressive solemnity with which he propounded the question whether art, by reason of its tendency to estrange the artist from his human brethren unendowed with æsthetic sensibilities, is not

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essentially anti-social and, as such, immoral. Superiority to one's fellow creatures in any respect whatever is rapidly acquiring the character of a thing to be ashamed of, or at any rate to be apologized for; and it was therefore with some anxiety that we read the opening passages of the address delivered the other day by Dr. Hill to the students of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching. To the question which he had proposed to himself as the subject of his discourse, namely, "What is the end we strive to gain by study and what the road by which we approach the goal," the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University answered that "the first object of the student was the cultivation of intellectual taste, the formation of sound judgment which would enable him to discriminate between what was deserving and what ought to be condemned, what was best worth knowing and what might be left in the division of the unknown."

Such counsel as this appears at first sight to point distinctly in the anti-social direction. To a conscience-stricken disciple of M. Brunetière it might seem to suggest an elaborate scheme for the organized production of "superior persons"—of a minority (for of course it will not be possible for the University Extension system, even at its most successful, to reach more than a minority) who have cut themselves off from all sympathy and communion with their fellowmen by the deliberate cultivation of an abnormally correct "intellectual taste." Happily, however, it turned out, as Dr. Hill proceeded with his discourse, that although, as we have seen, he described this as the "first object of the student," it was not really one on which he proposed to lay any especial stress. Indeed, after propounding the question, "What is good taste in literature nowadays?" he continues in a semi-ironical strain which clearly suggests that discussion of the propounded question would be idle. Thirty years ago, he observes, there would have been no difficulty.

Milton, Pope, Johnson, Addison, and Macaulay—these were the masters of form. The highest eulogium on a man of letters then was to say, "He is a scholar." The reverence in which we held classic learning still led to ideal worship; pictures were prayed to, and not saints; books, rather than the ideas of the author, were studied; grammar, instead of speech. It used to be argued that the classics had set the standard in style. It was so no longer. At the Universities, however, one would still hear criticisms of Stevenson or of Kipling. "He is a clever writer," they would say, "but no scholar." But would any one read him if he were? Fancy "Treasure Island" or "Plain Tales from the Hills" done into Johnsonese. The end of this century had developed a style of its own, which bore very little relation to that of Demosthenes or Cicero.

Some of this, perhaps, is a little too broadly stated. "The end of this century" is made responsible as a period for certain phenomena and tendencies which in reality owe their existence to the commanding influence of a few writers of original genius and to the mimetic instinct of the "imitative herd." The "end of this century" only

differs from former ages in that the influence above mentioned has never before been so powerfully operative or the instinct so inordinately strong. Writers of original genius have in all ages struck out styles of their own; but in former days the critic was in no such hurry to assume that long-established "standards of style" had become antiquated and discredited because a few great masters of language had chosen to disregard them and had been triumphantly justified by results. Nor, because—to take Dr. Hill's own illustration—Stevenson and Mr. Kipling, and, above all, Mr. Meredith could not be "done into Johnsonese" without the total destruction of all their individuality, whether of strength or charm, does it follow that the rabble of their imitators would not be all the better for the study of classical models. From these they might at least learn to express their thoughts with reasonable simplicity within the limits of their powers and be induced to desist from simulating the nodosities of the Kiplingian oak without its strength and the contortions of the Meredithian Sibyl without her inspiration. The established rules of all the arts are mainly designed for the guidance of those who are not great enough to be privileged to make rules for themselves; and it certainly seems undesirable to relax them at a time when so many untrained scribblers are asserting the privilege without possessing the qualification.

Nevertheless we have no doubt that Dr. Hill was right in laying little stress on the study of the classics, considered as a contributory to the formation of taste and style. Doubtless it can be more profitably treated in its character as "a mental discipline." It was indeed exclusively from this point of view that it was regarded and defended in former times, and it appears to us that little has been gained and much lost by seeking other and more ambitious justifications for it. Its disciplinary value was deemed quite sufficient to recommend it to our ancestors, and it would be difficult to justify its long established position in the curriculum of English education on any other ground. The generations of schoolboys who have been set down to tackle "Musa" and *τύττω* cannot by any stretch of imagination figure as so many small Sir Vistos to whom their parents and guardians have whispered "Have a taste." The earlier race of pedagogues cherished no dream of producing a race of accomplished stylists and critics who were to be taught, through a course of the Latin and Greek Accidence and so onward, to "discriminate between what was deserving" in all literature "and what ought to be condemned." They recognized that this result could only be attained in the case of a favoured few; but they held, and held rightly, that the discipline undergone by the mental faculties in the course of acquiring even a competent proficiency in these two model languages would more effectively equip the mind as an instrument for almost every purpose to which the human intelligence can apply itself than any other form of training that could be devised.

There was, of course, some exaggeration in this theory: there is in most theories which have long "held the field" in any department of human activity. Man is

naturally a fetish-making animal, and there are many people whose only way of remaining constant to a conviction is to transform it into a superstition. If, however, the disciplinary advantages of a classical training were excessively insisted on by a former generation, assuredly the pendulum has now swung too far in the opposite direction. The idea that what is called the "acquisition of knowledge"—which means for the youthful student in too many cases the mere accumulation of undigested facts—is the first and most important thing in education; that it is a process which cannot be begun too early; and that young minds require no preliminary training to enable them to begin it with advantage—these are beliefs which, during the last quarter of a century, have been steadily superseding the older view on which the advocates of the classics relied, and are already, in some very "modern" minds, entering the superstitious stage. To such minds the study of Dr. Hill's testimony should certainly supply matter for thought. His life, he said, was spent in training medical students, and he proposed to consider the best way of turning them out as competent biologists. It might be thought that the answer would be "an early training in science"; but his experience, he tell us, gives an emphatic denial to that. Science scholars, often with abundance of knowledge but without any mental training, "were quickly hauled over by boys from public schools who, when they came up, did not know a test-tube from a barometer." And he goes on to add in another vigorous and picturesque sentence: "The science scholar as turned out by schools was a prodigy of information and difficult to beat on the earlier levels; but as soon as he reached a region where solid facts were left behind, he was like a clodhopper on a glacier without pick to grip, or head to dare." It is quite refreshing to hear the old theory of a "liberal education" championed with such frankness and courage as this. It will profit even those whose opposition it will most strongly arouse: for it may possibly suggest to them for the first time that there is something to be said for those who regard the human mind as primarily an instrument and only secondarily a receptacle.

The nature of Mr. Kipling's grievance against Messrs. Putnam's Sons is now disclosed. As we surmised, the complaint is principally directed against the so-called "informing guide" to the Kipling writings, which is included in the last volume of the unauthorized Brushwood edition. This "informing guide," which bears the ludicrously alliterative title "A Ken of Kipling," is described as the work of "a certain Mr. Clemens"; but it seems fair to add that Mr. Clemens is a nephew of the more famous Clemens who writes under the name of Mark Twain, and that his principal claim to literary distinction rests upon the compilation of a jest book. The situation, therefore, is much as though one were presented with an informing guide to the Shakespeare writings, or the Milton writings, by a certain Mr. Miller, who turned out, upon inquiry, to be our excellent friend, Joe Miller. It is certainly a state of things calculated to exasperate an author who takes himself seriously; but it remains to be seen whether a New York jury will take the view that it calls for damages to the tune of £5,000.

Another literary quarrel which is at present agitating men of taste in America is that between Count Tolstoi and the editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. Having accepted a serial story from the Count, this editor is alleged to have set one of his young men to work to expunge "realistic passages" and "extreme ideas." If these are not promptly restored, the author threatens to withhold further instalments; and the editor is said to be prepared, in that event, to sue for the early delivery of the copy in order that he may have time to excise or alter at will. We have not sufficient information to form an exact opinion as to the rights and wrongs of the quarrel. A compromise might possibly be formed by printing the "realistic passages" separately, and supplying them only to subscribers who make special application for them. This would, at any rate, enable the editor to take a moral census of the United States, which would help to guide his future policy; but it might not satisfy Count Tolstoi. A moralist who wishes to shock and is only allowed to shock those who enjoy the sensation is much in the position of a doctor forbidden to prescribe for any one who is not in perfect health, or a clergyman calling only the righteous to repentance.

Mr. Mark Twain is engaged upon a volume of reminiscences which is not to be published until one hundred years after his death. This is certainly writing for posterity, and the author thinks that the delay will remove difficulties which would otherwise hinder the telling of the truth about his contemporaries. Students of the *Goncourt Diaries* know that these difficulties are not found equally overwhelming by writers of all temperaments; but if Mark Twain is soaring to higher flights of candour than the De Goncourts, then he certainly is wise to let a century slip by before taking the world into his confidence. But we would much rather, after all, hear about himself than his friends. Judging from the leading cases of Pepys and Rousseau, one would say that it is self-revelation which makes volumes of memoirs immortal. One does not read Pepys mainly for what he has to say about his friends in high places, and still less Rousseau for his opinions of Diderot and Voltaire.

Reviews.

The Break-up of China, with an Account of its present Commerce, Currency, Waterways, Armies, Railways, Politics and Future Prospects. By Lord Charles Beresford. With maps. 9 x 5½ in., xviii. + 500 pp. London and New York, 1899.

Harper. 12/-

[By Mr. HENRY NORMAN.]

This volume presents a difficult problem to the reviewer in a literary journal. Four-fifths of it is a collection of facts and statistics—a Blue-book, in fact. The accuracy of these is hardly open to question, and if they had appeared between the familiar blue covers their appearance might merely have been chronicled for whom it concerned. The remainder is in great part an attack upon British policy in general, and upon recent policy in particular—not an attack in its form, which is always impersonal, modest and courteous, but assuredly an attack in its essence—and a discussion of this would lead beyond the proper sphere of these columns. The reviewer therefore approaches the book with both hands tied. Part of it belongs to the pigeon-holes of the statistician; part is the arena of the politician. Every reader, however, will demand a knowledge of its contents.

The style of the book is that of a man of action, and calls for no comment, but Lord Charles Beresford should have submitted his proof sheets to some one more familiar with the Far East in order to avoid eccentricities of spelling that disfigure his pages. We find "Habarovak" and "Habarosk," both standing, we presume, for Khabarovsk or Khabarovka; "Kansuh" for Kansu—also spelled correctly; the ridiculous Gallicism "Tonquin"; "Blagovensk" for Blagovyeshchensk or Blagovechensk; "Chung Chi Tung" many times for our old friend Chang Chih-tung (we rubbed our eyes, by the way, when we found this undoubtedly able, patriotic, and clean-handed Chinaman described as "celebrated for his friendly and courteous bearing to all foreigners"!); "Yingkau" (the port of Newchwang) for Yingtzu; "Fookien" for Fukien; and not a few others. The amiable junior Chinese member of the Legislative Council of Hongkong was Mr. Wei-yuk when the present reviewer knew him, not "Weityuk." Lord Charles apparently was not told that "E-wo" is the Chinese name in Shanghai of Messrs. Jardine, Matheson, and Co.; a fighting man should not have allowed the familiar new-fashioned and old-fashioned rifles to be called respectively "Mannlicker" and "Sneider"; and the Elswick-built cruiser which the Japanese Government placed at the author's disposition was surely the *Takasako*, and not the "Takasago." These inaccuracies, however, though they might easily have been avoided, are the merest trifles in comparison with the value—the momentous value—of the book. Particularly the industry of the author is to be commended. In an astonishingly short time he visited all the chief foci of foreign interest in China, and at every one he collected precisely the facts and opinions essential to a correct judgment. There is hardly a page of "padding" or an irrelevant reflection, and it is the duty of every Englishman who thinks, speaks, or writes about the Chinese problem to read the volume from beginning to end. With one possible exception I see no point at which Lord Charles has been misled by the remarks made to him—no small achievement when the complex and deceptive character of the Chinese is remembered. The exception—and I lay no stress upon it—is this: every official or influential Chinaman Lord Charles met proffered the assurance of his friendliest feelings toward England, and all these assurances are duly set down as if they meant something. They would have been expressed with identical cordiality and sincerity to an American, a Russian, or a German, of the author's position and rank.

So much—or rather, so little—for criticism. Of the results of Lord Charles Beresford's investigations it may be said at once that they are profoundly depressing. A foreigner might be excused for rising from the perusal of "The Break-up of China" with the comfortable conviction that England's star is setting, and I envy any Englishman who can lay it down without grave anxiety. It records failure after failure, shows point after point at which our policy has been at fault, describes incident after incident in which we have been worsted, narrates again and again how the rights of Englishmen have been deliberately ignored and sometimes even forcibly destroyed by foreign officials without a word of successful protest from us. The average Englishman thinks *Civis Romanus sum*, and is sure the might of Britain is behind him if he is wronged. Let him read the story of Messrs. Evans, Pugh, and Co., of Hankow, and drop his pleasant delusion. This firm bought land in Hankow in 1862 and registered it at the British Consulate in 1864. It was marked with

boundary stones, and even the Chinese law itself gives a good title after ten years' ownership. In March, 1896, the French and Russian Governments secured new land concessions from China at Hankow. In these Messrs. Evans, Pugh, and Co.'s land was situated, and they immediately protested. Thereupon the Foreign Office telegraphed to the firm, through the British Minister, "British-owned land cannot be included in Russian concession without consent of owner." With admirable energy, and to make sure, the Foreign Office sent this telegram again in July. Between April, 1896, and December, 1898, Messrs. Evans, Pugh, and Co. forwarded nineteen protests, stating they would not consent to have their land included in the Russian concession. In July, 1898, they were warned by the Russian Consul that their business must be discontinued on January 1st, 1899, or it would be prohibited. Lord Charles continues:—

On January 2, 1899, Cossacks forcibly interfered to prevent hides being taken into Messrs. Evans and Pugh's establishment, and also seized the hides already in the store and threw them out. On Messrs. Evans and Pugh appealing to the British Consul and asking permission to enrol special constables for the protection of their property, the British Consul advised them to do nothing of the sort, as he (the British Consul) was afraid the firm would not be supported in such action by H.M.'s Government.

That is the end of the story. *Civis Romanus sum* is relegated to the copybook. It is not surprising that every Chinese official with whom Lord Charles discussed the future relations of Great Britain and China expressed the opinion that England will do nothing because she is afraid of Russia. Again, it is supposed by the Englishman at home that the British subject receives equal protection whatever be his race or colour. This is another delusion, and Lord Charles is the first to call attention prominently to the fact. In Hongkong and Singapore we have an enormous number of Chinese British subjects, men born of naturalized parents, under the British flag, often speaking English, imbued with Western ideas, admirable men of business, ideal forerunners of British trade in the interior of China. Naturally they are disliked by the Chinese for their foreign sympathies, and if left without protection in China they are subjected to every kind of annoyance and "squeeze." Our policy should obviously be to make these men as secure in China as while they are under the flag at home. Will it be credited that the primal condition of protection is that they should cut off their queues and thus make themselves objects of contempt and hatred to their fellow-countrymen in China, and that even then we do all we can to avoid taking any responsibility for their safety and well-being?

Our Consular system, again, is the subject of complaint from almost every Chamber of Commerce. The index contain references to no fewer than twelve pages under the heading, "Consuls, Complaints against," and, although Lord Charles thinks some of these unfair, the merchants living under the jurisdiction of these Consuls, who are also their personal friends, should be the best judges. "Throughout China," he says, "I was struck by the strong sentiments expressed by the British commercial community on the subject of the Consular body." The merchant, in fact, who ought to know, considers that the citizen of every other country is better looked after by his officials than he himself is. The charge of apathy and ignorance against the Home Government recurs again and again. The Shanghai Chamber of Commerce, the most important body of the kind in China, gave three reasons for the "limited expansion of trade with China," of which this was the third: "The general apathy and want of knowledge which have been displayed at home

concerning Chinese affairs." By nobody in China, so far as this book shows, is the British Government believed to have any definite policy as regards China. Manchuria, of course, is looked upon as just about to become a Russian province. Troops are pouring into it, forts are being armed (seventy guns have been mounted at Port Arthur, while not a single one has been sent to Wei-hai-wei), and strategic railways built with "feverish haste"; the Chinese Maritime Customs and private Chinese rights are alike disregarded, Russian ships laden with railway material paying no duties, although these duties are allocated to the payment of interest on foreign loans, and Russian railway lines being run through standing crops on private land without compensation to the owners.

Upon one fatal mistake of British policy Lord Charles lays great and just emphasis—more emphasis than any previous writer. This is our custom of punishing China, when another nation has wrung an unjust or extravagant concession out of her, by wringing a similar one out of her ourselves, instead of taking the simpler and manlier course of facing the nation which has done her—and the trade of the world, including our own—wrong, and insisting upon respect for general treaty rights.

Lord Charles Beresford had opportunities greater than any previous investigator has enjoyed for seeing what China is really doing, and his facts about armies, arsenals, railways, and waterways, and the opinions expressed to him by influential Chinese, constitute a body of new and highly important information, while his summaries concerning currency, tariffs, and treaties are the most convenient form in which these subjects may be studied. When he comes to the general condition of China, however, and the prospects of reform, he is upon ground that has been traversed by many writers with more than his experience. There is not a single spot or direction in China to which one can point and say, "Here is improvement, promise, reform." The Emperor's hasty but well-meant edicts of reform cost him his influence. The progressive mandarins have all been thrust from office. Corruption is the atmosphere in which official China lives and moves. An interview with the Empress Dowager costs £1,000 for the chief eunuch—who is a sham eunuch. A degraded viceroy pays £20,000 for his reinstatement. The Chinaman in charge of the great arsenal at Tientsin receives a salary of £21 a month. The arsenals at Canton and Nanking are making gingalls—cannon nine feet long fired from men's shoulders. Everywhere "enormous sums of money are being expended upon war material that in most cases is absolutely useless." All executive and administrative posts are still given to men who pass examinations in the Chinese classics. Many troops are regularly drilled with bows and arrows. One general met by Lord Charles receives pay for 10,000 men. He has actually 800, and on inspection day he fills up his ranks with coolies hired at 5½d. a day, the inspector being, of course, bribed to say that he has found the army in good order. The Grand Canal is dry for many miles during four months of the year. Piracy is rampant and increasing. Whole districts—indeed, provinces—are devastated by rebellion, which the Imperial Government is utterly powerless to cope with.

The expansion of foreign trade is absolutely barred by two causes—first, the absence of any security for foreign capital invested, which may be endangered or lost at any moment by hostile Chinese official action, by successful rebellion, or by foreign aggression; secondly, the prohibitive *likin*, or inland dues, which are collected everywhere in spite of distinct treaty rights to the

contrary. These two conditions, insecurity and illegal taxation, are what block the way, both for China and for foreign nations. It may be hoped that, owing to the great publicity given to Lord Charles' mission, and the lucid, condensed, and convincing shape in which the facts appear in his report, the British manufacturing and trading community will at last awake to the grave truth. It is surprising that the report is not issued by the Associated Chambers of Commerce, as was originally understood to be the intention. Assuredly they could not spend money with more advantage to British commercial interests than by arranging with Lord Charles to republish his report at threepence or sixpence.

Lord Charles' remedies fall under two heads—commercial and diplomatic, or British and international; the first being such as this country can execute independently for the benefit of her own trade, and the second being those wider steps for the reorganization of China which demand the concurrent and harmonious action of all the Great Powers. This division is hardly made clear enough by Lord Charles. Our Consular system, for example, no longer corresponds to our needs. British merchants in China earnestly pressed upon the Government the necessity for a commercial attaché—a qualified man, with a sound business training and a position sufficient to ensure his being treated with respect by the Chinese.

In order to meet their wishes the appointment was offered to one of our best Consuls in China, but at a lower salary and allowances than he is already receiving. Very naturally he declined this generous offer, and to make matters more ludicrous the title of "Commercial Attaché" was added to the office of Consul-General at Shanghai, with a salary of one hundred pounds a year. This was merely adding an impossible task to the already over-burdened work of the Consul-General, and making him a present of a hundred pounds a year for work which he could not perform.

The gravity of the problem, however, arises from the fact that the vital difficulty is the progressive decay of China herself. And this cannot be solved by any one nation—not even by England. Lord Charles suggests a series of reasonable, well-considered steps of reform. They demand, as an antecedent condition, the establishment of security in China. Here we reach, finally, the crux of the problem. The complete reorganization of the Chinese army and police, as has been done in Egypt, by an international body, Chinese in name and authority, but foreign in direction, like the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs, England taking the lead—such is Lord Charles' proposal—and by an alliance *ad hoc* between Great Britain, the United States, Germany, and Japan. There is not the remotest chance of the realization of such an alliance. Is there otherwise any possibility of enforcing the antecedent condition of the preservation of China and the development of trade there? The answer seems easy: only by the adoption of a very strong foreign policy by this country, based upon strict rights under existing treaties, with the conviction that it would be ultimately supported by the United States, and possibly also by Japan. The alternative is the partition of China into "spheres of influence," and, for my part, I fully agree with Lord Charles Beresford that this policy means war in the end. China, as a nation, is fast approaching her end; it may come almost any day. She has plenty of money, plenty of men, plenty of national character. If England does not save her, nobody else will. Her most powerful neighbour, as things are, would welcome her decay. In Lord Charles Beresford's report the Sibyl offers her three remaining books to the British Tarquin. Will he pay the price?

After Lord Charles Beresford's depressing picture of commercial and financial China, Mrs. Archibald Little's vivacious sketches of life in *INTIMATE CHINA: The Chinese as I have seen them* (Hutchinson, 21s.) are a welcome relief. There is nothing new, strictly speaking, in what she has to tell, but she has been in such intimate relations with the Chinese, through her husband's pioneering and business—Mr. Little has not received half the recognition due to him for his great services in opening up the Upper Yang-tze, or that he would have received if he had been a German or a Russian—and she writes so pleasantly and so wisely that her book may be heartily recommended. In her pages the Chinese man and woman appear as human beings like the rest of us, and their motives no longer masked by inscrutable yellow faces. The home life of the Chinese women presents, as Mrs. Little has intimately seen it, far more aspects in common with the life of Western women than we have been accustomed to perceive. And the stories here told of the beginnings—the ill-fated beginnings—of Chinese reform, and the share women took in it, are of great interest. Mrs. Little, too, has collected much gossip about the mysterious "Forbidden City"—the Chinese Court and its occupants. Precise popular expositions of the "squeeze," the *fung shui*, *likin*, "golden lilies," the Chinese dress, housekeeping, servants, calls, marriage, religion, examinations, co-operation, and many other everyday matters of Chinese life are given, and they are written from knowledge and experience. In popular fashion Mrs. Little also lays bare the fact of Chinese official rottenness and the causes of it, so the lady who reads this book while her husband is studying Lord Charles Beresford's will be ready to discuss the Chinese problem with him at the end. We think, however, that either author or publisher has made a mistake in issuing this excellent volume at a guinea. In less luxurious style, at a third of the price, it might have had a large sale. Even the opulent reader may resent, for instance, paying a farthing-and-a-half a page when he finds that the last chapter contains twenty consecutive pages reprinted bodily from the *China Mail*.

THE BIOGRAPHICAL EDITION OF THACKERAY COMPLETED.

Ballads, Critical Reviews, Tales, Various Essays, Letters, Sketches, &c. By **William Makepeace Thackeray**. With a Life of the Author by Leslie Stephen, and a Bibliography. With Illustrations by the Author, George Cruikshank, and John Leech. 8½ x 5½ in., lxxxii. + 751 pp. London, 1899. **Smith, Elder. 6s.**

There is a distinguishing charm about this new edition of the works of Thackeray. To the bright and noble sentiment, to the never-failing humour and playful sense of fun that pervade all Titmarshian literature, we have here—by virtue of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie's genial biographical prefaces—an added feeling of human interest that is extremely grateful. Before coming to the main purposes of the volume, we are personally introduced to the writer by his proud and loving daughter, whose peculiar gift it is to remove all ceremony, and to set us at once on terms of familiarity and respectful ease with the amiable giant of literature. The result of such intimacy is a keen appreciation of the tenderer, the more sensitive and affectionate, side of his character. Never before has Thackeray *intime* been set so completely before his readers. What Mrs. Ritchie leaves unsaid in purely biographical recital Mr. Leslie Stephen says for her in this volume. This is a reprint of the well-known memoir in the Dictionary of National Biography, interesting, matter-of-fact, and just, betraying no bias, and extenuating nothing. One statement in it, however, does not seem quite clear. Mr. Stephen tells us that the last two volumes of the "standard" and other editions were intended by the publishers "to prevent the publication of more trifles." But since then these publishers and others have issued other pieces—and left others unprinted, which are, some of them, as admirable as any. Why, then, suppress them?

It is impossible to complain that the new volume stints us in

the collection it has made. Besides the Ballads from *Punch*, *Fraser*, *The Times*, and elsewhere, and the more serious efforts in verse, we have several pieces which have been included in no previous edition—"Reading a Poem," with the other contributions, except one, in the volume known as "Loose Sketches," together with "The Ballad of Catherine Hayes"; and, as Thackeray calls it, "The Famous History of Lord Bateman." With respect to the latter (which, it may be remarked, presents some examples of Thackeray's very best draughtsmanship—such as the figure of "the proud young porter") we are told nothing that sheds light on the little controversy that has long raged round this tiny romance. Based upon the ancient broadside song—"The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman"—it contains some amusing departures from the original; and it differs again from that version which George Cruikshank so vivaciously illustrated, and often would not less vivaciously recite. Cruikshank's version is prefaced by an introduction that is commonly attributed to Dickens, and not a few have persistently ascribed to Thackeray the editing of the verse. The discovery of the Thackeray-illustrated version by Mrs. Julia Stephen suggests as the explanation that Thackeray was intending to produce these elaborate drawings, but in the face of Cruikshank's work, issued in 1839, desisted from publication.

More than any other, this volume reveals Thackeray as a critic of literature and art, although the essays, for the most part, belong to his earlier period; and for the first time we find them all together within the covers of a single volume. But perhaps to Thackeray students the most important feature of the present volume is the "Bibliography," with its accompanying referential index which Mr. W. J. Williams has prepared. For and against this bibliography there is a good deal to be said. I have examined it with great care and gladly bear witness to the unusual accuracy of its entries and collations, and to its laboriously compiled cross-references between reprinted pieces. But its omissions and inconsistencies are not a few; nor is its plan such as to include anything like all the known articles and poems of Thackeray. This plan is the one adopted by Mr. C. P. Johnson—namely, the arrangement of the works in the order of their first appearance in book-form. This at once rules out all the unprinted pieces, some of which are of interest and even of literary merit not less than that of many on which this edition may be supposed to confer the stamp of permanence. The scheme, moreover, is valuable neither as a clear chronology nor as an indication of Thackeray's development as pictured in his writings. It thus happens that "Catherine," for example, is quaintly entered under 1869, though it first appeared thirty years before. The inherent disadvantage of such an arrangement is too obvious to be insisted upon; and it needs but a glance at the bibliographies of Richard Herne Shepherd and his follower, Mr. Anderson (in the "Great Writers" Series), to see how much more logical and useful is the plan of simple record, year by year.

The first item entered is "Flore et Zéphyr," which, it will be remembered, consists only of plates. It is not clear, then, why no mention is made of Thackeray's other sets of illustrations: those to Douglas Jerrold's "Men of Character" (the originals of which are now in the South Kensington Museum), and the "Etchings at Cambridge." We miss "Sketches after English Landscape Painters" (1860) and, among the *Britannia* contributions, "Rolandseck." I imagine that the correct title of the 1855-7 edition of "Miscellanies: Prose and Verse" is "Mr. Thackeray's Miscellaneous Writings," and am satisfied that it is the second edition of "The Four Georges" which Mr. Williams has entered; for the true first edition, issued in the same year (1861), bears the sub-title, "Sketches of Manners, Morals, Court, and Town Life." There is a curious error in the footnote to the volume of "Miscellanies" afore-mentioned. Referring to the Ballad printed in prose form, here called "The Speculators," Mr. Williams tells us that it does "not appear to have been published anywhere previously." As a matter of fact it appeared in *Punch*, No. 203, p. 244, in 1845, under the title of "Railroad Speculators." Again, it is very regrettable that, in the entry of "Contributions to

Punch," Percival Leigh's poem, "The Flying Duke," should have been included. The true authorship of those verses and of "A Plea for Plush" I have previously set forth in these columns; the latter correction has been accepted by Mr. Williams, but not the former. In this way a mistake is handed on with such potent authority that the ultimate establishment of the facts must become more difficult.

Nor is it quite clear on what principle some of Thackeray's letters and reviews are excluded, for a certain number find due record here; nor why mention is omitted of some of the papers for which Thackeray worked and which Mr. Leslie Stephen duly records in his Life. But nowhere do I find any reference to the *Pictorial Times*, to which Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh was a frequent contributor on the subject of the fine arts. The references to the *Punch* contributions are hopelessly inadequate; for not only are no additions made to the sparse entries in the existing bibliographies, but not a few of those which so appear elsewhere Mr. Williams has left unnoticed. Furthermore, "Little Spitz," "Grant in Paris," "Daddy, I'm Hungry," in the *Nation* (when under the editorship of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy), the articles on Christmas Books, "Arabella" and "The Partie Fine," as well as—intelligibly perhaps—"The Exquisites" and "King Glumpus," are all wanting here. It will thus be seen that the final bibliography of the works of Thackeray is still to come. Such a one is, I understand, in preparation in America; but it must wait until all the great author's writings which have been discovered have been indexed, when the labours of Mr. Williams, Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Anderson must be absorbed, and the additional *Punch* matter, in due course to be set forth, may be included with them.

It should be added that Mrs. Ritchie gives some interesting biographical family details of her father's parents and grandparents, of whom portraits are well reproduced. Speaking of Thackeray's methods she says:—"When my father wrote a poem he used to be more agitated than when he wrote in prose. He would come into the room worried and excited, saying, 'Here are two more days wasted. I have done nothing at all. It has taken me four mornings' work to produce six lines.' Then, after a further struggle, all would go well." The illustrations to the volume are varied and adequate.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

In the introduction of the twelfth volume, *LOVEL THE WIDOWER*, &c., of the biographical edition of Thackeray's works, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie gives some details of his last works and some delicate memories of his closing days. It is divided into two parts—the first telling something of the bibliography of the "Roundabout Papers," and the second giving a glimpse behind the scenes as "Denis Duval" is being brought into being. Of almost all the essays Mrs. Ritchie has some slight but interesting recollections:—

"On a Lazy, Idle Boy" was begun in the large, low sitting room of the little inn at Coire where we were detained for many days. . . . "The Two Children in Black" were met in the train going to Heidelberg, and seen several times afterwards; of the paper "On some late Great Victories" the first words are, "On the 13th day of April last I went to see a friend in a neighbouring crescent."

The friend was my grandmother [says Mrs. Ritchie] who lived a couple of years in Brompton Crescent and remained there until my grandfather's death, when she came to us. My father paid her a daily visit on his way to town.

About the essay on a generally recognized editorial difficulty she says:—

A "Thorn in the Cushion" is very well known, and often quoted. I found a packet of thorns only the other day in an old box where I was looking for figs, and felt that a quarter of a century had not quite swept away the sting of these spinulæ. Sometimes, as my father says, the letters contained not mere thorns, but bludgeons.

"I suppose," she says later, "some people disliked my father. . . ." And she gives the following letter from Charles Dickens, which may help to dispose of one familiar fallacy at least:—

March 23, 1855.

My dear Thackeray,—I have read in *The Times* to-day an account of your last night's lecture, and cannot refrain from

assuring you in all truth and earnestness that I am profoundly touched by your generous reference to me. I do not know how to tell you what a glow it spread over my heart. Out of its fulness I do entreat you to believe that I shall never forget your words of commendation. If you could wholly know at once how you have moved me and how you have animated me, you would be the happier I am certain.

Faithfully yours ever,

CHARLES DICKENS.

A friend's remark is worth quoting :—"Thackeray could not have produced 'Vanity Fair' unless Eden had been shining brightly before his eyes."

In that part of the introduction dealing with "Denis Duval," one can see how the fire of Thackeray's genius was beginning to slacken, and the ardours of his prime to leave him. In the letter announcing his resignation of the editorship of the *Cornhill Magazine* he says :—

Once, on a voyage to America, I met a sea captain who was passenger in a ship he had formerly commanded. No man could be more happy and cheerful than this. He rode through the gale with the most perfect confidence in the ship and its captain; he surveyed the storm as being another gentleman's business. . . .

"As another gentleman's business" Thackeray could enjoy the magazine and many other things; but there were still books to write, and, as his last and unfinished novel took form, the labour pressed upon him with an almost intolerable weight.

I sit for hours [he writes in May, 1863] before my paper, not doing my book, but incapable of doing anything else, and thinking upon that subject always, waking with it, walking about with it, and going to bed with it. Oh, the struggles and bothers—oh, the throbs and pains about this trumphy!

The volume contains the little play of *The Wolves and the Lamb*, and the story of "Lovel the Widower," the thirty-two "Roundabout Papers," the first eight chapters of "Denis Duval," with a hitherto unpublished chapter, and the Notes which round off the story. Some of the "Roundabout" essays are illustrated by Charles Keene, and several of these contain portraits of Thackeray himself; he is to be seen in the admirable drawing entitled "Father or Uncle," in "A Great Battle," and, perhaps, "The Evening Post." Frederick Walker's drawing of "Denis' Valet" here reproduced is a very interesting example of this artist's work. We cannot lay aside this volume, which is practically the last of the biographical series, without thanking Mrs. Ritchie for the pleasure she has given us. The picture of her father, painted with so dexterous a hand and yet with so much simplicity and truth, only restates the high estimate in which he is held as a writer and as a man. The words Lord Houghton wrote at the time of his death express the feeling of the present generation, no less than that of his contemporaries, towards the most agreeable satirist of our time :—

O gentler censor of our age,
Prime master of our ampler tongue,
Whose word of wit and generous page
Were never wroth except with wrong;
Fielding without the manner's dross,
Scott with a spirit's larger room,
What prelate deems thy grave his loss?—
What Halifax erects thy tomb?
But maybe he who so could draw
The hidden great, the humble wise,
Yielding with them to God's good law,
Makes the Pantheon where he lies.

THE SPIRIT OF JAPAN.

Exotics and Retrospectives. By Lafcadio Hearn, Lecturer on English Literature in the Imperial University, Tokyo. London, 1899. Sampson Low.

[By SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.]

A new book upon Japan from the pen of Mr. Lafcadio Hearn—besides promising a refined and precious addition to our too scanty list of really well-written books—is sure to convey new facts and deeper insights about Japan even to those who already know much

about the country. This charming little volume fulfils expectation in both respects. As a piece of literary work it is worth, for delicacy and lofty thought, whole tons of the trash and trivialities cast monthly on the dumping ground of literature. As a group of studies in continuation of Mr. Hearn's delightful "Out of the East" and "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan," it once more stamps him as of all Western men living the one most gifted—by subtlety of mind and swift instinctive sympathy of heart—to understand and to interpret the secret spirit of Japan. Drawn to that land at first by the attraction which its wholly special character and genius exercise upon high sensibilities, Mr. Hearn has become by residence and study more intimately at home with the inner genius and popular life—the *Yamato Damashi*—of Japan than any author not born of her soil, and those on this side of the globe who would comprehend the Japanese people and their singular place in humanity can have no guide so sure and skilful as this introspective and most accomplished writer. But such a piece of lovely and faithful labour must not be perused with the slashing haste that suffices for ordinary book-scouring. It is a little volume to handle luxuriously and at leisure, like a consummate bit of ivory carving, a length of fairy lace-breadths, or a sword-hilt of gold and bronze wrought by a great master. It should be reserved for golden hours and read by a tranquil mind. To approach so exquisite a work with the ordinary precipitance of modern readers would be to do the author dishonour and to forfeit the magic pleasure which his gentle genius can bestow.

The first paper in the little book describes in simple but effective language the ascent of the famous mountain of Fujisan—and as one of those who has himself preceded Mr. Hearn in that enterprise, I can confidently declare that a better account could not be written. I, too, have seen the morning break from the brink of the "Spring of Gold," when all the world seemed to be lying below in an endless map of blue and rose and green and grey. Then Mr. Hearn takes up the pretty topic of the "insect musicians" of Japan, and, with his usual close research, tells all there is to be told of that passion which the Japanese common-folk have in their caged singing-insects. The Greeks possessed the same taste, and our author goes into the particulars of it with all appropriate gravity, enumerating the varieties of singing insects, depicting their cages, and giving us rich selections from the literature—especially the poetry—which abounds about these *Kirigirisu*, *Kusahibari*, and their like. If you have ever seen, in a Japan *ennichi*, the booth of an insect dealer and found nothing to admire in this delicate craze of the citizens, you will change your mind when you read what the author writes, after citing that pathetic little *uta*—

*Mushi yo mushi
Natte ingwa ga
Tsukaru nara?*

i.e. :—

Oh insect, insect! thinkest then
That Karma can
Be expiated by singing?

Mr. Hearn says :—

The Western reader would probably suppose that the insect-condition, or insect-state-of-being, is here referred to; but the real thought of the speaker, presumably a woman, is that her own sorrow is the result of faults committed in former lives, and is therefore impossible to alleviate.

It will have been observed that a majority of the verses cited refer to autumn and to the sensations of autumn. Certainly Japanese poets have not been insensible to the real melancholy inspired by autumn—that vague, strange annual revival of ancestral pain; dim inherited sorrow of millions of memories associated through millions of years with the death of summer; but, in nearly every utterance of this melancholy, the veritable allusion is to grief of parting. With its colour-changes, its leaf-whirlings, and the ghostly plaint of its insect-voices, autumn Buddhistically symbolizes impermanency, the certainty of bereavement, the pain that clings to all desire, and the sadness of isolation.

But even if these poems on insects were primarily intended to shadow amorous emotion, do they not reflect also for us the subtlest influences of nature—wild, pure nature—upon imagina-

tion and memory? Does not the place accorded to insect-melody, in the home-life as well as in the literature of Japan, prove an æsthetic sensibility developed in directions that yet remain for us almost unexplored? Does not the shrilling booth of the insect-seller at a night festival proclaim even a popular and universal comprehension of things divined in the West only by our rarest poets—the pleasure-pain of autumn's beauty, the weird sweetness of the voices of the night, the magical quickening of remembrance by echoes of forest or field? Surely we have something to learn from the people in whose mind the simple chant of a cricket can awaken whole fairy-swarms of tender and delicate fancies. We may boast of being their masters in the mechanical, their teachers of the artificial in all its varieties of ugliness; but in the knowledge of the natural, in the feeling of the joy and beauty of earth, they exceed us like the Greeks of old. Yet, perhaps, it will be only when our blind aggressive industrialism has wasted and sterilized their paradise—substituting everywhere for beauty the utilitarian, the conventional, the vulgar, the utterly hideous—that we shall begin with remorseful amazement to comprehend the charm of that which we destroyed.

We have left no space to dwell upon the equally interesting papers on Frogs, on "Moon-desire," and the "Literature of the Dead," as well as that strange, weird story "A Question of the Zen Texts." Nor can we speak in any detail at all of the "Retrospectives," although these contain some of the profoundest and most beautiful philosophic speculations and some of the finest appreciations I have met with of the deeper mystical doctrines of Buddhism. Enough that here is a book of a thousand—a book to linger over, which, with a seriousness worthy of its grace and gravity, will be for the true judge of literary skill and intellectual opulence an unusual delight, which he will be grateful not to have diminished by too much prelibation.

THE ROMANCE OF THE BOERS.

Fifty Years of the History of the Republic in South Africa (1795-1845). By J. C. Voigt, M.D. In two volumes. xxviii. + 350 pp., xii. + 316 pp. London, 1899.

Unwin. 25/- n.

To those who have learned to look at history dispassionately, and do not judge events solely by the magnitude of their results, there are few modern stories more fascinating than that of the foundation of the two Boer States of South Africa. There is, perhaps, no recent parallel to this complete realization of the ideal expressed in Emerson's "Boston Hymn," where the founder of the Republic declares,

I will have never a noble,
No lineage counted great,
Fishers and choppers and ploughmen
Shall constitute a State.

Late events have indeed given undue prominence to the South African Republic—a prominence of which its founders never dreamed, and which they would have been as loth as are their successors to accept. But whether gold had been discovered on the Rand or not, the tale which Dr. Voigt tells in these able and conscientious volumes would be worth hearing. The story has already been told, on a large scale by the laborious Mr. Theal, on a small scale by several less known writers. But Dr. Voigt has a doubly good excuse for telling it again, first, in the possession of a good deal of new material, and, secondly, in the ability to make an excellent and most interesting book of it. One may not always agree with his conclusions, but it is impossible not to admire the enthusiasm and candour with which he tells the story of the hardy frontiersmen, the Dutch and Huguenot Voortrekkers who, in the first half of the present century, laid the foundation of the two Boer States. Readers of his stirring pages will agree that much apparent stagnation to-day may be forgiven to the Boers in memory of the admirable fight which they made for civilization fifty years ago. To them is due the first breaking of the savage but soldierly Zulu and Matabele powers which threatened to draw an impassable barrier against white civilization across the northern frontier of Cape Colony. The Voortrekkers were very fine fellows, and did

good service to the cause of African progress. Their later history is less admirable, because the very virtues of the frontiersman tend to unfit him for citizenship of a peaceful State. We may quote Dr. Voigt's description of a typical Voortrekker, Andries Hendrik Potgieter, who was distinguished in the struggle against Dingaan:—

He had grown up an unlettered man. The only book which he knew was the Bible. He had read nothing, he knew nothing, or next to nothing, concerning the history of modern civilization. He had made no study of the theories then ruling and guiding the development of the political world in Europe. He cared nothing whatever about those theories. What he had learned as to the ancient world was contained in the one Book which he carried with him—in that history of the nation which, led by God, travelled through the wilderness and through the country of the heathen to the Promised Land. His faith in the Divine control and human destiny was as firm and unyielding as that of any pious Israelite wandering through the desert. He unhesitatingly believed that Heaven would not forsake him and his people, would protect and shield them from harm, and would ultimately bring them to a country where they could dwell in peace and contentment under a Government of their own choice. . . . In the hard school of experience he had been taught all that he knew. He had fought the Kaffirs; he had encountered the elephant, the lion, the leopard, the bull buffalo, the black rhinoceros, and all the dangerous beasts of the hunting-field. On more than one occasion he had had to guard himself, not only against the poisoned arrows of the bushman marauders, but against the venomous snakes and reptiles of the forest and the mountain. He had braved the dangers of swollen rivers which he had had to cross, and of the thunderstorm, with its lightning shafts and its death-dealing fury, when there was no friendly roof to shelter him. He knew the languages, the habits and customs, the prejudices, the likes and dislikes, of the native races among which he had lived and grown up.

This description, which is not merely a bit of rhetoric, but an account based on the facts of Potgieter's life, would serve for a character of the typical Voortrekker. Of such metal were composed the shrewd Pretorius and the chivalrous Retief, whose names ought to be as familiar to us as those of Fenimore Cooper's backwoodsmen; for, if we except the immortal Leather-stocking, the one set are quite as interesting as the other. Dr. Voigt's chief skill has been expended on the tale of the war in which Dingaan's savage power was broken by the Boer horsemen in stern revenge for the fate of Pieter Retief and his sixty-five gallant companions. The historian gives us a new and very striking picture of the fate of these brave men, whose bodies were impaled, after the massacre, on the crest of a hill near Dingaan's kraal. When the avengers arrived, they found on Retief's corpse the deed of cession of Natal which he had persuaded Dingaan to sign before treachery ended his mission. Dr. Voigt justly says:—

In all history there are few more tragic pictures than that of the martyred leader keeping guard on that hill—his faithful heart torn from his body, his sixty-five murdered companions keeping watch with him, guarding the document for which they had given their lives, and on which their nation's claim to independence in their own land of Natal rests.

The days, the weeks, the months roll on, and still stationed on that precipice stand those faithful sentinels, the guard of death, waiting for the advent of those to whom they have bequeathed the inheritance of their people's freedom. Through all their lonely vigil their leader holds clasped to his side, even in death, that document which will give life to a new nation.

The savage Zulus look with awe on the silent watchers when the darkness of night falls upon the mountains. Even the vultures and wild beasts respect the dead sentinels.

Here is a fine theme for the first great poet or painter whom South Africa shall produce. The Afrikaners as yet are, as Dr. Voigt says, an inarticulate people. If they give birth to one or two more historians with Dr. Voigt's union of impartial labour with enthusiasm and a sense of the picturesque, that reproach will soon be removed. No one can read these volumes without gaining new comprehension of the Boers, and a tolerance of even those drawbacks which are but the seamy side of their rustic and manly virtues.

A MOSLEM ON THE SARACENS.

A Short History of the Saracens: from the Earliest Times to the Destruction of Baghdad and the Expulsion of the Moors from Spain. By **Ameer Ali**, Syed, M.A., C.I.E., Judge of her Majesty's High Court in Bengal. With Maps, Illustrations, &c. 7½ × 5 in., xxiii. + 638 pp. London, 1899.

Macmillan. 7/6 n.

A good popular History of the Saracens has long been wanted. With no disrespect to Sir William Muir's in many ways excellent book on the Caliphate, of which a third reprint has just appeared (Smith, Elder, 16s.), it cannot be said quite to fill the vacant place, and the only other recent work on the subject, in "The Story of the Nations" Series, is hardly satisfactory. We have now a fresh attempt, written by a Moslem from the Mahomedan point of view, which at least seems to promise freshness and independence of the stereotyped model. A Moslem, acquainted with the Arabic sources, may be expected to deal with Mahomedan history in an original manner and with that sympathy which the prejudices of religion and race make almost impossible in most European writers. Syed Ameer Ali, moreover, is no ordinary Moslem; he is a man of considerable cultivation, who has read widely and thought deeply; his books on Islam represent the "Broad Church school" of that religion; and his general ability and fairness of mind are proved by his seat upon the bench of the High Court of Judicature at Fort William. From such a Moslem we should expect great things, and it is disappointing to be obliged to confess that we have here little more than a well-written and well-founded compilation, running almost wholly on the old lines. The received tradition is to make the Caliphate the central thread, and when, as in the case of Sir William Muir's history, the book is entitled "The Caliphate," this is reasonable enough. But "the Saracens" are much more than the Caliphate, and the title implies a general history of Mahomedan rule. After the ninth century, the Caliphs ceased to be the centre of Moslem power, and interest passes to the local dynasties. Nevertheless, following the old plan, the history of these dynasties is subordinated to that of the nominal pontiffs of Baghdad, and the tale ends with the destruction of the Caliphate there by the Mongols. It is a bad arrangement, and we hoped the Syed would have broken through the established bonds.

In truth, there is no attempt at originality. Syed Ameer Ali appears to have worked chiefly from well-known European sources, though he has also used some Arabic chronicles, but, we fancy, largely through translations. Hence he is a good deal at the mercy of his authorities, of whom he seems to have no very critical judgment. When a branch of his subject has been thoroughly worked up by others—as the Moors in Spain—he writes admirably about it; when there is no good European authority—as for the history of the Buyides or Seljuks—his chapters become meagre and halting. There are immense gaps, and important phases are dismissed in a paragraph. Nor is there that general philosophic grasp which gives a certain value to Sédillot's interesting sketch, or that boldness of conception and dramatic grouping which make the late Colonel Osborn's books on Mahomedan history, with all their glaring faults, remarkably impressive. On the other hand, the Syed's method has its advantages. He has taken great pains to collect his facts, and, considering the immense breadth and complexity of the history, he has marshalled them skilfully. He writes soberly, and his natural Mahomedan prejudices do not as a rule affect the truth of the narrative; they are shown chiefly in the citation of Christian and European enormities—often apocryphal like the "cannibalism" of the Crusaders—with a view to justify corresponding excesses in the East, on the principle that two blacks make a white. But he is not blind to the crimes and vices of Moslems; he denounces the harem system, the employment of eunuchs, and the licence and dissipation of many of the Caliphs; and if he is not quite ingenuous on the subject of polygamy, it is clear that he detects it and is anxious to show that it forms no essential part of Mahomed's system. His pages are over-

crowded with names which must prove a stumbling-block to the English reader, but when he escapes from dry annals and comes to an outline of government, society, literature, and science, as they were in the time of the Caliphs, he writes with admirable lucidity and even eloquence. He has brought together a large collection of extremely interesting facts in Moslem civilisation—thanks largely to the previous labours of Alfred von Kremer—which will be as new as they must be surprising to the average reader. Further, by means of marginal contents, headlines, and running dates (both Christian and Mahomedan), he has done his utmost to make his work a serviceable hand-book for easy reference.

The book appears on the whole to be accurate: the dates, &c., are generally correct, as far as we have tested them by the Arabic authorities. But there are a great many slips in the Arabic names which are a little disconcerting in view of the fact that the Syed writes as one who knows the language. "The Barāda, the Chryssorrhoeas of the Greeks" contains mistakes in both the Arabic and the Greek name. The mother of the Prophet is called Amīna, as usual, though her name is pronounced Am'na. "Salama" is decidedly not "the fourth conjugation" of the root "salm." To say that on the conquest of Egypt "the Egyptian Christians, who were called Copts and belonged to the Melchite sect, were treated with marked favour, in consequence of their good will towards the Moslems" shows a complete misunderstanding of the relations of the Jacobites and Melikites with the Arabs. But, after all, the number of such slips and errors, in a volume of over 600 pages, crammed with facts and names, is uncommonly small, and Syed Ameer Ali may well be congratulated on the completion of a complex and difficult task, which, if it cannot be regarded as the ideal "History of the Saracens" for which we still yearn, is nevertheless a very useful and compendious summary derived from a large number of authoritative works.

THE WAR OF THE FUTURE.

The final volumes have just been published of the German translation of the elaborate Russian work, "The War of the Future: its Technical, Economical, and Political Significance," by Johann von Bloch (Puttkammer and Mühlbrecht, Berlin, 40m.). It is in six large volumes, bearing the German title *Der Krieg*. The original edition was published with the concurrence of the Tsar, and, if report is to be trusted, it was mainly responsible for the manifesto in favour of universal peace last autumn. The appearance of the book, in a language which makes it accessible to Western Europe, on the eve of the meeting of the Peace Congress is thus well-timed, for it is a work which may conceivably have considerable weight in the deliberations at the Hague.

In certain respects M. von Bloch's work is the most comprehensive treatise on modern warfare that has yet been written; we know of nothing published in any language within recent years which covers the field so completely or so thoroughly. The author, we understand, is a Warsaw banker; he is neither man of science nor soldier by profession. This brings with it the obvious advantage that war is not to him, as it usually is to the military specialist, merely an affair of the army and navy; his eyes are constantly open to its wider social and economic aspects; and here, it may be said at once, lies the strongest side of "The War of the Future." Volume IV.—"The Economic Disturbances and Material Loss of the Future War"—seems to us consequently much the most valuable, as it is the most original, part of M. von Bloch's work. The effects of war upon the social life of a nation, upon its commerce and finance, have never before been looked so straight in the face as here. The modern state, as M. von Bloch argues, is as essentially different from the medieval state as is the modern small calibre rifle from the crossbow. And this is a fact which our military prophets are too apt to forget. We cannot always agree with M. von Bloch's conclusions, but we must admit that he has marshalled here a most con-

vincing array of facts and figures. If, to quote Moltke's *mot*, the time is to come "when war will ultimately abolish war," that consummation will, at least, be hastened by the increasing complexity of modern life and industry and the dependent relations in which one nation stands to another. It is the special merit of M. von Bloch's work to have brought this economic argument into the foreground. But the fact that the author is not a military expert has also its disadvantages. He discusses with minute detail the whole *technique* of war, from the passage of a bullet through the air to the most complicated problem of military tactics; he has studied carefully all the literature bearing even remotely on the subject, but his work is seriously defective in conciseness and scientific method. It is true, M. von Bloch does not profess to offer us a scientific treatise on war; his object has been rather to forecast the result of the unchecked development of war material. But the descriptive part, which occupies the first three volumes, and is profusely illustrated, is upon such an elaborate scale and brings together so much valuable material—especially statistical material—that it is a pity it should be so diffuse and so biased by the author's personal standpoint with regard to war.

The fundamental idea of the book is that the European war of the future will take place under conditions so widely different from those of any war in the past that even for the highest military authorities it is a Sphinx with an unsolved riddle. The destructive power of modern weapons has already reached a stage when little short of mutual annihilation must be the issue of a pitched battle between opposing armies. Had the French and German troops in 1870 been armed with the latest development of small-bore rifle their firing, it is calculated, would have been at least fourteen times as effective as it was, while the artillery of our day is forty times as deadly as that of twenty-five years ago. And who can say what aluminium and still finer bores may do in the immediate future? The improvement of military weapons has clearly made greater strides in the past twenty years than in all the centuries that have elapsed between the invention of gunpowder and the Franco-German War. The war of the future will bring no decisive conflicts; the kind of battle which took place round Metz in the Franco-German War will be the rule, not the exception, in the next great war. The opposing forces will stand three or four times more distant from each other than in the wars of the past; the armies will be enormously greater, and the comparative absence of smoke a trial of incalculable severity upon human nerves. The old ideals of martial heroism and personal valour will have to give place to new ideals where coolness and endurance are higher virtues than bravery. Again, these mammoth armies of the future, consisting, as they must in great part do, of imperfectly trained reserves, will offer unforeseen difficulties in the matter of command—difficulties of which the playing at war of annual manoeuvres can give no idea. Battles, so far from being accelerated by the improvement of the tools of warfare, will be protracted for days on end, and the shelter of trenches and barricades the only hope of escaping wholesale destruction. A great war in the future will thus only end after years, not of fighting, but of mechanical annihilation. These are the main lines in the picture which M. von Bloch draws for us of the war of the future between land forces, and his picture of the future of naval war points still more clearly to mutual annihilation as the final issue.

Throughout his entire work it must, however, be noted the author has in view only one possible war, a war in which all Europe will be involved, where, say, the Triple Alliance will take the field against the united forces of France and Russia. He takes little account of the kind of war of which we have had an example since the publication of the Russian edition of his work. And surely, as far as the disarmament argument is concerned, conflicts of the Spanish-American type, or wars with half-civilized races, are far more likely to disturb the peace equilibrium of the world in the future than any general European war. It is a pity, by the way, that the German translator did not, if only in a few foot-notes, bring the scientific results of the Spanish-

American War to bear upon M. von Bloch's work; it would have afforded a commentary to his admirable criticism of the confused state of international law where naval war is concerned.

"The War of the Future" is, as we have indicated, a "tract for the times" on an elaborate scale, a plea for universal disarmament. In his sixth volume the author sums up the results of his work, and, in conclusion, deals with the question of an International Court of Arbitration. This is probably the part of the work to which the general reader will turn with most interest, but it would hardly be fair to M. von Bloch to judge his whole work from the concluding volume. We have already complained of a want of scientific method; but that is, perhaps, excusable in a work intended to work directly upon the public mind. Here, however, in this final volume M. von Bloch gives full rein to his enthusiasm for Universal Peace, but, unfortunately, with a one-sidedness and lack of balance which, we fear, will detract from the impression created by the earlier volumes. On one page, to take only one example, we find M. von Bloch pessimistic enough to predict financial ruin for Europe if the present rate of war expenditure goes on for another fifty years, while on another he is naively optimistic enough to believe that the whole Eastern difficulty is peaceably to be solved by the establishment of an International Committee in Constantinople! M. von Bloch, when dealing with the facts and figures of the present, or applying them to the warfare of the future, is on surer ground than when he attempts to solve the political difficulties of the future.

RECENT VERSE.—II.

THE SUMMER SONNETS of the late Mrs. Parker (Grant Richards, 2s. 6d. n.) invite sympathetic consideration, not only for the pathetic circumstances of their appearance, but also for their intrinsic characteristics of devotion and high thought. Their author would probably have been the last to claim for them the higher qualities of poetry, but they are eminently humane and thoughtful. The two sonnets to the writer's husband are winningly frank and affecting, and the strong religious fervour that touches almost every poem in the little book will find it many friends among those who have the good will to sink criticism in appreciation.

In his volume, *ON OATEN FLUTE* (Glaisher), Mr. William Toynbee hints in his prelude that he is but a singer of rural ditties. The reader will do well not to take this attitude of simple rusticity very seriously. Mr. Toynbee is in reality among the most careful of lyrists; the first poems in this book, such as "The Relenting of Winter," "An April Carol," and so forth, are certainly written for those "cultured ears" he prefatorily disdains. "A May Madrigal" will show with what skill the author handles his simplicities:—

Kingcup and cowslip overspread
The meadows with a maze of gold;
The crofts are emerald-carpeted,
The thorns their creamy flakes unfold;
Laburnums shimmer, lilacs shower
Eddies of prodigal perfume,
A rose is flushing into flower—
'Tis May, 'tis May, the month of bloom!

The thrush, with blitheness brimming o'er,
Inaugurates his gala key,
The blackbird, tentative no more,
His top-note takes of ecstasy:
And where the willows streamward slant,
As stars steal out and shadows throng,
The nightingale her first will chant—
'Tis May, 'tis May, the month of song!

"On Oaten Flute" is a very agreeable little volume.

We could wish that the selection from the *SONGS AND POEMS* by Mr. T. D. Sullivan (Sealy, Bryers: Dublin, 2s.) had been made in a rather severer spirit; but if the intensely topical and somewhat ephemeral lyrics be passed over, there remains a considerable quantity of ringing, inspiring national songs. But

too often the patriot overwhelms the poet, or, at least, the artist, and the result for the dispassionate critic of the series of compositions with which Mr. Sullivan has accompanied the Irish national movement since '48, is rather disappointing. Mr. Sullivan is at his best in songs to be sung "on march" and songs of a post-prandial character which, moreover, should do much to bring home to the English reader the real feeling of the Irish. There are also lighter pieces, such as that entitled "Mac-Cawthly of Pimlico," a *tour de force* written in the Cockney dialect of one who strives "at keepin' up the browge."

Mr. Herbert Thomas's *BALLADS OF EVOLUTION* (Camborne, Cornwall, 2s. 6d. n.) are the *parerga* of a working journalist. They are unfortunate in being prefaced by a somewhat injudicious "note" and a more than injudicious portrait in eccentric fancy dress, but the book contains verse that is fresh and virile, and a great deal that is good-humoured and genial. A "Prehistoric Prophet" has a share of wit, and is written with an easy swing that is characteristic of Mr. Thomas:—

These dwellers in the tree-tops were Society's elite
Who climbed the social ladder with anthropoidal feet;
And the way they clung to branches of their ancient family tree,
With swinging tails, betokened the pride of pedigree.

Here a gay young Romeo chattered in a most romantic strain
To a popular young damsel who was frivolous and vain;
There the patriarchs were snoring in an after-dinner doze,
And the juveniles sat counting the number of their toes.

It will be seen that the "evolution" of the title is not to be taken very seriously, but, as a whole, this is a breezy, manly little book enough.

Mr. John Ottwell's *SHORT POEMS* (Kegan Paul) contain a number of pointless epigrams conceived in such spirit as the following:—

Of dulness vast and wisdom small,
(His conversation shows it),
A bore is one who tires us all,
And never never knows it.

This could scarcely be more vapid; but when Mr. Ottwell is not trying to be an epigrammatist, he can write reasonably good blank-verse and tolerable lyrics. His book, however, if free from grave faults, is entirely conventional both in measure and matter.

WHITE HYACINTHS, by Lucy A. Bennett (Marshall Brothers, 2s. 6d.), is a collection of religious verses, admirable in intention, and very fairly put together. Adelaide Anne Procter is evidently the inspiring mistress of Miss Bennett, and at times she follows her manner pleasantly enough. Many of the pieces would win popularity as sacred songs if they were set to music of the right sort.

Mr. E. Samuels in *SHADOWS* (Longmans, 3s. 6d.) has attempted the unrhymed melodies affected by Mr. W. E. Henley (among many others) without properly understanding prosody. The result is that, although there is some thought in his little book, it presents, as a whole, a jargon of quite unmeasurable lines. For example:—

Years after I waked from deep sleep
With a child's low cry at my doorstep.
Yes, there lay the dark, beautiful face,
But in baby form,
And her child entered into my home.

This is neither prose nor poetry.

IN BORDELELAND, by R. S. Craig (Hawick, W. J. Kennedy), contains some charming illustrations by Mr. John Wallace. The verse is purely imitative; and Mr. Craig has yet to select his models. At present he confounds the Tennysonian strain with the hum-drum melodies of Mr. F. E. Weatherly, and a good deal of rather flatulent verse is the natural result.

THE DEMON OF THE WIND, by G. Hunt Jackson (John Long, 3s. 6d.), contains some verse of the drawing-room ballad class, with occasional slips upon a lower level:—

Along a bright and flowing stream
A fairy boat went up and down;
The captain was a juvenile,
With a pair of wings and roseate crown.

This third line is akin to the style of a milliner's catalogue.

SINGINGS THROUGH THE DARK, by Dora Montefiore (Sampson Low, 3s. 6d.), is pretentious, but ineffectual:—

Rise to thy higher self, aspire,
Labour, nor seek reward, nor tire,
Illusions vanish as thy soul mounts higher.

This, we fear, is the apotheosis of platitude.

Miss Frances Bannerman's volume, *MILESTONES* (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d. n.), contains a number of technically satisfactory verses treating of diverse subjects under headings such as "Expressions," "Votive," "Some Aspects" of love, "Influences," and so forth. The author appears as a poetic quietist; fluent, correct, but hardly inspired.

POEMS (John Lane, 5s. n.) is a rather grandiloquent title for Mr. A. Bernard Miall's book of collected verses. There is certainly a feeling for beauty, an attempt to capture the elusive things of nature in much of his work, but the result is often far from satisfactory. There are some telling stanzas in "The Bridal Night."

Mr. Gordon Bottomley, in *POEMS AT WHITENIGHTS* (The Unicorn, Cecil-court, 2s. 6d.), though he has a penchant for the mournful and the lurid, shows also a distinct gift of terse and musical expression, and "Y Rhosyn Du," in *THE SCENT OF THE ROSE* (Gay and Bird, 1s.), has produced a good many pretty songs that would go well to music.

We seem to have reached a poor average of verse in this short survey, and yet there are at least a dozen volumes on our table which fall below the standard of any we have mentioned. Clearly, though there is much good verse written nowadays, a great deal is published that should never venture outside the author's writing desk. In verse, in particular, the *cacoethes scribendi* remains impervious to every scruple of prudence and of wisdom!

GOLF, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

In 1890 the publishers of the Radminton Library debated whether a whole volume should be devoted to golf. Mr. H. G. Hutchinson admits, in the preface of his new *BOOK OF GOLF AND GOLFERS* (Longmans, 18s. n.), that there is now no end to the making of books on golf. There is a touch of slyness in the reason which he gives for adding another to the list—viz., "to gather the grain" of previous volumes into one book. But the author's best excuse is his picturesque and humorous style. He even shows us how golf may be used as a key to history. He tells us how the practice of it was forbidden in Scotland "ilk Sunday" in the fifteenth century, "in order that the King's lieges might have leisure from it to pursue the practice of archery as a defence against 'our auld enemies of England.'" Next it was forbidden as breaking the Sabbath, until the easy-going Stuarts took up the game, and Charles I. ordered the Justices of Assize "to see that no man doe trouble or molest any of our loyall and duetifull people, in or for their lawful recreations, having first done their duetie towards God." Though tolerated on Sunday out of church time in the days of John Knox, it has until quite lately been a subject of much annoyance to the rigid Sabbatarians of this century.

But we are not only introduced to the past history of the game. Mr. J. H. Whigham, the American champion in 1897-98, and afterwards—such is the versatility of golfers—a war correspondent in Cuba, contributes a chapter on Golf in the United States, telling us how, in spite of some natural disadvantages of his country in providing golf links, the golf fever has spread across the Atlantic. All club makers must read carefully what Mr. J. H. Taylor has to say on the subject, and all young golfers Mr. Hutchinson's advice as to methods of play. Meanwhile, to the general reader one of the chief features of interest arises from a certain amiable disagreement between Miss Amy Pascoe and her chief, Mr. Hutchinson. Mr. Hutchinson says:—

There is every reason at St. Andrews that ladies should play on the long course—that specially designed for them is too short for the needs of the modern feminine golfer. But else—

where there are such excellent ladies' links, suited to their moderate length of driving (the italics are ours) that they had better, perhaps, restrict their energies to them than, too greatly daring, invade the longer links of the men, where they cannot hope to carry the bunkers. Modern ladies, however, are nothing, if not ambitious—that, indeed, is the great secret of their success.

But Miss Pascoe has a chapter to herself.

I am afraid [she says] Mr. Horace Hutchinson is responsible for much of the structural weakness and deficiencies of the ladies' courses. That high authority deliberately questions our right to play on long links! and advocates the gift of a few holes, admitting of a drive or two of seventy or eighty yards; from which magnificent piece of generosity (the italics are ours) he eliminates everything likely to call forth a game.

Mr. Hutchinson, however, manages by means of an adroit "argumentum ad feminam" to have the last word. A little note is affixed at the end of Miss Pascoe's article:—

Since Miss Pascoe was kind enough to write the above able chapter, the Ladies' Championship for 1898-9 has been played on the Great Yarmouth links, and won by Miss Lena Thomson.—H. G. H.

This is unkind of Mr. Hutchinson.

For a fuller discussion of ladies' golf, with an exhaustive description of the different ladies' links throughout the kingdom, their championship competitions, and their club arrangements, we must refer the reader to *OUR LADY OF THE GREEN: A Book of Ladies' Golf* (Lawrence & Bullen, 3s. 6d.), edited by Mrs. Mackern and Miss M. Boys, in which Miss Pascoe again has a chapter to herself. The book is full of information, but enveloped in a cover which would suggest that the authoresses had lost some of their artistic sense in training for the long links.

It is with a feeling of relief that we turn from this eyesore to the portrait gallery in Mr. Hutchinson's book, representing leading golfers in the act of playing. These pictures are not only of immense interest to golfers, who will recognize how well the positions portrayed suit the meditated stroke, but also to students of art. Mr. Hutchinson might have written upon them a treatise to rival Lessing's *Laocoon*, calling attention to the beauty of face and form preserved in the most trying circumstances. Here we have not only Apollo "at top of swing," "at finish of swing," "addressing for approach," "approaching at end of stroke," "at top of cleek stroke," and "approaching with mashie," &c., but also Diana in no less interesting situations. To set at rest all doubts as to the result of their strokes, we have only to observe the smile of triumph upon the features of all those depicted "at the end of swing." Of those strokes which are yet to be brought off, that of Mr. Hutchinson himself in the picture of him "on top of drive" more than any other prompts the reader to cry "fore."

THE SARUM USE.

The Use of Sarum. I. The Sarum Customs as set forth in the Consuetudinary and Customary. By **Walter Howard Frere, M.A.** 9x6in., lxxii.+314 pp., with plan. Cambridge, 1898. University Press. 12/- n.

While Englishmen are exercising the national privilege of writing to the papers, a band of scholars is quietly building up a body of liturgical science which is certain to influence the future interpretation of the English rubrics. Unless the *Ornaments Rubric* means the precise opposite to that which it says, a reasonable knowledge of the old services is necessary for the due performance of the new. Indeed, in the days of our grandfathers when that rubric was at the lowest ebb of oblivion, our churches bore ample evidence of the power of medieval tradition: the plain altars of the Georgian period with their cloths and cushions, their envelope of linen at the time of the ministration, their two candles at the most by way of ornament, with sometimes a picture for the *recedos*, the long flowing surplices and black scarves of the clergy—these and many other things bore witness to the continuity of English worship with that before the Reformation. With the first wild orgies of the ritualistic revival

the chain was largely broken, under the mistaken notion that the ways of modern Rome were the ways of tradition and of the *Ornaments Rubric*. A fatality seemed to pursue those first "ritualists." Some, under the impression that they were conscientiously reviving the use of Sarum, produced much, as Mr. Frere says, of which that illustrious church was entirely innocent. Others, disgusted at this strange muddle, unblushingly adopted—or, rather, adapted—the style of Rome. They sinned more in ignorance than wantonness, and their false start is closely paralleled by that of the contemporary Gothic revival.

This fatality pursued the study of Sarum even into the scholar's closet. The missal was butchered by translators, and a Latin edition was twenty years in the press. The *Consuetudinary*, a more important source of information, went to such an extremity of misfortune that even the Master of the Rolls played it false. Dr. Rock, an attractive Roman Catholic writer, had already mixed up the true text with alien phrases, when Canon Rich Jones undertook to re-edit the *Consuetudinary* for the Rolls series. He seems to have done so without even consulting the MS. which he professed to edit. Therefore it was high time that the various MSS. which form the bed-rock of the Salisbury use should be collated and edited with painstaking accuracy. The difficult work of brushing away the accumulation of mistakes and giving the world an exact presentment of the originals has been admirably done by Mr. Frere. His book is a monument of sound scholarship that is a credit to the University of Cambridge from whose press it is issued. The old missals were almost as scantily furnished with rubrics as the *Book of Common Prayer* itself, hence the great importance of such works as the *Consuetudinary*, which was a book of rules for the chapter, dealing both with the constitution of the Cathedral, the duties of its various officers, and also with its liturgical customs, the arrangement of its ceremonial, and the course of its services through the many changes of the ecclesiastical year. There are two recensions of the *Consuetudinary*, one dating from about 1210, the other, differently arranged and with many additions, written about a generation later. To have these as they were written is much; but Mr. Frere has set with them in parallel columns another book of directions, dating from the middle of the fourteenth century, and hitherto unpublished. This book, the *Customarium*, or *Customary*, is valuable, not only for its later date, but because it is an adaptation of the Cathedral directions for the purposes of a parish church.

A special feature of Mr. Frere's work is its excellent index. By a thorough system of grouping he has made it not only a directory to the text but also a complete summary of its ceremonial directions. For instance, under the word *Processio*, he has four columns of index which give a complete description of the procession with its various modifications throughout the year. Thus a person who has forgotten his Latin can still learn that the procession of tradition is not an aimless walk round the church, but (like that ordered in our own *Marriage Service*) a definite movement to a particular place where the bidding prayer and other prayers were to be said. In the same way, by turning to the word *Colores*, the almost universal misconception as to the Salisbury colour-sequence can be dispelled at a glance.

BYZANTINE TEXTS.

The Ecclesiastical History of Evagrius, with the Scholia. Edited, with Introduction, Critical Notes, and Indices, by **J. Bidez and L. Parmentier.** 9x6in., 285 pp. London, 1899. Methuen. 10/6

The History of Psellus. Edited, with Critical Notes and Indices, by **Constantine Sathas.** 9x6in., x.+384 pp. London, 1899. Methuen. 15/- n.

We welcome the first two volumes of the new Byzantine texts edited by Professor Bury, of Dublin. Professor Bury's name as a classical and historical scholar stands so high as to be in itself a guarantee for the excellence of the work to which he is prepared to stand sponsor, and it was certainly time that something was done in England for the study of the literature of the

Eastern Empire, for which foreign scholars, notably Slavonic and Greek scholars, have recently done so much. It is discreditable to modern scholarship that critical editions of the Byzantine writers have hitherto been conspicuous by their absence. To judge by the present volumes, Professor Bury seems likely to wipe away the reproach.

Evagrius has suffered from being taken by editors together with the earlier Church historians, to whom he is admittedly inferior in interest. The *editio princeps* was that of Stephanus, 1544. Christopherson, Bishop of Chichester, John Scaliger, and Valesius tried their hands at conjectural emendation from time to time, and some of their work has appeared in different editions during the last two hundred years, down to Migne's vol. lxxxii. b., which was published in 1866. But till now it does not appear that there has ever been a critical examination and collation of the MSS., of which ten are known. Five of these MSS. appear to be derived from the Baroccean described by M. de Boor, eminent as an editor of Byzantine authors. The other five represent at least three strains, and the present editors show good ground for believing the Laurentian MS. lxx. 23 best to represent the earliest text, though another Laurentian MS. was written probably a century earlier.

M. Bidez, *chargé de cours* at the University of Ghent, and M. Parmentier, Professor at the University of Liège, have long been known, by their writings in the *Revue de l'Instruction Publique en Belgique*, to be exceptionally qualified for the task they have undertaken. The edition they have produced is worthy of the highest praise. It achieves the *maximum* of result with the *minimum* of ostentation. It will remain for many years the standard edition of the work, and, indeed, can only be superseded by the not impossible discovery of further MSS., which may very likely lurk in the Imperial Library at Constantinople.

A special feature of the edition is the *Index Græcitas*, which, if continued in the following volumes of the series, will go far to supply the want of a good lexicon of patristic and Byzantine Greek, Sophocles being, as all scholars know, far from complete. The index would be improved by a distinction being made between those words which are lacking in Sophocles, and those which are found only in Evagrius, which by the present arrangement appear to be confused. In marginal references also more clearness is to be desired. In the second volume of the series the *Index Græcitas* occupies no less than a hundred pages, but we are not told how far the lexicographers have ransacked the author. Nor have we any marginal references at all, which is a pity, as it would have been useful to know, without hunting up the books, where exactly Psellus was copied by Anna Comnena or Nikephoros Bryennios. Otherwise the edition is as excellent as the Evagrius. It could hardly, of course, have been entrusted to other hands than those of M. Constantine Sathas, who published the *editio princeps* in 1874. The twenty-five years that have elapsed since then have not impaired M. Sathas' interest in the work. He has made several emendations in the text, all of which will probably be recognized to be improvements; and, indeed, Professor Bury in a footnote tells us that he "would correct more freely still," giving some instances which show his usual critical acuteness. Professor Bury clearly does not take his duties as general editor lightly, and the series will gain greatly by his oversight. But he really should not allow M. Sathas to express his regret that there is but one MS. of Psellus extant by saying "It is aggravating." We commend to him a study of George Meredith's immortal "General Ople and Lady Camper."

The history of Psellus is a work of extreme interest to the student of the decay of the Eastern Empire. It is remarkable that Anna Comnena should have accepted him without hesitation and even praised his work. Though it is true, as Professor Bury notes, that others take a very different view, and Professor Geizer calls him "der widerliche Schwatzphilosoph und Redekünstler," the judgment of M. Sathas is more probably the just one. One sentence in his preface may well be quoted here.

It is in truth [he says] a curious thing—unique even in the Byzantine Empire—to see a high dignitary, President of

the Senate, dominant Minister of four successive Emperors, writing, by order of the Emperor and Senate, and venturing to read before an audience that prided itself on the name of "Roman," historical memories in which he castigated monastic life as an institution of *faineants* and foes of humanity; repeatedly asserting that the money of the Treasury is not intended to found convents or be squandered at the caprice of the Emperors, but is a sacred deposit to reward the soldiers who shed their blood for the empire; proclaiming in so many words the superiority of the Athenian Republic to that of Rome—an institution of slaves, not of freemen; and hurling in the face of the Senators words like these:—"We are not governed by Pericles or Themistocles, but by the vilest of the Spartacus tribe whom we have bought for gold from the barbarians."

The first two issues of the series justify us in expecting a high standard in future volumes; and we may justly congratulate Messrs. Methuen on an enterprise which will be of real service to learning.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

THE MARTYRDOM OF AN EMPRESS (Harper, 7s. 6d.) is an anonymous biography of the late Empress of Austria, which is ostensibly the work of a lady who enjoyed the Empress's friendship. If it had been compiled by a complete outsider from articles published in French and American newspapers, the result would have been very much the same. A considerable portion of the book is devoted to an attack on the widowed Princess Stephanie, which strikes us as in questionable taste.

COMPANIES IN FRANCE, by Thomas Barclay (Sweet and Maxwell, 7s. 6d.), is intended to "afford the information required by all who are directly or indirectly connected with companies and securities in France." It states the law briefly, and expounds it lucidly, duly drawing attention to the points in which French law differs from English. Various important laws, decrees, and judgments—including the important judgment of the Court of Cassation "La Construction, Limited," and the Anglo-French Companies' Convention of 1862—are printed separately in appendices.

EMERALDS CHASED IN GOLD, by John Dickson, F.S.A. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, 4s.), is a pleasant, if in places too effusive, little book on the small islands in the Firth of Forth which have been used as religious houses, refuges, or prisons, and one of which, Inchgarvie, is now one of the foundations for that great engineering triumph, the Forth Bridge. From the historical point of view Mr. Dickson does not say one word too much, but occasionally his scientific information errs on the side of minuteness. It is, however, better to sin through over-conscientiousness than to be impressionist, or even impressive, at the cost of accuracy. Mr. Dickson has produced a very superior guide-book.

THE BURNS MEMORIAL CATALOGUE is, in the form of a handsome and profusely yet exquisitely illustrated volume (William Hodge and Co. and T. R. Annan, £1 5s.), a memento of the remarkable exhibition of Burnsiana collected from all parts of the Anglo-Saxon world, which was held in Glasgow during the summer of 1896, by way of celebrating the centenary of the poet's death. The great feature of that exhibition was the manuscripts. Burns' caligraphy was perhaps unprecedented alike for boldness and for care. No doubt he took special pains with it, because, being a poor man, and unable to print off his poems as they came hot from his brain, he was in the habit of writing several copies of them for circulation among his friends. But Burns evidently took a delight in putting his personality, or what he imagined to be such, into his penmanship. This catalogue would have been of supreme interest even if it had contained nothing more than the illustrations of Burns' caligraphy. But it is equally valuable for its portraits of Burns, his kinsfolk and friends, for its representations of the localities to which he has given celebrity, and for its wealth of

accurate information as to the editions of his works. The editors of the different sections of this excellent book have done their work at once modestly and thoroughly.

"Never speak of a man in his presence," Johnson once found it necessary to warn Boswell: "it is always indelicate, and may be offensive." This admonition might be profitably commended to the notice of such as undertake to write the biography of a person still living. Its need is emphasized by the perusal of such a book as *EUGÉNIE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH* (Swan Sonnenschein, 6s.), by Clara Tschudi, which has just been turned from Norwegian into English, with fair, though not remarkable, success, by E. M. Cope. Although the future historian may find in the story of her youth and training excuses for the Empress, yet it is quite possible that all the harm and more that Miss Tschudi implies of her "heroine" may be true. But that is not the point; the greater the truth the greater the libel. We can only express disapproval of the taste which has thought fit to rake into the light all the follies and errors of one who is still living and in old age and heavy sorrow, *ultima storum*. Miss Tschudi has no pretensions to be more than a book-maker, and one is sorry that her compilation has been thought worthy of translation into English.

We can heartily congratulate Mr. W. P. Dodge on producing a really excellent monograph in *PIERS GAVESTON* (Unwin, 12s.), both well-written and singularly complete. So painstaking has he been in consulting original authorities, both printed and MS., that his study of seven somewhat obscure years of English history is not likely soon to be superseded. In spite of a modest disclaimer in the preface of any special qualifications for the task, he shows a care for accuracy and a patience of investigation which would do credit to the most experienced historian. If he errs, it is only in the very natural direction of exaggerating the attractiveness of his subject. He is far from excusing the faults of Gaveston; indeed, he exposes them with almost ruthless candour; but we think that not many of his readers will agree with his description of the favourite of Edward II. as "a fascinating personality." In another sense, indeed, he might be so called on account of his extraordinary influence over the King; but his aims were too sordid and selfish to arouse in these days more than a passing curiosity. Brave he undoubtedly was; clever, in the sense of "smart," he seems to have been; but we find no evidence in Mr. Dodge's book for the epithet of "generous," which he applies to him in a rather too antithetical estimate of his character. Nothing could be more ungenerous than his conduct in thrice taking advantage of the King's foolish fondness for him to return from abroad and stir up fresh trouble with the barons. And, although we need not believe the scandalous tales of later chroniclers, there must have been some very strong reason for the banishment by Edward I. of one to whom he had but just before made large grants of land; and still more for his leaving the curse of a dying man to his son if he should recall him without the people's consent. What that reason was Mr. Dodge, with all his research, is unable really to explain; and it will probably never be known. But these considerations surely detract from the sympathy which the cruel and faithless conduct of the nobles towards Gaveston might otherwise excite. In an appendix Mr. Dodge gives some useful extracts from his chief authorities; and he proves, we think, beyond a doubt by heraldic evidence that the crusader's tomb in the retro-choir of Winchester Cathedral is that of Sir Arnold de Gaveston.

Dr. Jan Ten Brink's *ROBESPIERRE AND THE RED TERROR* (Hutchinson, 12s.) is a graphic and picturesque, but an ill-arranged book. The author begins with the guillotining of the Dantonists, and proceeds a certain distance with the history of the conspiracy of Thermidor. Then a happy thought strikes him: "As Robespierre has only to live now another five days, we will pause here to throw a glance at his past." The glance is duly thrown. It suggests other retrospective glances—at the Girondins, at the Hébertists, at the September massacres, at the

state of trade, the state of the cafés, the state of the theatres; the interlude filling, altogether, about fifty chapters. Then the thread of the narrative is once more taken up, and the story carried on to the execution of Robespierre. The note of the book is the historian's persistent endeavour to whitewash the revolutionist whom Carlyle held up to odium. The "respectability" of Robespierre fascinates him. He continually harps upon it, contrasting his manners with those of Danton, who frequented doubtful company, and left a good cellar of wine behind him when he died. The priggish bombast of Robespierre's speeches—his appeal to his compatriots, for example, to "crush the tyrannical league of kings by the greatness of our character," and his magnificent exclamation, on the occasion of the Feast of the Supreme Being, "Let us surrender ourselves, under the protection of God, to transports of the purest delight; to-morrow we shall again combat vice and tyranny"—does not elicit any response from Dr. Ten Brink's sense of humour. He merely records them as so many further proofs that Robespierre, when all was said and done, was "an honourable character, a spirit fired with the noblest ideals." He admits Robespierre's responsibility for the law whereby a prisoner before the Revolutionary Tribunal "could not be assisted by counsel, but would find his support in the patriotic members of the jury," but then recalls the fact that at the same time Robespierre warned his brother against the gaming table. It is a rather interesting and ingenious piece of special pleading, though one would have more confidence in the author's accuracy if he had not given us Barère's old story of the sinking of the Vengeur, without a hint that it was untrue. Even "the ill-informed Carlyle," as Dr. Ten Brink calls him, knew better than that. The translation is well done by Mr. J. Hedeman.

The romance of Australasia is inexhaustible. Two years ago Miss Clark's book on the Maori legends awoke the European reader to the delights of a new mythology, to the magic of the poetry hidden in the breast of the black fellow. In *BY CREEK AND GULLY* (Unwin, 6s.) Miss Lala Fisher, whose volume of verse, "A Twilight Teaching and Other Poems," we reviewed last summer, has gathered together a number of stories of bush life by well-known Australian writers, including Mr. Douglas Sladen, Mr. Hume Nisbet, Mr. Patchett Martin, Mr. Louis Becke, and Mr. E. W. Hornung. From these stories and sketches the reader will learn that the romance of these countries survives the period of the legend proper. The modern romancer can still find primitive man. In the forests of New Guinea, as Mr. Hume Nisbet reminds us, the Hercules and the Apollo of the far South are still roaming in their native woods. Here, too, the reader has not to search back through centuries of an artificial life to find a community in which each man is an artist, delighting in his own handicraft. Mr. Nisbet describes the art of the cannibal, as revealed to him one sunny afternoon beneath the shade of the banana tree in the depths of the tropical forest:—

One youth spreads out a piece of native worked matting for my inspection, and, as we bargain for it with koko (tobacco), I cannot help admiring the variety and precision of the designs upon it, as well as upon the lime calabashes and bau-baus—delicate designs and correct lines, over which great skill and true art taste is shown, as well as on the rich carvings of their canoe prows, paddles, wooden maces, swords, arrows, and axe handles; and I marvel where this nation of naked and savage cannibals can have acquired their art education.

"One bundle of arrows which I purchased from them," Mr. Nisbet continues, "were wonderful in variety, no two alike in design." Their designs are taken from animals and flowers.

This, with the happy knack which they have of seizing chance effects, such as a twist or knuckle in the wood, and turning it adroitly into some object to which they may fancy it bears a slight resemblance, gives the infinite variety, and reveals them to be possessed in a very high degree of the gift of imagination and poetry, as well as artistic power of adaptation and imitation.

Mr. Nisbet goes on to dilate upon the hidden meanings of the designs carved upon these arrows, and further upon the art labour which they bestow upon the latokoes, or trading vessels.

His chapter is the most attractive and novel in the book, because he confines it to a study of the native preserving his own destiny independently of new and civilizing influences. Mr. Louis Becke, Miss Lala Fisher, and Mr. Douglas Sladen deal, on the other hand, with the familiar struggle between the white man and the black. The European is their hero, and in Mr. Sladen's thrilling account of an escape from an "inside station" the plucky little English Miss is actually introduced. Her behaviour to her heroic rescuer reminds us not a little of the heroine in "The Gentleman of France." It is Western romance in a tale of the far South. But these stories are none the less entertaining, especially Miss Fisher's amusing account of how an overseer of a sugar industry saved his colony from dying in scores by the gentle persuasion of the whip.

LABOUR.

THE MARTYRDOM OF LABOUR, by Alfred T. Story (Redway 5s.), is a book written in a temper of red-hot indignation. It covers much the same ground as Mr. Sherard's "White Slaves of England"—a work from which the author quotes extensively—but it contains more political economy and less picturesque description than that notable little volume. The facts recited concerning the condition of the labouring classes in certain underpaid and unhealthy industries certainly furnish food for thought; and Mr. Story is hardly to be blamed for not being ready with any remedy that promised to be instantly efficacious. He seems, at any rate, to be on the right track in refusing to find the panacea in "mere changes of governmental machinery," and in insisting that "a new character, a renovated soul," on the part of the downtrodden workers themselves is what is wanted. His exhortations on this head are too often so worded as to read like mere rhetoric; but they really wrap up a good deal of sound common sense. The pressure, to be effective, must come from the workers themselves; this is the conclusion to be drawn from Mr. Story's paper. It was a conclusion well worth drawing, and would have been worth more precise and analytical treatment than Mr. Story, in the exuberance of his tempestuous eloquence, has given it.

This seems to be the object of Mr. Morrison Davidson in THE ANNALS OF TOIL (Reeves, 6s.), which is written with the object of "planting in the minds of the toilers contempt, righteous hatred, and horror of 'the classes' by whom they have so long been sweated, robbed and maltreated." Most of the book is occupied with pure denunciation. Mr. Davidson throws no new light on the real history of toil. The book is scrappy, full of irrelevant matter, and so carelessly written that in at least two instances whole paragraphs are repeated word for word. The historians of England, Mr. Davidson thinks, are "mercenary and prejudiced scribes of the classes," and Shakespeare himself is "the worst of all the venal scribes." The labour members of Parliament are not fitted "to lead labour anywhere except into the ditch." The poor London County Council—so Progressive, too—is only good for a "cold, mechanical democracy," and the State itself, according to this terrible person, is but "the product of force and fraud, an invention of evil men for evil purposes."

TWO VIEWS OF ST. PAUL.

In Dr. Orelli Cone's PAUL, THE MAN, THE MISSIONARY, AND THE TEACHER (A. and C. Black, 10s. 6d.) and Dr. Lyman Abbott's THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF PAUL THE APOSTLE (J. Clarke, 6s.), we have two estimates of St. Paul by American writers of eminence. Nothing could be more unlike than their treatment of the subject. Dr. Cone is a pupil of the Germans, and his method is like theirs: well equipped with learning, somewhat heavy in method, he writes as a critic to whom the tendency of modern thought renders only "an emasculated Paulinism" possible. To him there is "heartless unconcern" in Paul's eschatology, an *odium theologicum* without sympathy or fairness in his treatment of the Judaizers, an untenable supernaturalism in his central doctrine of union with Christ; he finds the Apostle too sacramental on the one hand and too rabbinical on the other. He lays an unkind emphasis on St. Paul's confession that the

treasure of his Apostleship was in an "earthen vessel," and that he saw "through a glass darkly." He claims that by this method "the Apostle is fairly treated, and his greatness made apparent." But, though it is true that such stern freedom of criticism is necessary for the elucidation of the truth finding its right place in the long run, and serving meanwhile as a whetstone to the student, yet it suggests the reflection that no one sees so darkly through a glass as the critical superior person. Dr. Lyman Abbott, in his lucid popular way, certainly manages to bring the real Paul more successfully before us. His intention is to apply what he calls the principle of evolution to the Apostle's teaching, which simply means that he does not suppose St. Paul to have started his ministry with a completed system of theology, but traces that growth of his ideas which is obscured by the traditional arrangement of the Epistles. He describes exceedingly well Saul's honest persecution of the Christians, and the horror with which the career of Jesus must have filled an orthodox Jew. Very characteristically he calls the Apostle "not a John Calvin, rather a Browning"; and, instead of seeing him bristling with limitations, as does Dr. Cone, he attributes to opposite reasons the enormous influence on the world of those few hastily written letters, which comprise at the most only sixty pages of a moderate-sized octavo. Pagans, Jews, Catholics, Protestants, even ethical Christians, says Dr. Abbott, have all failed to grasp the breadth of Paul's teaching; it was too big for them, and those who professed to follow it tried to cut it down to suit their own measure. It is interesting to notice who are the modern writers whose "large and spiritual teaching" Dr. Abbott considers to be true to St. Paul; they are Phillips Brooks, Beecher, Maurice, and Robertson; and the exegetical writers whom he has found most useful are Meyer, Alford, Ellicott, Stanley, and Jowett; to these he adds some more recent names, among them Dr. Ramsay, Professor A. Sabatier, and the American theologian Professor McGiffert.

CHEMISTRY.

Among the many significant signs of progress exhibited by the United States not the least significant is the marked improvement in American technical and scientific literature which has taken place within the last few years. Comparatively recently an American technical treatise was synonymous with all that was windy and worthless. To-day, as is evidenced by Dr. F. H. Thorp's OUTLINES OF INDUSTRIAL CHEMISTRY (New York: The Macmillan Co., 15s. n.), and by numerous other instances, all this is changing; the first fruit, perhaps, of the many magnificently equipped centres of technical education with which America is provided. The author of "Outlines of Industrial Chemistry" has, however, succeeded in treating his somewhat unwieldy subject clearly and methodically, and with a due sense of the relative importance of things. In no instance is a process more than outlined, and nowhere is the text sprinkled with hard sayings beyond the comprehension of a student. We have the philosophy of industrial chemistry given us in an exceptionally readable manner. The scientific rationale of a process is not buried beneath a mass of practical recipes, or cumbersome chemical equations. The same lucidity and restraint are visible in the diagrams. In glancing through these "Outlines of Industrial Chemistry" it is impossible not to admire the ingenuity and versatility of the human mind in working up the raw materials of Nature. It is all so clever and so simple that one forgets that less than a century ago industrial chemistry was practically non-existent, and that at the bottom of it all there is endless toil, much danger, and many diseases. We can recommend Dr. Thorp's work, not only to the students for whom it is primarily intended, but as a work of reference, and also to any readers with a modicum of chemical knowledge who may wish to keep in touch with chemical industrial development. The author has provided an excellent index and copious bibliographical references at the end of each section.

Dr. J. H. Varr't Hoff, the author of LECTURES ON THEORETICAL AND PHYSICAL CHEMISTRY, translated by Dr. R. A. Lehfeldt, Part I., Chemical Dynamics (Arnold, 12s. n.), expresses the hope that his "little book may perhaps be a welcome guide to those who wish to possess themselves of the latest acquisitions of physical chemistry." Seeing that the author is the leading living exponent of this new branch of chemistry, it will not be surprising if his modest aspiration should be fulfilled. Physical chemistry, however, bears little resemblance to the chemistry that Faraday loved; its book-lore is lavishly besprinkled with mathematics and graphics, and needs in the reader mathematical and chemical knowledge such as only professionals usually possess.

THE DEATH OF MAY.

The feet of June are on the golden stair,
The lilac casts its perfume on the air;
And touched by dawn and kissed by moonlight grey
Dies in the world this last sweet night of May.

Across the hills that cut the western sky
The white moon leans to see the white May die;
Leans from her far off home in heaven to bless
The meeting lips of Death and Loveliness.

O, perfumed May! thy doom no mourner weeps—
The red rose dreams of June—the white rose sleeps;
The nightingales are dumb, and in the dark
The brown thrush waits the prelude of the lark.

* * * *

Over the hills a lark! And one more June
Steals through the eastern door to hear his tune;
Whilst through the sorrowful and western door
Into the outer dark goes one May more.

Whither? We know but this, there all sweet tunes
Have gone, and all the grace of vanished Junes.
And there, to-morrow, this white rose shall know
The rose that bloomed a thousand years ago.

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

Among my Books.

THOMAS BROWNE EN FRANCE.

Un comité s'est formé à Norwich pour élever un monument à Sir Thomas Browne. De Norwich, patrie de l'exquis auteur de "Religio Medici," l'appel s'est étendu, très légitimement et naturellement, à l'Angleterre tout entière. Aurais-je la prétention singulièrement audacieuse, d'étendre cet appel à l'Europe, et particulièrement à la France? Je dois confesser très ingénument que je n'ai pas cette prétention, car je ne me dissimule pas que le titre seul de ces lignes sonnera aux oreilles de plus d'un lecteur anglais comme un pur paradoxe. Thomas Browne, pour original qu'il soit, n'appartient pas à cette *Weltliteratur* dont parlait Goethe et dont il souhaitait l'avènement. Il est essentiellement de son siècle, et il est avant tout de son pays; et assurément son mérite n'en est pas diminué en son fond, mais certainement sa gloire en a un peu souffert au delà de la Manche.

Après cet aveu dénué d'artifice, m'accordera-t-on le droit de rappeler que la critique européenne n'a pas toujours été aussi indifférente à Thomas Browne, notamment en son temps? et ensuite (c'est là un modeste, mais sincère témoignage rendu à sa gloire) qu'il garde encore aujourd'hui, même hors de sa patrie, des admirateurs et des amis?

Thomas Browne avait voyagé en France, et nous ne saurions trop regretter qu'il ne nous ait pas conté son voyage. Il avait, notamment, séjourné à Montpellier, comme plus tard John Locke. Il connaissait de près quelques livres français, spécialement Montaigne et Rabelais, qui tous deux ont avec lui une évidente parenté d'esprit. Enfin son œuvre, malgré des différences qui sautent aux

yeux, a plus d'une analogie avec celle de quelques écrivains français, ses contemporains. Il nous est donc particulièrement doux de constater que son nom ne fut pas inconnu dans le Paris du XVII^e siècle. Sa "Religio Medici," traduite en latin "par quelque Hollandais," pensait-on, (en fait, si cette version a paru à La Haye, on sait qu'elle est de John Merryweather), y arriva en 1664.

Elle trouva aussitôt un admirateur en Guy Patin. Guy Patin, médecin comme Browne, était, en son genre, aussi original, quoique bien moins profond, que lui: les contemporains le peignent "satirique depuis la tête jusqu'aux pieds." Ses colères, ses fantaisies, ses préjugés faisaient une physionomie très personnelle à ce partisan acharné de la médecine ancienne, à cet ennemi déclaré des découvertes modernes, qui avait, nous dit Vigneul-Marville, "dans le visage l'air de Cicéron et dans l'esprit le caractère de Rabelais." Guy Patin était fait pour comprendre toute une partie de l'œuvre de Thomas Browne. Comme plusieurs de ses contemporains français, comme Gabriel Naudé ou comme Pierre Bayle, il avait conservé, du XVI^e siècle, un immense appétit de savoir mêlé à une extrême liberté d'appréciation personnelle. Ces hommes sont, comme Browne, des survivants de la Renaissance égarés dans une époque plus grave et plus ordonnée. Dès le 21 octobre 1641, Guy Patin annonce à un de ses correspondants "un petit livre nouveau, intitulé 'Religio Medici,' et il ajoute: "C'est un livre tout gentil et curieux, mais fort délicat et tout mystique; l'auteur ne manque pas d'esprit; vous y verrez d'étranges et ravissantes pensées." Le 16 avril, 1645, il écrit encore de Paris: "On fait ici grand état du livre intitulé 'Religio Medici' (témoignage significatif du bruit que l'œuvre faisait autour de lui). Cet auteur a de l'esprit. Il y a de gentilles choses dans ce livre. C'est un mélancolique agréable en ses pensées, mais qui, à mon jugement, cherche maître en fait de religion, comme beaucoup d'autres, et peut-être qu'enfin il n'en trouvera aucun." Et, ayant appris que Browne vivait encore, il lui appliquait ces paroles du vieux Philippe de Commines sur Saint François de Paule: "Il est encore en vie, il peut aussi bien empirer qu'amender."

Thomas Browne passa donc, auprès des contemporains de Corneille et de Pascal, pour un homme d'esprit, savant, mélancolique et sceptique. Et ce n'est pas tout Browne, mais c'est bien quelque chose de Browne. On lisait encore beaucoup Montaigne vers 1640, et les Français de ce temps, curieux de toute science et même de toute fausse science, avaient encore l'esprit assez jeune pour admettre, avec l'auteur de "Religio Medici," que "nous portons en nous toutes les merveilles de l'Afrique," et pour s'amuser de ces merveilles. Combien leur admiration pour Browne se fût accrue, s'ils avaient pu apprécier dans l'original son admirable style, d'une ampleur si latine et d'une éloquence si large, si voisine en sa forme de notre langue du XVII^e siècle, majestueuse et harmonieuse, sonore et chargée de pensée!

Quelques années plus tard, en 1668, Browne trouva

(1) Voir les *Lettres* de Guy Patin (éd. Réveillé—Paris, t. I., p. 340).

un traducteur français. C'était un protestant, Nicolas Lefèvre, ancien élève de l'Université de Sedan, et connu par ses travaux sur la chimie. Lefèvre avait jadis été choisi par Vallot, premier médecin de Louis XIV., comme démonstrateur de chimie au Jardin du Roi, à Paris, et, en 1664, sa réputation lui avait valu d'être appelé à Londres par Charles II., qui lui avait confié la direction d'un laboratoire dans le palais de St. James. Lefèvre fut membre de la Société royale de Londres et a laissé un nom estimé dans l'histoire de la chimie. Si je rappelle ces circonstances, c'est que la plupart des bibliographes ont commis des erreurs sur le traducteur français de Browne. La plus grave consiste à l'accuser d'avoir traduit sur le latin de Merryweather ; mais c'est qu'ils n'ont pas ouvert son livre, dans la préface duquel Lefèvre se vante précisément d'avoir eu sous les yeux l'original anglais, "parce que c'est sa langue naturelle et par conséquent la plus naïve et la plus fidèle." Lefèvre savait donc l'anglais, mérite rare en France vers 1668, mais la vérité m'oblige à dire qu'il écrivait fort mal le français, et rien, dans sa dure et incorrecte traduction, ne pouvait donner aux lecteurs de Racine l'idée que la "Religio Medici" fût une œuvre d'art.

En fait, Browne devient, entre les mains de Lefèvre, un pur théologien. Le titre seul de cette traduction indique le but poursuivi par le traducteur : "La Religion du Médecin, description nécessaire (?) par Thomas Browne, médecin renommé à Norwich, touchant son opinion accordante avec le pur service d'Angleterre (imprimée en l'an 1668 [à La Haye])." Une gravure, en tête du livre, représente un pécheur qui tombe du ciel dans la mer mugissante et que retient une main divine, avec cette devise : *A caelo salus*. C'est un livre d'édification, dans lequel Lefèvre déclare avoir beaucoup profité pour "la pratique des vertus." Pourquoi faut-il qu'il en ait oublié une, qui est la charité ? Dans sa préface, il s'emporte par avance contre ceux qui trouveront à redire aux opinions de son auteur. Il les traite de "chiens enragés" et les compare à "Balac (*sic*), lequel voyait à regret les troupes du peuple de Dieu, et les regardait avec des yeux d'indignation et de colère." Pauvre Thomas Browne ! N'était-ce pas assez que votre prose d'un rythme si riche et si pur se transformât en je ne sais quel jargon chimico-théologique ? Fallait-il encore que l'étroite intelligence d'un sectaire travestît à ce point votre âme charmante et aimante, à vous qui aviez plaidé avec une si communicative chaleur la cause sacrée de la tolérance ? à vous qui, né protestant, vous glorifiez quelque part de n'avoir jamais entendu l'*Ave Maria* "sans une élévation de votre âme ?" à vous qui dénoncez ceux qui ne peuvent être "les auteurs d'une opinion sans être aussi les auteurs d'une secte ?" à vous dont la spirituelle bonté a laissé échapper un jour ce mot délicieux : "Quand vous auriez l'oreille assez fine pour entendre le bruit que la lune fait en tournant, ne la prêtez pas aux médisants ?"

Il y a des traducteurs qui tuent leur auteur. J'ai bien peur que Nicolas Lefèvre n'ait mortellement blessé Thomas Browne dans l'opinion des lecteurs français. Du moins l'œuvre délicate du médecin de Norwich s'en-

fonce-t-elle avec lui dans les régions obscures de la théologie.

Quelques années après, elle se perd chez nous dans les régions austères de la science. C'est parmi les médecins et les physiciens que la critique française du commencement du XVIII^e siècle s'obstine à classer Thomas Browne : ainsi fait le P. Nicéron, dans ses "Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire des hommes illustres" ¹ (1733) : Browne n'est pas, à ses yeux, un écrivain. Et il n'est pas non plus un écrivain aux yeux d'un traducteur qui publia en 1733 son "Essai sur les erreurs populaires ou examen de plusieurs opinions reçues comme vraies, qui sont fausses ou douteuses, traduit de l'anglais de Thomas Browne, chevalier et docteur en médecine." ² L'auteur de cette traduction, qui fut réimprimée en 1738, passe pour être l'abbé Souchay, professeur au Collège Royal et membre de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles lettres. Par un paradoxe piquant, la "Pseudodoxia epidemica," sous cette nouvelle forme, se trouve dédiée au duc de Richelieu, le plus grand libertin du XVIII^e siècle, le sceptique et frivole ami de Voltaire, comme à un esprit libre et "supérieur aux préjugés." Ainsi vont les choses. Tout à l'heure Browne était confisqué par un sectaire. Le voilà transformé presque en philosophe et en "ami des lumières," à la mode du XVIII^e siècle. Oh ! comme il avait raison d'écrire : "Si Cardan dit que le perroquet est un bel oiseau, voici Scaliger qui fourbit son esprit pour prouver que c'est un animal difforme !" Dieu nous garde, après notre mort, des traducteurs, des commentateurs et des préfaciers !

Dieu nous garde aussi des maladroits amis ! Je ne voudrais pas affirmer que la France de l'époque classique a rendu justice à l'auteur de "Religio Medici." Il me suffit d'avoir montré qu'elle ne l'a pas entièrement ignoré. Elle a ignoré l'écrivain ; elle n'a fait que soupçonner le moraliste ; elle a grandement considéré le médecin et le savant. Nous avons changé notre point de vue. La renommée de Browne dans la science a pâli. Sa gloire comme écrivain et styliste a grandi d'autant. Mais ici, il convient, je pense, aux étrangers de se taire.

En revanche, ils peuvent légitimement admirer l'humour de Thomas Browne, sa *quaintness* inexprimable et subtile, sa souplesse et aisance d'esprit, presque unique dans cet austère et rigide XVII^e siècle. Ils peuvent, avec profit et plaisir, évoquer l'aimable figure de ce médecin "honnête homme," comme eût dit notre Pascal, qui "ne se piquait de rien" et qui a su être savant sans être pédant. Et, enfin, pénétrant au fond de cette âme sincère et profonde, ils peuvent, comme ses compatriotes, goûter sa religiosité vraie et cette mélancolie si poétique à la fois et si chrétienne, dont Thomas Browne eût pu dire, comme Jaques dans *As You Like It* : "It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most harmonious sadness."

JOSEPH TEXTE.

(1) T. xxiii., p. 353-360. Bayle a également mentionné Browne.

(2) Paris, 1733, 2 vol., in 12.

THE NEW LAND.

Before it came under the rule of the English, the Land of the Five Rivers, in the savagery of incessant war, was jungle or drab waste, save for a few meagre, ill-tilled fields around fortified cities and villages. To-day it is a green land; and a healthy people, rich in corn and cattle, dwell in its thousand new, unvalled villages on the banks of many canals. It is a new land; and in it the first nation in India is renewing its youth. For it has been peopled by settling on the land pensioned sepoys of twenty years' service; and they have brought into civil life the habit of order and discipline they learned as soldiers. As in other new lands, few questions about their past are asked of strangers who settle in it, if they be well-conducted; therefore, it is the very haven of the good man in adversity.

In the great city of Singhabad, the boy Narain Das, son of Puran Chanbe, priest of Shri Krishn, helped his father in his duties at the shrine until such a time as he should himself be invested with the sacred thread of the Brahmin. And Rukmini, the little daughter of Chedi Lal the confectioner, came daily with her devout mother to the shrine, dressed in her red sari with its yellow border. The two children, careless of the grotesque worship of the god, would slip away to play in quiet corners of the Temple, and shared often an equal chastisement for their truancy. Later, the austere training of the Brahmin separated them; and they grew up apart: Narain Das into a grave, devout young priest, Rukmini into the prettiest of the maidens who accompanied, grave and demure, their mothers to the Temple to make offering and sing hymns to the woman's god.

Later, again, when Narain Das returned, a priest, to the shrine, they came back into one another's lives; not quickly, indeed, for many weeks passed before he began to look eagerly for the daily coming of the prettiest of the worshippers; before his eyes set vague feelings astir in her. In truth, Kama Deva had drawn his bow, and pierced either of them, unaware, with his flower-tipped shafts. Only the little green and gold, rose-necked parrots, flashing in and out of the stucco of the Temple walls, knew what had befallen them, and screamed their jerky laughter at their master's trick; for there is no creature so wise in these matters as the parrot, the servant of Love.

Then, on a day, Narain Das grew as wise as the parrots. He was conducting, for the first time, the worship of the god in the place of his father, who lay ill of an ague; and his eyes, wandering round, as was their wont, to meet the eyes of Rukmini, failed to meet them. The keen pang of disappointment which smote him showed him the truth. Standing as he did in his father's place, in the full exercise of his religious functions, the bells jangling round him, the reek of incense and sickening ghee in his nostrils, he shrank from the truth, and tried to thrust it from him. He succeeded but ill; a darkness fell on his soul; and the parrots, flying out of the shrine on golden wings, screamed to one another that the shafts of Kama Deva, for all their flower tips, were painful in the hearts of men.

When his religious duties had been discharged, and he was left alone with his thought of Rukmini, he reminded himself again and again that the gods had set an infrangible barrier between him and a Sudra woman; but the thought of her clung to his heart.

She did not come to the shrine for some days; and all that while, and it was a long while, Narain Das, by frequent meditation upon Shri Krishn, and hours of repetition of the name of Hari, tried to pluck out the shaft of Kama Deva. Sometimes he seemed to himself to be on the way to succeed; but, for the most part, the feeling that he was a grown man, a Brahmin and a prince among men, that Rukmini was a grown woman, ripe for and worthy of the love of such a man as he, was very strong on him. Moreover, his meditations on the god reminded him that Krishn's love in the forests of Brindabun had been Rukmini, a daughter of the Sudra cowherds. The old syllogism came again and again to his mind:—

The Brahmin controls the charms and spells,
The charms and spells control the gods,
Therefore, the Brahmin controls the gods.

Surely, what was lawful for the incarnation of Vishnu was lawful for the Lord of Vishnu. He turned again to his repetition; but even as his lips murmured, "Hari-Hari-Hari-ji-Hari-ji," his eyes rested on the siras-tree before the gate of the Temple-court; the faint, sweet scent of its tufted blossoms came to his nostrils very disturbing; and among its leaves a dainty little parrot was calling coyly to her lover. There was a gleam of golden wings, and he was at her side, caressing her with his beak, feeding her with seeds, and the pair nestled together their glossy heads. Very tenderly they played till the golden eye of one of them fell upon the still form of the priest; then they stooped, and were gone in a gleam of gold, screaming gleefully, "Learn of Kama Deva, lord of gods and Brahmins!" And a flight of their kin, sweeping past like a chain of gold and emeralds, flung across the purple sky, took up and reiterated their cry. Nature had said her say; and Narain Das came back to his gloomy chamber, his heart fuller than ever of Rukmini, to mutter, fruitlessly indeed, the sacred name.

On the morrow, at last, the sight of Rukmini thrilled him. She came alone and late; laid three wreaths of champak blossoms and a little rice at the feet of the god; and prayed for a blessing on her home and the husband chosen for her. Narain Das had heard her; and, under an impulse of passion there was no withstanding, took up one of her wreaths, and slipped it over her head, saying gently, "Thou art blessed, O Rukmini, faithful daughter of Krishn."

She looked up at him, her wide, joyful eyes shining into his; saw in a breath that the gods had indeed blessed her—with the love of a man; and trembled. Then she rose unsteadily, shivering at the thought that they were but mocking her, that they had set an infrangible barrier between her and him.

Narain Das put his arms about her very clumsily, arms which had never before held a woman; "Little love!" he said hoarsely; and his voice shook. "We played together as children; let us love now!" And he kissed her cheek very clumsily.

"The gods forbid it, my lord!" she said faintly, struggling. "Also—also my husband comes. The wedding is in a month."

Narain loosed her, and cried fiercely, "Who is he?"

"Ganga Sahai, the son of Amin Chand of Golabpore," she said faintly, and fled.

As she passed out of the gate, she tore a few blossoms from the wreath, and let them fall. Narain had them on the instant, and stood, gazing down the street after her, dazed by the tumult in his heart, only conscious that the touch of her cheek was very warm on his lips. He came slowly back to his chamber; and while the champak blossoms filled it with their heavy fragrance, the might of Kama Deva warred fiercely in his heart against the fear of the gods.

When, after the swift dawn, the parrots darted into the Temple, and saw the image of Shri Krishn uncovered, they screamed their glee to be assured that Narain Das was at last the slave of Kama Deva.

Poor Rukmini was in no better case than her lover. She had clung to her faith and its rites with little understanding; but by the natural welding of time they had grown part of her. She had prayed to the gods for devotion to her appointed husband; and in answer to her prayer they had filled her with a passion that dashed and bruised her against the sacred barrier of their own raising. For two days she stayed away from the shrine; on the third day she came early with her mother. The fire in the pleading eyes of Narain burned up her scruples, and brought her on the fourth day alone and late. It was a brief meeting: many eyes would rejoice to spy out the transgression of a Brahmin; but the sweeter for its briefness. Narain's passion found something of an expression. They met again and again; and after every meeting it was harder to say good-bye. They were drifting surely to shame and ruin.

In the midst of their meetings Rukmini's brother came to visit his family from Jonesbad, a new village down on the great Chenab canal. Listening to his tale of the life and ways of the dwellers in it, a wild hope came to her; might they not, if her

lover could deign to stoop to a Sudra, find a life together in this new land ?

Then came the goddess from the machine. That creature, abhorred of the men of India for the abomination which comes wherever her evil feet fall, an old woman, for once worked good. Her foster-mother drew from Rukmini her trouble and her hope. She fired at the chance of mischief, and was further spurred to action by Amin Chand's niggardliness in the matter of the negotiations for the marriage. Rukmini's plan seemed to her not only feasible, but excellent : and she enquired among her friends. Then she sought out Narain Das, and told him of a village on a branch of the Garh Sagar canal, whose people had built a little temple and were seeking a priest, that he was the man they needed. The picture of a happy life with Rukmini in that quiet, far village, and a picture of a loveless, dreary life in the temple of Shri Krishn and Singhabad were very clear in Narain's mind : but the thought of Rukmini the wife of Ganga Sahai decided him. He paid the old woman generously.

A few nights later, after the last worshipper had gone, he made up his little bundle, took his few rupees, passed out of the temple, and came down the street without a glance behind. He stole through the field paths to the banks of the Ravi canal, and came to a great barge moored by its bank, shown dimly in the darkness by the glimmer of a little earthen lamp. Two slight women's forms came to his side, without a word, at the foot of the plank which served as gangway : one of them followed him up it on board, and sat down beside him on the high poop. Presently three or four boatmen got out their sweeps, and the lumbering craft went wallowing down the stream.

One dawn, far down the Garh Sagar canal, Narain Das and Rukmini went ashore and took their way under the date-palms, through the tall millet, into the new land. They were not afraid ; for love casts out fear—even of the cruel gods of the East.

EDGAR JEPSON.
CAPTAIN D. BEAMES.

Notes.

As in his "Diamond Jubilee Ode," the Poet Laureate draws his inspiration from nature in penning the poem for the Queen's eightieth birthday, which appeared in *The Times* of Wednesday. It is in a very musical rhythm, well handled, and the stanzas of country life are in Mr. Austin's happiest vein. There the idyllic poet feels at home, far more so than when he tunes his lyre to higher strains. One cannot avoid some feeling of disproportion, some trace of a singer in difficulties. After all, what have larks, and orchard crofts, and white bindweed to do with Imperial expansion ? We quote what seem to us the best stanzas of the poem—happily called "An Indian Summer" :—

Withal there comes a time when Summers wane,
When from the sunshine something seems withdrawn,
And pensive shadows lengthen on the lawn ;
White bindweed wanders lonely in the lane,
The one sweet thing that now unwithered doth remain.

But there is beauty in autumnal bough
No less than in dear April's dewy leaves,
When with its store of golden-girdled sheaves
Piled stands the wain where one time passed the plough,
And ripened labour reaps fulfilment of its vow.

Then, though no more the oblivious cuckoo calls
From land to land, nor longer on the spray
Of yellowing elm the throistle vaunts his lay,
The ringdove's mate, as fades the leaf and falls,
Reiterates its note of love that never palls.

Though fluttereth still the soul-like lark aloft,
There is a quiet in the woodland ways,
The retrospective hush of vanished days,
And, around garden close and orchard croft,
A something in the air celestially soft.

From hamlet roofs blue apices of smoke once more,
As dies the day in mist along the date,
And widowed evening weeps behind her veil,
From log-replenished ingle heavenward soar,
And lamps are early lit, and early latched the door.

Season it is less earthly than divine.
When Love's rich guerdons with the days increase,
And cares are softened 'neath the crown of peace ;
When all we have won 'twere easy to resign ;
A season like to this, loved Lady, now is Thine !

The centenary of Thomas Hood's birth, last Tuesday, suggests some reflections on literary fashions. His name now suggests little more to the generality of readers than "The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Song of the Shirt." The fate of his comic poems, for which in his lifetime he was chiefly famous, illustrates the transitoriness of humour. "The Bridge of Sighs" is not a finer example of pathos than "Ben Battle" is of humour, at any rate, humour of the kind then popular. Leigh Hunt quotes "Ben Battle" under the seventh heading in his essay on Wit and Humour under "Any kind of juxtaposition of ideas having a pleasant effect, down to those depending on sound ; such as puns, macaronic poetry, half-jargon burdens of songs, and even nonsense verses." But it is in his serious poetry that Hood will live, in poems such as "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," "Hero and Leander," which made no stir at the time, and the familiar "I remember, I remember." By the way, the old confusion between the poet's name and that of his son, "Tom" Hood, the editor of *Fun*, has cropped up again. A writer in the *Daily Chronicle* rightly points out that the poet was always "Thomas," and that his son was actually christened "Tom" to avoid confusion.

Two years ago a committee, including Miss Anna Swanwick, Sir Edward Russell, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, Mr. Mackenzie Bell and other men of letters, was formed at Liverpool for the purpose of providing a local memorial to the Liverpool poetess, Mrs. Hemans. It was also decided that the memorial should take the form of an annual prize for a lyrical poem. The requisite funds having been collected, the subscription list is now closed. The council of University College has taken control of the fund ; Mr. Charles Allen has promised to produce a memorial medal ; and the prize, consisting of a medal and either books or money, will be first awarded in 1900.

A first list of subscriptions has been published by the committee of the William Black Memorial Fund, of which the hon. treasurer is Lord Archibald Campbell, Coutts' Bank. Among the members of the committee and the subscribers to the fund, which will probably be applied to establishing a lifeboat associated with Mr. Black's name somewhere on the West Coast of Scotland, are the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Marquis of Lorne, Mr. George Meredith, Sir Walter Besant, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Anthony Hope, Sir Theodore Martin, Sir Robert Giffin, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, Mr. Colin Hunter, A.R.A., Mr. Boughton, R.A., Mr. Macwhirter, R.A., Mr. Orchardson, R.A., Baron Tauchnitz, Sir J. R. Robinson, Sir Wemyss Reid, Sir Felix Simon, Dr. Lauder Brunton, the Editors of the *Scotsman*, the *Glasgow Herald*, the *Liverpool Daily Post*, and many others.

A writer in the *Daily News*, who has himself seen "a hut full of shepherds in the remote Antipodean backwoods" under the spell of Little Nell, vouches for the following story, which we do not remember to have seen before :—

Perhaps the most curious testimony to Dickens' universality is given by a surveyor, who was crossing the Sierra Nevada mountains. He and his party were snowbound, and, looking for water, came across a little hut, built of pine boughs and a few rough boards clumsily hewn out of small trees with an axe. The occupant was dressed in a suit made entirely of flour sacks, and was curiously labelled on various parts of his person "Best Family Flour Extra." His head was covered by a wolf's skin, drawn from the brute's head, with the ears standing erect in a fierce alert manner. He had not seen a

human being for four months, and had lived on bear and elk meat and flour laid in during the summer. On being asked how he spent his time, he went to a barrel and produced "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Pickwick," which he knew almost by heart. He knew nothing about the author, but he gloried in Sam Weller, despised Squeers, and would probably have taken the latter's scalp with great skill and cheerfulness.

Our recent remarks on the subject of the decadence of magazines received a further striking illustration last week from certain proceedings in the Court of Mr. Justice Grantham. The same editor who circulated pudding basins full of gelatinous matter in order to collect impressions of the soles of the feet of celebrities had published what purported to be outlines of the heads of eminent people, and one eminent head indicated, he said, a "shifty, crafty individual"—an error of judgment which cost him £250 and costs. Counsel said that the outline which gave ground for litigation had been supplied by a "very respectable hatter." His respectability did not interfere with his revealing professional confidences. If the editor should return to the subject, his better way will be to send round the pudding basin again with the request that the popular idols of the hour will put their heads into it. He might, indeed, adopt the suggestion of the *St. James's Gazette*, and lead the way by heroically plunging his own head into one of these terrible receptacles. It would be interesting to have the opportunity of gauging his intelligence from his bumps.

Mr. Charles Miner Thompson, whose appreciation of Miss Wilkins we cited last week from an article by him in the *Atlantic Monthly*, is himself the author of a small collection of stories of boy-life in New England, "The Nimble Dollar and other Stories" (Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.). His studies of the New England boy are little masterpieces of story-writing, as well as contributions in their way to "historic psychology," as Renan called the science of national characteristics.

A short while since we quoted the proposal of an Italian critic that, as Shakespeare clearly described Hamlet as a podgy and short-winded person, actors should "make up" for the part with pillows and other accessories. The contention of a French critic that Sarah Bernhardt had missed a great artistic opportunity in not adopting this suggestion has resulted in a duel which, as French duels go, was of a comparatively desperate character. M. Vanor, the champion of this new reading of the part, was slapped in the face by M. Catulle Mendès, who defended the reading of it preferred by the great actress; and the result was that M. Catulle Mendès was shortly afterwards prodded in the abdominal region on the field of honour. The tragédienne had invited the poet to lunch with her after the combat was over, and tell her all about it. We are glad to know that, in the opinion of the doctors, the wound, though it has caused the duellist considerable pain, is not likely to have serious consequences.

Eleonora Duse and her distinguished countryman Zacconi have started their "d'Annunzio" tour. During two months they intend to give exclusively the plays of Gabriele d'Annunzio in all the leading towns of Italy. The première of *Gioconda* at the elegant little white and gold Theatre Mecadante, Naples, drew a brilliant audience, which is said to have literally screamed with enthusiasm. *Gioconda* is really not a play at all. It is devoid of action, has scarcely a situation, and everything that happens happens between the acts. It is almost like the old belated Italian opera in which the *dramatis personae* come forward in turn and sing their aria. In *Gioconda* all the characters talk d'Annunzio, for it is essentially a drama of words, but words of such fine musical cadence that they ravish and enthrall the listener. The story concerns a sculptor and two women, one his good angel, the other wicked and cruelly beautiful. He wishes to live with the first, who is his wife, in peace, but the latter is the inspiration of his art, and he feels he is born to create, not

merely to live. So he breaks the heart of the good woman for the sake of the bad. *Gioconda* has just been published in book form by Fratelli Treves, of Milan.

A copy of the second Shakespeare folio does not often appear in a bookseller's catalogue, but Mr. Thorp, of Reading, is now offering a fairly good one for sale. It is not, however, perfect; very few existing copies of this folio are. Either the portrait is missing, or the introductory verses have been torn into and repaired, or the end leaves are reproductions in facsimile, or other portions are dexterously inlaid; but, considering the poor quality of the paper on which the book is printed and its huge bulk, the present imperfect condition of the majority of the folios is hardly to be wondered at.

On Monday, June 12, Messrs. Sotheby will begin dispersing Mr. William Wright's collection of books, autographs, and portraits. The sets of Dickens and Cruikshank, and the autograph letters of theatrical celebrities, are probably unique. There is an almost complete set of Dickens, first editions, many of them presentation copies from the author; an equally comprehensive set of works illustrated by George Cruikshank, a large number of books illustrated by Rowlandson, and an extensive series of first editions of Thackeray. Another prominent feature is a fine series of volumes which are "extra illustrated." The details of the many hundreds of rare portraits, prints, pamphlets, and autographs with which these books are adorned would form a book by themselves. Forster's "Life of Dickens" is inlaid to three volumes folio size, not the largest "extra illustrated" copy known of this work, but a very costly one. One extra illustration alone cost no less than £40. Other notable books of this class are Doran's "Their Majesties Servants," three volumes inlaid to folio size and extended to five volumes; and the Lives of Garrick, Mrs. Jordan, Edmund Kean, J. P. Kemble, Macready, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Mrs. Siddons. Among items relating to Dickens is a little expenses book which he kept when employed as an office boy at the age of 16, and when his salary at the time, 1828, was but 13s. 6d. a week. There is also the original autograph manuscript of "The Battle of Life," one of the only three MSS. of Dickens which did not go to John Forster and from him to the South Kensington Museum. In the presentation copy of "Nicholas Nickleby" is a long autograph letter upon the subject of the book, in which the following occurs:—

The country for miles round when I was there was covered with deep snow. There is an old church near the school, and the first gravestone I stumbled on that dreary winter afternoon was placed above the grave of a boy, eighteen long years old, who had died—suddenly, the inscription said; I suppose his heart broke; the camel falls down "suddenly" when they heap the last load upon his back—died at that wretched place. I think his ghost put Smike into my head on the spot.

One curious item is a page in the autograph of Dickens composed when he was only 13 years old. It is a travesty of "Othello," written for private performance in his own family circle. Dickens is believed to have been the author of a tragedy entitled "Misnad, or the Sultan of India," but that manuscript, dating from about 1821, cannot now be found, and the travesty of "Othello" is the earliest known Dickens literary production of any kind.

We have received from Mrs. Archibald Little the following interesting notes as to the manners and achievements of the contemporary Chinese *litterateurs*. "Among Royal authors," she says, "the Empress-Dowager of China is not generally reckoned, but in her own country she is supposed to set much store by her productions. Jealousy of the poems inspired by his one journey is said to have caused the quarrel between her and Prince Chün, father of the deposed Emperor Kwangshü, and on one occasion she presented no less than 600 stanzas of her own poetry to the most learned body of China, the Hanlin College. In their enthusiasm for Japan, people often attribute to that

gifted nation what more properly belongs to the Chinese, whose society games are not of the spelling order so popular at one time in English high society, but extremely difficult, making great demands upon the talent of the players. Capping verses has from time immemorial been a favourite diversion in China, where great people still write verses to commemorate their emotions on visiting places of exceptional beauty, or on seeing often frequented haunts to especial advantage, by a very clear moonlight or at sunset. Allusions to classic authors or to celebrities of ancient days have all to be recognized in Chinese good society, which partakes of the cultured character of our own eighteenth century. And the Empress of China is quite in the fashion in writing verses and also painting pictures of considerable merit. She loves to present a picture to a favoured courtier as a mark of especial favour. Learning and culture are so much esteemed in China that style has to a great extent obliterated original thought.

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"It must, however, be remembered that the Chinese are quite unskilled in the Western art of self-advertisement. And, most unfortunately, those who translate from the Chinese generally use rugged English, or a sort of broken, childlike language, that conveys no idea at all of the finished elegance of the original, both as to conception and execution. 'Lu pe yas Lute,' versified by Mrs. Augusta Webster, probably gives a better idea of Chinese poetry, with the vague longing that pervades it, than the bulk of so-called literal translations. As showing the fancifulness of Chinese ideas rather than the beauty of their style, I venture to append a translation of a drinking song by W. A. P. M. The original was written by China's very favourite poet, Li-tao-po, A.D. 720 :—

ON DRINKING ALONE BY MOONLIGHT.

Here are flowers, and here is wine ;
But where's a friend with me to join
Hand to hand and heart to heart
In one full cup before we part ?

Rather than to drink alone,
I'll make bold to ask the moon
To condescend to lend her face
To grace the hour and the place.

Lo ! she answers, and she brings
My shadow on her silver wings ;
That makes three, and we shall be,
I ween, a merry company.

The modest moon declines the cup,
But shadow promptly takes it up ;
And when I dance my shadow fleet
Keeps measure with my flying feet.

Yet though the moon declines to tinkle,
She dances in yon shining ripple ;
And when I sing, my festive song
The echoes of the moon prolong.

Say, when shall we next meet together ?
Surely not in cloudy weather ;
For you, my boon companions dear,
Come only when the sky is clear.

In the exquisitely classic Chinese of the original this must surely be the most elegant, as well as most fanciful, drinking song that ever was written.

* * * * *

"Those who fancy that the Chinese of to-day have none of the aspirations and yearnings of the Chinese of old days may like to read a poem written by a Chinese in English, which is the more interesting in that it is addressed to a foreign friend, a German, who had just committed suicide in that November month in which 'the wild prunes first blossom on the mountain pass,' as recorded in a well-known line of Chinese poetry. The German had returned to China happy in the belief that a girl he loved would soon unite her life with his. Hearing that the engagement was broken off he seems to have given way to a fit of despondency and killed himself, and his Chinese friend bade him

farewell in the following lines, which I can never read without emotion :—

The wild prunes blossom, red and white,
In wintry air.
Heavy with orange, in sunlight,
The groves are fair.

The pearl-like river, silent, sure,
Glides to the sea :
A spirit, mutinous, but pure,
Sets itself free.

Love, flowers, and music erst were thine ;
But love, to thee
A blight, was bitter as the brine
Of the salt sea.

From these thy noble spirit yearned
Towards nobler schemes ;
Dreams of a nobler age returned—
Alas ! but dreams.

Last on the river-girdled spot—
Thy spacious home,
Spacious but lone, for one was not
That should have come—

We sat and talked of modern creed
And ancient lore ;
Of modern gospel—gush and greed,
Now to the fore.

Thy fervent hope it was to join
The best with best ;
To break down the dividing-line
Of East and West.

O friend ! albeit of alien race,
For evermore
Shall be with me thy noble face,
Too sicklied o'er

With a world-sorrow e'en too great
For thy great heart,
Since from us, who still serve and wait,
Thou wouldst depart.

Farewell ! The swift-wheeled ship will bring
To thy far West
The tidings, while I, grieving, sing
Thee to thy rest.

KU HUNG MING.

Viceroy's Yamen, Wuchang, December 4th, 1893.

If Mr. Ku Hung Ming were writing in his own language he could hardly have expressed himself more touchingly. But shall we ever 'break down the dividing-line of East and West ?'

Foreign Letter.

GERMANY.

THE INTELLECTUAL MOVEMENT IN RETROSPECT.

On the last night of the eighteenth century there took place at the Court of Weimar a famous masquerade, which opened with a symbolic pageant arranged by Goethe himself. When midnight was past, Goethe, Schiller, the philosopher Schelling, and the Norwegian romanticist Steffens withdrew into a side room and there, amidst enthusiastic speeches, drank to the new century in champagne. In these unromantic days there are not many who look forward into the twentieth century with the boundless hope and enthusiasm of those men of a hundred years ago. The world has grown soberer in the past century ; it has not passed through pessimism for nothing. But, even if we are reluctant to look forward, we can hardly escape looking backward, and, of all peoples, the Germans seem most anxious to pass in review their history and achievements in the nineteenth century. Quite a number of volumes are announced, or have already appeared, in Germany dealing with various aspects of the life and thought of the century ; and of these, much the most important so far is a large work by Professor Theobald Ziegler,

"Die geistigen und socialen Strömungen des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts" (Berlin: Bondi, 10m.), which inaugurates a series of ten volumes on "Das neunzehnte Jahrhundert in Deutschlands Entwicklung." In this attractive and eloquently written volume Professor Ziegler takes up the evolution of modern Germany on the side which possesses the most general interest for other nations, its intellectual side. German political history for the greater part of the century has been mainly a German affair, German literature and art—music excepted—have only interested other nations fitfully, but German thought has been a steady factor in the whole intellectual movement of our time. Since 1800 Germany has unquestionably thrown out more vital and vitalising ideas into "the seed-field of time" than any other nation.

Professor Ziegler begins with the great formative forces in German intellectual life in 1800, the dying rationalism of the eighteenth century, the classic humanism of Goethe and Schiller, and the new gospel of Romanticism, which was to infuse a fresh vitality into every literature of Europe. Close upon the heels of the romantic philosophy of Schleiermacher, Fichte, and Schelling came the Hegelian movement, of which Professor Ziegler gives an admirable estimate. Unfortunately, however, for Hegel's philosophy, it crystallized too soon into a system, it became too soon the hard-and-fast creed of a school. Hegelianism had in turn to succumb to the spirit of the time, not, however, before it had gathered together the broken ends of pre-Romantic speculation, and for the first time formulated clearly the relation of the individual to the collective idea of humanity, to the State. Hegel had to succumb to Schopenhauer, a philosophy of optimistic collectivism to one of pessimism and, as far as the State was concerned, indifference. And, finally, from the negation of Schopenhauer sprang the new individualism. The step from Schopenhauer's conception of the supremacy of the will to Nietzsche's glorification of the strong man, the *Willensmensch*, of which Germany possessed so magnificent an example in Bismarck, was not a great one; we must also recognize that it was a step nearer to the old ideals of Romanticism. In the meantime German literature was moving hand in hand with the philosophic movement. After the rich poetry of the beginning of the century came a period of comparative barrenness, for, strange as it may seem, no great thinker ever exerted so unfavourable an influence upon literature as Hegel. The literature which grew up upon his ideas in all the Teutonic North was flat, uninspired, insipid. Thus the most vital problem of modern German and Scandinavian literatures has been the dethronement of Hegel; and it is here, if we only look deep enough, that we shall discover the real mainspring of the vigorous movement which has manifested itself in these literatures in the course of the past thirty years. The young literature of Germany could not long remain content with Schopenhauer, and what it missed in Schopenhauer it found in the powerfully individualistic trend of Scandinavian thought and poetry. Thus it is that Friedrich Nietzsche, the most ruthless champion of individualism of our time, has become, as Professor Ziegler says, "the great Piper of Hamelin" for the younger generation in Germany—a kind of impersonation of its literary ideals. With this final triumph of individualism the last traces of Hegel's literary influence have now been swept away.

Although one may not be able to follow Professor Ziegler in all the details of his book, it is impossible not to be struck by the essential fairness of his treatment. His own personal standpoint is clear enough; we feel at once that it is a South German and no Prussian who speaks. This is nowhere more obvious than in the constant antagonism which he displays towards Treitschke. Those who have come under the spell of the great Prussian historian will often be dissatisfied with the present volume; but Ziegler's standpoint is, none the less, a fairer, more liberal one than Treitschke's. On the other hand, Treitschke seems to me to have got nearer the kernel of German national life than Ziegler. He has understood more clearly how much lies in what I would call the conservative romanticism of the German race; here, and not in the cosmopolitan socialism, which Pro-

fessor Ziegler seems to estimate so highly, lies Germany's peculiar strength. Ziegler clings too literally to Goethe's dictum—"Das Klassische nenne ich das Gesunde und das Romantische das Kranke." He overlooks the fact that much, perhaps the best, in the classic humanism of Goethe was rooted deep in the inexhaustible romanticism of his race. But although Professor Ziegler is personally not in sympathy with this side of German intellectual life, a paragraph like the following, which throws a flood of light upon the evolution of modern Germany, shows how fair his treatment of the subject is:—

Romanticism is still amongst us to-day, and every one is a romanticist who, like Nietzsche, sets the individual and his ego upon the throne, or, like Friedrich Wilhelm IV. of Prussia, will bring back the Middle Ages into the modern world; or who, again, like Wagner blends all the arts, like Nietzsche blends art and science, like Ludwig II. of Bavaria art and life, into one great ocean and leaves them in the wildest whirlpool of confusion. Those three tendencies of romanticism, full of contradictions as they are, dominate and corrupt the nineteenth century from its beginning to its close. And their power is not only visible where they dominate the century, but also where they are in conflict with it; for all attempts that have been hitherto made to overcome romanticism have been unsuccessful. It has struck too deep a root in German intellectual life for that, there is too much that is fascinating in it for the German mind, its best side is too akin to the German spirit.

Unquestionably the best part of Professor Ziegler's work is that which deals with the religious and philosophical evolution of modern Germany; the chapters on the literary movement are least satisfactory, but another volume of the series is to be devoted exclusively to the literature of the nineteenth century. On the whole, the volume is conceived in a generous, liberal spirit, and is warmly to be recommended to all foreign readers who wish to understand something of the peculiar temper of modern Germany.

The influence of the underlying social and intellectual currents of German life upon the national literature is also the subject of a recent American book which has not yet received the attention in England it deserves. I refer to Professor Kuno Francke's "Social Forces in German Literature" (New York: Holt), of which, I understand, a third edition is already in the press. In this suggestive work Professor Francke sets up what the scientist would call a working hypothesis to the effect that German intellectual and social life has oscillated steadily through the centuries between individualism and socialism. "All literary development," he holds, "is determined by the incessant conflict of two elemental human tendencies, the tendency towards personal freedom and the tendency towards collective organization." And this theory forms the background of his literary history. It is doubtful if a simple hypothesis of this kind is directly applicable to more than a few periods and manifestations of German or of any literature; literary evolution, since the Renaissance, at least, is, I fear, too complex an affair to be explained so easily. But the chief thing is that Professor Francke's hypothesis has aided him in producing what is undoubtedly the best history of German literature in our language, a book based everywhere on first-hand knowledge, full of fresh ideas and new points of view.

Of works dealing with the purely philosophical movement of the century a "Geschichte der neueren deutschen Philosophie seit Hegel," by Otto Siebert (Göttingen: Vandenhoeck and Ruprecht, 7m. 50pf.), may be recommended as a useful enough handbook to assist the student through the maze of schools and coteries in modern German philosophy; it is, however, rather a "Grundriss," a collection of materials, than a well digested history. The actual condition of German thought at the present moment—the Kant revival, the development of psychological research, the Nietzschean individualism—receives rather inadequate treatment. It is a phenomenon of peculiar interest that the sternly practical, commonsense spirit of the new German Empire should have permeated philosophy in Germany as it has done. The trend of speculation has changed so completely in the course of the last twenty years that it is no longer recognizable as German. The "nation of poets and thinkers" has

been welded by the *Zeitgeist*—which it thinks much less about today than it did a generation ago—into a practical, political people. German thought is no longer metaphysical; it works in laboratories and uses the tools of the exact sciences. It no longer indulges in dreams of self-effacing altruism, but insists upon the rights of the individual and the practical virtues of life. As M. Brunetière in one of the essays of his latest volume of *Études Critiques* says:—"C'est à Léna ou à Berlin que la philosophie tout entière se voit réduite à la 'physio-psychologie'; et c'est à Oxford, je pense, qu'il faut aller aujourd'hui chercher les derniers des métaphysiciens." J. G. R.

FICTION.

When the Sleeper Wakes. By H. G. Wells. 8x5 1/2 in., 328 pp. London and New York, 1899. Harper & Bros. 6/-

It might be accounted captious to complain of the resemblance between the prologue of Mr. Wells' "When the Sleeper Wakes" and that of the late Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward." If we are again to be personally conducted on that now perhaps too often repeated tour into the far future—if we are once more to be invited to study the works and ways of the twenty-first or some still more remote century from the report of a contemporary of our own, the romancer, we suppose, must perforce resort to the expedient of the cataleptic trance. To summon his reporter from the shades would be fatal to the realistic illusion, and there is, therefore, nothing for it but to throw him into a state of suspended animation and to wake him as many hundred years later as may be necessary, with his memory and other faculties intact, and his age no more advanced than it was when he became unconscious. So much identity between Mr. Wells' plot and that of others who have preceded him in the same fantastic region must be accepted as inevitable. Where originality is possible in providing motive for his story Mr. Wells' ingenuity of invention has served him well. It was a good idea to make the sleeper the legatee of a couple of millionaires whose bequests, accumulating and fructifying during two centuries, have enabled him to grow so rich "while he slept" that on his waking he finds himself beneficial owner of half the world, while the possessors of the "legal estate," so to speak, the trustees by whom his property has been administered during the interval, have in process of time attained the position of a council of autocrats, practically supreme, over not only their own country, but apparently also the civilized universe. How they contend with the revolutionary party, led by the able but unscrupulous Ostrog, for control of the person of the awakened sleeper, and what thrilling adventures he passes through during the struggle we must leave to Mr. Wells' readers to discover for themselves.

And we trust that their ideas of what precisely happened to him and to others in the course of these adventures may be clearer than we confess our own to be. In the "Time Machine" Mr. Wells displayed a rare and remarkable power of enabling us to realize, or to imagine that we realized, conceptions the most fanciful and remote from physical possibilities. But whether it is that in his later works and in this especially he has less distinctly "visualized" his own fantasies, or whether owing to less cunning workmanship he has failed to convey his own mental impressions, we can testify that at least one reader of "When the Sleeper Wakes" has, after the most careful and conscientious study, quite failed to frame an intelligible mental picture of what passed on the glass roof of London when Graham was being rescued from the hands of the council by the emissaries of Ostrog. And as to the mysterious and chaotic struggle between the oligarchy and the popular party, which occupies the next chapter, we are convinced that if the task of giving a lucid and coherent account of it were to be set by way of examination paper, not one reader in a hundred would get "full marks." Mr. Wells' romance should have been much more fully and competently illustrated than by the couple of indistinct and uninforming sketches which have been inserted in the text of the

book. We feel the need of a map or a diagram at every half-dozen pages in the earlier part of the book, though perhaps a single illustration might have rendered intelligible Graham's wholesale destruction of "aero-plane" troop ships with his "aeropile"—an exploit which, as narrated without such aid, produces the impression of the overturning of half a score of omnibuses by the charge of a bicycle. This seriously detracts from the interest of the *dénouement*—if we may use such a word of a process which leaves the principal knot still tied—and mars the close of a story, the political intrigue and the extremely slender love-episode of which are, moreover, not very skilfully managed. Mr. Wells, again, is too busy with his fighting and flying-machines to tell us much of the manners and civil institutions of the twenty-second century; but his view of the future, so far as he discloses it, contrasts amusingly with Mr. Bellamy's artless admiration for the mechanically perfect and absolutely dreary world of his own creation. Many touches of description in this romance show a satirical intention, as, for instance, the author's account of this very interesting development of the art of hypnotism:—

Long ago the old examination methods in education had been destroyed by these expedients. Instead of years of study candidates had substituted a few weeks of trances, and during the trance expert coaches had simply to repeat all the points necessary for adequate answering, adding a suggestion of his post-hypnotic recollection of these points. . . . In fact, all operations conducted under finite rules of a quasi-mechanical sort—that is, were now systematically relieved from the wanderings of imagination and emotion and brought to an unexampled pitch of accuracy. Little children of the labouring classes, as soon as they were of sufficient age to be hypnotised, were thus converted into beautifully punctual and trustworthy machine-minders, and released forthwith from the long, long thoughts of youth.

Sometimes, however, Mr. Wells' satire—if satire it is—is a little puzzling. As thus:—

Above the caryatidæ were marble busts of men whom that age esteemed—great moral emancipators and pioneers: for the most part their names were strange to Graham, though he recognized Grant Allen, Le Gallienne, Nietzsche, Shelley, and Goodwin (Godwin?).

Is this "nice derangement" of names a joke? If so, it seems to us to miss fire; and, indeed, throughout the whole volume, in his management of incident and adventure, as well as in his passages of description and reflection, Mr. Wells appears less successful in hitting the mark than he has been in some of his earlier tales of wonders.

ROSE-À-CHARLOTTE, by Marshall Saunders (Methuen, 6s.), we found charming from beginning to end. The scene is laid in the Evangeline country, and the spirit of Longfellow pervades the book without making it either insipid or sentimental. The whole story of Rose's courtship is most graceful and tender; and the quiet humour—not of a robust type, but easily to be felt—which distinguishes all the descriptions of the Acadiens relieves the pathos of the plot from mawkishness. Refinement and gentleness are the keynotes of the little book, and we wish it success.

In **FORTUNE'S MY FOE** (Pearson, 6s.) Mr. Bloundelle Burton has written a stirring romance. The time is 1750 to 1759, the "glorious year;" and the story ends with a good account of the great naval battle fought off Brest in that year. There is less than usual of the "clashing of swords" in Mr. Burton's book, but the human interest is greater, and the chief characters have been carefully drawn.

CALUMNIES, by E. M. Davy (Pearson, 6s.). People who are tired of the Wardour-street swashbucklers and the painful problems of modern fiction will turn, perhaps, with a sense of relief to this quiet, unpretentious love-story. The calumnies are of the common or Cathedral-town variety, but true love triumphs, as it should, on the last page.

Although it appears in a series entitled "Stories from American History," **THE STORY OF OLD FORT LOUDON** (Mac-

millan, 6s.) is an excellent example of the leisurely pseudo-historical novel which aims at vitalizing a well-known incident. "Charles Egbert Craddock" (Miss Murfree) has written many novels of adventure among the American Indians, and she here again makes use of the romance and daring as well as the horror which hang about the names of the Cherokee Indians. The Scotsman, Alexander MacLeod, and his young Huguenot wife, Odalie, with her frequent exclamation, "*Quelle barbarie!*" his brother Hamish, and the other characters are well sketched, and the adventures are based on historical incidents. The writing throughout the book is that of an accomplished novelist of the older school.

IN PHAROS THE EGYPTIAN (Ward, Lock, 5s.), Mr. Guy Boothby gives us a novel dealing with that particular kind of hero of fiction who lives through the centuries and makes himself most of the time particularly unpleasant. Pharos is the avenger of insulted Egyptian gods, and finding that Forrester, the hero, possesses a mummy in which he has an interest, he makes life highly disagreeable for him. The strange scenes and adventures, and the machinations of Pharos, which bring about stirring romantic situations, are told in Mr. Guy Boothby's best manner; everything is impossible, and the book holds the reader's interest from cover to cover. No one will say that it is the highest art, but many will read the book with delight. Mr. John H. Bacon has illustrated the story with great skill.

AN OPERA AND LADY GRASMERE, by Albert Kinross (Arrow-smith, 3s. 6d.), has a touch of originality and a fanciful charm of its own. The author is seen to far better advantage in the Arabian night adventures of his hero and the pretty courtship of Lady Grasmere than in a "Society" milieu, in which the "smart" conversation is conventional to woodenness; and it is not advisable to make the friends of a baronet's widow speak of her as Lady Horace Waring, even though there are two brother baronets. But it is ungracious to find fault with these little matters when we have so charming a scene as the lovemaking in the churchyard to enjoy. That and the general imaginative tone of the book save it from commonplaceness.

Mrs. Campbell Praed has done good work before now, but she has seldom written anything better than MADAME IZAN (Chatto and Windus, 6s.). Indeed, of its kind the book is as good as need be—original, bright, and peopled with live men and women. Madame Izan in herself and her companion, Mrs. Bax, are two delightful characters, but, although (as is natural enough) the women bear the palm, there is not one of the other sex crudely or insufficiently drawn, from Windeatt, the gigantic Australian, down to Yamasaki, the Japanese guide. The background of the story is that excellent one of travel, which some ladies, as Sara Jeannette Duncan, have learned to handle so admirably, and the greater part of the action takes place upon Japanese soil. It is clear that Mrs. Praed has more than a guide-book acquaintance with the Flowery Land, and she has dexterity, a pretty turn of sentiment, and more humour than is generally credited to her sex. "Madame Izan" is decidedly a book that will advance her reputation.

THE MAN AND HIS KINGDOM, by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Ward, Lock, 6s.), will not keep you awake like the same author's "Mysterious Mr. Sabin," but it will certainly not send you to sleep. The man is a rich young Englishman with Socialistic ideas, and his kingdom an almost incredibly virtuous colony of "failures" from England. They live under the wing of one of those bankrupt South American republics whose politics are a mixture of treachery, bloodshed, revolution, and rascality, and where, we gather, they are apt to hang policemen from lamp-posts when they wish to celebrate a saint's day. The hero, of course, marries the President's daughter, and in time is himself elected President. When we bid farewell to the republic it is entering on a career of peace and prosperity under this entirely new Anglo-Saxon management. An Irishman, we think, O'Higgins by name, did actually rise to a similar position in Chili and Peru towards the end of the last century. Now and again Mr.

Oppenheim writes a queer sentence. "But whomever the would-be assassin might have been" is one of them.

Those readers—and they are the majority—who like story-tellers to confine themselves to story-telling instead of trespassing on the domain of the philosopher, have every reason to be grateful to Mrs. C. H. Williamson for THE NEWSPAPER GIRL (Pearson, 6s.). The story is absolutely devoid of sentiment or insight, but it is written if not with a sense of humour, at least with a sense of the fun of the thing, and is based upon an ingenious idea. An American millionairess, desiring to have touch of the stern realities of life, changes her name and comes to London to be a journalist. She follows the profession courageously on the lines of Mrs. Elizabeth L. Banks, masquerading, on one occasion as a flower-girl, and on another, accepting a situation as housemaid. Her employer, on this last occasion, is the proprietor of a newspaper, and, hearing that he desires to sell his property, she amazes him by coming up in cap and apron and offering £200,000 for it. Her purpose, of course, is to confer the editorship upon a young man in whom she is interested. It is all very trivial, but it is brightly told, and the methods of lady journalists who live, not always very scrupulously, on their wits, are satirized without bitterness, but effectively.

We are sufficiently old-fashioned to prefer the works of Miss Rhoda Broughton to those of many authors whom it is now more fashionable to admire. Her characterization may not be subtle, but her characters are always alive, and one may acquire a taste even for her historic present. But we like Miss Broughton to give us either a happy ending or a good reason to the contrary. This is what she has not done in THE GAME AND THE CANDLE (Macmillan, 6s.). Here we have a man and a woman very much in love with each other and apparently on the verge of marrying and living happily ever afterwards. But the man is caught kissing another girl, with the result that:—

He is out of sight, and she turns from the window murmuring to herself, "As a dream when one awaketh." This, really, is as pessimistic as anything in d'Annunzio, though the similarity between Miss Broughton and d'Annunzio is not, in other respects, striking. But it is unconvincing pessimism, because there was no sufficient reason why the man should kiss that other girl, who was very unattractive, and because the quarrel resulting from that supererogatory kiss could have been composed. The book, however, is diverting by reason of the high spirits and lively humour which adorn its earlier pages.

THE GREEN FIELD (Chapman and Hall, 6s.) is a curious book, not without a certain power in places. It begins very badly indeed, but there is an improvement as soon as the author gets his story fairly in hand, and the conclusion is well managed. Mr. Neil Wynn Williams is too much occupied at first with the details of his craft; he spends all his energy in trying to write "forcefully"—the word is a favourite expression with him—and the result is fatiguing to the reader, who is always apt to fancy that high-flown language is adopted to conceal a poverty of thought. But when once he gets to business, Mr. Williams contrives to drop a good many of his curious infelicities of language, and surprises us with some strong situations. He has worked out his plot carefully to an effective climax, and those who manage to survive the opening chapter, and are not deterred by a rather liberal supply of indifferent Midland dialect, will find the story interesting, if rather gruesome. When Mr. Williams is not consciously aiming at strength of diction he can write as pleasantly as most. His characters, too, have life; but he is better with his labourers and servants, in spite of their wearisome dialect, than with the gentry of the neighbourhood.

Mr. John Reay Watson's AN EARTHLY FULFILMENT (Unwin, 6s.) has a strong central situation, realized with an intensity that holds the reader in the face of many small irritations in the way of style and a dialogue overwhelmingly elliptical. The disgrace and exposure of the poor young wife whose one, almost

involuntary, sin has been bitterly repented of is almost too painful a subject for fiction—certainly for weak handling. Mr. Reay Watson has made it painful enough and to spare, but his handling has not been weak. The peculiarly tragic fact that the woman's heart had just turned to her husband, re-awakening their old romance, before the moment of discovery of her sordid new "episode"—for it is carefully shown to have been no deliberate sin—rouses the reader's sympathy for her without being in the least demoralizing. The child's suicide, to our thinking, strikes a false note and weakens the essential tragedy, which is the mother's; and the style, as we have said, constantly irritates. Still, any book so human and so individual cannot fail to stand out from the crowd. People will not skip Mr. Reay Watson when he a little forgets his cleverness and begins to tell his story. It is evident that he will always have a story to tell.

We have already commented on the experiment of publishing new novels at sixpence. The first number of the series which Messrs. Methuen propose to issue monthly under the general title of "The Novelist" is now published. The print is certainly clear, but the make-up, though as good as could be fairly expected for the price, will hardly please the self-respecting reader, and still less induce him to put it in his bookcase—a state of things which can hardly be satisfactory to the self-respecting writer. DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES is the title of the story; and the author, Mr. E. W. Hornung, seems to have but a low opinion of the sixpenny public, and to have deliberately written down to what he believes to be their intellectual level. At any rate, he has struck the note of crude sensationalism, and produced a story dealing with all the crimes that are generally considered suitable for the contemplation of the young person—such as murder, robbery, and arson. The result is unworthy of this writer's very considerable abilities. We hope this is not to be the normal effect of the sixpenny novel on a novelist's literary standards.

So far as detail goes, there is much that is good in Miss Mary Findlater's BETTY MUSGRAVE (Methuen, 6s.). Her description, for example, of life in an inferior Bloomsbury boarding-house, though a little wanting in the saving grace of humour, will be found satisfying by those who have had experience of life in such a place; and there are many little touches, more particularly in the earlier part of the book, that mark the hand of the true artist. As, for instance, "'Hush, mamma! there's a bird talking,' he exclaimed once when a nightingale began to sing while Mrs. Lacy was telling him some childish story, vapid as all her stories were." The main theme of the story, however, is not only unattractive, but even repellent. It is a study of dipsomania—a subject which requires exceptional skill for its proper presentation in a novel. We accept it from Zola (and even from Mr. George Moore) because their pitilessly complete observation and analysis is a thing of beauty in itself. We accept it from Sir Walter Besant, in "The Demoniac," because Sir Walter never writes as though dipsomania were three-fourths of life, but interrupts his treatment of it with humorous and idyllic interludes. Miss Findlater is terribly serious, but at the same time superficial, and the general impression left by her book is disagreeable. It would be better for her readers as well as for herself if she would devote her very notable talents to some more pleasant topic, and try to draw a heroine less given to sitting, helplessly, with her hands folded, in circumstances which call for energetic action.

Mr. Henry Wright's DEPOPULATION (George Allen, 1s.) is evidently intended to be read less as a work of art than a contribution to the labour question. The author's theory is that capital is able to trample upon the rights of labour merely because the labourers are too numerous, and compete with each other for whatever employment there may be. If only they were fewer, it would be the capitalists who would compete for their services, with the result that they would be able to insist upon a larger share of the profits of their industry. The one hope,

therefore, of salvation for the labourer is that he should refuse to be fruitful and multiply. We are introduced to a working man who grasps this economic truth, renounces marriage (by preconcerted arrangement with the bride) upon the very altar steps, takes to the lecture platform, and founds a Depopulation League. We have here an economic theory in violent contrast with that which normally prevails even in countries where, as in France, there is no need of a Depopulation League. It seems to us to rest on the fallacious assumption that the capital seeking investment in "industrials" is a constant quantity, and would not diminish *pari passu* with the diminution in the available supply of labour. But it is embodied in an admirably eloquent little book which is not unlikely to arouse an interest quite out of proportion to its length.

LOCAL COLOUR.

Encouraged by the reception given to an earlier volume of the same kind, Mr. Crawley Boevey in DENE FOREST SKETCHES (Thomas Burleigh, 6s.) presents us with a second series of short stories founded on documents ranging from the year 1184 to 1752. His studies provide us with pleasant readings in old ways of life and thought. We protest against the weight of the paper on which the book is printed.

The *Evening Argus* is on the lookout for a new boom and one of its young lions happens to spend a holiday in a quiet corner of the Isle of Wight at Totlands Bay. How he there discovers the plots of a black-hearted German villain against the honour of our country and the safety of our shores is the story of SPIES OF THE WIGHT, by Mr. Headon Hill (Pearson, 3s. 6d.). It is full of astonishing incidents which happen with a wonderful appropriateness to the requirements of the journalist. The style is cheerful; the sympathetic characters are very good, the bad are very bad; the scenery of the island is described with an evident knowledge, and the general tone of the book is pleasant and exciting.

Mr. John Bufton, F.L.S., F.R.H.S., is evidently a man of wide reading, well versed in the poets, and with a turn for dropping into poetry himself upon the slightest provocation. In his Welsh idyll, which he calls GWEN PENRI (Elliot Stock, 5s.), a large proportion of the text is taken up with verse, quoted and original. Some of it is not bad verse, and sometimes Mr. Bufton writes pleasantly enough in prose; but his dialogue is singularly stilted. It is true that he has made his hero a Welsh poet, but it was surely unnecessary to insist upon his always using poetical tropes in ordinary conversation. "Gwen Penri" is not a bad little story, but it would have been better had the author not dragged in by the heels a good deal of extraneous matter. One of his characters writes an appreciation of Sir Lewis Morris; it is printed at length here, as are most of the poems written by the hero and his friends. This method of writing a story is not one that we can commend with any cordiality.

FROM THE EAST.

SELAM (Jarrold, 6s.) is a collection of sketches and tales of Bosnian life, written by a Bosnian, Milena Mrazovic, and translated by Mrs. Waugh. As a contribution to the world's supply of fiction it cannot be ranked very high; but it has a certain interest in that it gives the Bosnian point of view. The dreamy vagueness of the stories and the weird, unpronounceable names of the people and the places require a special mood for their perusal. The author wishes them, however, to be regarded as "an attempt to afford an insight into the soul of an unknown and, therefore, despised race"; and this purpose they achieve. They show us the Bosnian, tainted with all the melancholy of the East, "yearning after the Infinite, the Unattainable," and by no means worthy of being "classed together with the negroes of the Congo simply as 'barbarians.'" On the whole, the translation is well done, though, when an Oriental lady is made to address a young man as "sonny," we feel that this is not quite in the picture.

THROUGH THE STORM (Murray, 6s.), by Avetis Nazarbek, translated by Mrs. L. M. Elton, is a series of pictures of life in Armenia written from the Armenian point of view. A sympathetic introduction, also written from the Armenian point of view, is contributed by Professor York Powell, who naively praises his clients for their "complete grasp of the economic principles that make for success in the commercial world"—as pretty a euphemism for money-lending as we remember to have met. Still, the fact that the Armenians have grasped the same economic principles that are now directing the attention of Parliament towards English usurers is no reason why they should be tortured or massacred, and it is in order to protest against this maltreatment of his fellow-countrymen that Mr. Avetis Nazarbek has written his short stories. We shall be sincerely glad if his protest produces the result which he desires. But we confess that we are not sanguine. His stories are too long, too full of hard, foreign words, too difficult to read to be likely to influence public opinion to any appreciable extent. Miss May Kendall's "Turkish Bonds"—a book on the same lines, which we noticed a short while since—was pleasant reading compared with them, and we are also inclined to prefer the Blue-books and the pamphlets.

GOD'S GREETING, by John Garrett Leigh (Smith Elder, 6s.), is written to show the hardships of the miner's life and the other side of those "strikes" that seem to the public purely contumacious. It is hardly artistic, but certainly sincere and convincing.

THE DEATH THAT LURKS UNSEEN, by J. S. Fletcher (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.), is not a complete novel, the title being taken from that of the first story in a very fair average collection. This first one is ingenious, and the third one "Immediately Afterwards" has a very pretty touch of cynical humour.

SHUEYFINGSIN (Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d.) is an abbreviated and freely adapted version of a translation by the late Sir John Davis of an old Chinese romance. It may gratify the curiosity of the curious, who wish to study the celestial attitude towards life and love.

In the **PASSING OF PRINCE ROZAN** (Burleigh, 6s.) Mr. John Bickerdyke narrates the love affairs of one Lucas Gilbert, barrister, who is in pursuit of a princess. The characters are somewhat sketchy, but an Irishwoman, Lady Kilmore, is decidedly entertaining. The story is written with considerable humour, and never lags.

In **A STRANGE EXECUTOR**, by Bennett Coll (Pearson, 6s.), we have a slight variation of the old "mistaken identity" theme. The book is noticeable for a clever study of four unmarried ladies, spinsters or widows. Their love affairs past or present, their petty jealousies, their real sympathy and good fellowship towards one another, and their intrigues concerning the curate and lawyer of their little village are well drawn.

JOCK'S WARD, by Mrs. Herbert Martin (Pearson, 3s. 6d.), is a pretty and amiably-written story, told with some little pathos, of a London street-arab who constitutes himself protector of a broken-down shoemaker. The plot is ingeniously worked out, and the adventures of the strangely-assorted pair in their country retreat are sufficiently lifelike to be interesting. Mrs. Martin writes naturally, if rather obviously, and some of her village characters have the air of being drawn from personal observation.

There is one whimsical fancy, and one only, in each of Mr. Stebbing's **PROBABLE TALES** (Longmans, 4s. 6d.). They would make entertaining reading one at a time, though coming *en masse* the "funning" is sometimes likely to pall. Yet there are many humorous quips, besides, as we have said, one invariably happy central idea per tale.

FOR BETTER FOR WORSE, by Conrad Howard (Unwin, 6s.), is a most singular jumble in the way of plot, concerning itself with the love affairs of one generation and the religious difficulties of the next. And the whole *potpourri* ends with the most naive defence of atheism that one could wish to see. The bad taste of some of the remarks can only be excused, we presume, by extreme youth. But Mr. (or more probably Miss)

Conrad Howard has some grip of human character. The austere hero and his mother are not puppets. The next novel by the same hand might well be worth reading.

ADRIAN ROME, by Ernest Dawson and Arthur Moore (Methuen, 6s.), is the story of a young man of birth, breeding, and wealth who could not make up his mind whether he wished to be a gentleman or a Bohemian. He compromised by marrying a lady in the best society and then falling in love with an actress who, however, is as good as she is beautiful. One of the three parties to the complication must, of course, die; and it is here the hero who dies. The story is good enough to make one regret that it is not better. Parts of it are effective, but there is a want of continuity and a superabundance of extraneous matter.

JOHN THADDEUS MACKAY (Burleigh, 6s.), by Mr. Charles Williams, has the subtitle "A Study in Sects." The characters are partly drawn from life, but it is hard to believe that average people are so ready to discuss their religious convictions with any casual stranger as would seem here to be the case. The hero, whose name gives the book its title, is an Ulster Presbyterian, and his wife, who deserts him soon after marriage, tries almost as many men in the capacity of husband as Mackay tries sects for his religion. Her story is cleverly, though at times almost brutally, told. The book is good reading—with judicious skipping.

Miss Elizabeth Godfrey's story, **A STOLEN IDEA** (Jarrold, 6s.), agreeably relates how a young lady happens upon an idea in a manuscript and writes a novel round it. Greatly to her surprise and disgust this book proves a remarkable success, and the author of the original story finds what he considers to be his work famous, but himself unknown. Later the plagiaristic heroine falls in love with the author of the idea and a good situation is reached without undue effort. Miss Godfrey develops the story with no small cunning and makes her characters human, "A Stolen Idea" is a book worth reading.

THE GARDEN COURT MURDER, by Burford Delandroy (Ellis, 6d.), is not bad in the highly sensational line. It opens with an individual who is so often alluded to as the Honourable Hubert Haddon that our regret is tinged with relief when he becomes "the corpse," and is discovered in a cupboard (quite the wrong cupboard, too) doubled up and tied with red tape. "Who put him in?" is, of course, the riddle of the tale. It is an entertaining little book, though it is overburdened with a tirade against the laws of England and the "hireling with a piece of hemp," who, after all, supplies a want, on the author's own showing.

ESPRITU SANTO, by Henrietta Dana Skinner (Harpers), is a gentle, pretty, desperately sentimental story, dedicated to the memory of Mercedes, Queen of Spain. The number of embraces between the male characters suggests Charing-cross station before the departure of the Continental train. We began counting the times that Adriano put his arms round his brother and "hugged him very tight," but night fell and we had only read a few chapters. When they are not ridiculous, the brothers are pathetic enough, and there is a certain grace which a little redeems the author's sentimentality. *Esprit* herself is a sweet and spiritual creation; and when we read that on the day of her birth she smiled at the priest who baptized her, we feel it to be quite in character, if a little unusual.

A MODERN MERCENARY (Smith, Elder, 6s.), by E. and Hesketh Prichard ("E. and W. Heron"), is good enough to make one wish it were better. It belongs to a class of fiction which has become common of late, the scene being laid in a small Continental State which more powerful nations are anxious to annex or influence. The hero is, of course, an Englishman who has entered the service of the State, and has fallen in love with a lady of consequence, in this case the daughter of the Prime Minister. The story is well imagined, but it suffers from a want of directness, very probably the result of collaboration. It is not always easy to understand the intrigues in which the characters are perpetually engaged. With all its faults, which are mostly those of inexperience, the story is above the average.

Correspondence.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY AND CHARLES KINGSLEY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Surely Mr. McCarthy was right in charging Kingsley with great laxity of expression when he maintained that, by holding a stone in your hand, you are suspending the action of the law of gravitation. Whether Kingsley, if brought to book, would have qualified his appalling statement is another matter; but his words, "So much for the inevitable action of the laws of gravity," speak for themselves. One is reminded of the wag's answer to the spiritualist who contended that the human will can suspend gravity, "You suspend my gravity!" I am old enough to remember the indignation which Kingsley's paradox excited in scientific quarters. It may be worth adding that Henry Smith spoke to me of the volume—I think it was a reprinted lecture—in which the peccant passage is contained, and recommended it to me as pleasant reading; but he cautioned me against its conclusions.

Kingsley wished to throw discredit on Buckle and other writers who maintained, somewhat aggressively no doubt, the now familiar doctrine of the absolute uniformity of natural laws. So confident was he of the strength of his own case that he attacked his opponents on what seemed to him their strongest point by trying to show that a breach, as it were, is being continually made in the law of gravitation. His own view, of course, was that nature is conditioned by the Divine will, and is only a mode of the supernatural. Whether he was right or wrong in this conclusion I am not now inquiring. All I say is that he came to the conclusion by too short a cut. He appears to have thought that a man of God has only to blow his trumpet loud and defiantly and the bulwarks of materialism, like the walls of Jericho, will fall flat at his approach; so that *Veni, maledixi, vici* might be taken as his motto! At all events, Kingsley was utterly unable to place himself, even for a moment, at what is now called the agnostic standpoint. He once told me that he understood that Comte had gone off his head and that he was not surprised to hear it.

Yours faithfully,

LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

Athenæum Club, Pall-mall, S.W., May 22.

ILLICIT COMMISSIONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—One would almost imagine your correspondent "*Amicus Curiae*" to be a woman—he is at once so brave and so illogical. He is brave in recording in your journal, by inference, that he considers himself better informed than both the Lord Chief Justice and Mr. John Murray. And he is illogical in supposing that there is any connexion between secret commissions and those referred to by the two publishers (writing respectively in *Literature* and the *Outlook*) whom he quotes. I will try to assist him by a concrete parallel instance.

I will suppose that he takes out a patent for an article, and submits it to a tradesman, and that the latter offers both to have it made and to sell it—to have it made for 3s., say, to sell it at 6s., and to account to "*Amicus Curiae*" for copies sold at 5s. 6d. I will suppose, moreover, that the article costs the tradesman 2s. 6d. only. Now, though I think it improbable that Mr. John Murray would pursue this course in a similar case, nevertheless I hope "*Amicus Curiae*" may be able to appreciate the fact that there is no secret commission in the matter at all, nor any dishonesty, nor even anything to complain of.

A manufacturing profit is as equitable as a profit on sales, and there is no reason (so far as legality, justice, or morals are concerned) to expect that the purchaser should be informed of the amount of that profit.

When you buy a bottle of wine at a restaurant you do not expect to be told what the proprietor paid for it. The only

minor that would have made "*Amicus Curiae*'s" inference a logical one would be that the two publishers in question had stated that their estimates were statements of what the work had cost them; but as there appears to be no evidence of this, let me beg "*Amicus Curiae*" to summon the courage to admit his mistake and his misinterpretation of the plain English of the two publishers. I will only add that I do not know the identity of either of the publishers in question, and that I write because I am at last tired of seeing a body of men (many of whom I know to be honourable and even generous) vilified by incompetent critics, who often proclaim their own dishonesty by their manner of impugning the honesty of others.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

AN ENEMY OF BUSYBODIES.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. Spielmann's letter of the 13th inst. in the last number of *Literature*, headed "*English as She is Spoke*," brings back to mind an amusing and delightful example of "*English as she is wrote*" which was published in Paris ten years ago as a "*Practical Guide to the Universal Exhibition of 1889*."

The editor's note begins by stating that "the Universal Exhibition, for whom who comes there for the first time is a true chaos in which it is impossible to direct and recognize one's self without a guide." The "*Practical Guide*" takes the visitor by the hand, "traces him not only what he has to see, but still which direction he must follow, which coffees he has to choose to refresh himself, which eating-houses will procure him in the cheapest manner the best meals."

The preface starts off by asking the important question, "Who was giving the idea of the exhibition?" and answers, "Nobody, in reality." The idea, it seems, "was in the air since several years, when divers newspapers, in 1883, bethought them to consecrate several articles to it, and so it became a serious matter."

The preface is followed by a few pages of "general informations," and then we reach the body of the work, which is divided into days. The "*Tower Eiffel*" is included in the first day's itinerary, which begins with a description of "the exhibition seen in a straight line," and no better idea of the amusing charm of the book can be given than by quoting the passage in which the genesis of the tower is explained:—

In order to attire the stranger, to create a great attraction which assured the success of the exhibition, it wanted something exceptional, unrivalled, extraordinary. An engineer presented him, Mr. Eiffel, already known by his considerable and keen works. He proposed to M. Locroy to erect a tower in iron which, reaching the height of three hundred metres, would represent, at the industrial sight, the resultant of the modern progresses. M. Locroy reflected and accepted. Hardly twenty years ago this project would have appeared fantastic and impossible. The state of the science of the iron constructions was not advanced enough, the security given by the calculations was not yet assured; to-day they know where they are going; they are able to count the force of the wind; the resistance which the iron opposes to it. Mr. Eiffel came at the proper time.

Every page is full of gems, and, being a connected narrative, the interest is maintained throughout by a succession of delightful surprises at the endless possibilities of "*English as she is wrote*."

Your obedient servant,

D. N. SAMSON.

74, Grosvenor-road, Highbury, N., May 21.

Authors and Publishers.

The report that Mr. John Lathey, the editor of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, would succeed Mr. Clement Shorter in the editorship of the *Illustrated London News* is contradicted. The editorship of the *Illustrated London News* is, and will remain, in the hands of Sir William Ingram. Mr. Lathey is, and will continue to be, one of his assistants. Mr. Lathey, it will be remembered, is the son of a previous editor of the *Illustrated London News*.

Mr. Grant Richards will publish during June "Fable and Song in Italy," by Miss E. M. Clerke, who contributed some of the translations contained in Dr. Garnett's recent work on Italian literature. Miss Clerke traces the evolution of the chivalric poems from the street ballads. The transformation of the classical myths into mediæval fairy-tales forms another branch of the subject, and Boiardo's poem, rescued from oblivion by Sir Antonio Panizzi, is shown to be a great store-house of legendary lore.

A number of articles on Savonarola appeared in the *Tablet* last year. The Rev. H. Lucas, S.J., their author, has revised them and enlarged them into a volume which Messrs. Sands will publish. A special feature of the volume will be the numerous extracts from, and summaries of, contemporary documents, which hitherto have been hardly accessible for the general reader.

Canon Knox Little is a facile writer, and, we have no doubt, a competent observer, and he has put the results of his recent visit to South Africa in a book entitled "Sketches and Studies in South Africa," which is to be published by Messrs. Isbister.

Messrs. Harper are, we understand, about to publish a study by Mr. Stafford Ransome of the progress, policy, and methods of the Japanese since the war with China, entitled "Japan in Transition."

The Plato Lexicon, which we mentioned some time ago, shows signs of vitality. A meeting was held recently at Oxford when Professor Campbell narrated the history of the project towards which the Hellenic Society made a grant of £50 for three years, and among other private subscribers the Master and Fellows of Balliol College gave £30. Ast's Lexicon is to form the basis of the work. One proposal made seems hardly satisfactory—viz., that not merely each word in a given dialogue should be written on a separate slip, but each

individual occurrence of a word, a method which would involve prodigious labour. What end, after all, is this concordance to serve? There are two classes of people who will want to use it—(1) the ordinary student of Plato; (2) the stylometrist. The requirements of the first would be amply served by importing a lucid order into the chaos of Ast, not enlarging, but rather retrenching. The great desideratum is to avoid hiding the light of the lexicon under a bushel of references. The problem which interests the stylometrist is to establish the order of the Platonic writings by minute observations on style. To him references are of comparatively little importance; what he wants is an authoritative statement of the number of times a given word or combination of words occurs within a given portion of the text. What is wanted is under each word a carefully selected list of usages for the ordinary student, and in smaller type for the stylometrist a string of references for all the other occurrences of the word, if they are at within compass, and, if not, a numerical statement of the total number in each dialogue.

In 1895 "Chapters in the Life of General Sir R. Church, chiefly in Italy 1817–1820," by E. M. Church, were published by Messrs. Blackwood. General Church had a remarkable career, and is well known for the part he played as General of the insurgent Greeks in 1827. The historical part has been enlarged by the addition of contemporary documents and of an account of General Church's pursuit of the brigands during his government of the provinces of Terra di Bari and Terra d'Otranto. The second part, "Apulian Tales, Episodi Pugliesi," has also been revised. An Italian translation of the part relating to Italy has just been published by G. Barbera, Florence, under the title, "Brigantaggio e Società Segrete nelle Puglie, dai Ricordi del Generale R. Church," with the permission of Messrs. Blackwood.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.
Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Painters. By *Elbert Hubbard*. 744 pp. London, 1899. Putnam, 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.
Eugénie, Empress of the French. By *Clara Tschudi*. Translated from the Norwegian by E. M. Cope. 954 pp. London, 1899. Sonnenschein, 6s.
Memories of Half a Century. By *R. W. Hiley, D.D.* 954 pp., xx. + 411 pp. London, 1899. Longmans, 15s.

Life and Remains of the Rev. R. H. Quick. Ed. by *F. Storr*. 72 pp. Cambridge, 1899. University Press, 7s. 6d.

The Romance of a Pro-Consul. Being the Personal Life and Memoirs of the Rt. Hon. Sir George Grey, K.C.B. By *James Milne*. 72 pp. London, 1899. Chatto & Windus, 6s.

From Howard to Nelson. Ed. by *John Knox Laughton, M.A.* 96 pp. London, 1899. Lawrence & Bullen.

Rupert Prince Palatine. By *Eva Scott*. 94 pp. London, 1899. Constable, 15s. n.

EDUCATIONAL.
Lessons in French. Part I. New Ed. Rev. By *Louis Faguel*, LL.D., and others. 74 pp. London, 1899. Cassell, 2s.

FICTION.
Lesser Destinies. By *Samuel Gordon*. 854 pp. London, 1899. Murray, 6s.

Two in Captivity. By *Vincent Brown*. 74 pp. London, 1899. Lane, 3s. 6d.

Cromwell's Own. A Story of the Great Civil War. By *Arthur Paterson*. 74 pp. London, 1899. Harper, 6s.

I, Thou, and the Other One. By *Amelia E. Barr*. (Green Cloth Library.) 84 pp. London, 1899. Unwin, 6s.

Marianna, and other Stories. By *Georgette Agnew*. 74 pp. London, 1899. Burleigh, 6s.

A Gentleman from the Ranks. By *H. B. Findlay Knight*. 74 pp. London, 1899. Black, 6s.

The Morals of John Ireland. By *Rex O'Bill*. 74 pp. London, 1899. Burleigh, 1s. 6d.

Defender of the Faith. By *Frank Mathew*. 74 pp. London, 1899. Lane, 6s.

Gerald Fitzgerald, The Chevalier. By *Charles Lever*. 854 pp. London, 1899. Downey, 6s.

The Price of His Silence. By *Iza Duffus Hardy*. (W.T. Novels, No. 5.) 106 pp. London, 1899. "Weekly Telegraph," 3d.

GEOGRAPHY.
Spain. (The Children's Study.) By *Leonard William*. 74 pp., xi. + 303 pp. London, 1899. Unwin, 2s. 6d.
Man Past and Present. (Cambridge Geographical Series.) By *A. H. Keane, F.R.G.S.* 854 pp., xii. + 584 pp. Cambridge, 1899. University Press, 12s.

HISTORY.
History up to Date. A Concise Account of the War of 1898 between the United States and Spain. By *William A. Johnston*. 85 pp., xiii. + 253 pp. London, 1899. Allenson, 6s.

LITERARY.
The Kipling Guide-Book. With a Bibliography of His Works. By *William Robertson*. 54 pp. Birmingham, 1899. The Holland Book Co. 1s. n.

MISCELLANEOUS.
The Prophecies of the Brabanter. (Corunach Odar Folsalche.) By *Alexander Mackenzie, F.S.A.* With Introduction by Andrew Lang. 74 pp. London, 1899. Mackay, 2s. 6d. n.

Morison's Chronicle of the Year's News. 1899. First Year of Issue. Compiled by *Oliphant Earl*. 74 pp. Glasgow, 1899. Morison, 3s. 6d. n.

Little's Annual Pleasure Diary for 1899. 74 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low, 1s.

Catalogue of the Central Libraries, Lending and Reference. 94 pp. London, 1899. Eyre & Spottiswoode, 1s.

Our Garden. By *S. Reynolds Hole*. (The Haddon Hall Library.) 84 pp. London, 1899. Dent, 7s. 6d.

The Modern Adam; or, How things are done. By *A. W. A. Beckett*. 74 pp. London, 1899. Hurst & Blackett, 3s. 6d.

What one can do with a Chafing-Dish. Rev. & Enlarged Ed. By *H. L. S.* 64 pp. London, 1899. Putnam, 4s.

Is Nature Cruel? By *J. Crowther Hirsch*. 64 pp. London, 1899. J. Clarke, 1s.

Firemen and Their Exploits. By *F. M. Holmes*. 74 pp. London, 1899. Partridge, 1s. 6d.

MUSIC.
The Chord. No. 1. A Quarterly Devoted to Music. 74 pp. London, 1899. Unicorn Press.

NAVAL.
An American Cruiser in the East. With an Account of the Battle of Manila, 1898. By *J. D. Ford, U.S.N.* 854 pp., xiv. + 537 pp. London, 1899. Allenson, 12s.

PHILOSOPHY.
From Comte to Benjamin Kidd. By *Robert Macintosh, B.D.* 94 pp., xxii. + 287 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan, 6s. 6d. n.

The Case of Wagner. Nietzsche contra Wagner. The Twilight of the Idols, The Antichrist. By *Friedrich Nietzsche*. Translated by Thomas Common. 94 pp., xx. + 354 pp. London, 1899. Unwin.

POETRY.
The Field Floridus. and other Poems. By *Eugene Mason*. 74 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards, 6s. n.

For the King. and other Poems. By *R. C. Rogers*. 84 pp. London, 1899. Putnam, 6s.

A Modern Omar Khayyam. By *R. Didden*. 74 pp. London, 1899. Watts, 1s.

REPRINTS.
Woodstock. By *Sir Walter Scott*. (Temple Ed., 2 vols.) 64 pp., lxii. + 332 + 284 pp. London, 1899. Dent, 3s. n.

The Works of Henry Fielding. Vol. XII. Miscellaneous, Vol. II. With Introduction by *Edmund Gosse*. 94 pp. London, 1899. Constable, 7s. 6d. n.

The Moral Discourses of Epictetus. Translated by *Elizabeth Carter*. (The Temple Classics.) 2 vols. 64 pp., xlviii. + 226 + 287 pp. London, 1899. Dent, 3s. n.

The Mistress of Brax Farm. By *Rosa N. Carey*. 74 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.

Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. 74 pp. London, 1899. Routledge, 1s.

Mad Violet. By *William Black*. 84 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low, 6d.

Three Feathers. By *William Black*. 84 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low, 6d.

SOCIOLOGY.

Higher Life for Working People. By *W. W. Stephens*. 854 pp. London, 1899. Longmans, 3s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

The Polychrome Bible. The Book of Joshua. By *W. H. Bennett*. (6s. n.) The Book of the Prophet Ezekiel. By *C. H. Toy*. (10s. 6d.) 104 pp. London, 1899. J. Clarke.

Rebekah. A Narrative from Holy Scripture Told in Hexameter Verse. By *G. W. Butler, M.A.* 54 pp. London, 1899. Partridge, 6d.

Divine Dual Government. A Key to Many Mysteries. By *W. Wood Smith*. 854 pp. London, 1899. H. Marshall, 7s. 6d.

Methods and Problems of Spiritual Healing. By *H. W. Dresser*. 854 pp. London, 1899. Putnam, 2s. 6d.

The Cult of Othin. An Essay on the Ancient Religion of the North. By *H. M. Chadwick*. 74 pp. London, 1899. Clay, 2s. 6d.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Annals of Shrewsbury School. By *G. W. Fisher, M.A.* 954 pp., xiii. + 503 pp. London, 1899. Methuen, 10s. 6d.

A Picturesque History of Yorkshire. Pt. III. 94 pp. London, 1899. Dent, 1s. n.

TRAVEL.

The Romance of Australian Exploring. By *G. Firth Scott*. 74 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low, 6s.

A Russian Province of the North. By *Alexander P. Engelhardt*. 94 pp., xix. + 356 pp. London, 1899. Constable, 18s.

True Tales of Travel and Adventure. By *Harry De Windt*. 74 pp. London, 1899. Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d.

Sport in East Central Africa. By *F. Vaughan Kirby*. (Magamamba.) 106 pp., xvi. + 340 pp. London, 1899. Rowland Ward, 8s. 6d. n.

Pleasure Cruises to the Land of the Midnight Sun. 74 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low, 1s.

Roman Africa. Archaeological Walks in Algeria and Tunis. By *Gaston Boissier*. Translated by Arabella Ward. 74 pp. London, 1899. Putnam, 6s.

Literature

Edited by J. D. Trill.

Published by The Times.

No. 85. SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1890.

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THE CASE FOR REVISION.

What are the rights of an author in his work as against the public to whom he has once given it? Such a question is not so often asked as those which arise out of the commercial aspects of copyright, but it is perhaps of more general interest. It has lately been brought into notice by Mr. George Moore, who has considered it necessary to justify his action in thoroughly revising his strongest novel for a popular edition. Two or three years ago it was raised on a much larger scale by the course adopted by Mr. George Meredith on the occasion of the issue of the *édition de luxe*, which seems now to be regarded as the final acknowledgment of a novelist's

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classic rank. A good deal of alarm was caused, not altogether without reason, by the announcement that Mr. Meredith had undertaken a very free revision of his works for the purposes of that edition. The fact was discussed with an amount of perturbed language which seemed to show that it was considered to be an alarming and unwarrantable proceeding. Old admirers of Mr. Meredith's novels certainly had some ground for alarm when one of the first works in the new edition proved to have been very considerably amended by its author. "Evan Harrington" is a story of admirable merit, though it is the modern fashion to undervalue this brilliant piece of comedy; and it was a little startling to discover how freely it had been revised, though it must be confessed that Mr. John Raikes, on whom the pruning knife was chiefly laid, appeared to few readers to be one of Mr. Meredith's happiest creations. However, this was the only instance in which Mr. Meredith made very striking changes in his text, and only the very assiduous or critical reader would be likely to discover differences in the new corrected edition from that which burst upon the world at large as a revelation in the eighties. To find other instances of how sternly this writer can handle the work of his own pen, we should have to refer to the original edition of "Richard Feverel," which was very much longer than the book that we know to-day under that name, or to the first chapter of "Diana of the Crossways."

The question, however, is not whether a particular novelist is wise in his revision, but whether the author in general possesses the right of revision at all, and, if so, to what extent he may carry it. To the open-minded reader it may seem rather unnecessary to ask such a question; but in literature, as in the economic world, there are limits set nowadays to a man's right to do what he will with his own. Perhaps a democratic age may be excused for pushing its demands into a circle where, fifty years ago, they would certainly have been received with scorn. At any rate, those who keep in touch with the contemporary course of criticism are aware that the feeling now in question does exist. When the first volume of the Edinburgh Stevenson appeared, a good deal of disapproval was expressed because the author had chosen to amend some of his essays, and had omitted passages which dwelt in the memory of their earlier readers. When Mr. Rudyard Kipling published "The Light that Failed" with a quite different ending from that which all the world had read already, a chorus of disapprobation was heard. Perhaps it is as well that no less consciously and conscientiously artistic novelist has noticed that such a course conceals possibilities of increasing sales with the greatest economy of effort. Publishers have been known to complain that serial publication interferes with the sale of a book; and in order to give people an incentive to read a story a second time they might encourage popular authors

to alter the end, as Mr. Kipling did, or to introduce such changes in detail as Mr. Wells allowed himself in "The War of the Worlds." Hitherto, however, we are not aware that the question of an author's right to revise has been complicated by the imputation of such a motive. Were that ever to become the case, most people would incline to admit the validity of the reader's claim against the author. The grounds on which this rests have been satisfactorily expressed by Sir Walter Scott. In the preparation of the 1829 edition of the Waverley Novels—the *magnum opus* whose financial success lifted the thickest clouds from the evening of Scott's life—the temptation to revise those works of a marvellous improvisation was considerable, but was wisely resisted. Their author felt that any attempt to obviate criticism, however just, by altering a work already in the hands of the public was generally unsuccessful. The reader, as Scott pointed out, "does not relish that the incidents of a tale familiar to him should be altered to suit the taste of critics or the caprice of the author himself. This process of feeling is so natural that it may be observed even in children, who cannot endure that a nursery story should be repeated to them differently from the manner in which it was first told." In the same way one who has read "Evan Harrington" as often as Stevenson read through "The Egoist" will find the later version frequently painful to his associations; a boy who knows his "Hereward" almost by heart from an old volume of *Good Words* will never read it with entire complacency in the collected edition of Kingsley. The bibliophile, on the other hand, who values books without reading them will encourage authors to alter their published works as much as possible. He is quite aware of the enhanced price which the habit puts upon early editions. Even *errata* give fictitious value to a book: the first and weaker thoughts of an author are surely more important. This consideration seems to be at the root of the theory that first editions are prized because they represent a great work just as it came, fresh and fire-new, from its author's brain. "The Compleat Angler" of 1653 would hardly bring its present price in the market if it had not grown into such a very different shape by 1676. But the wishes of the collector, no less than the mercenary incentives of the publisher, must be omitted from any argument as to the highest duty of the author.

The truth is that no hard-and-fast rule can be laid down as to an author's right to alter his published work. As with the gentleman in the song, it is not what he says so much as the way he says it that is important. The reader's objection to the author's doing what he likes with his own is no doubt mainly sentimental, but then sentiment, unlike blank verse, is recognized as argument in these days. It also rests on the sense that a man who has written a successful book is as likely to spoil as to improve it by free revision: an author, great or small, is not always his own best critic. The language which popular novelists often use about reviewers illustrates this. FitzGerald, again, as was lately shown in our pages, for all his fine critical faculty, only weakened the charm of his great poem by constant tinkering at it. Coleridge, also

a good critic, altered one of the finest lines in "The Ancient Mariner" into a piece of mere prose, which all his editors have had the sense to abandon. On the other hand we have Tennyson, with his emendations which let "the smaller ornaments and fancies drop away, and leave the grand ideas single." We remember Addison's well-meant warning to Pope not to meddle with the first draft of that "delicious little thing," the "Rape of the Lock," for which in after years poor Pope could imagine no reason but jealousy, so rightly did he value himself upon the successful addition of the Gnomes and Sylphs. On this ground also the revision of a literary work is, like treason, only to be justified when successful. Some critics have adduced as a reason against it that an author is better occupied in creating new forms of beauty than in redecorating old ones. This is a counsel of perfection, however, which would add new terrors to the literary life; not the most insatiable reader would grudge Mrs. Browning the amusement of re-writing her girlish version of the "Prometheus," or deny Browning the satisfaction of touching up "Pauline." It would be a very cynical asperity to say that Izaak Walton should have written the lives of several more ecclesiastics instead of adding to the *Angler*, or that Thackeray and Dickens were wiser than Scott and Mr. Meredith in never resting to revise what they had published. To allow that would be to side with Lord Melbourne, who never bought a living man's works for fear that his bargain might be spoilt by the appearance of a new and more complete edition.

What is a masque? is a question which a good many people will perhaps ask themselves on seeing the announcement that a masque is to be performed in the Guildhall this month under the auspices of the Art Workers' Guild and Mr. Walter Crane. Milton's "Comus" is called "a masque," but its right to that title has been disputed. A "masque" is not primarily a literary form at all. If anything can be found representing it at the present day it is the ballet of the music-hall, especially when this is supplemented by song and speech. But to make it complete, the ladies of the ballet should choose partners from the audience, and the principal parts in the dialogue should be borne by the leaders of the fashionable world.

This, however, we need hardly say, is far from being Mr. Walter Crane's programme. Nor will he, so far as may be gathered from the announcements, give us the anti-masque, or travesty, which usually accompanied the regular masque. In other respects apparently the attempt is to be made to revive the masque—a mixture of dialogue, song, and dance—as it existed at the time when it reached its greatest excellence—the first half of the seventeenth century. It was mainly Ben Jonson who made out of this pastime, so much affected at the Court of the Stuarts, a thing of real literary value, with his masterly scenes in which elegant lyrics relieve the learned discourse of classical and allegorical personages.

Over the relative importance of the poetry on the one hand and the stage business and stage carpentry on the other Ben Jonson and his collaborator, Inigo Jones, bandied many bitter words, and it is to be hoped that the Art Workers' Guild will not give occasion for such a

complaint as the former made in his "Expostulation with Inigo Jones."

Painting and carpentry are the soul of masque,
Pack with your peddling poetry to the stage,
This is the money-got mechanic age.

Mr. Walter Crane, however—and here he is quite in the spirit of Jonson—is understood to desire that some profitable instruction should be conveyed by the masque. Be this as it may, there is much beauty for both the poet and the artist to extract from the story chosen for presentation—that of the Sleeping Beauty, the old Teutonic myth in which some have traced the rousing of Nature from its long wintry sleep with the Kiss of Spring.

Some interesting remarks on the latest developments of the French novel are contributed to the *Contemporary Review* by Madame Darmesteter. She thinks that now, just as at the time of the "Diamond Necklace," real life is competing successfully with fiction, and that the excitements of the Dreyfus case have killed the *roman-à-trois* without which, for a long time, no French novel could be considered complete. Possibly it is the Dreyfus case that has given that school of fiction its death-blow; but the signs of its decadence had already been detected by many critics for some time before the *Affaire* began to fill the papers. The authors of "Les Demi-Vierges" and "Aphrodite" forsook the beaten track of the *ménage-à-trois*, though the new line which they struck out was hardly better, from the point of view of the moralist, than the old one.

The latest tendencies of French fiction are, however, Madame Darmesteter assures us, of a more healthy character; the note of the hour being the discussion of pressing social questions. Thus, she points out, M. Maurice Barrés has written a story in favour of educational reform, and M. Louis Bertrand a story in favour of emigration to Algiers. She might have added that M. Zola is at present publishing in the *Aurore* a sermon in form of a novel, on the text, "Blessed is the man who has his quiver full of them." This is certainly an improvement on the methods of M. Pierre Louys, and perhaps even on those of M. Pierre Loti; but it indicates a tormenting self-consciousness which is inconsistent with the highest art. When a French novelist arises who can make us laugh as Paul de Kock and Dumas *filz* did, we shall begin to believe that the mental health of France is on a fair way towards recovery.

One is glad to see from Mr. Hay's courteous letter to Mr. Alfred Austin on the subject of English and American copyright that the United States Secretary of State agrees with the Poet Laureate that "absolute freedom of literary exchange" is at least a consummation to be desired. But Mr. Hay does not help the attainment of this end by insisting that "the hardships which are alleged to proceed" from the present American law "are somewhat exaggerated." As a matter of fact these hardships are frequently considerable. The condition that copyright can only be obtained by simultaneous publication is a continual cause of worry and costly cablegrams—more especially when it is a question of the serial appearance of works of fiction; and the new author, unknown to fame, who happens upon a success which even his publishers did not anticipate, often loses a small fortune through the opportunity which the present treaty gives to the pirates. If Mr. Hay cares to collect instances of this sort of thing, there are many authors on both sides of the Atlantic—from Mr. Charles Sheldon downwards—who could supply him with them.

Reviews.

The Diary of Samuel Pepys, M.A., F.R.S. Vol. IX., Index. Vol. X., Supplementary Pepysiana. Ed. by Henry Wheatley, F.S.A. 8½ × 5½ in., 366 + 342 pp. London, 1899. G. Bell. 10/6 each vol.

It is nearly twenty years since Mr. Wheatley gave the public the first fruits of those invaluable Pepysian labours which have now resulted in the completion of a most handsome and monumental edition of the immortal Diary. In the *Cornhill Magazine*, reviewing "Samuel Pepys and the World he Lived in," which was published in 1880, Robert Louis Stevenson observed that "a great part of Mr. Wheatley's volume might be transferred, by a good editor of Pepys, to the margin of the text, for it is precisely what the reader wants." One is delighted to think that Mr. Wheatley, whose enthusiasm for Pepys is so great and of such long standing that he has apparently named his own house after the diarist's estate in Huntingdon, has himself had the chance of becoming the good editor in question, and that his name will go down to posterity along with what has every prospect of long remaining the standard edition of a unique English classic. There is only one point in which Mr. Wheatley's work seems to offer any possibilities to the superseder, for it is impossible to imagine annotation more fully or accurately done than his. The text of the Diary, which has grown by steady accretions from the two volumes of 1825 to the eight volumes of the present edition, has been given to the world on the principle of Fontenelle, who said that if his hand were full of truth he would be careful only to open one finger at a time. Three successive editors have been needed before a practically complete edition of the diary could be obtained. Lord Braybrooke thought fit to ignore what he considered the frivolous details of Pepys' domestic life and the fine shades of his personality; Mr. Mynors Bright thought the account of the diarist's official work tedious: even Mr. Wheatley assures us that certain passages which he has omitted "cannot possibly be printed." Stevenson said, in relation to a similar plea in Mr. Bright's edition, "As for the time-honoured phrase, 'unfit for publication,' without being cynical, we may regard it as the sign of a precaution more or less commercial; and we may think, without being sordid, that when we purchase six huge and distressingly expensive volumes, we are entitled to be treated rather more like scholars and rather less like children." It can certainly be argued that an editor has no right to tamper with the text of so important a human document as the Diary, and Mr. Wheatley has gone so far in his admissions that it is not very easy to see for whose sake he has used his blue pencil. At the same time it may be conceded that, in the present state of the law, Mr. Wheatley had to choose between the blue pencil and such a device as the Kamashastra Society of Sir Richard Burton. Still one cannot help believing that one day the whole Diary will get into print, and one cannot but be sorry that the Casanova-like candour of Pepys and the present condition of public taste may between them deprive Mr. Wheatley of the glory of being the final editor of Pepys.

Human nature has this of the Divine in it, that it is always apt to think more of the one which is lost than of the ninety-and-nine which are found. In a critic that is not always a virtue, and it would be ungenerous to grudge Mr. Wheatley his due meed of praise because circumstances have made it practically impossible for him to give us an unexpurgated Pepys. The two final volumes

of his edition, which are now before us, bring the reader back to a properly grateful frame of mind. They bear witness to unwearying industry, to wide reading and the capacity to interest all who had a mite to contribute to the work, to a mind saturated in the Pepysian atmosphere, and to the most amiable desire to put at every reader's disposal the editor's own treasures of learning. The supplementary volume of *Pepysiana* brings together practically all the "odds and ends of information" which throw light on Pepys' life and work, though they have not already found a place in the notes. The index volume is a model of what such a thing should be, and will bear comparison even with Dr. Birkbeck Hill's stupendous index to his *Boswell*, which has hitherto been the despair of imitators. Its arrangement is so orderly, its scope so full, that it makes the *Diary* a score of times more handy and valuable a work of reference than it was before.

It is not, however, as a work of reference that we set most value on the *Diary*. In the three-quarters of a century that have elapsed since the book was first disinterred from its long and quiet rest in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, the world's attitude to it has quite altered. Lord Braybrooke looked on the *Diary* solely as an adjunct to the historian, a useful and almost unique record of current events during and after the Restoration. Macaulay dreamt one night that his niece came and confessed to him "that Pepys' diary was all a forgery, and that she had forged it." The dreamer woke in an agony at the thought that his history was thus falsified. If it were proved to-morrow that the *Diary* had been composed by Richardson as a pendant to "*Clarissa*," we should value it none the less, though the historian would be sadly to seek. We could no longer rank the *Diary*, indeed, with the self-revelations of Rousseau and Casanova, St. Augustine and Benvenuto Cellini, but it would take place among works of fiction as one of the finest studies of character in the world; and its real delight for the reader with no historical axe to grind would be not a whit the less. It matters little whether Samuel Pepys ever lived, when he is so absolutely life-like. We know him so well that we rank him with Panurge and Robinson Crusoe, Don Quixote, and Captain Booth, rather than with the other Secretaries to the Admiralty and grave official persons who made history without immortalizing their inner selves. The reader who considers the *Diary* from this point of view owes Mr. Wheatley as great a debt for his extension of the text as the historical student does for his elucidation of facts and dates. For there can be no doubt that the real Pepys is now first exposed to the world in his true colours; even Mr. Bright omitted far too many of the countless little touches which go to make up the picture of that singular and delightful personality. We are glad to have every detail that we can possibly get: even the odd mixture of bad French, Spanish, and Latin—the very *Lingua Franca* of free love—with which awkward passages are thinly veiled is no stumbling block to the judicious student of humanity. We do not really know Pepys till we see him at church on the solemn Fast Day in memory of the Great Fire, when the crowd was too thick for him to stay out the sermon, "so to the Swan and braise la fille, and drank, and then home by coach." It is true that one should not kiss and tell—but in short-hand and after the lips have been dust for two centuries, surely the loquacious frailty which makes for amusement may be excused. Doll Tearsheet was a frail wench, but lapse of time is a good antiseptic, and it must be a very

sour Puritan who can think ill of Pepys for the recurrence of the record that "we did biber a good deal de vino," or that "I have lately played the fool much with our Nell." Mrs. Pepys no doubt found it trying, but the modern reader is none the less entertained by the sequel to that oyster feast at the tavern—"So home to dinner, where finding the cloth laid and much crumpled, but clean, I grew angry and flung the trenchers about the room, and in a mighty heat I was; so a clean cloth was laid, and my poor wife very patient, and so to dinner." Pepys did some excellent work for the Navy: but for our entertainment he was better employed when he sat in the low room at Sir Philip Warwick's, reading Erasmus on letter-writing, "a very good book, especially one letter of advice to a courtier, most true and good, which made me once resolve to tear out the two leaves it was writ in—but I forbore." It is a strange fate, as Stevenson says, that a man should be "known to his contemporaries in a halo of almost historical pomp, and to his descendants with an indecent familiarity." The moralist may call this being "damned to everlasting fame." But to the wise reader Pepys must always be infinitely amusing, and therefore infinitely dear. There is no doubt that he would in his heart have preferred that warm and friendly human prospect to any dulness of half-forgotten respectability, with a couple of lines in the "*History of the Navy*" for all his epitaph.

A LITERATURE STILL "TO SEEK."

A History of Bohemian Literature. By Francis, Count Lützow. ("Short Histories of the Literatures of the World." Edited by Edmund Gosse.) 8½ x 5¼ in., 425 pp. London, Heinemann, 1899.

This is another volume on the less known or entirely ignored literatures of the world, to which attention has been called by English works on Finnish, Hungarian, or Japanese literature during the last twelvemonth. In reviewing Count Lützow's book we do not for a moment mean to assume that air of superiority which, in dealing with works on Hungarian or Finnish literature, critics generally have taken up with so much satisfaction to themselves, if not also to others. We do not pretend to know more about Czech literature than does the author of this the first rather extensive English book on the subject. Nor do we so much as attempt to teach Count Lützow anything that he has not known long before, and better. Our only complaint is that, after reading his work from cover to cover, we now regret to have thus departed from the course of the ordinary literary critic. If, indeed, we had not read the work, we might have congratulated the British nation upon a work initiating them into the treasure-house of a new literature. The Bohemians, one of the "interesting" nations, are not unreasonably supposed to have an interesting literature, and a work of over 400 pages on the history of that literature might be expected to reveal many a great literary achievement of the Bohemians. Inquiring Englishmen who stay at Prague hear so much about the great past and promising future of Libussa's people that they entertain hopes of some Bohemian greatness in literature too. The Hungarians, whom Western nations not unfrequently mix up with the Bohemians, are, although rather important than "interesting," rightfully boasting a great literature with thousands of authors. So are the Poles. Why not, then, the Bohemians? They have, it is true, long been oppressed by the Austrians. But were the Turks not the cruel rulers of two-thirds of Hungary for over 150 years? Bohemian literature has been cultivated chiefly in the present century—but is not that the case with Hungarian literature too? It is, therefore, not unfair to expect of Czech-speaking people—that is, of over seven millions—a literature which may legitimately

claim a place, if not among the literatures of the world, at least among the "Literatures of the World" as published by Mr. Heinemann.

In that expectation, however, we are disappointed, and by the very book here under contemplation. We do not here consider Bohemian literature; we consider, as is our duty, Count Litzow's book on that literature. And so doing, we cannot but come to the following alternative—either there is as yet precious little in Bohemian literature, and in that case it is unintelligible why that literature should be published in a series together with Greek, English, or French literature; or there is something in Bohemian literature, and in that case Count Litzow has failed to represent it. Here is, as succinctly as possible, a syllabus of the Count's book.

In the first two chapters we hear of a few legends, epic fragments in Bohemian, and of mostly poor chronicles in Latin, detached passages of those insignificant works being given in English translations. In the fourteenth century Stitny, the moralist, appears to be the only Czech prose-writer of any importance. In the next chapter, which is inordinately long (nearly 60 pages), we learn much about the famous Huss and the politico-religious troubles of his time. We do not deny that the history of Huss, one of the few historic personages of the Bohemians, deserves such elaborate treatment—but elsewhere, and not in a work on literature with limited space. The Czech works of Huss are either purely theological or private letters; neither set is of any great literary value, except for the mere fact of their language being Bohemian. In the fifteenth century there was only one other Czech writer of any merit, Chelcicky. In other words, the vast Hussite movement has, as far as we are here told, left no trace of a literary work in any way commensurate with the political significance of Hussitism. In the fifth chapter we are, indeed, introduced to a few more names, such as those of Bohemian humanists writing in Latin; one Czech poet, Simon Lomnický (born 1552); and, again, a number of theologians and moralists, such as the founders of the "Unity" or the community of the Bohemian Brethren, such as Rokycan, "Brother Gregory," Prokop of Neuhaus, Brother Lucas, Blahoslav, and Budovec of Budova. Not one of them is represented as having done any remarkable service to Czech literature. This, being put into plain language, means that the Bohemians, no more at the time when they were politically still a great nation, as in the fifteenth century, than when, as in the sixteenth, they still had large autonomy, produced any literature of their own worth the attention of the non-Bohemian. In the same chapter nearly 50 pages are devoted to the well-known educational writer and "pansophist" Comenius (Komensky), who visited this country. In the sixth chapter we hear of some *mémoires* valuable as historical documents on the stirring history of Bohemia previous to, and for some time after, the battle of the White Mountain (1620), which in one single hour put an end to Bohemian national aspirations for over 200 years. Hajek, Bilek, Brezan, Harant of Polzic, Skála, and Slawata (of defenestration fame) are the most noteworthy. The period from the fatal battle to the third decade of this century is a blank. And so we reach, in the seventh or last chapter of the book, our own times. For 353 pages we had been waiting in vain for anything approaching literary value; now, surely, in the last chapter, we must finally be requited. This, however, is not to be. We hear, it must be admitted, at some length, of one good poet in Czech; and unfortunately that poet was Kollar, a man born and educated in Hungary. Most of the chapter (in fact, excepting the pages treating of Kollar, nearly the entire chapter) is devoted to pure *seconds* such as Dobrovsky, Štáfl, Palacky, Jungmann. Of the only possibly valuable part of Bohemian literature, that of the last 30 to 40 years, we are told next to nothing. Of the poets Hanka, Celakovsky, and Vrchlický we are given a few lines; of the other Czech modern writers we hear still less, or only the mere names, and even of names there is only a little over a dozen. At the same time the author writes that "the last 20 years have contributed immensely to the development of the Bohemian language and literature"! If that be so—and we have good reason to think it is—

why then, in the name of Bohemia, has Count Litzow not told us more about it? In fact, why has he not devoted the bulk of his book to modern Bohemian authors, and only a small introductory chapter to the rest? Many of the works of modern Czech writers are of a date old enough to admit of adequate literary criticism. Where ten lines are given to Jirecek, twice that number might have been employed for an appreciation of J. Maly or Zdenka Semberova, who are not even mentioned.

We have noticed only a small number of misprints; p. 262 (1647 instead of 1641), p. 357 ("in" instead of "im"), p. 360 ("Lehrgebäude" instead of "Lehrgebäude"), p. 401 ("Hussitenthums" instead of "Hussitenthums"), pp. 407 and 408 (repetition of the words "born 1846").

THREE NOTEWORTHY POETS.

In *POEMS* (Unwin, 7s. 6d.), and in "The Wind Among the Reeds"—reviewed in these pages a few weeks ago—Mr. Yeats has included, as he tells us in his preface, all of his published poetry which he cares to preserve. Much of it has appeared before; as it stands, revised and partly rewritten, in the present edition, it should give Mr. Yeats a high place among contemporary singers. Its author is something more than a facile writer of verse; he is a poet as surely as he is dreamer and mystic and lover of old Irish folk-lore. Some of his poems are marked by a melody of words that recalls Shelley; some are like Heine's in their combination of simplicity and weird imagination; almost all are touched with a note of tender regret for days long past—the days of the Fenian and the Red Branch legends, the days when fair Niam came, lured by tales of the Danaan poets, to lead Oisín captive:—

O Oisín, mount by me and ride
To shores by the wash of the tremulous tide,
Where men have heaped no burial mounds,
And the days pass by like a wayward tune,
Where broken faith has never been known,
And the blushes of first love never have flown;

This is the dominant note in most of these poems—the unconquerable desire to leave the hard material world and dream away long years in some peaceful fairy land. The same feeling inspires that wonderfully simple little play, the more pathetic for its simplicity, called *The Land of Heart's Desire*, which was produced some five years ago at the Avenue Theatre, and is included in this book. In the short poem that comes immediately before it Mr. Yeats himself supplies us with the key to much of his poetry. His verses, as he claims,

tell
Of the dim wisdoms old and deep,
That God gives unto man in sleep.
For the elemental beings go
About my table to and fro.
In flood and fire and clay and wind
They huddle from man's pondering mind;
Yet he who treads in austere ways
May surely meet their ancient gaze.

It is possible that Mr. Yeats' poems are too exclusively Irish for a general popularity. His three long pieces—"The Countess Cathleen," "The Land of Heart's Desire," and "The Wanderings of Oisín"—are all steeped in Irish tradition, and full of symbolism which some readers, not of Celtic blood, may find difficult of explanation. But all who love the music of words will find on every page evidence enough of Mr. Yeats' mastery of his material. He paints best the realms of mystery—the dim, shadowy night, or the misty land of half-forgotten tradition. But he touches upon many strings with a sure hand: the simple ballad of Father Gilligan is no less well done, in its kind, than the swinging march of certain stanzas in "The Wanderings of Oisín." This poem, as it now stands, we think the cream of the collection; the subject was one to fire the poet's imagination,

and he is at his best in such descriptions as this of Oisín's ride :—

And we rode on the plains of the sea's edge ; the sea's edge
barren and grey,
Grey sand on the green of the grasses and over the dripping
trees,
Dripping and doubling landward, as though they would
hasten away
Like an army of old men longing for rest from the moan of
the seas.

But the trees grew taller and closer, immense in their
wrinkling bark ;
Dropping ; a murmurous dropping ; old silence and that one
sound ;
For no live creatures lived there, no weasels moved in the
dark :
Long sighs arose in our spirits, beneath us bubbled the
ground.

And the ears of the horse went sinking away in the hollow
night,
For, as drift from a sailor slow drowning the gleams of the
world and the sun,
Ceased on our hands and our faces, on hazel and oak-leaf,
the light,
And the stars were blotted above us, and the whole of the
world was one.

These three stanzas show not only Mr. Yeats' merits, but his faults also—a nebulosity, a vagueness of definition that is perhaps pardonable in so dreamy a temperament. It is not lack of polish that makes his poetry sometimes obscure—most of the verse in this book has undergone revision again and again—it is rather an inability to think clearly. He sees all things in a haze—a beautiful, mellow haze. He is a dreamer, and a poet ; as such are rare in these days, we will not waste time in pointing out the defects of his qualities.

Mr. Laurence Housman's *THE LITTLE LAND, WITH SONGS FROM ITS FOUR RIVERS* (Grant Richards, 8s. n.), is adorned, but by no means illustrated, with four drawings—a delight to the eye—in which he has sought to evoke discreetly, by a parallel charm, the essential spirit of his poetry. So much is clear ; but of what in each case the figure seated or crouched upon a rocky mound, and holding or spurning a pitcher whence water gushes, is emblematical we confess ourselves uncertain. Once he is evidently Cupid ; and thrice he is winged ; it is also permissible to connect the pitchers with the "four rivers" of the sub-title, which correspond with the fourfold division of the text, and in some dim way with its main themes of childhood (or play), love, religion, and death. There are many enchanting things among these poems—songs and fables and unclassified verses in which all Mr. Housman's abundant fancy and vigour and verbal inventiveness find their opportunity. "A Prayer in Autumn," for example, is characteristic :—

Flocks to the seaward of feathers ; loud winging of leaves and
birds ;

And a roaring wind in the grey of a headlong sky ;
While autumn is hoarding her dead, and harries together her
herds,

Let her not cast me aside, in the waste of the year let me die !
I have had summer in plenty, too long for the things I could
learn—

Summer enough for a life, since spring was enough for the
dream !

When I hear the leaves sobbing around me, and wings on a
backward return,

In the eddy and roar of the year, let me go with the stream.

O Love, when the first leaf unfastened I found you ; you came.
I grew blind in your gaze, and your lips to my lips were aglow ;
And your hands and your feet lay upon me like fitters of flame ;
Oh, Love, now the last leaf unfastens, I lose you, you go !

On the other hand, a certain vagueness is his danger. He tends not seldom to a superfetation of images saying more than they suggest, to a looseness and tenuity of intention that make a mannerism of allegory and of his similes a mere pretext. Thus we have to set "The Magic Wood" and "The Apple of Winter" and "Undergrowth" against "The Elfin-Bride"

and the lucidly elusive "City of Sleep" and "A Prayer Against Spring," and "The Man in Possession," which last poem curiously enough (or is it merely the calm rhythm ?) recalls some verses of the poet's namesake, the "Shropshire Lad." These are all fit to live. We admire, too, but rather as an exercise in scrupulous reconstruction, the sonnets and several poems that succeed them, which are Jacobean both in form and content. The artistic quality is always incontestable ; it is only over the sense, imprisoned in a web of pleasing phrase, that we sometimes stumble. That Mr. Housman can be quite articulate many poems in this volume besides those we have named make manifest, even though in a good number of cases the ultimate residuum of ideas is hardly accessible or seems to wear a giant's robe.

BALLADS AND POEMS. By Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter) (Bowden, 3s. 6d.). Mrs. Clement Shorter is a charming singer within the limits of an incomplete but authentic talent, to which the ballad form, with its traditional demands on temperament and comparative indifference to technical accomplishment, is particularly well suited. She is sympathetic and buoyant ; she has the tragic instinct, a vivid and singularly direct manner, and skill to impose the influence of a magical atmosphere upon her readers. Mrs. Shorter achieves real distinction in such ballads and "shannachies" as "Jeanne Bras," "The White Witch," "The Banshee," and especially in the poignant poem of "The Woman who went to Hell"—a metrical transcription of a West Irish legend which Mr. William Larminie has recorded in prose. Besides ballads, a good deal of miscellaneous verse is included in this volume. Little of it, perhaps, is absolutely memorable ; but a long story called by a title out of FitzGerald's "Omar," "The Me within thee blind !" and written in rhymed heroics that have a certain monotony, is powerfully conceived ; and the same may be said of the first thing in the book, "My Lady's Slipper," which figures among the ballads, but may be more appropriately described as a "dramatic romance." Mrs. Shorter's obvious imperfections are on the technical side. Her musical ear preserves her nearly always from cacophonous combinations and bad rhymes, but often allows her to stumble in the less simple and longer-winded rhythms she appears to prefer. In many cases, indeed, Mrs. Shorter gives the impression of having forgotten before she got half way through a poem what her original scheme of metre was. The most disconcerting instances of lines rhythmically irreconcilable are to be found in the otherwise admirable ballad "Jeanne Bras" and in "Uisneach and Deirdré," where the verse seems to waver continually between six accents and five. We wish we could find an excuse for supposing that these lapses were intentional irregularities.

"ADMIRALS ALL."

From Howard to Nelson: Twelve Sailors. Edited by John Knox Laughton, M.A. 9x6in., viii. + 476pp. London, 1899. Lawrence and Bullen. 10s. 6d.

We have to confess that this is a rather disappointing book. What is the particular advantage of entrusting the writing of lives of admirals to distinguished naval officers ? Mr. Laughton in his preface says that "What has been chiefly aimed at is to show how the work and methods of the great sailors of the past strike the sailors of the present," and he considers that "men who, having for many years braved the dangers of the sea, are in the ideal position to comprehend its mysteries." That is not exactly how we should have put it. The inshore fisherman and the stoker brave the dangers of the sea, but are not necessarily the better authorities on the naval wars of the past. Neither are the mysteries of the sea the matters to be dealt with here, but the causes of success and defeat in the conflicts of men. Mr. Laughton must be supposed to mean that gentlemen who have spent their lives in learning how to fight with ships will, supposing them to have the needful historical knowledge and the indispensable critical mind, be the best judges of the fighting of the past. No reasonable person will dispute that proposition. Natural faculty, plus professional knowledge, presents the ideal

combination. When, however, we come to read the lives contained in this volume, we find uncommonly few traces of this expertise, this peculiar insight of the artist. They might, as a rule, have been written by any intelligent landman who would consult his books. Sir R. Vesey Hamilton, for instance, writes the life of Rodney, and this is all he has to say of the battle of Dominica:—

He [Grasse] missed it [his opportunity], and after various manœuvres Rodney got his chance, availed himself of it, and gained a decisive victory on the 12th April, 1782—a day henceforth memorable in our naval annals.

Is that all the sailor has to tell us of a battle which is a landmark in naval history, because of the way in which it was won, and because it struck a death blow to the paralysing pedantry of the line of battle? Many men, many women, many children, who never saw the sea could say as much, if they would bring their minds down to it. Meanwhile, two good pages are given to a dispute of no importance whatever with the Spanish governor of Carthagena, a matter of politics and diplomacy wherein a sailor is no better judge than another man. This complaint of ours does not apply to Admiral Colomb's papers on St. Vincent and Neleon. Admiral Colomb is the last man in the world to rest content with waving the banner, or to stop till he has extracted what he believes to be the real causes. His criticisms are very suggestive and also thoroughly independent. There is only one point on which we could wish that the Admiral had been more clear; and it is this: how far were Nelson's tactics justified only by the bad quality of his enemy? It may be perfectly correct to do things against an Afghan army which it would be mad to try against a German corps; but are we then to think of the tactics of the general commanding on the north-west frontier, who does what would be insane against an equal foe, as being positively, and not only relatively, good?

A GREAT ACADEMIC FIGURE.

Memoir of H. G. Liddell, D.D. By Rev. H. L. Thompson. 9x6in., 288 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 16/-

The only fault that we have to find with this most readable memoir is one which the critic does not usually find in biographies—that it is too short, considering the interest of the period with which it deals. Probably nowhere in England has the external mutation of society been so visible and so swift, even to abruptness, as at Oxford during the last half-century; and biographies of men who have lived there through this period, more especially, of course, if they have been themselves *pars magna* of contemporary change, like the late master of Balliol and the late Dean of Christchurch, must have a special interest for all Oxonians. These two great academic figures, who loomed so large on the view of undergraduates of the seventies and eighties, had, indeed, but little in common. They rendered alike great services to literature or to scholarship. Their ends were the same, in so far as each worked unselfishly for the good of his college and his University; but their methods were as different as the temperament by which the method was formed. They were as diverse in their excellences as in their peculiarities of speech and bearing. Jowett was the greater teacher, Liddell the busier public servant; Jowett's name is certainly, and, perhaps, deservedly, better known to the world in general; Liddell, the Olympian Dean (the "Grand Old Man," as Mr. Gladstone, with apparent unconsciousness, once called him), was in his day the greater figure within the limits of Oxford.

Indeed, as Mr. Thompson says, "to describe with any completeness the public services of Dean Liddell in matters affecting the interests of the University would almost entail the writing of a history of Oxford for a period of 35 years." While still headmaster of Westminster, he was a member of the penultimate University Commission. After he came back, he was the moving spirit of many boards and delegacies. He was the "true founder" of the body of non-collegiate students. He was an active curator of the University Galleries, and only ceased at his

death to be a delegate of the Press. At the same time, he was working always at the Lexicon—requiring, as it did, constant revision so as to be kept abreast of contemporary scholarship—and governing a great college. One may infer from the universal report of Christchurch men, confirmed as it is by Mr. Thompson, that the Dean's shyness, never apparently conquered, must have made the latter part of his work the least agreeable to himself. His position at Christchurch must certainly have been at first very difficult. He came almost simultaneously with a new commission, on which he had himself sat, and which nowhere proposed more drastic reforms than in Christchurch—where students were still appointed by favour, where the Chapter was omnipotent, and where "noblemen" took formal precedence in hall of their nominal tutors. These and other antiquities were to be purged away; and Dr. Liddell had to hold the scales between contending parties and to preside over the inauguration of a new era. Except, however, for his extreme personal reserve, he was in other respects well qualified to rule at that particular period; for if he had no passion for reform in the abstract, yet his sense of right and sane openness of view made him invaluable as a guide and director among reformers. Indeed, an intolerant progressist could hardly have succeeded that eminent but somewhat inhuman Grecian, Dr. Gaisford (a Dean *antiqui moris*, if ever there was one), who considered that a Commission "could be productive of no good." Gaisford died in 1865, in the same year as President Routh, of Magdalen, who had talked with Samuel Johnson and did not believe in the existence of railways.

Dean Liddell's personality did not apparently lend itself to the anecdotist, and he was never a great letter-writer; so that Mr. Thompson's task has been comparatively easy. He has not had to reject a mythology nor to select from a huge correspondence like other biographers. There are, indeed, some good stories in the book; that, for instance, of the alto singer who was commanded, as a matter of college discipline, to sing bass. There are some very interesting letters from Mr. Ruskin and Dr. Pusey, and an instructive note on Mr. Gladstone's stay at Oxford in 1890. But with these exceptions we hear very little of the Dean's relations with the many remarkable persons with whom he must have been brought into contact; and this makes an otherwise excellent biography a little tantalizing.

THE FAILURE OF GERMAN EDUCATION.

German Higher Schools: the History, Organization, and Methods of Secondary Education in Germany. By James E. Russell, Ph.D., Dean of Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York. 8½x5½in., xii.+445 pp. New York and London, 1899. Longmans. 7/6

It is refreshing to find a competent educational authority thoroughly investigating the vaunted methods of the German schoolmaster, and coming to no more enthusiastic conclusion than that they are, apparently, all right for Germany. That, however, is Dr. Russell's attitude; and the array of facts which he diligently and dispassionately marshals will not, except in very few particulars, seem to English readers to warrant any warmer laudation of the system. Let us take those few exceptions first. These relate, of course, to the teaching of modern languages, and, more particularly, to the distribution of that teaching. In England the modern languages can hardly be said to be really well taught elsewhere than in a few of the best public schools. One or two of these can at any moment put forward a few French and German scholars capable of flinging scornful challenge to the best pupils of those commercial academies in which the dead languages are neglected for the avowed purpose of giving the living languages a better chance. It is characteristic of the German genius that in the German schools precisely the opposite state of things prevails. In the *Gymnasien*, says Dr. Russell, "the course, as a whole, even at its best, does little more for the pupil than give the ability to translate literary English with the help of a dictionary." "But," he continues, "modern language instruction in the *Real-schools* is quite another thing. Here is life and vigour and ability—and, of course, most excel-

lent results." And he explains how these results have been obtained :—

The Prussian Lehrplan of 1892 . . . set as the aim of modern language teaching familiarity with the living tongue and an intimate acquaintance with the life of the people who use it. The idea of making French and English a *Real-school* substitute for the classical languages was intentionally abandoned ; instead of formal discipline of the mental faculties, the Government set as the standard of excellence the ability to use the modern language and the knowledge of modern literature and social life. Not power in general, but power in special directions, was made the end of all such instruction.

This means, of course, that, in the opinion of Prussian educational experts, the middle classes are not worth educating but only worth instructing ; so that knowledge comes to them, wisdom is welcome to linger. Such is the philosophical explanation of the German clerk, who is such a terror to the English clerk because he knows so much more than he does, yet is willing to work for so much less. By adopting the principles of the Lehrplan we might, no doubt, make the English clerk a similar terror in Germany ; but the question whether it is worth while has first to be decided.

Another topic which Dr. Russell treats carefully is the position of the German schoolmaster. To him, as to Demodocus of old, the gods have given both good and evil. He is not an adventurer but a civil servant, guaranteed against wrongful dismissal, sure of gradual promotion, and entitled to a pension on retirement. On the other hand, he is very poorly paid. At the Leipzig Gymnasien—which may be compared, if not with Eton and Harrow, at least with the Manchester and Bedford Grammar Schools—assistants begin with salaries of £85 a year, rising, after four years' service, to £105 a year ; while the headmasters themselves get only £345 a year and a house. In Wurtemberg, the highest stipend drawn by a headmaster is only £220 a year and a house. This clearly is not a rate of pay calculated to attract the best talent in the country to the class-room ; and there are vexatious restrictions on the conduct of assistant-masters which would not be tolerated here, and are unlikely to be popular anywhere. They must not marry without the consent of the provincial school board ; they must notify the director in case they wish to travel during the vacation ; and they are forbidden to write for the magazines on topics of the day.

In the main Dr. Russell has preferred the amassing of facts to the institution of comparisons. Looking at the facts, every reader can easily institute his own comparisons with special reference to his own ideals. Those who hold, as most of us do in this country, that a school ought to do something more for a boy than cram his head with knowledge, will find the book, for all its guarded commendations, a very damaging indictment of the German methods. Here is a passage which, properly read, "gives away" most of the praise bestowed, on other pages, upon the system :—

The *esprit de corps* of the public day schools is weak and uncertain. Too many pupils regard themselves as deprived of harmless liberties, many others have no thought except to get through and away ; there is far too little personal contact of teacher with pupil. . . . A strong sentiment of loyalty to the school and its traditions cannot thrive in such atmosphere. The average boy seems to consider schooling a necessary evil—something to be endured patiently, resolutely, thankfully, if only thereby he escape social damnation.

That is to say, Dr. Russell finds wanting in the schools of Germany very much what M. Démolins found wanting in the schools of France—a something for which even the undisputed thoroughness of German teaching is but a sorry substitute.

MILITARY.

Cromwell as a Soldier. By Lieut.-Col. T. S. Baldock. R.A. 9×6in., xv. + 538 pp. London, 1899. Kegan Paul. 15/-

Colonel Baldock's solid red volume is the fifth of the "Wolsley Series," a collection of military works, some original, some translated from the German. We note in the list of authors the well-known names of Lettow-Vorbeck and Verdy du Vernois, as well as that of Major Younghusband of the Guides.

To write a life of Cromwell as soldier is a task of no mean difficulty ; it has never before been essayed in England, and Hoenig's German biography is unsatisfactory from the author's insufficient knowledge of the original sources, which betrayed him into many inaccuracies. Professor S. R. Gardiner has treated of Cromwell's battles at considerable length ; but only as episodes in his magnificent "History of England," not as things to be studied for their military lessons. Colonel Baldock has evidently read through his History of the Great Rebellion with great care, and can seldom go wrong where he follows such a guide. On the other hand, he does not always seem acquainted with other good modern works on the Civil War, such as the articles which Mr. C. Firth and Colonel Ross have from time to time contributed to the *English Historical Review*, or the proceedings of the Royal Historical Society.

On the whole, the volume before us is a very creditable production. Readers who are not seventeenth-century specialists will find in it a very good general idea of Cromwell, his tactics and his strategy. Military readers more especially will be grateful for the opportunity of comparing the drill, the marching and attack formations, and the organization of the Cromwellian army with those of to-day. Civilian writers on the great Civil War have seldom condescended to deal with such details ; one may search through them in vain for definitions of a "forlorn," or "reformado," or a "commanded troop." Colonel Baldock has dealt with these technicalities of seventeenth-century military science shortly but very clearly in his second chapter. He shows that he has not attacked Cromwell's wars without a careful preliminary study of Ward's *Military Magazine*, and Turner's "Pallas Armata." It is only by poring over works of that description that the student can make out what were Cromwell's personal contributions to the development of the art of war. From his own despatches it would certainly not be possible (in spite of Carlyle) to make any such discovery, for Oliver found it as difficult to express himself with real lucidity on battle formation and manœuvres as to set forth his political creed with exactness in his harangues to his recalcitrant Parliaments.

In his last chapter Colonel Baldock sums up very clearly the three great characteristics which made Cromwell a master of the art of war. The first was his combination of dash and caution in the handling of mounted troops. Pre-eminently a cavalry general, he gained every one of his battles by the charge of his cuirassiers. The two mistaken habits which weakened the force of horse soldiery in his day were a tendency to trust to firearms rather than to the cold steel, and an inability to keep in hand after the first clash of the opposing squadrons had begun. Both these faults were hateful to Cromwell ; he never suffered his Ironsides to fall to squibbing with pistols and musketballs, or to practise skirmishing tactics. Such work was for the dragoons, the mounted infantry of his day. His own troopers were always thrown into the fight with closed ranks and at a moderate pace, so as to combine heavy impact with perfect cohesion and order. He relied less on high speed than did his rival, Prince Rupert, and preferred precision to blind fury at the moment of contact. His squadrons were treated each as a single ponderous projectile, not as a mere collection of high-spirited units. The consequence of this deliberation in Cromwell's advance was that his men never got out of hand. When Rupert's horsemen were victorious they invariably dashed on in wild career after their routed adversaries, dispersed all over the country side, and took hours to rally—as witness Edgehill and Naseby. Cromwell's troopers, on the other hand, never failed to hang together and wait for orders after a successful charge. It was only necessary to halt them for a moment, to dress the ranks and breathe the horses, and then they were ready for fresh work. At Marston Moor the same regiments were employed for four separate and successive operations without losing their cohesion.

However fierce the charge, however confused the mêlée, Cromwell never lost control over his troops. He never let go his last reserve until the last of the enemy's squadrons had been broken and dispersed. However successful a charge had

been, he always reformed his troopers before launching them in pursuit.

Second among the practical lessons which Cromwell taught to his contemporaries was the great strategic precept that wars are settled by battles and not by sieges.

Of all the commanders of his day none understood so well as he that the value of a fortress depends on the support it can give to the army in the field. If the field army is thoroughly beaten the fate of the fortress is sealed. Cromwell never defended a leaguer, still less did he ever stand a siege. Never did he besiege a fortress while there was an unbeaten enemy in the field.

Such strategy was a revelation in the Civil War, where, during the earlier years, both King and Parliament wasted their armies by garrisoning every manor-house and small town, in oblivion of the fact that these small detached forces would fall helpless victims to the enemy if the field army was driven out of their neighbourhood. In 1644 Charles and the two Houses had each some ninety or a hundred thousand men in arms in one corner or another of England. But neither party ever concentrated more than 25,000 for a battle; the rest were scattered about in small detachments and immobilized in garrisons. Cromwell, on the other hand, was wont to "slight" (i.e., dismantle) all strongholds that fell into his hands except those of primary importance. Every man deducted from the field army to occupy an unnecessary castle he looked upon as a man lost. Hence it came to pass that he was always at the head of the largest possible number of men on the decisive spot of the battlefield.

Cromwell's third strong point was that on which historians have often laid stress to the neglect of the other two—his capacity as an organizer. It was this power which first brought him into notice. Other officers in 1642 had as good material at their disposition as those godly yeomen of Huntingdon and Cambridge whom Oliver formed into his first troop. But no other commander made so much of the means at their disposal; his troop grew into a regiment, and his regiment became the pattern for all the cavalry of the Eastern Association, and finally for the whole of the "new model" army.

On the creation of this force the claim of Cromwell to stand among the very greatest soldiers of all ages should rest. When the backward military organization of England at the outbreak of the Civil War is considered, it is perfectly marvellous that in seven years one man, himself an untrained civilian at the outset, should have brought the national forces to such a high degree of perfection.

All this general exposition is admirably done; less admirable, however, are some of the details. Colonel Baldoek has two main faults; he is not drastic enough in dealing with bad authorities, and he has not always laid hands on the most important documents bearing on any particular campaign. Let us take, for example, Marston Moor. There had long existed a controversy as to the way in which the Royalist army was drawn up, and concerning its exact numbers. But these points were completely settled in 1898 by Mr. Firth's discovery of Prince Rupert's own plan of the battle, wherein every squadron and regiment is accurately set down, with its numbers, in most cases, appended. Without this document we should never have known that the exact force of the host was 8,000 horse and 11,000 foot, or that the Prince had advanced two regiments to the line of the hedge that covered his front, or, again, that he had placed the whole of Newcastle's infantry, not on his left (as was generally supposed), but to his rear and in second line. It is hopeless to describe Marston Moor, as Colonel Baldoek has done, without any knowledge of this document of absolutely primary importance. As an example of the other sort of fault to which he sometimes gives way—that of using with respect sources that are absolutely worthless—we must quote with disapproval his treatment of the Squire Papers as if they were worthy of the least mention. Still worse is the quotation of the celebrated "Memoirs of a Cavalier" as a serious source of information. Even if its author was not well known, a short glance through the subject matter of a few pages is sufficient to show that it must be a forgery of

the eighteenth century. To say that "it is discredited by Gardiner, but, genuine or not, it was written by some one of considerable military knowledge," is to give the worthless, if ingenious, compilation far too much credit.

Of mistakes of the smaller kind a fair amount might be picked out. Lords Lieutenant were instituted by Mary, not by Edward VI. (p. 14). Sir Faithful Fortescue deserted at Edgehill with a troop, not with a regiment—i.e., with sixty or eighty men, not with 300 or 400. The mysterious Earl of "Buckleigh" on p. 146 should be the Earl of Buccleugh. Waller, not "Walker," captured Portsmouth from Goring (p. 8). Elizabeth's Spanish war can not be said to have "never entailed large armies," for 16,000 soldiers sailed on the "Journey of Portugal" in 1589 over and above the seamen. But errors of this kind are comparatively trivial, and perhaps hardly worth mentioning in a book full of good and conscientious work.

The Queen's Service: Being the Experiences of Private Soldier in the British Infantry at Home and Abroad
By **Horace Wyndham**, late of the —th Regiment. 7½ x 5 in.
xii. + 305 pp. London, 1899. Heinemann. 3/6

The everyday life of a soldier in the ranks of the British Army does not lend itself, apart from intervals of what Private Terence Mulvaney calls "sumptuous fightin'," to description at once faithful and picturesque. A great artist like Kipling, to whom, "by permission," this book is dedicated, may utilize certain details of barrack-room existence in a way to disarm any but captious professional criticism. But the concrete realities of the military career will never be found in literature of the type of "Soldiers Three," for a very simple reason. Artificial processes seldom, if ever, beget true literature, and, although it is quite wrong to call the British soldier of to-day a mere machine, he is, to a large extent, an artificial product. The whole scheme by which his every-day life is governed is utterly distinct from that which serves for the ordinary human being, who has no need to spend three or four hours out of twelve in rhythmical tramping over a parade ground, and is not liable to a term of imprisonment with hard labour for merely calling a fellow man a simpleton. A sailor's life, it is true, is similarly one of routine, and still more rigidly circumscribed, and yet has produced some notable literature. But the sailor at sea has the uplifting sense of being on continual active service, in addition to the mystical inspiration arising from the element with which he works alternately in the closest partnership or in struggles for dear life.

But if the daily round of barrack life does not tend to work such as Clark Russell's or Dana's, or to revelations like "The Cruise of the Cachalot," it is quite possible for a clear and literal record of it to have a genuine interest. Although England is not a military nation, its Army is part and parcel of its national existence, and is, moreover, a school which, for a large section of the population, has a distinct reformatory, as well as educational, influence. The process can only be fairly described in minute detail, and we cannot possibly follow Mr. Wyndham through the forty chapters in which he rises from the condition of a "rookie," enlisted at St. George's Barracks, to the rank of sergeant; soldiers with his regiment at Dublin, the Curragh, the Cape, Gibraltar, and Malta; and discourses brightly upon such subjects as Christmas Day in the Army, Courts-martial, regimental institutions, army schools, military hospitals, troopship voyages, and "gentlemen rankers." But even this incomplete allusion to the contents of Mr. Wyndham's book—portions of which have appeared in several good periodicals—will give some idea of its comprehensiveness. It may fairly be added that Mr. Wyndham's personality as exhibited in these pages is an attractive one, more so than that of several other writers on the same lines. It is to his literary advantage that he did not rise to a commission, and that he is throughout in perfect touch with his subject, instead of treating it from the *olim meminisse* standpoint which is generally misleading and sometimes insincere. Another point in his favour is that he is up-to-date. The period covered by his service is from the winter of

1890 to the winter of 1897, and, although in two important particulars the conditions of service have been greatly improved since Mr. Wyndham purchased his discharge, his work, as a whole, will probably hold good for some years to come, as not only a readable narrative but also a substantially accurate work of reference.

It was hardly to be expected that military men would find in "The Queen's Service" anything absolutely new. The yarns in particular are of the crusted variety, including the well-worn one about the sergeant-major and "fancy religions." Although officers, as a rule, avoid displaying a very close acquaintance with *la vie intime* of the barrack room, they are as fully aware as Mr. Wyndham himself of irregularities such as he describes in connexion with the canteen and the sergeants' mess. But there are difficulties in the way of radical reform, and, with wider experience, Mr. Wyndham would perhaps have spoken with less freedom on these points. He makes another mistake in supposing that an officer who has risen from the ranks is necessarily a good disciplinarian because he treats certain offences with "draconic severity." As a matter of fact, it is here that the "ranker" too often oversteps the mark, his influence with the men being sometimes impaired by the fact that he "knows too much." On the other hand, Mr. Wyndham shows excellent sense and full knowledge in discussing that snobbish and wholly impracticable idea, "a regiment of gentlemen." His "few suggestions" as to food, cooking, and some other matters in which improvement is still possible, are modest and practical, and he very effectually controverts the notion of giving the reservist a better chance of obtaining civilian employment by teaching him a trade during his term of service. One regrets that Mr. Wyndham's experiences did not include a spell of India. But this deficiency does not seriously discount the welcome to be extended to the work of a healthy-minded young soldier who, having put his hand to the plough, manfully kept it there, and did not forget at the same time to examine the soil and other characteristics of the fields in which he was working.

Lumsden of the Guides. A Sketch of the Life of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Harry Burnett Lumsden, K.C.S.I., C.B., with Selections from his Correspondence and Occasional Papers. By General Sir Peter Lumsden, G.C.B., C.S.I., and George R. Elsmie, C.S.I. With Portraits, Maps, and Illustrations. 9x5½ in., xvi. + 333 pp. London, 1899.

Murray. 16/-

Harry Burnett Lumsden received his commission in 1833, and a few months later was gazetted to the 59th Bengal Native Infantry. In 1842 he was selected to act as interpreter and quartermaster to the 33rd Native Infantry, and in that capacity took part, under General Sir George Pollock, in the Afghan War. When Henry Lawrence was appointed British Resident at Lahore he chose Lumsden as one of his assistants, the others being George Lawrence, Herbert Edwardes, John Nicholson, Hodson, Richard Pollock, and several more who were destined to be scarcely less famous. Perhaps no man ever had a keener eye for character than Henry Lawrence; it was said that he was in the habit of keeping a note-book in which he entered the name of every promising young fellow he met. In those days frontier troubles were incessant, and Lumsden was in the thick of them. He accompanied the expedition to Kashmir, and so firmly established himself in Lawrence's favour that he was given an independent command, his men being the very Sikhs against whom he had just been fighting. "You may fancy my feelings at finding myself—a griff of a lieutenant—suddenly placed in the position of a general officer with troops in whose company I had never been before except as an enemy."

Such was the man to whom, when Lawrence conceived the idea of raising the Guides, he entrusted the task. In a lecture delivered at the Royal United Service Institution, Sir Henry Daly, who, in Lumsden's absence, had the good fortune to command that famous corps at Delhi, said:—

Lumsden possessed characteristics for the task in a rare degree. A daring sportsman, full of endurance, hardy and strong of frame, with an instinctive knowledge of men which gave him a power which none under him ever questioned. Life

in the Punjab in those times was full of incidents, and few were the days which did not test self-dependence and salubrious intelligence. Henry Lawrence quickly gauged Lumsden's genius. It is hardly enough to say that on the enrolment of the Guides (at first consisting of one troop of cavalry and two companies of infantry) each man's personal history was known to Lumsden. Men from every wild and warlike tribe were represented in its ranks—men habituated to war and sport, the dangers and vicissitudes of border life—Afridis and Goorkhas, Sikhs and Huzaras, Wuziris, Pathans of every class, and even Kafirs. . . . Lumsden sought out the men notorious for desperate deeds, leaders in forays, who kept the passes in the hills, and lived amid inaccessible rocks. He made Guides of them. Tempted by regular pay and enterprise, many joined the corps and became conspicuous for daring and fidelity.

Among his recruits was the notorious Dilawur Khan, whose chief occupation seems to have been "kidnapping bankers and rich traders." Dilawur was invited by Lumsden to the camp, and, to the general astonishment, accepted the invitation. When the matter was explained to him he treated it as a joke and departed laughing. But a few weeks later he returned to say that he would, after all, join the Guides on one condition—that he was excused the degradation of the goose-step. Lumsden, however, insisted on

His being taught the complete art of war, and finally had the satisfaction of seeing the most dreaded man on the frontier patiently balancing on one leg at his bidding.

About half his earliest recruits were men of this stamp. In training them he was indefatigable, and before long he had made them the finest native corps in India. For him they would go anywhere and do anything. At Sangao, the first action in which they were engaged, they displayed, among other qualities, their extraordinary power of getting over the ground.

When the Mutiny burst over India, the opportunity of the Guides came. Their fidelity never wavered, and in their march to Delhi they performed a feat which can never be forgotten. It was thus described by Major-General Sir Sydney Cotton in his address to the Peshawur force:—

Next to British soldiers the men who, in the hour of doubt and danger, stood highest in the public confidence, were the Guides. They were then cantoned at Murdan. Their commander, Captain Daly, received the order on the 13th May, marched that very evening, and reached Attok (thirty miles) next morning. It was soon seen that Delhi was the centre of the Mutiny, and to Delhi the Guides were ordered to push on. They did push on; they reached Delhi on the twenty-fourth day after leaving Murdan, three of which days they halted by order. The distance was 580 miles, or fifty-seven regular marches achieved in twenty-one, and during those twenty-one days they turned off their road twelve times, burnt three villages. No soldier can hear of such a march without admiration, and their "deeds of arms" were equal to their march.

All this time Lumsden, burning to be with his beloved Guides, was cooped up in Kandahar. With his brother (one of the authors of this book) and Dr. Bellew, he had been sent there on a political mission. The breaking out of the Mutiny rendered Lumsden's position most precarious. At the first rumour of a reverse to the British troops in India the whole population would have risen, and the lives of the members of the mission would have been sacrificed. For this reason it was considered impolitic to withdraw until some decided success had been gained. Lumsden was dependent for news upon letters from friends, chiefly from Herbert Edwardes, Commissioner at Peshawur. These letters occupy a considerable portion of the book, and, although they hardly belong to a life of Lumsden, they nevertheless give a very interesting picture of India during the Mutiny. As Lumsden was not recalled until some time after the fall of Delhi, he had little share in the real fighting. Partly for that reason, partly, no doubt, because of his dislike to push his own claims, he never received the high honours which he deserved. For five years he held the command of the Hyderabad Contingent, and when his term expired he returned to Europe, living for a time, on account of his wife's health, at various places on the Continent, and eventually succeeding to the family property in Aberdeenshire.

The authors have written a fascinating book, and every page

has an interest of its own. It is well worthy to stand on the shelves beside such volumes as "Hodson of Hodson's Horse," and the lives of John Nicholson, Henry Lawrence, and other distinguished soldiers who have helped to make our Indian Empire.

Colonel H. B. Hanna, whose literary efforts have hitherto been confined chiefly to vigorous and rather acrimonious pamphlets, has attempted a work of real magnitude in *THE SECOND AFGHAN WAR, 1878-79-80*, the first volume of which (Constable, 10s. n.) carries him to the formation of the Multan, Kuram Valley, and Peshawar Valley Field Forces. Colonel Hanna brings to his task unmistakable earnestness, industry, and military experience, and a fluent and lucid style. But his avowedly controversial object—that of proving the iniquity of the so-called "forward policy," especially in relation to the treatment of Shere Ali by Lord Lytton—seriously discounts the contemporary value of his work. As an indictment, his "Second Afghan War" may convince some and confirm the half-formed views of others, but such bias as Colonel Hanna displays disqualifies the book from being accepted as a standard history of the campaign. If he had adhered to his original intention of producing a faithful record of events in which he himself bore an honourable part, the result would doubtless have proved more satisfactory. Apart from its one-sidedness the book contains much that is of real interest, and the amount of genuine information conveyed is remarkable. Colonel Hanna has had access to many papers not ordinarily available, and has done his collating and extracting exceedingly well. The slight prominence given to the operations on the Quetta side, in which Colonel Hanna himself took part, is excusable since it results in a bright narrative of the advance of Biddulph's force, as well as in some useful historical details concerning the great frontier fortress which now dominates Baluchistan.

Captain H. M. Bower's translation of Hoenig's *INQUIRIES CONCERNING THE TACTICS OF THE FUTURE* (Longmans, 15s. n.) is a just, if rather tardy, tribute to the merit of a very notable study in combined military history and criticism. Since the first publication of his book in 1881, under the title of "Two Brigades," Hoenig has been widely read on the Continent, and, since the appearance of the entirely re-modelled second edition of 1890, has not been without honour in our own Service. The translation is from the fourth edition (1893), and is meritorious if only by reason of the industry and self-effacement of the translator. From the tactical standpoint Hoenig is the enthusiastic prophet of psychology. Time after time he comes back from the discussion of what has actually been done to the necessity of morally educating a corps to do what ought to be done, and if not invariably convincing, he is always forcibly, and sometimes quite picturesquely, instructive.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

In *THE SOLITARY SUMMER* (Macmillan, 6s.) the same Elizabeth who introduced the reader last summer to her German garden now spends with him a pleasant five months' holiday in the same retreat. The reader is, in fact, almost the only visitor whom the fastidious Elizabeth will allow to cross the threshold. To him she is a delightful hostess, with not only a knowledge of gardening, won by years of experience and occasional failure, but the gift of imparting it to the uninitiated in an unaffected style, free from technicalities, and with a touch of poetry. Here is a hint to gardeners on the proper combination of colours:—

How very much more charming different coloured tulips are together than tulips in one colour by itself! Last year, on the recommendation of sundry writers about gardens, I tried beds of scarlet tulips and forget-me-nots. They were pretty enough; but I wish those writers could see my beds of mixed tulips. I never saw anything so sweetly, delicately gay. The only ones I exclude are the rose-coloured ones; but scarlet, gold, delicate pink, and white are all there and the effect is infinitely enchanting. The forget-me-nots grow taller as the tulips go off, and will presently tenderly engulf them altogether

and so hide the shame of their decay in their kindly little arms.

Despite her love for the garden, Elizabeth devotes a good deal of time to literature. In her reading she thinks that books, like flowers, only reveal their full beauties at the right time and place—unlike Mr. Arthur Waugh, who discussed this question the other day in our columns.

When I drive in the forests, Keats goes with me; and if I extend my drive to the Baltic shores, and spend the afternoon on the moss beneath the pines whose pink stems form the framework of the sea, I take Spenser; and presently the blue waves are the ripple of the Idle Lake, and a tiny white sail is Phædria's shallow ship, bearing Cymochles swiftly away to her drowsy little nest of delights.

The contrast between this Elizabeth and her husband, the "Man of Wrath," already drawn in "Elizabeth and her German Garden," is well kept up. Despite her plaintive entreaty, "Please, Man of Wrath, say something long for once," he is as laconic as ever. Elizabeth's idea of the value of a bad cook in keeping her husband in order will strike some wives as more original than prudent.

As long as I have her [the bad cook], my dear man, you will be comparatively thin and amiable. Poor Schmidt [another husband], as you call him, eats too much of those delicate savouries and then looks at his wife and wonders why he married her. Don't let me catch you doing that.

Equally diverting is Elizabeth's account of her visits to the stuffy little German cottages in her neighbourhood. The first thing is to ask the wife of the house what she has given the family for dinner; the next to admire the size and plumpness of the feather bed. "She who can pile them up nearest to the ceiling becomes," we are told, "the principal personage in the community."

This autobiography of a cultured and observant woman, full of enthusiasm for nature and with a shrewd sense of humour, is a fitting sequel to "Elizabeth and her German Garden."

THE NAVAL PIONEERS OF AUSTRALIA, by Louis Becke and Walter Jeffery (Murray, 7s. 6d.), is a batch of biographies of the eminent seamen whose names are associated with early Australian history—Dampier, Cook, Phillip, Bass, Flinders, Bligh, and some others; and the authors, by diligent use of the "Historical Records of New South Wales," have given popular form to a good deal of information that is not very accessible. Their work is of uneven merit, and the earlier chapters are somewhat disappointing. Their account of Cook, for instance, is not so satisfactory in many ways as Sir Walter Besant's, and we would rather read about Dampier in Mr. Clark Russell's monograph. The chapter about Admiral Phillip is also somewhat lacking in interest. In the later chapters, however, there is plenty to repay the reader's perseverance. The story of Flinders' long captivity in Mauritius is very well told, with copious extracts from the explorer's letters; and it is a story that is not well known. It is interesting, as an example of the cosmopolitan sympathies of men of learning, to find that, at the time of the battle of Trafalgar, Sir Joseph Banks was in correspondence with the members of the Institut de France, and was able to induce the literary men of Paris to exert their influence to obtain Flinders' release by special favour of the Emperor. Another well-told story is that of the mutiny of the *Bounty*. It has not, of course, the charm of unfamiliarity, but it seems to be told with more knowledge, and with more care in the weighing of evidence, by Messrs. Becke and Jeffery than by their predecessors. Their verdict is not very favourable to Captain Bligh, who was as unpopular in Sydney as he was on board his ill-fated vessel. They tell a story, which is new to us, to illustrate how high feeling ran upon the subject, and how long animosities endured.

Some years ago an accomplished young lady, well known and much respected in Norfolk Island, and one of the (two or three generations removed) descendants by one side of her family from the mutineers, visited England. This lady's husband, proud of his wife, took her to his home in a certain English county, where, in her honour, her husband's relatives had invited many friends, among them a dear old lady who they

knew was a descendant of Bligh. "What an interesting meeting this will be!" thought they, not taking into account all the circumstances. The old lady and the young lady were duly introduced. "Dear me!" said the young lady, "and so you are the — (mentioning the relationship) of the tyrant Bligh!" "How dare you, the — (again emphasizing the relationship) descendant of a base mutineer, thus speak of a distinguished officer!" indignantly exclaimed the old lady. Which little anecdote shows how very emphatically there are two sides to this story.

The book is well worth reading. It is illustrated from old prints, many of them of an exceedingly interesting nature.

HIGHER LIFE FOR WORKING PEOPLE, by W. Walker Stephens (Longmans, 3s. 6d.), is a sober discussion of the measures which have been, or might be, proposed for the amelioration of the condition of the poorer classes. The usual arguments are offered in favour of an eight-hours working day, and in the last chapter there is a good deal of vague Malthusian talk, in which no dots are put on any of the i's. The author's remarks on the subject of old-age annuities are, however, worthy of consideration. He proposes that such a scheme should be voluntary, and that the principle of the tontine should be applied. There are difficulties in the proposal which he does not meet. The chief of these is that the *employés* in unhealthy industries, being fully aware of the fact that they are likely to die young, would probably object to entering tontines on equal terms with sailors, agricultural labourers, and others whom statistics show to be, as a rule, longer lived. The suggestion would have been more helpful if it had been supported by actuarial calculations. Will not some actuary take the trouble to work the figures out, and show us what sort of an annuity a man could buy, on the tontine system, for half a crown a month—payments to begin, say, at eighteen years of age, and the annuity to be claimable at any time after twenty years' payments have been made?

THE PROPHECIES OF THE BRAHAN SEER (Mackay, 2s. 6d.), by Alexander Mackenzie, F.S.A. It was certainly worth while to collect in one volume the prophecies of Coinneach Odhar Fiosachie, the Scotch seer of the seventeenth century, more familiarly known as Kenneth Mackenzie. As a mine of Scotch tradition, full of romantic incidents in the history of great Scottish families, and legends of the country side, the book is most welcome. But from the point of view of the Society for Psychical Research, it cannot be said that Mr. Mackenzie brings forward much convincing evidence in favour of Kenneth's powers. As Mr. Andrew Lang says in his somewhat sceptical introduction to the book, "we are dealing with poetical legend, not with evidence. . . . We can scarcely ever . . . find evidence that the prophecies were recorded before the event."

In Mr. H. M. Chadwick's study of **THE CULT OF OTHIN** (Clay, 2s. 6d.), the most important contribution to the subject is modestly placed in the notes at the end. The main part of the book is devoted to three questions. What were the chief characteristics of the cult in Scandinavia? How does it differ from the cult of Woden in Germany? What are the earliest traces of the cult in Scandinavia? The first essay introduces us to the familiar Othin, the Scandinavian God of War; the second only shows that after all there is very little difference worth bothering about between the Scandinavian and the Germanic cult. So far we have not made much progress. Othin, as the God of War presiding over Walhalla, the goal of the dying warrior, who, like the soldier of the Khalifa, willingly embraces death as the road to his God and to the wish-maidens, the houris of the north: Othin, the father of the Volsungs who fight with his invincible sword, the god with one eye, the god of magic and cunning, is familiar even to those who know him only in the poems of Wagner's music dramas. But for the Othin, as known only to scholars, such as Mr. Chadwick, we must turn to the notes. Here the God of War appears as also the "giver of poetry" and the dispenser of chattels, as shown by an amusing traditional dialogue between Othin and Thor. Another interesting discussion, also relegated to the notes, deals with the relation between

the Othin legends and Christianity. The third essay, as to the date of the Scandinavian cult, would have rivalled the notes in interest had Mr. Chadwick shown the bearing of his conclusions upon the new theory that the cult of Othin is not indigenous in Scandinavia.

"Mr. Dooley" is a favourite with the English publishers. We hear of him appearing under all sorts of covers and at any price from 1d. upwards. Messrs. George Routledge issue him in a neat little volume at 1s. with an imaginary portrait on the cover, and also at 6d. in a paper wrapper. Mr. Grant Richards has already published several editions of his issue and now sends us an enlarged edition "by arrangement with the American publisher and the author." Like most of Mr. Richards' publications, **MR. DOOLEY; IN PEACE AND WAR** (2s. 6d.) is admirably bound and printed. It contains five new articles, and an excellent portrait of Mr. Finley Peter Dunne, the creator of the new Irish American wit. Here is Mr. Dooley on the author of "The White Man's Burden":—

"I think," said Mr. Dooley, "th' finest pothry in th' wurrudd is wrote be that frind iv young Hogan's, a man be th' name iv Roodyard Kipling. I see his pomes in th' pa-aper, Hinnessy; an' they're all right. They're all right, thin pomes. There was wan about scraggin' Danny Deever that done me a wurrudd iv good. They was a la-ad I wanst knew be th' name iv Deever, an' like as not he was th' same man. He owed me money. Thin there was wan that I see mintioned in th' war news wanst in a while—th' less we f-rget, th' more we raymimber."

Mr. Dooley's friend, Father Kelly, gives us a little parody of Mr. Kipling with a pleasing side thrust at the "Fenyan" and the "Anglo-Saxon 'liance":—

Whin he shows as 'seekin' frindship with paws that're thrust in thine,

That is th' time iv pearl, that is th' thruce iv th' line.
Collarless, coatless, hatless, askin' a dhrink at th' bar,
Me Uncle Mike, th' Fenyan, he tells it near an' far,
Over an' over th' story: "Beware iv th' gran' flim flam,
There is no thruce with Gazabo, th' line that looks like a lamb."

TRUE TALES OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE, by Harry de Windt (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.), shows that truth is not only stranger but more entertaining than fiction, for these tales, so varied in scene and character, of curious and exciting experiences in all parts of the world, relieved by sketches of English life and of quiet country scenes, are far more readable than many of the volumes of "short stories" by professed novelists.

THE GERMAN FATHERLAND.

The most popular poem written by the patriotic poet E. M. Arndt was, from 1813 to 1870, his "Was ist das Deutsche Vaterland," which the late Arnold Ruge not inappropriately called the "Geographical Marseillaise." It is now generally assumed that the question of the poet found a practical answer in the last-named year. It was therefore a felicitous idea of Professor Joseph Kürschner, who is one of the most active *littérateurs* of modern Germany, to furnish a pictorial representation of his native country under the title of **DAS IST DAS DEUTSCHE VATERLAND** (Berlin: Hermann Hilgers Verlag, 10 marks). This magnificent volume contains well nigh 1,300 artistic illustrations of everything that is worth seeing in Germany, and the letterpress is far superior to that usually found in such publications.

Another patriotic German work is the portly volume which the distinguished editor of Meyer's "Konversations-Lexikon" has issued under the title of **DEUTSCHER VOLKSTUM** (German Nationality), an expression, by-the-by, coined by the *Turnvater* L. F. Jahn in 1810, in order to replace the loan-word *Nationalität* by a purely Teutonic term. Jahn it was who started the question *Was ist Deutsch?* and Dr. Hans Meyer here gives an answer to that comprehensive query. He has associated with himself a number of specialists who treat the subject from an historical, ethnological, geographical, and philological point of view, and describe the manifestations of the German *geist* in the field of

political and literary history, of music, art, law, religion, and language. The book is published by the Bibliographisches Institut, and is beautifully got up, with copious illustrations of portraits, facsimiles, &c. The price is 15 marks.

GUIDE BOOKS.

A seventh edition reaches us, revised and augmented, of *Baedeker's NORWAY, SWEDEN, AND DENMARK* (Dulan, 10s.).

A timely little book which will serve as an historical guide to KENSINGTON PALACE comes from Messrs. Bell (2s. n.). Its author is Mr. Ernest Law, whose good work in connexion with the art treasures of the Royal Palace we have noticed more than once.

THE CYCLIST'S GUIDE TO THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT, by A. W. Rumney (Philip, 2s. 6d. n.), is a handy book for the pocket. It contains twenty-one route maps, and a district map on durable pegamoid cloth, with a handy cardboard scale for the determination of distances.

HINTS AND NOTES FOR TRAVELLERS IN THE ALPS (Longmans, 3s. n.) is a reprint, with alterations and additions, of John Ball's general introduction to his "Alpine Guide," prepared, on behalf of the Alpine Club, by the Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge. The additions include an article on "Photography in the High Alps," by Mr. Sydney Spencer, and one on "Life in an Alpine Valley," by the editor. The latter, like all Mr. Coolidge's writings on Alpine subjects, is remarkable for its erudition. The use of the word "alp," for instance, in its sense of "a mountain pasture specially fitted for pasturing cows in milk," is traced back to 739; while the history of Grindelwald is sketched by Mr. Coolidge from the building of the church which took the place of the chapel of Saint Petronella in 1146. A complete history of Grindelwald is a book that should be written, and Mr. Coolidge, now that he has taken up his residence there, is emphatically the man to write it. No adequate work on the subject exists, and Gruner's "Die Eisgebirge des Schweizerlandes" (Bern, 1760), which deals with the subject, is not easily obtainable.

The Rev. L. E. Brooke, in his Lectures, now published, on THIS CHURCH AND REALM (Rivingtons, 2s. 6d.), gives a brief and plain exposition of the Ritualistic position on the Ornaments Rubric, the Eastward Position, Vestments, Incense, and Reservation, by way of defending his own practice. He wishes for proper episcopal courts with a final appeal to the collective episcopate—a programme which, of course, implies some reform in the election of Bishops.

Mr. E. Longworth Dames, the author of some nature studies collected under the title of THE EARTH LIFE (Redway, 5s.), has many fine thoughts, a keenly receptive mind, and an abundance of language—but he errs from the want of simplicity; and we fear few readers can stand much in this style:—

But now of these things it is in no wise to think or to realise that they have existed ever, save in a far vanished life which may be again at some period too indefinite for aught of consideration.

FIREMEN AND THEIR EXPLOITS, by F. M. Holmes (Partridge, 1s. 6d.), gives a description of certain famous conflagrations and also a popular account of the rise and development of fire brigades and the invention of appliances for extinguishing the flames and saving life at fires. It contains a very interesting chapter on the ingenious methods adopted by the fire brigades of New York.

OF THE MODERN ADAM, OR HOW THINGS ARE DONE, by Arthur W. A. Beckett (Hurst and Blackett, 3s. 6d.), containing hints and sketches relating chiefly to the lives of speakers, writers, and soldiers, mostly reprinted from *Punch*, we need only say that they are fairly representative of the humour provided for *Punch's* readers a generation ago, and will still amuse those who are not too clever to have lost their taste for it.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE (Newnes) is printed in large, clear type, and is cheap (3s. 6d.). It confines itself to words and their meanings, without giving

phrases, or even compound words where their meaning is obvious, and avoiding the thorny paths of etymology. The editor is the Rev. E. D. Price, F.G.S.

MORISON'S CHRONICLE OF THE YEAR'S NEWS (Morison, Glasgow, 3s. 6d. n.) is a clearly and conveniently printed summary of each day's news during 1898, which is likely to be very useful. Its usefulness, of course, depends on its index, which, as far as we have tested it, is carefully compiled. Rather by way of emphasizing the necessity of duplicate entry than of impugning the completeness of the index, we must point out that after "Peers created" the reader will not find a reference to the page on which Lord Kitchener's peerage is recorded.

The new CATALOGUE OF THE FULHAM PUBLIC LIBRARIES is a great improvement on the old one, and is marvellously cheap at one shilling. A feature of it is what are called "analytic entries"—references, that is to say, to "parts of books or included articles," as, for example:—

MOUNT ATHOS. In Curzon (R). Visits to the monasteries of the Levant, 1897. Ill. maps. C.2436

This system must be useful, though it must involve a good deal of labour to the cataloguer.

The Rev. Robert Herbert Quick was a schoolmaster whom the Harrow boys gave rather a bad time, but who theorised luminously on educational subjects. Mr. F. Storr now gives us the LIFE AND REMAINS OF QUICK (Cambridge University Press, 7s. 6d.). It is well enough done, but the question whether it was worth doing still remains. The writings of a melancholy pedagogue with a taste for introspection are not things with which the world needs to be provided in great quantity. It certainly would have been kinder to Mr. Quick's memory to suppress his wailings over his inability to keep order in his form.

So much has been written about the Spanish-American War that it is hardly necessary to do more than chronicle the appearance of another book upon that subject. It is called HISTORY UP TO DATE (Allenson, 6s.), and is by Mr. William A. Johnston. The author is not always accurate on occasions when accuracy would strike a blow at patriotic pride. His statement, for example, that at Caney "the Seventy-First New York were in the thick of the fight" is not borne out by the statements of other eye-witnesses, or by the fact that various officers of that unfortunate regiment have been cashiered for hiding behind trees or taking other measures to get out of the line of fire. The book is illustrated with photographs—some good and some indifferent.

SPORT IN EAST CENTRAL AFRICA, by F. Vaughan Kirby (Rowland Ward, 8s. 6d. n.), is a book for sportsmen rather than for the community at large, as will be seen from this extract taken at random from the table of contents:—

The lioness returns—An exciting night—A counterfeit—Vultures—The lion found—A hyæna scare—Night adventure with a lion—Boxed up—Shift camp—Inyala antelopes—Lion round the camp—Impala—Out of form—Eland shooting—Troop of hyænas—A leopard shot—A man-eating lion—Trumpeter hornbills—Ingala hunting—A buffalo bull.

The extract is not exceptional but typical. From cover to cover the book abounds with palpitating actualities of this sort. Those who take an interest in big-game shooting will find it hard, if they once pick the book up, to lay it down unfinished; but the prose style is such that other people will, perhaps, find less difficulty in doing so.

Mr. E. E. Kellett and Mr. E. W. Naylor have done a good work in translating Dr. Oscar Bie's HISTORY OF THE PIANOFORTE AND PIANOFORTE PLAYERS (Dent, 12s. 6d.). In adapting this standard work in Germany to the needs of English readers they have wisely refrained from a too literal adherence to the text, and have here and there omitted passages, where the style of the German author seemed to them too philosophic for their purpose. Occasionally they have interpolated passages of their own, either in amplification of the author's meaning or in order to mention some player or composer for the pianoforte—such as Sterndale Bennett—omitted by the German writer but of special interest to Englishmen. The series of admirable illustrations of old instruments and of composers and performers from Orlando Gibbons to Moskowski, including the well-known cartoons of Beethoven and Liszt, give additional interest to this work of discreet adaptation.

ON THE HITHER BANK.

3rd JUNE, 1889.

[He wrote "The City of Dreadful Night."]

Shrouded Brother, lingering lonely by the grey and silent river,
Twixt his ghostly paddles crouching, plies the grim old Shade
no more?

Or, by many crossings harried, rests the Boatman of Forever
In the unresponsive Yonder, where the darkness hides the shore?
Wan, Rejected at the Ferry, what the freight that last went
o'er?

I have heard no hovering echo of the drums in muffled throbbing,
Of the wailing of the pibroch, of the tramp of following feet,
Of the rattle of the volley, of the sorrowing trumpet's sobbing,
Of the strain that dogs the dead man down the banner-bordered
street:

Ne'er a note of martial mourning, for a chief of soldiers meet!

Back beyond the belt of brightness, where the living fain would
linger,

There was ne'er a wailful organ breathing dolour overhead;
Ne'er a Fugleman of Sorrow waving crowds with strenuous finger
To a masquerade of mourning for a spell of Glory sped,
For the Masterful and Mighty, lopped, and numbered with the
dead!

Here, before the boat went over, was no wreck of bays that
mingle

With the gold of honoured shrouding, strung and spun with
bootless care;

There is nought of ravished purple on the bleak and ghastly
shingle—

But a wreath at random woven from the trappings of Despair!
Musing tarrier for a passage, tell me of the last-won fare!

"Here was but the shroudless wreckage of a scorned and
sorrowing rhymers,

Of the shunned and fameless chanter of an ever-peerless strain;
But the thousand-trampled remnant of a thrice-defeated
climber,

But the phantom of a Prophet who had prophesied in vain
To the myrmidons of Mammon, in the market-place of Gain.

"But, behind the darkness yonder, there be minstrels many
waiting;

There's a corner in their Throne-room for the Bard of sombre
spell;

In the Chamber of the Shadow he shall find no lack of mating;
There's a whisper on the water—'tis the Boatman comes to tell
That the Countersign was spoken, and forever All is Well!"

GEO. BARTRAM.

THE WALKER OF THE DAWN.

Who is it stealeth, icy chill and grey,
With the first day-glimpse o'er the gloomy wold?
When the dim portals of the east unfold
Who is it comes, ere comes the nursling day,
Ere the young beams have time to speed away
And tell their tale of dawn, so often told—
Who is it creepeth like a phantom cold
Into the rooms where sleep should have its sway?

His name is hard to tell. With deadly chill
He lays his finger on the throbbing heart,
And lo, the coursing of its blood is still,
The eyelids close, the dry lips fall apart.
Day comes with bounding pulse, but it is seen
That here the Walker of the Dawn hath been.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

Among my Books

AT ELY MINSTER.

III.

Miss Jennett Humphreys, in her most charming
"Among my Books" gossip in your columns some weeks
ago, wrote of Sir Thomas Cockayne's "Treatise of Hunting,"
and, in allusion to his quotation from the "Measures in
Blowing" laid down by "Sir Tristram, one of King Arthur's
knights," asked the pertinent question:—"Is it a fact
that copies of Sir Tristram's book are really in existence?"
"Some library, somewhere," she thought, "may be in
happy, if unknown, possession of a copy—it will be in a
hunting district, on the shelves of some Tudor lodge, where
the Tudor master was a kennel enthusiast—and how
enjoyable it would be, if such a copy could be discovered,
and if literary hands might be allowed to be laid upon it."
Well, I know not how many centuries old Miss Humphreys
would wish her Book of Sir Tristram to be. Would she
have us go back to that dim age, to "that island valley
of the saints," when at Caerleon or at Glastonbury King
Arthur held his mythic court? Or is she thinking of that
later time when Geoffrey of Monmouth wrote his "History
of the Britons" and told the story of Uther Pendragon
and of King Arthur—and the land

Where mythic Uther's deeply wounded son

In some fair space of sloping greens

Lies, dozing in the vale of Avalon,

And watched by weeping queens—

or of that still later day when, in 1155, the metrical
version of Geoffrey's History was rewritten in Norman
French by Robert Wace, and called the "Roman de
Brut"? I fear she will find no Sir Tristram there, for
Robert himself tells us naively enough that, when in
search of the Arthurian wonders told of by Breton
trouvères he went to seek for them in the forest of
Brecheliand, his search ended in mere vain folly:—

Là alai—jo merveilles querre

Vis la forest e vis la terre;

Merveilles quis, mais ne's trovai;

Fol m'en revins, fol i alai.

Fol i alai, fol m'en revins,

Folie quis, por fol me tins.

Or, perhaps, she pictures some old illuminated manuscript
of late thirteenth or early fourteenth century, with knight
and lady, hound at foot and hawk on wrist, "in quaint
devices deftly blazoned" in large initial letter or bordered
margin, wrought in some old scriptorium of the convent
where my Lord the Prior had St. Hubert for his favourite
saint? Alas! I fear she will never see that book. Too
few memorials of the gentle leisure of that pleasant time
in those haunts of ancient peace remain. They have been
washed into forgetfulness by the silent stream of time:—

Rura quæ Liris quiescit

Mordet aqua taciturnus amnis.

But if Miss Humphreys is satisfied, as I half guess she
may be, with Tudor times, and the new black-letter
printing of Caxton or Wynkyn de Worde, or William
Coplande, at one or other of their presses, at the Signet
the Sun, or of the Rose Garland, or in the Vintre at the

Three Cranes Wharfe, then she may surely have her wish. But it will be in no hunting district, in no Tudor lodge, where enthusiastic Tudor masters kennelled hounds, but at 15, Piccadilly, on the shelves of Bernard Quaritch—he catalogued it in 1897, under the title of "The Book of St. Albans," printed in 1486, sold at the Duke of Roxburghe's sale for £147, and "since made perfect at enormous expense by the late Earl of Ashburnham, now offered for £500"—or on the shelves of the University Library at Cambridge, in a similar edition to the Roxburghe one, or here in a somewhat later edition in this Old World Library at Ely Minster.

For behind a little locked and latticed wicket, embedded among shelves, which groan beneath the weight of mighty folios of ancient fathers and medieval doctors of theology, rests a copy of the book she longs to see. It came to us by private gift of one of our canons, from the library of Mr. Haslewood, who published a modern reprint in 1810. In a printed bibliographical note pasted into the cover Mr. Haslewood says:—"This I consider the earliest edition of the Book of Sir Tristram known." It is catalogued thus:—

Lattice. Book of Sir Tristram. The Book of hawking, huntynge and fysshynge, wyth all the properties and medecynes that are necessary to be kepte.

It is a small quarto of 94 pages, divided into three parts. Each part begins with a page containing title and rough wood engraving, and ends with the words—"Imprinted at London in Saynt Martyns Paryshe in the Vinetre upon the Thre Crane Wharfe by Wyllyam Coplande."

The first part on Hawking and the third on Fishing are in prose, but the second part on Hunting, unlike the treatise of Sir Thomas Cockayne of which Miss Humphreys wrote, is in verse. This second part begins thus:—

Lykewyse as in the booke of Hawkyng a foresayde are written and noted the termes of pleasure belongyng to gentylme havynge a delyght therein. In the same maner this booke folowynge sheweth to such gentyll persons the maner of Huntynge for all maner of beastes whether they be beastes of venery or chase of rascall, and also it sheweth al termes convenyent, aswel of the houndes as of ye beastes aforesayd, and there be many dyvers of them, as is declared in the books folowyng.

¶ Beastes of venery are iii. kindes.

Wheresoever ye fare by frith or by fell
My dere childe take hede how trysta [*i.e.*, Sir Tristram]
doth you tel
Howe many maner beastes of venery there were.
Lysten to your dame, and she shall you lere
Foure maner of beastes of venery there are
The fyrst of them is the hart, the second is the hare
The Bore is of one of tho, the wolfe and not one more.

¶ Beastes of the chase are v. kyndes.

And where ye come in playne or place
I shall you tell which ben beastes of enchase.
One of them is the Bucke, an other is the doe
The Fox and the Martynon, and the wylde Roe.
And ye shall all my dere chyldre other beastes all
Where to you them fynde, rascall ye shall them call
In fryth or in fell, or in the forest I you tell.

The last few pages after the inscription "Explicit Dame Julia Barnes her Boke of Huntynge"—and the story of that good lady's birth and genealogy, full of such good

"hunting" of another sort for Bookmen, though it should be noted, is too long and intricate to linger over now—are filled up with various scraps of knowledge and useful information, as, for example, the properties of a good horse and the order of precedence of the Bishops. As to the horse, our Dame asserts that "a good horse should have xv. properties and condicions. That is, to wete, three of a man, three of a woman, three of a foxe, three of a hare, and three of an asse."

Then follow various wise saws, of which these may be quoted:—

Who that maketh in Christmas a dog to his larder,
And in Marche a sowe to his gardynar,
And in May a foole of a wyse man's counsell,
He shall never have good larder, fayre garden, nor yet
well kept counsell.

Again,

Who that buyldeth his house all of salowes,
And prycketh a blynde horse over the falowes,
And suffereth his wyfe to seke many halowes,
God send hym the blisse of everlasting galowes.

Two double columned pages follow containing the list of "the Companyes of beastes and foules." At first I thought I had read the initial letter of this last word wrongly, and that for "fowls" I ought to have read "souls." But no! "a muster of peacocks," "an exalting of larks," "a cherme of goldfinches," "a chattering of choughs," "a gaggle of geese," "a cast of hawks," "a covy of partiryches," "a fall of woodcocks," cannot be intended as a characterization or classification of human souls, and yet the list includes "a cluster of churles," "a rag of maydens," "a gagle of women," and ends—it is very strange—with "a charge of curates," "a discrecion of preestes," "a disworshypp of Scottes."

And so with "The Measures of Blowing," much as Miss Humphreys has them in her book—there is pasted into the volume a MS. page, in writing of Elizabeth's time, giving "the Measures" in a quaint musical notation of dotted semi-circles and squares—the Book of Hunting ends. My space is gone, otherwise there is much good quoting and gossip I should like to have made from the Book of Hawking, and the Treatise of Fysshynge with an Angle. But to these perhaps I may return at another time, as to others, which may show that the Book of Sir Tristram keeps good company behind the little lattice, such as, for example, the famous "History of the Seven Champions of Christendom"; William Caxton's "Fructus Temporum," with the "Chronicles of Englonde"; John Milton's autograph copy of Chrysostom's Sermons; two Love Letters of Bishop Patrick, and not a few more. To the mathematical Preface of John Dee in his 1570 edition of Euclid I must some day return, and, indeed, for the present I know not how I can end better than with his farewell to his readers:—

So I commit you unto God's merciful direction for
the rest; heartily beseeching him to prosper
your Studies, and honest Intent:
to his Glory, and the Com-
modity of our Country.
Amen.

CHARLES W. STUBBS.

Deanery, Ely, May, 1899.

AT THE PLAY IN OLD GENEVA.

[BY FRANCIS GRIBBLE.]

It may not be generally known that amateur theatricals were the favourite amusement at Geneva in the happy days before Calvin came to the city and decreed that all the citizens should pretend to be as pious as he himself actually was. The fact, however, leaps to the eyes of those who have occasion to pry into the old records. "The Council," we read in one official document, "exhorted certain councillors and two others to get up some good historical plays;" and a little further on we read that the actors in the said historical plays had six florins of the public money divided among them for their trouble; and as we turn over the pages of the registers of the Council, we find similar entries continually reappearing. No public ceremony, we gather, was complete without a dramatic entertainment. In particular, there was always a dramatic entertainment when the Duke of Savoy visited the town, which, at that period, owed him a certain shadowy and ill-defined allegiance. Let us try to draw the picture of the performances of 1523, when the Duke arrived in state with his newly-wedded wife, Beatrice of Portugal. An old diary which certain industrious Genevan antiquaries have rescued from oblivion enables us to do so with some approach to accuracy.

When the citizens heard that the Duke was coming, they first got up a subscription in order to make a present to their Bishop. It is recorded that the oblations consisted of "half-a-dozen plates, half-a-dozen porridge basins, a dozen wax candles, and an equal number of boxes of sweetmeats." But let that pass. It may be interesting, but it is irrelevant. The reception to which these useful gifts were the preface demands our attention more imperiously. It proceeded, we shall see, on the theory nowadays so doughtily championed by Sir Walter Besant, that, on the occasion of a public pageant, the representatives of art and letters are entitled to the leading rôles. In this way:—

At the bridge over the Arve, four mounted Syndics met the Duchess and escorted her towards the city, holding a white silk canopy over her head. At Plainpalais, a further deputation of the leading citizens awaited the *cortège*. Their leader, Jean Philippe, attired in a magnificent silk suit with silver facings—for which he had paid fifty crowns—delivered an address of welcome in indifferent French verse, which may be thus rendered into English verse of corresponding quality:—

O Lady fair, of high renown,
We bid you welcome to the town;
Marshalled in orderly array,
We hope you will be pleased to-day.
For all of us desire to be
Your humble servants, as you see.
We'd serve you, since we know your worth,
Sooner than any Queen on earth.

That was all. The reciter had finished, and the *cortège* passed on. It had not got far before it met a deputation of the leading ladies of Geneva. There were 300 of them, and they all wore their most glorious apparel—lace caps with gold fastenings, gowns of brocaded satin bordered with velvet, and white shoes with bright silver buckles. They, too, had their leader, who delivered a poetical address: and, indeed, poetical addresses were the order of the day. At the *Porte de la Corratierie*, at the *Chapelle de Notre Dame du Pont*, at the corner of almost every street, a fresh poet—usually attired in some allegorical costume—awaited the arrival of the distinguished visitor. There was a Sybil, there was a Lady of Renown, there was an Apollo with a train of Muses; and each of these masqueraders in turn expressed his or her sentiments in verse. The procession stopped and attended to every one of them, the formula "taken as read" not having been invented in those early times.

These recitations, however, were only, so to say, the *hors d'œuvre* of the intellectual feast. The *pièce de résistance* was the play—a mystery play depicting certain notable episodes in the career of the Roman Emperor Constantine. It was in six acts,

and the peculiarity of it was that each act was given on a separate stage; the noble spectators moving on from one open-air theatre to the next during the *entr'acte*. But the acts were short, and the plot of the play can easily be summarized. As the first act consists of twelve lines only, we may venture to give it at full length. The characters are Constantine, his mother, Saint Helena, and an angel, and it runs thus:—

SAINT HELENA. Jesus, who on the cross wast slain,
May thy sad death be our great gain,
And help my darling son to smite
The Persian King whom he must fight.

Enter Angel, carrying a cross.

ANGEL. Rise, Constantine! No longer now
Will God this Persian's pride allow.
He marks thy mother on her knees
Wherefore *In hoc signo vinces*.

(Gives him the cross.)

SAINT HELENA. My son, no longer here abide!
Go forth, and in the cross confide!

CONSTANTINE. The King of Persia I will soon run through.
Mother, farewell!

SAINT HELENA. My gentle son, adieu!

CURTAIN.

We pass on. The second act, contains no dialogue, but only action; Constantine engages in mortal combat with the King of Persia and slays him. In the third act, he describes his Christian exploit to his mother. In Act IV., the scene shifts to Jerusalem. Constantine calls upon the Jews to identify the true cross for him; they refuse and are imprisoned for contumacy. In Act V., Constantine distinguishes the true cross from two others by the fact that it enables him to restore a dead man to life; and in Act VI. Constantine and his mother kneel at the foot of the true cross, engaged in prayer.

Such was one of the kinds of dramatic entertainment that flourished in old Geneva. Another more popular variety was what was known as the *Sottie*—a species of satire in form of allegory on the topics of the day. Two such *Sotties* have been preserved and reprinted in a collection of bibliographical rarities. The one on which we will fix our attention was given at Geneva in 1524. It was organized without reference to either Duke or Bishop, for no higher purpose than the amusement of the citizens by the citizens. The leading character was a certain *Père Bontemps*, who personified what we should call the "Good time coming"; and its historical importance lies in the fact that it expressed the sentiments of the Reformers more than ten years before the Reformation reached Geneva. Modern Puritans who denounce the stage may, therefore, be invited to observe that it was by means of stage plays that Geneva—that stronghold of Puritanism—first effectively expressed its passionate desire for the removal of Papist abuses. The salient passages are contained in the following scrap of dialogue between the Physician and the World:—

PHYSICIAN. So that is what disturbs your mind?
And you are not disturbed to find
Church benefices bought and sold
By needy thieves in quest of gold?
A baby on his mother's knee
Appointed to a Bishop's see?
While haughty prelates, as they please,
The goods of any neighbour seize,
And go to war on small pretext—
Whereby all Christian men are vexed.

THE WORLD. From Luther's land these plaints arise;
We're told they are a pack of lies.

PHYSICIAN. Whatever the abuse you ban
They call you, now, a Lutheran.

And so forth. The *Sottie* was short but pungent; and as it was given in the week of the fair, we may take it that it was well attended and made a considerable impression. But the Duke and Duchess of Savoy, though they were in the town at the time, did not go to see it. The MS. of the *Sottie* contains a note to the effect that "no seats were retained for them and they were not invited." As they were strenuous upholders of the authority of the Bishop of Rome, it was, perhaps, just as well, in the interest of peace and harmony, that they stayed away.

Notes.

The next number of *Literature* will contain an original story by Mr. E. F. Benson, entitled "Consequences."

Our readers will see that a controversy is raging in another column on the subject of illicit commissions in the publishing trade. A further pronouncement on the matter is contained in an interview with Sir Walter Besant which appeared in Tuesday's *Daily Chronicle*. "Now do you think," asked the interviewer, "that the Act proposed by Lord Russell of Killowen in reference to secret commissions can have any bearing upon the relations between authors and publishers?" "We complain," Sir Walter replied, "and always shall complain, of secret profits. They still exist." This means, if it means anything at all, that Sir Walter Besant can help Mr. John Murray where the Lord Chief Justice could not help him, and would be able, if Mr. Murray should address to him the same request which he addressed to the Lord Chief Justice, to furnish "such further particulars as would enable the council of our association to investigate the case." We hope that Mr. Murray will do so, for the matter is one which, in the interest both of publishers and authors, should be sifted carefully.

The death of Don Emilio Castelar has called forth many long obituary notices, but, while full justice has been done to his merits as a politician, hardly any of his biographers have recognized the fact that he was a man of letters. He was, however, a very voluminous writer. His works are of very various character and are spread over a long period of time. His first book was a novel, and appeared as long ago as 1855, the title being "Ernesto. Novela Original de Costumbres;" it was followed, in 1856, by "La Hermana de la caridad, leyenda popular." His last book, which appeared as recently as 1892, was a history, "Historia de Descubrimiento de America." During the thirty-six years which represent the period of his literary productivity, his pen was seldom idle. He figures as a classical scholar in "Lucano, su Vida, su Jenio, su Poema," 1857; as a pamphleteer in "Questiones politicas y sociales," 1870; as a biographer in "Vida de Byron," 1873; as an essayist in "Perfilar de personajes y bocetas de ideas," 1875; and as an historian in "Cronica de la Guerra de Africa," 1869, in "Estudios historicos sobre la edad media," 1875, and in "Historia del movimiento republicano in Europa," 1876. In addition to being a man of letters, Castelar was a journalist of distinction. He was editor of the *Tribune*, a contributor to *La Discusione*, founded by Rivero, and in 1864 he himself founded *La Democracia*, in the pages of which he wrote articles tinged with a theological mysticism which gave great offence to his Radical friends. He was at one time professor of history and philosophy at the Madrid University.

"Surely (writes a correspondent) Mr. Lionel Tollemache, and Mr. Justin McCarthy are somewhat inordinately scandalized by what the former calls Charles Kingsley's 'appalling statement,' with reference to 'suspending the inevitable action of the laws of gravity.' Are they not charging him with a monstrous and ridiculous paradox when he was really guilty of nothing worse than that very common inaccuracy of language which confounds 'a force' with the 'law' of its operation. To talk of suspending 'the action of the laws of gravity' is, of course, nonsense; it is indeed nonsense, or nearly so, to talk of the 'action' of a formula—a thing possessing, not motive energy, but simply mental validity. The 'force of gravitation' is the power of attraction exercised upon each other by all material bodies; the 'law of gravitation' is the general proposition that all such bodies 'attract each other with a power varying inversely as the square of their distance from each other.' To 'suspend the action' of this law would mean—so far as the phrase has any meaning—to bring about a state of things in which bodies would either cease to attract one another

at all, or would do so with a force varying otherwise than according to the inverse square of the distance. Whether it would be more 'appalling' to assert the possibility of this than, for instance, to maintain the flatness of the earth, I do not know; but it would, at least, be equally absurd; and if it were conceivable that this is what Kingsley meant he would undoubtedly have reduced himself to the intellectual level of the earth flatteners at once."

"But is it conceivable that he meant any such thing? Is it not certain that when he talked of suspending the 'action of the laws of gravity' he really meant the 'effective operation of the force of gravitation'—the suspension of which is, of course, a phenomenon occurring every moment of our lives? That the argument of the Professor of History was inconclusive and his illustration puerile, I am not concerned to deny, but the drift of the one and the significance of the other seem to me perfectly plain. 'Do not,' he says in effect to the Necessitarian, 'do not talk of man being the helpless instrument of blind external forces in the moral world, when we see that the one form of cosmic energy, the universality and apparent omnipotence of which is the most constantly impressed upon us, is capable of being made of none effect by an exercise of the human will acting through the human muscles.' You may take the analogy for what it is worth, which, no doubt, is mighty little; but can there be any doubt that that was the analogy which Kingsley had in his mind? If his scientific hearers were scandalized, they too, or some of them—since such errors in thinking are possible even to the scientific—must have confounded 'force' with 'law.' For they could not have forgotten that, if the force in question ceased for an instant to be capable of such 'suspension' as is implied in deflection of its line of action, the inhabitants of this and the other planets of the solar system would be reposing in the bosom of the sun within a space of time which I leave you, Sir, to calculate exactly, but which on the most liberal computation would be inconveniently short."

The Rev. W. H. Fitchett, who is now in England, is one of the best known among Australian writers proper—that is, those who live and work in Australia. London has paid him due honour, and, what is more interesting, Canada has recognized the claims of an Imperial literature, and the University of Toronto has given him an honorary LL.D. degree. Mr. Fitchett became known in England under the *nom de guerre* of "Vedette," for his books on "Deeds that Won the Empire" and "Fights for the Flag." He is the principal of the Methodist Ladies' Training College at Melbourne, and edits a weekly paper, *The Southern Cross*, and also the *Australasian Review of Reviews*.

The chief living Australian poets, about whose work we said something the other day, are less personally known in England. Mr. A. B. Paterson ("Banjo") is a native of New South Wales, the son of a Scotch squatter. He is a solitor in good practice in Sydney, and was a leading amateur steeplechaser until he sold his horses a year or so ago. Mr. Henry Lawson was brought up on a selection in the Mudgee District. Both know the Bush equally well, but they look at it from different points of view. Paterson belongs to the class that *rides*, Lawson to that which *walks*—or "swags" it. It is remarkable that, while Paterson's verses are as "horsey" as Gordon's, Lawson never refers to the horse in either of his books.

Mrs. Cross (better known as Ada Cambridge), another Australian writer well known in England, is the wife of a Church of England clergyman at Williamstown, a suburb of Melbourne. The cares of a large family allow her scanty time for writing, but she devotes a couple of hours three or four times a week to make the story she may have in hand move on a little. She will probably visit England before long to renew acquaintances made some twenty years ago. Ethel Turner is now Mrs. Curlew, and lives in one of the pleasant suburbs of Sydney.

Lady Randolph Churchill's intention of binding each separate

issue of the *Anglo-Saxon* in leather in a distinct style is a further inroad on the plan, already almost forgotten, of binding certain sets of books in a similar style. In old-fashioned libraries, especially those formed early in the century, it was an unwritten law that particular classes of bindings should be reserved for particular sets of books. There was one colour for history and philosophy, another for poetry, another for theology, and so on. The shelves of such libraries have a solid and rich appearance, and collections formed on this plan have about them that air of dignified repose which distinguishes a library from a mere room full of books.

There is, however, a prevalent idea that each book should have an individuality, a character of its own, and even flaming varieties of colour in a library are not now looked upon as heresies. The English method of publishing has not always been favourable to this individualistic practice, or, at least, not to the same extent as in France, where the plan of issuing the finest of books in paper covers has always done much towards inducing purchasers to cultivate any personal whims they may have in reference to bindings. In short, Dibdin's sarcastic gibes at people who have "patchy" libraries would now be meaningless, for, in a modern collection, questions of uniformity in effect have no place whatever. There is hardly anything more untidy to be seen than the shelves of a collector of to-day, where paper and cloth covers, grey boards, and even broken-backed books stand side by side with elaborate tooled moroccos and "full gilt" backs. But many considerations have now to be taken into account which were not of importance in the days of the worthy Dibdin, and the owner of a Kilmarnock "Burns" or a "Pauline," "in boards as issued," would be most unwise to change their covers for the finest work of the book-binder.

A correspondent writes :—

The quotations made by your reviewer from "Cambridge Compositions" remind me of an amusing *jeu d'esprit* perpetrated by an Oxford scholar two generations ago (Mr. Massey, of Wadham), which I have not seen included in any similar collection. Mr. Massey, who had an extraordinary faculty for running off Latin verses, was challenged by a friend with the following letter which he happened to have just received :—

"Rev. Sir,—You are requested to attend a Meeting of the Bridge Committee on Saturday, Nov. 9, at 12 o'clock, to consider Mr. Deffle's proposal for laying down gaspipes.

"We are, Rev. Sir, yours faithfully,
"SMITH & SONS, Clerks."

Mr. Massey took very little time in producing the following version :—

Concilio pontis cui tradita cura tuendi
Ut bonus interis posceris ; ipse veni.
Nam quarto nonas concurrunt ante Novembres,
Saturni medium sole tenente diem.
Quarendum an prosit, causam Deflete ferente,
Ponere quos tenuis permeet aura, tubos.
Hanc scribe mittunt Fabri, natiq̃ue paterque,
Qui summe, pastor, te, reverende, colunt.

The West Ham Town Council have decided, in view of the difficulty many inhabitants may experience of visiting the libraries on working days, to open the Reference Libraries and News Rooms on Sundays from 3 to 9 p.m. The experiment deserves success. The labour involved in opening a reading room on Sunday is probably less than that involved in opening a church ; and West Ham, with its large working-class population, is a part of the town in which, more particularly on wet days, the advantages of the new departure should be appreciated.

Some interesting statistics are included in the annual report of the public libraries of St. George, Hanover-square. Among other things, of the books borrowed in the course of the year 51·83 per cent. were novels, and 39 per cent. fell under the heading of philosophy. The occupations of the borrowers are also scheduled, so that one can draw inferences as to the ways of earning a living that are most conducive to literary tastes.

Clerks win easily with a score of 344 : the next class of *littérateurs* is domestic servants, with 231 (we wonder which of these monopolized the philosophy) ; then follow scholars, 145 ; students (it is not explained how students differ from scholars), 73 ; dressmakers, 71 ; assistants (shop and other), 59 ; civil servants, 35 ; tailors, 35 ; musicians, 34 ; mechanical engineers, 26 ; lodging-house keepers, 25 ; and grocers, 20. Several classes of the community were represented only by a single reader. Their pursuits are very miscellaneous—bank managers, brewers, Church workers, Consuls, firemen, golf club makers, members of Parliament, lavatory attendants, park-keepers, turncooks, window cleaners, and detectives. It is not mentioned whether the solitary detective tried to monopolize Sherlock Holmes.

A copy of a rare and interesting black letter book, printed by Seres in 1563, occurs in the last published catalogue of Messrs. Meehan, of Bath. This is "The Burnynge of Paules Church in London in the yeare of oure Lord 1561." This little tract formed the substance of a sermon preached by Pilkington, the first Protestant Bishop of Durham, and led up to a most violent religious controversy. Some half-dozen small books include all that Pilkington ever published, and these are now seldom met with. Besides being one of the foremost Churchmen of his time, he had a large share in settling the Book of Common Prayer and the Thirty-nine Articles, he actively supported the new social movement in England, and he also procured a charter of incorporation for the citizens of Durham.

American Letter.

ARMS AND THE MEN.

At the opening of our Civil War the veteran general first in charge of the Union armies, who has passed into apostrophe as "Great Scott !" and is so invoked among Anglo-Saxons wholly ignorant of his victorious part in our last war with England, was tormented into unwonted humour by the animosities of the journalists and ministers on both sides. "If this war is ever fought through," he said, "the trouble will be to pacify the non-combatants." Some such difficulty is now upon us as a legacy of the late hostilities with Spain. In point of actual fighting it was not one of the big wars. There was one land battle which, in its losses, was of a very minor measure ; and there were two sea fights, in one of which the Americans lost a man by heart-failure, and in another had a number of casualties scarcely mounting beyond the digital figures. The losses of the Spaniards, though far greater, were well within the first thousands. We beat them easily, but we beat them thoroughly ; our soldiers showed as great courage as if the Spaniards had been hard to beat.

But if the bloodshed in the struggle was small, the inkshed has been simply enormous. It began long before the first shot was fired, and by direction of the infuriate non-combatants it has continued to this moment with unabated horrors, and with the menace of worse and worse things. The outpouring no longer deluges the newspapers, because these must really give the news, and the murders and the divorces must have their chance. But the spirit of war seems to have obsessed our periodical literature, and there seems no present hope of release from it. The hostilities began just one year ago ; in two months they stopped, and peace was practically made between the nations. But still troops of heroes of all shapes and sizes are writing themselves up or being written up with tireless activity in the magazines. I have had the curiosity to look over the periodicals for last month to the number of eighteen or twenty, and I have found only four or five which apparently made no mention of the war, but no doubt if I had looked more carefully I should have found some shadow of battle in these. In thirteen others an inexhaustive search developed thirty-three papers relating to the recent hostilities, of a variety ranging from sober history and criticism through the personal narratives of the combatants, high and low, down to the biographies of the witnesses of the fighting. Never, apparently, did war sit so often for its picture in art

as well as in literature; for all the records have been accompanied by the utmost profusion of illustration. We have had its frightful visage in profile, in three-quarters, in full face; its Moloch-form sitting and standing and lying, in half-length and in whole-length. The generals and admirals have been represented in thousands of portraits, and the different types of soldiers, rough riding and smooth riding, volunteer and regular, sea and land, black and white, no less. These have told their several stories; the correspondents who saw them fighting have told their stories, and the photographers who snap-shotted the correspondents have, for all I know, turned their cameras upon themselves and will yet give us a luminous conception of how the men looked who kodaked the men who saw the men who fought the fight.

There is no question of the courage or the soldiership or the seamanship of our army and navy; there is no doubt but our generals and admirals and men of all arms and ranks could have brought a great war to a victorious finish as valiantly and skillfully as they have fought one of the smallest wars known to history—perhaps the very smallest war ever waged between nations. The question is of the proportion of the inkshed to the bloodshed; and while one must rejoice that the inkshed is incomparably the greater, one creeps a little with the thought of the laughter which the spectacle must be moving in a wicked world beyond seas. One cannot help being afraid that even in England, the home of our well-wishers, the hand which is not employed in patting us on the back is used in masking a smile at the prodigious literature which our brief warlike experiment has inspired. Is it possible that in London there are people who laugh outright, in spite of themselves, at a nation in such inextinguishable histories or hysterics? Are there some there who ask themselves with a shudder what would now be happening in the American periodicals if we had had eight or ten large battles with the Spaniards instead of two or three, which, as mortality lists go, were little ones? It was well enough to beat the Spaniards, but why avenge them afterward before that blood-stained old Europe, whose least war dwarfs our contest with Spain to a skirmish? We have had a great war of our own, a war which Europe looked on with awe; battles that raged for a week; slaughters that left the field strewn with tens of thousands of massacred and mutilated men, and made widows and orphans by scores of thousands; victories whose sum was the liberation of eight millions of slaves. In the present inkshed, in the literature poured out and still pouring out in renown of the Spanish walk-over, the tremendous memories of that struggle are well-nigh lost; and it is doubtful if the Civil War could now get a hearing in our periodicals. But if there are readers willing to contrast the four years' war for freedom with the two months' war for humanity, they can learn something of their difference in Mr. John Rope's "Story of the Civil War," where the tale of its gigantic battles is told with a quiet impressiveness, which loses, of course, beside the personal celebrations of the recent hostilities, and yet is of a quality that somehow consoles. It is true there is a growing belief that our public is wearying even of the Spanish-war literature; that readers already glance at the pictures in the war articles and fling the literature away; but in the meantime it superabounds, with whatever effect it may have upon the minds and the morals of the younger generation. Perhaps this may be somewhat counteracted by the publication of the volunteers' letters home from the Philippines, which are now finding their way into print with stories of carnage well calculated to turn the stoutest stomachs.

The psychological situation is, however, very curious, and ought to be peculiarly interesting to any student of human nature. In one short year the most peaceful nation in the world has been transformed into the most bellicose, with an insatiable appetite for stories of "war, loud war, by land and by sea, war with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones," or in default of that, war with three battles and at least one trembling throne. But possibly this is largely a part of that strange appearance produced by the outbreak of the hostilities. Up to the firing of the first shot across the bows of a Spanish merchant-

man in the war for humanity, one found with difficulty among one's acquaintance any who desired the war. After that scarcely a voice was raised against it. We may still be under the spell that then bound us, and may be suffering rather than enjoying our war literature.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR AMERICAN FICTION.

SECOND PAPER.

Mr. Thorstein Veblen does not evolve his Theory of a Leisure Class from his knowledge of that class in America alone. Until very lately we had no such class, and we rather longed for it. We thought it would edify us, or, if not that, at least ornament us; but now that we have got it, on certain terms, we can hardly be sure that it does either. The good things that we expected of it have not come to pass, and perhaps it is too soon; but in Mr. Veblen's analysis our leisure class does not seem essentially different from any of the older aristocracies, which seem not to have brought to pass the good things expected of them and often attributed to them. As with these, "pecuniary emulation" and "conspicuous leisure" are the first evidences of its superiority, and "conspicuous consumption," direct or delegated in the splendid appraising and housing of its women and its dependents, is one of the gross means of striking the popular imagination. The "pecuniary standard of living" is really the only standard, and the "pecuniary canons of taste" are finally the only canons; for if the costly things are not always beautiful, all beautiful things which are cheap must be rejected because they are not costly. "Dress as an expression of pecuniary culture" is left in our day mostly to women by the leisure class; but the men of that class share in it at least as fully as in the "devout observances" and "the higher learning." Both sexes in our leisure class, as in the European aristocracies, are distinguished by the love of sport, in which they prolong their own childhood and the childhood of the race, and they are about equally devoted to the opera and the fine arts, as these minister to their magnificence. It would be hard, in fact, to draw the line between our leisure class and any aristocracy in the traits of piety, predacity, courage, prowess, charity, luxury, conservatism, authority, and the other virtues and vices which have characterized the patricians in all times. The most notable difference, and the difference which would most invite the study of the novelist, is that hitherto our leisure class has had no political standing. It has had no place in the civic mechanism; but we seem to be at the moment when this is beginning to be less apparently so. It is idle to suppose, because the leisure class, which with us is the moneyed class, does not hold public offices, that it does not control public affairs; and possibly it has always controlled them more than we have imagined. The present proof is in the fact that the industrial classes, with all the means of power in their hands, are really powerless in any contest with a group of rich men: it is almost impossible for the people to baulk the purpose of such a group; to undo what money has done has been so impossible, with all the apparatus of the elections, the Legislatures, the Courts, that there is hardly yet an instance of the kind in our history.

All this, however, makes the situation the more attractive to a novelist of imaginative force. This is the most dramatic moment, the most psychological moment which has ever offered itself to fiction; this is the supreme opportunity of the American novelist. Hitherto our politics have repelled the artist by their want of social complexity, by their rude simplicity, as a fight between parties. But if he can look at the situation from the point of view suggested, as an inevitable result from the nature of the class which Mr. Veblen has studied, I believe he will find it full of charm. If he is psychologist enough he will be fascinated by the operation of the silent forces which are, almost unconsciously, working out the permanency of a leisure class, and preparing for it in our own circumstance the ultimatum it now seeks elsewhere. But I should be content, if he would portray the life of our leisure class without an eye to such implications, with an eye merely to its superficial facts. If

he did this he would appeal to the widest general interests in our reading public. Our appetite for everything that relates to the life removed from the life of work, from the simple Republican ideal, is almost insatiable. It strives to satisfy itself, in plays and romances, with the doings of princes and nobles in realms as surely fictitious as Lilliput and Brobdignag; it gluts itself, in the newspapers, with fables almost as gross as Gulliver's concerning the social affairs of our leisure class. Seen truly and reproduced faithfully, these would be extremely interesting, and the field they offer to inquiry is almost wholly unexplored. Our fiction has brought pretty fully into literature the country and village life of the Americans of all sections. We know this from our short stories in New England, in the South, in the middle and farther West, and on the Pacific Slope; and in a certain measure our novels have acquainted us with the lower and upper middle-class life in the minor and even the greater cities. But the attempts to deal with the life of fashion, of luxury, of leisure, have been so insufficient that they cannot be considered. This life can hardly be studied by one who is a part of it, not merely because that sort of life is not fruitful in talent, but because the procession cannot very well look on at itself. The observer must have some favourable position on the outside, and must regard it neither "with a foolish face of praise," nor with a satiric scorn. Like every other phase of life, it has its seriousness, its importance, and one who studies it rightly will find in it the old elements of interest so newly compounded that they will merit his most intelligent scrutiny, often his most sympathetic scrutiny. It would be easy to burlesque it, but to burlesque it would be intolerable, and the witness who did this would be bearing false testimony where the whole truth and nothing but the truth is desirable. A democracy, the proudest, the most sincere, the most ardent that history has ever known, has evolved here a leisure class which has all the distinguishing traits of a patriciate, and which by the chemistry of intermarriage with European aristocracies is rapidly acquiring antiquity. Is not this a phenomenon worthy the highest fiction?

Mr. Veblen has bought to its study the methods and habits of scientific inquiry. To translate these into dramatic terms would form the unequalled triumph of the novelist who had the seeing eye and the thinking mind, not to mention the feeling heart. That such a thing has not been done hitherto is all the stranger, because fiction, in other countries, has always employed itself with the leisure class, with the aristocracy; and our own leisure class now offers not only as high an opportunity as any which fiction has elsewhere enjoyed, but by its ultimatum in the English leisure class it invites the American imagination abroad on conditions of unparalleled advantage.

W. D. HOWELLS.

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FROM THE MAGAZINES.—I.

One of the present needs of London as urgent as open spaces or electric light is a series of really popular and informing guides to the national collections, and we are always glad to see in a magazine such an article as *Macmillan's* has this month on the Rembrandt Etchings at the British Museum, by Mr. C. Parkinson. The inquiring art student should take note of it.

The following criticism of Mr. Lang's in *Longman's* on the German fashion of tearing Greek or Biblical authors into fragments because, forsooth, they contradict themselves in places is worth quoting in full:—

Try Esmond on these critical lines (first edition, 1852). On pp. 126—128 Colonel Francis Esmond (late Lord Castlewood) is said to have declined to join Fenwick's conspiracy. "He had broke his sword when the King left the country, and would never again fight in that quarrel." Yet (pp. 253—255) we find the Colonel entertaining the Duke of Berwick when he was over here *incognito*, during Fenwick's plot—not, of course, the subsidiary assassination scheme. The narrator, now, "has

little doubt" that the Colonel was in the plot, and (contrary to pp. 253—255) it was after the Prince of Orange burned the list of conspirators that the Colonel swore "never to be engaged in any conspiracy against that brave and merciful man" of Glencoe celebrity. Obviously no one man wrote these contradictory pages! Again, Harry Esmond's last long vacation at Castlewood is actually doubled. There are two distinct versions of what occurred, the Jehovistic Version (p. 237 and what follows) with the Elohist Version (p. 279, with what follows). Esmond speaks Latin better than he writes it, and he also writes it better than he reads it. He is a Jacobite at college, and wears black on the day of the King's abdication. He is also a Republican at college, *this* statement occurring much later. These passages, and the doubled third vacation, cannot both have been written by one man. Esmond went to college at sixteen, being two years older than his fellow freshmen—a thing absurd in itself. After three years he was twenty-two, in defiance of arithmetic. When he is twenty-two, Beatrix is thirteen. He is, therefore, nine years older than Beatrix, but only eight years older than her younger brother, Frank, which is ridiculous. These are only a very few of the errors which a single writer, with proof-sheets before him, could not commit. Harry Esmond is again and again called Frank, and Frank is called Arthur! The style varies over two centuries, yet the final editor of this collection of divergent documents has the impudence to put on the title-page:—

"Servetur ad inum"

Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet."

"Let the unity be preserved from beginning to end; let all be self-consistent." In a few pages there are more discrepancies than in the whole *Iliad*, though the author of the *Iliad* had no proof-sheets. The book cannot be by one hand; yet we know for certain that it is by one hand. When will "the Higher Criticism" face these facts, and abandon the pedantic imbecility of its methods?

The *Cornhill* has an article on Mrs. Oliphant, by Mr. Meredith Townsend, who places her next after George Eliot and before Charlotte Brontë. "Urbanus Sylvan" continues his clever conferences on books and men, with a history of Oxford wit and humour. Wit in old days took a boisterous form, and found an outlet in the Town and Gown controversy, which was "only one, somewhat acute, form of the ancient antinomy between Clerk and Layman, which itself is only a particular shape of the eternal conflict between Form and Matter." But Urbanus Sylvan is surely lulled into a false security when he says that every trace of the old quarrel between the city and the University has now been removed. Have they not lately disputed over the body of a peccant undergraduate? Then there were the classical wits of the eighteenth century: the parodists—from the "Oxford Sausage" to the "Oxford Spectator," and the Shotover Papers and the *Oxford Magazine*: and the flourishing of the Epigram, which lived to the days of Jowett, "who had a unique gift of epigrammatic silence"; and, lastly, the Pun, under which may be reckoned Lewis Carroll's "Dynamics of a Particle" with its Postulates—e.g., Postulate 3. "That a controversy may be raised about any question, and at any distance from that question," and its Proposition V. "To continue a given series. Example.—A and B, who are respectively addicted to Fours and Fives, occupy the same set of rooms, which is always at Sixes and Sevens. Find the probable amount of reading done by A and B when the Eights are on." The same magazine has a clever skit, called "Don Quexote, a Pineromance. Persons, The late Lord Quex, The late Lady Quex, Sir Charles Gadabout. Scene, The Elysian Fields."

In *Temple Bar* an article on "Women at Cards in the Eighteenth Century" collects many references from Walpole, Swift, and others on the games in vogue, particularly "ombre," the game played by Belinda in "The Rape of the Lock." Up to the end of the century there still survived the custom of candle money, a sum put under the candlestick by every guest who sat down to play, and frequently pocketed by the hostess, who regarded it as a regular source of income. It was often, however, snapped up by the servants. Thus Anstey in his "New Bath Guide":—

I very much wonder

Why they put so much money the candlestick under;
For up comes a man on a sudden slap-dash,
Snuffs the candle, and carries away all the cash.
And as nobody troubles their heads any more,
I'm in very great hopes that it goes to the poor.

BOOK PRICES.

The high prices realized by the rarer Stevensoniana lately make a comparison of the results arrived at in the sale-rooms of the works of Stevenson, during the past four years, interesting. A correspondent sends us a table which is worth the attention of book collectors:—

	1895	1896	1897	1898
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Pentland Rising (1896)	—	—	13 0 0	—
Edinburgh University Magazine (1871)	—	—	11 5 0	—
On the Thermal Influence of Forests (1873)	—	—	14 0 0	—
An Inland Voyage (1873)	1 0 0 10 15 0 (presentation copy)	—	5 0 0	3 3 0 3 4 0
Edinburgh (1879)	—	—	3 4 0	7 0 0 6 10 0
Travels in the Cevennes (1879)	2 15 0 3 10 0	3 3 0	4 12 0 2 2 0	2 6 0
Virginibus Puerisque (1881)	1 0 0 2 3 0 2 5 0	—	2 18 0	2 5 0 2 8 0
Studies of Men and Books (1882)	0 10 0	—	1 5 0	—
New Arabian Nights (1882)	8 0 0	6 0 0	—	7 2 6
Treasure Island (1883)	a few shillings	—	2 16 0	—
Silverado Squatters (1883)	0 7 0	0 15 0	—	—
Child's Garden of Verses (1885)	2 9 0	—	—	2 4 0 2 10 0 3 3 0 2 12 0
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (1886)	—	0 12 0	0 18 0	2 12 0
Kidnapped (1886)	—	0 7 0	—	—
Some College Memories (1886)	—	—	12 0 0	2 1 0 4 10 0
Memories and Portraits (1887)	0 7 0 0 9 0 0 10 0	—	—	—
Ticonderoga (1887)	—	—	—	4 0 0
Father Damien (1890)	7 10 0 (presentation copy)	—	—	—
Familiar Epistle (1896)	—	—	3 18 0	—
Charley Bazaar	—	15 0 0	—	—

In 1895 and 1896 most of Stevenson's stories—such as "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," "The Master of Ballantrae," &c.—were rarely sold separately. As a rule, these were "lotted" together, so it is difficult to arrive at a definite price. The very rare Davos Platz tracts have only lately appeared in a sale-room at all.

Kipling's works are also receiving attention from book collectors. A table of comparative prices will show their progressive rise:—

	1895	1896	1897	1898
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Echoes (1894)	—	—	—	33 10 0 27 10 0 19 5 0 10 12 6
Quartette (1895)	—	12 0 0	5 0 0	—
Departmental Ditties (1896)	—	—	20 15 0 16 0 0	19 0 0 10 0 0 14 0 0
Plain Tales from the Hills (1898)	—	—	4 4 0	6 10 0
Letters of Marjorie (1891)	—	1 14 0	5 7 6 6 10 0	6 10 0 6 15 0
Soldiers Three (1890)	—	—	—	—
Story of the Gadabys (1890)	—	—	0 10 0	—
Phantom 'Rickshaw (1890)	—	—	1 0 0	1 11 0
In Black and White (1890)	—	—	1 10 0	—
Under the Deodars (1890)	—	—	1 3 0	1 5 0 1 10 0
We Willie Winkle (1890)	—	—	1 0 0	2 2 0
City of Dreadful Night (1891)	—	—	2 6 0	3 12 0
Barrack Room Ballads (1892, L.P.)	0 12 0	0 11 0 0 17 0 1 5 0	—	1 0 0

In no field, however, of the book collector's activities has there been such a phenomenal rise in prices as in that of the publications from the Kelmscott Press. At one time, several of these were a drug on the market, and such works as "The Golden Legend," "Historyes of Troye," Tennyson's "Maud," could be had at a substantial discount off the published prices. Indeed, "Maud" was actually cleared out as a "remainder" by the publishers. Now, it is extremely difficult to obtain any one "Kelmscott" book at anything like a reasonable figure. The very leaflets and circulars which the late Mr. Morris issued on the announcement of a publication are being eagerly sought for,

and some of them can only be obtained for ridiculously high sums. The appended comparative table is interesting. The original published prices are given in brackets:—

	1895	1896	1897	1898
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Beowulf (1885) [£2 2s.]	1 18 0	—	—	2 6 0 3 3 0 3 12 0 4 10 0
Blunt's Love Lyrics (1892) [£2 2s.]	2 0 0 1 8 0 17 0	—	2 12 0	3 10 0 3 12 0 4 10 0
Book of Chivalry (1893) [£2 2s.]	1 5 0	—	4 10 0	3 15 0
Cavendish's Wolsey (1893) [£2 2s.]	—	1 18 0	—	2 2 0 3 5 0
Reynard the Foxe (1892) [£3 3s.]	1 16 0 1 1 0	3 5 0	10 5 0 (vellum copy)	4 4 0
Caxton's Godefrey of Bullyne (1892) [£6 6s.]	2 8 0	—	2 5 0	3 15 0 4 0 0 7 0 0 (bound)
Caxton's Golden Legend (1892) [£5 5s.]	3 0 0 3 5 0 3 3 0 2 10 0	2 14 0 4 4 0 3 7 6	3 16 0	—
Caxton's Historyes of Troye (1892) [£9 9s.]	2 15 0 3 15 0 3 18 0 3 19 0 3 0 0	—	3 10 0	—
Chaucer's Works (1896) [£20]	—	—	—	27 10 0 27 5 0 28 10 0 33 0 0 36 10 0
Clanvowe's Flower and Leafe (1896) [10s.]	—	—	—	1 10 0 2 1 0 2 6 0
Coleridge's Poems (1896) [21s.]	—	—	—	—
De Contemptu Mundi (1894) [Printed for Fairfax Murray, Esq.]	—	—	—	3 17 6 3 10 0 3 17 6 12 0 0 11 10 0
Herrick's Poems (1895) [30s.]	—	—	2 6 0	—
Keat's Poems (1894) [30s.]	7 15 0 (sold in U.S.A.) 3 8 0	4 10 0	4 6 0	—
Laudes Beate Marie Virginis (1896) [10s.]	—	—	—	3 3 0
Mackail's Biblia Innocentium (1892) [21s.]	—	1 16 0	—	3 7 6
Meinhold's Sidonia the Sorceress [£4 4s.]	—	—	—	3 10 0 6 19 0 3 3 0 3 16 0
More's Utopia (1893) [30s.]	—	2 6 0	1 11 0 2 0 0 2 16 0	—
Morris' Poems by the Way (1891) [£2 2s.]	2 10 0 2 4 0	—	6 0 0	6 10 0 6 15 0 6 6 0
Morris' Story of the Glittering Plain (1891) [£2 2s.]	3 3 0	—	8 16 0	16 0 0 16 10 0
Morris' Story of the Glittering Plain (illust., 1894) [£5 5s.]	—	—	3 18 0	5 10 0
Morris' Defence of Guenevere (1892) [£2 2s.]	1 5 0	2 8 0	4 0 0	2 10 0 4 0 0
Morris' Wood Beyond the World (1894) [£2 2s.]	1 3 0 1 2 0	—	2 4 0	3 7 6
Morris' News from Nowhere (1892) [£2 2s.]	0 18 0 1 8 0	—	2 8 0	3 0 0 3 8 0
Morris' Dream of John Ball (1892) [30s.]	0 16 0	1 1 0	2 8 0	2 7 0 2 17 6 3 17 6 5 7 6
Morris' Jason (1895) [£5 5s.]	—	3 7 6	—	—
Morris' Well at the World's End (1896) [£5 5s.]	—	—	5 12 0	5 5 0
Morris' Tale of K. Florus (1893) [7s. 6d.]	0 13 0 1 10 0	—	1 10 0	—
Morris' Emperor Constant (1894) [7s. 6d.]	0 8 0	—	—	—
Morris' Amis and Amile (1894) [7s. 6d.]	1 6 0	—	3 4 0	—
Morris' Child Christopher [15s.]	0 16 0	—	—	—
Morris' Sir Percyvelle (1895) [15s.]	—	—	0 17 0 1 2 0	—
Morris' Sire Degraunt (1896) [15s.]	—	—	—	0 17 0
Rossetti's Lyrical Poems (1894) [£2 2s.]	—	1 12 6 2 2 0	—	3 12 6
Rossetti's Narrative Poems (1893) [£2 2s.]	—	1 12 6 2 2 0	—	3 15 0
Ruskin's Nature of Gothic (1892) [30s.]	1 2 0	—	—	2 16 0
Shakespeare's Poems (1893) [£1 5s.]	—	2 8 0	2 8 0 3 6 0 3 8 0	3 6 0 4 14 0 4 15 0 6 0 0
Shelley's Poetical Works (1896) [3 vols. 25s. each]	—	—	6 6 0 21 0 0 (vellum)	8 4 0
Sulthan-Saba Orbelliani's Book of Wisdom and Lies (1894) [£2 2s.]	2 6 0	—	—	2 5 0
Swinburne's Atalanta (1894) [£2 2s.]	—	2 10 0	—	5 0 0
Tennyson's Maud [£2 2s.]	—	Sold as a remainder	—	1 15 0

In the present year, the price for Keats' "Poems," originally published at thirty shillings, has reached as high as £23. Seven guineas seems to be the average price now asked for the "De Contemptu Mundi"; while the Chaucer has almost trebled its original published price. Of the smaller books, such as the "Child Christopher," by far the most sought for is "The Tale of King Florus," for which as much as £7 12s. 6d. has been given. A recent sale at Sheffield of an almost complete set of Kelmescott Books amply illustrated the wisdom of collecting them. The books at this sale were disposed of by a collector, and the prices many of them brought must have made even him chuckle. Here are a few notes:—"The Story of the Glittering Plain" (1891), £23 10s.; "Poems by the Way," £10 10s.; Mackail's "Biblia Innocentium," £10 10s.; Meinhold's "Sidonia the Sorceress," £9 5s.; Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," £9 15s.; Shelley's "Poetical Works," 3 vols., £17 10s.; "Romance of Syr Percyvelle," £7 10s.; Herrick's "Poems," £11; "Earthly Paradise," £17 15s.; "Story of Sigurd the Volsung," £13 13s.; "Love is Enough," £6. If we compare these prices with the original published prices, the result must tempt the most timid of speculators into the fields of book-collecting. Whether these prices will be maintained is another question.

FICTION.

The Individualist. By W. H. Mallock. 7½ × 5¼ in., 301 pp. London, 1899. Chapman & Hall. 6/-

Mr. Mallock's previous novels showed that he possesses the perceptions of the true artist in fiction, and it is a pity that he should let them be dimmed by the prepossessions of a writer with a social purpose. This is the defect from which "The Individualist," which borrows its very name from treatises on Sociology, suffers as a work of art. What is worse, the writer definitely abandons all attempt to establish on grounds of principle what he believes to be the true social philosophy, and devotes himself to the method of "abusing the plaintiff's attorney." In that brilliant but, as we pointed out at the time it was published, unconvincing book, "Aristocracy and Evolution," Mr. Mallock emphasized the part played by "exceptional" individuals in the progress of society as illustrating the necessity of the aristocratic principle. So far, most readers must have admitted that "the Court was with him." He was far less successful in the more difficult task of proving, as a corollary of his theory, the advantages derived from an aristocracy of inherited wealth and position, and, indeed, he seemed to shrink from pressing this part of his thesis to an extreme, though it clearly was included in his brief. In the present book, which may perhaps be regarded as an illustrative appendix to his argument, he simply resorts to that well-known device of a counsel in difficulties to which we have alluded. Mr. Mallock's panacea for social ills, as here set forth, is that of a distinguished member of the "Young England" party in the early forties—"Leave us still our old nobility." Over the possessions, the foibles, and even the vulgarities of the old nobility he lingers with loving reverence. The words "altruism" and "progress" shock and irritate him, and he can conceive of no means of social amelioration save those dispensed by a beneficent landlord to his tenants. His social ideal is to find every one accepting and making the best of the circumstances in which he is born—a condition of things, by the way, not favourable to the development of "exceptional men." But Mr. Mallock, the social philosopher, preaching through the medium of fiction, gives us no hint of enlightenment on any social question, and engages in the not very edifying pastime of bespattering with mud those who do seek such enlightenment. For this purpose he takes what we presume he regards as a typical "social settlement," and, with two exceptions, he treats its supporters much as Dickens treated Stiggins and his circle. The exceptions are a Mrs. Norham, a novelist, interested in social reform, who is not, so the author tells

us at much length in a preface, to be identified with any living prototype; and a Mr. and Mrs. Prouse Pousfield. The latter, both in their individual characters and their domestic life, are most admirably and sympathetically drawn. The former is depicted with a spleen and animus which alone justify us in placing the book outside the sphere of pure literature.

Mrs. Norham was beyond all doubt a celebrity. She had written a novel with a purpose, which, despite its length and its solemnity, had achieved an enormous circulation, and had raised her to the ranks of a prophetess. She was now surrounded by a clique of admiring worshippers who would have taken her, were that possible, even more seriously than she took herself. She was consequently in full career of what may be called ethical dissipation; and just as a frivolous young lady is miserable if she is not going to a ball, Mrs. Norham was miserable if she was not in some reforming movement. She enjoyed the delightful experience of feeling that the world needed her—that the masses needed her help, that statesmen needed her hints, and that the fashionable class, corrupt and frivolous as it was, needed the discipline of her somewhat acidulated contempt. If only her performances had come up to her hopes she would already have been weeping, like Alexander, because there were no more abuses to conquer.

Mrs. Norham is the heroine of the book rather than the pleasantly but not strongly drawn "Individualist," Lacy. All Mr. Mallock's powers of satire are expended on her. Almost all her frequent appearances on the scene give occasion to paragraphs such as we have quoted. Every speech and action of this unfortunate lady is traced to some egoistic motive. It is very subtle and ingenious, but it wearies, if it does not revolt, the reader. Mrs. Norham, of course, labours under the two serious disadvantages of not being related to a Cabinet Minister and of being a highly intellectual lady devoted to philanthropic work, but these two circumstances need not necessarily make her a monster of priggish self-conceit. The satire, in fact, is spoilt by being tedious and ill-natured, and is conceived on lines which are certainly neither artistic nor in accordance with that aristocratic spirit which Mr. Mallock so much admires. The literary quality of the book, apart from its leading motif, is of a high quality, though Mr. Mallock's phraseology and humour is tending to become somewhat too elaborate. The numerous characters of the society in which the Individualist moves are pleasantly drawn, though not strongly characterized—the most notable of them being Lord Runcorn, the chief spokesman of the author's social theories—a character who may be described as Lord Beaconsfield endowed with an historic pedigree and a villa in the Riviera. The plot mainly turns on a doubt as to Lacy's title to a property which comes into his possession early in the story, and the difficulty finds its solution in the not unfamiliar device by which the hostile claimant is found to be identical with a lady who is quite prepared to merge her claims to the property by matrimony with its present possessor. Mr. Mallock's merit as a novelist lies in his power of making ordinary social events and conversations interesting without any straining after brilliance. This is well illustrated in "The Individualist," but, as a whole, the book suffers, in comparison, for instance, with "The Old Order Changes," from a narrower and more material outlook. Admirable though much of it is from the literary point of view, it shows the writer hampered in his full development both as a thinker and as an imaginative writer by a lack of independence, of breadth of view, and of sympathetic insight.

Ragged Lady. By W. D. Howells. 7½ × 5¼ in. + 357 pp. London, 1899. Harper. 6/-

In Mr. Howells' latest novel we seem to catch sometimes an echo of Mr. Henry James' tricks of style. Otherwise it cannot be said that "Ragged Lady" marks any notable development in the author's artistic career; but it does show him at his best in that manner, which, since the days of the "Rise of Silas Lapham," has earned him the allegiance of so many readers. Mr. Howells is a past-master in the art of delineating the characters and points of view of the New England bourgeoisie. He has the insight of a Maupassant into the foibles and the vulgarities of the newly rich, the Mrs. Laphams

or the Mrs. Landers of his novels. But Guy de Maupassant describes the French *bourgeoisie* with a mordant veracity, and through the truth of his picture of them gleam always the hatred and contempt with which they inspired him. Mr. Howells is a more tolerant and sympathetic painter, and he requires a larger canvas—too large, it is often objected—for the very small amount of action which he provides. So, we expect, it is not everybody who will have the patience to persevere through the three hundred and fifty closely-printed pages of "Ragged Lady." But those who do not will miss a character-study of peculiar penetration and power in Mr. Howells' description of the aimless, nomadic hotel-life and the querulous self-indulgence of Mrs. Landers. The other interest of the book lies in the history of the love affairs of Clementina, her companion—a girl whom in real life a harsh world would almost certainly have dubbed a flirt, but in whose heart the author would have us see no guile. Clementina is interesting; but the men in this book are, without exception, vague and colourless.

The second volume of the Over Seas Library is *THE CAPTAIN OF THE LOCUSTS*, by A. Werner (Unwin, 2s.). It consists of short stories, of only moderate merit, illustrative of life in South Africa. There is some falling off from the high standard set in the first volume of the series by Mr. Cunningham Graham.

There is evidently more than a suspicion of autobiography in the sketches of early married life which Mr. Cosmo Hamilton calls, not very happily, *THROUGH A KEYHOLE* (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.). They are cleverly written, and the lady's character is inconsistent enough to be quite delightful. We have read something very much on the same lines several times before, but this is brightly done, and, after all, the subject is one of perennial interest. A bull-pup, Gargantua by name, provides a running commentary upon the follies of mankind or rather womankind. The whole is a light and amusing piece of trifling, containing some touches that are very true to nature.

A SON OF THE SEA, by John Arthur Barry (Duckworth, 6s.). is a good, fresh tale of the sea. Judging from internal evidence we imagine it is founded mainly on personal experiences. This does not detract from its interest, for truth is often more interesting than fiction, and sometimes even truer to life. Mr. Barry gives us the adventures of a young "gentleman midshipman" in the merchant service, and his wanderings through the bush and sheep-farms of Australia. Incidentally he touches on many of those points which have recently been raised in connexion with the manning of our merchant fleet. And he speaks as one having authority on the subject.

Mr. Howard Pears gives us in *TALES OF NORTHUMBRIA* (Methuen, 6s.), as in his former volumes, some excellent stories of "Geordie Pitman" and of hard and heather-bred Northumbrian squires, whose good conceit of themselves is pleasantly salted by their North Country humour, so shrewd and so racy. The result is that any reader who has a drop of North Country blood in his veins, more especially if his lot is cast among the shrill-voiced cockneys and he longs to hear once again the broad vowels of the North, will read these tales with unalloyed pleasure.

The collection of six "true tales of lowly lives," entitled *LA STREGA AND OTHER STORIES* (Sampson Low, 3s. 6d.), by Ouida, is written in that popular novelist's most vital and convincing manner, and over all there is that sensitiveness to the pathos of humanity which arrests the attention of the most casual reader. The sketches of the beautiful jealous village girl, Fedalma; the young shepherd, Avellino; and La Strega, the old witch, Pià, are firm and vivid. Many a newer novelist might turn to the later work of "Ouida" for a lesson in his craft.

"When the fight begins within himself a man's worth something," quotes "E. Livingston Prescott" in the novel *HELLO AND HERO* (Simpkin, Marshall, 6s.), in which once more the author of "Scarlet and Steel" tells the story of a good man

fighting against adversity. Colonel Niven's eldest son dies suddenly while gambling with a card-sharper named Blount, who also dies shortly afterwards. To prevent a younger brother from taking the same course of life the Colonel captures Blount's orphan son of about the same age and makes a helot of him. If the reader will accept the fact that such an idea can be conceived by an honourable man, he will find much in the book of stirring interest, though the writing is occasionally slovenly, and there is a general tendency to exaggeration. The *dénouement* of the story has a touch of hope where the helot at last becomes a hero.

RIDÁN THE DEVIL, AND OTHER STORIES, by Louis Becke (Unwin, 6s.). We should not be surprised if among the books of the present day read with most interest by later generations were numbered those of the group of writers who deal with the romance and realities of seafaring life in the uttermost parts of the world. To Stevenson, Kipling, Bullen, Conrad, and Jacobs must be added, in this category, the name of Mr. Louis Becke. At his best Mr. Becke tells a story or relates an experience with a vigour and finish that are admirable, and in some half-dozen tales of the present collection he is at his best. So vividly does he impart to us his memories of convicts, "South Seamen," Pacific Islanders, and South Sea loafers that we are almost persuaded that we have lived and traded with them ourselves. But, first-rate as some of these stories are, the rest of the sketches that go to make up the volume are mere careless journalism, not devoid of lapses both in grammar and in taste. And Mr. Becke is too good a writer and has too much to tell us that is worth hearing for us to be content with anything but his best.

Mr. T. Baron Russell in *THE MANDATE* (Lane, 6s.) has in no way stultified the promise of his previous book, "A Guardian of the Poor," but has produced an excellent work with one portrait, at least, which should become of historical value. The character of Henry St. Kelvin, the city journalist and husband of the striking heroine, is treated in a manner, perhaps at times crude, but always firm and clear. The murder by mesmeric suggestion is well employed and convincing enough, but one is rather shy nowadays of a plot containing suggestive hypnotism, a form of thrill which has already been exhausted in a hundred novels. Mr. Russell, while making his hero, Massie, "suggest" to St. Kelvin that he shall die on the morrow, leaves it an open question whether the death which follows may not be a mere coincidence, but the tragic close of the story grows legitimately out of the earlier incidents. "The Mandate" is sombre, often almost cruel in method, but it is a book which deserves to be widely read.

A BATCH OF HISTORICAL NOVELS.

IN *DEFENDER OF THE FAITH* (Lane, 6s.) Mr. Frank Mathew proves—that, indeed, one knew already—that he can reproduce the atmosphere of a past period convincingly, and with little visible effort. He makes no display of learning, but, at the same time, he avoids all anachronisms save the necessary one of slightly modernizing the mode of speech that prevailed in Tudor times, and leaves us with the impression that he has actually lived, in imagination, in the age of which he writes. The only thing which breaks the illusion is an unnecessary preface wherein the reader is referred to "State Papers" and informed of the particulars in which the author has deviated from the established facts of history. It would be better to read the story first and the preface afterwards. The book deals mainly with Henry VIII. in his relations with his numerous wives. Wolsey, Cromwell, Ashe, Norris, and the Earl of Northumberland are also introduced; and there is an account of the rising of the Pilgrims of Grace. That the book will be popular we hesitate to affirm. The great public likes emphasis and exaggeration, and Mr. Mathew gives us neither. He does not take the reader's interest by storm like Charles Reade and Dumas, and aims neither at dramatic surprises nor melodramatic effects. But his work has a subtle charm and a delicate literary flavour. Whatever the great public may think of it, it will not fail to give pleasure to the elect.

BLUE AND WHITE, by Edith M. Power (Moran), announces itself as "a tale of Brittany in 1796." We found it dull at first, but perseverance in reading it rewarded us with some graceful writing, and here and there a spirited bit of description.

Mr. Frederic Breton is always a conscientious writer, and his **GOD SAVE ENGLAND!** (Richards, 6s.) is a creditable piece of work, laid down on the safe lines of the mediæval romance with the First Person Singular Hero. The scene of his last novel, "Trueheart," was placed in Germany, if we remember rightly, in the fourteenth century. The present story takes place in the Cinque Port of Rye at about the same period, and ought to achieve a greater popularity.

MA MÈRE, by Vicomte Jean de Luz (Smith, Elder, 6s.), deals with the fall of the Second Empire, and is a book that teaches unawares. It opens with a vivid account of the French "flesh-market" and the marriage of a girl still in a convent to a man whom she has scarcely seen; and it shows how much more a Frenchman's mother is to him than his wife. As a novel written in good taste and not without dramatic power it may be commended. The English is pure, though in places it reads a little like a translation.

Mr. Arthur Paterson's **CROMWELL'S OWN** (Harper, 6s.) is an interesting addition to the "Cromwell boom" caused by the tercentenary of his birth. It is a character-sketch of Cromwell before the war and up to the Battle of Marston Moor. The hero, Ralph Dangerfield, is an officer in the "Ironsides," who has joined the Parliamentary cause from hatred of the Royalist party owing to the treatment of his father by the Star Chamber. The story of his passion for Cromwell's ward, the generous rivalry of young Oliver, and the objections to him on account of his religious principles form the basis of the story. Despite two excellent descriptions of battles, it is not a "blood-and-thunder" novel, but a picture of Cromwell the man and the father, and will endear Cromwell to the reader far more than the histories of the iron-willed Protector. Mr. Paterson has produced a book of real literary merit and great interest.

People who are going to the Lyceum and have no clear notion what the piece is about will probably find it worth their while to read **ROBESPIERRE**, "the story of M. Victorien Sardou's play adapted and novelised" by M. Ange Galdemar (Pearson, 6s.). It is not literature, and originality is, of course, the last quality M. Galdemar has sought to display. But he is readable; he shows a certain ingenuity in avoiding textual coincidence with his original, and has contrived, in conveying the plot from one medium into another, to introduce some useful elementary information about the revolutionary period, the possession of which M. Sardou's drama necessarily assumes.

Mr. Ewan Martin has selected the reign of Edward III. as the period of his historical romance **THE KNIGHT OF KING'S GUARD** (Pearson, 6s.), and introduces Crécy and the siege of Calais. The story is well written and well constructed. Without too much unnecessary archaism of language, Mr. Martin realizes the times of which he writes; and, although his knights and barons move somewhat stiffly in their armour, the hero is man enough to engage our sympathy throughout. Some of the minor characters—in particular the burly forester Andrew Privett—are excellently touched in. On the whole, a book that is worth reading for those who still retain an affection for a sort of writing that is beginning to show signs of wear.

There is a gloomy appearance, at first sight, about the funereal black, with blood-red lettering, of the **ROMANCE OF THE LADY ARBELL** (F. V. White, 6s.). "Alastor Graeme" (Mrs. Frederick Townshend Maryat) is the author, and she takes her mission very seriously indeed. We have seldom read a book in which the note of pathos is sustained throughout at so shrill a pitch. The "Prelude, Vindication, and Appeal" is enough to appal most readers with gloomy forebodings. These are its opening words:—

'Mid the shadows of these dark ages—for dark they were—none is more visionary to trite mind and prosaic vision than the slight passing shade of "Arbella Stuart"—Shadow which

doth fall on the dial of time like ray of autumn sunlight, falling, but to fade.

There is a prodigious amount of this sort of fine writing in "Alastor Graeme's" book, and it is rendered the more ridiculous by an occasional sudden descent to modern colloquialisms. Yet there is the saving grace of sincerity about the author. She evidently has been moved to deep sympathy with her unhappy heroine, and in spite of her many absurdities she has not entirely spoiled the story. The titles of her chapters, or "scenes," as she prefers to call them, read like the play-bill of a third-class melodrama. It is a curious book.

Correspondence.

ILLICIT COMMISSIONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I have some doubts whether the letter of your correspondent "Amicus Curiae" deserves a reply. He is obviously but ill-acquainted with the facts of the case, and he has not the courage to sign his name.

As he, however, appeals to me, I will tell him frankly that I do not regard his personal opinion as to illicit commissions in the publishing trade of any weight whatsoever when set against that of the Lord Chief Justice.

In regard to his second point, I am happy to inform him that the question he raises has been fully discussed by the Publishers' Association. In some draft forms of agreement which we drew up after long and careful deliberation more than a year ago (and which, I am told, have been very severely criticized by certain individuals who have never grasped their meaning or sought an explanation of their purpose) the following words occur:—

In ascertaining the net profits of the work all discounts and allowances received and allowed by the publisher for cash payments or otherwise shall be brought into account and be credited or debited to the work.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN MURRAY.

50, Albemarle-street, May 26.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I have read "An Enemy of Busybodies'" letter on this subject, and need only point out, in reply, that his argument rests upon a false analogy. He says:—

When you buy a bottle of wine at a restaurant you do not expect to be told what the proprietor paid for it.

Therefore, he suggests, when you have a book published on commission you have no right to know what terms the publisher has made with the printer and the binder.

The two cases are not on all fours. The publisher is your agent, and the caterer is not. The caterer is merely a tradesman who sells you something; when you have paid your money and received your goods the transaction is at an end. The publisher is administering your property on your behalf, and is therefore under a common law obligation to render an accurate account of his stewardship, without suppressing the fact that he has received discounts and rebates. This is not a matter of opinion, but a matter of fact which can be verified from any legal handbook.

A publisher may, of course, contract to produce a book for a stipulated sum; and in that case he is legally entitled to any profit on the cost of production that he can make. But in such a case he does not furnish "printer's estimates," but merely quotes his own price as a contractor. Such cases, therefore, are outside the present discussion.

A publisher is also within his rights in stipulating that his emoluments shall include certain specified trade discounts. This is the line taken in the model agreement drawn up by the Publishers' Association. Thus:—

2. The publisher will supply the author with estimates for the printing, and will charge a commission of — per cent.

on the trade prices for printing, paper, binding, advertising, and other disbursements, and reserve to himself the right to take the usual credit or the equivalent cash discount for cash payments, but no such discount shall exceed $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

Here, of course, the amount of the profits is disclosed, and, if the author agrees to them, there is nothing more to be said. What "An Enemy of Busybodies" claims is the right to take these profits without disclosing them, and without giving the author the opportunity of agreeing to them. I can only repeat that this is precisely the offence which the Lord Chief Justice proposes to make punishable by two years' imprisonment and a fine of £500.

Your correspondent says that he does not think it probable "that Mr. John Murray would pursue this course." In that I agree with him. And I will go further and add that I shall be very much surprised if he can persuade Mr. John Murray, or any other publisher of equally honourable reputation, to endorse his view that, in such a course, there is not "anything to complain of."

Obediently yours,

AMICUS CURIAE.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Will you grant me the privilege of a very few words in reply to your reviewer's comments on my book, "The Mystery of Shakespeare's Sonnets"? (1) My erudition, he observes, is devoted to "the quite superfluous task of castigating the moribund Pembroke theory." I am glad that the Pembroke theory is moribund—but it is alive and vigorous in Dr. Brandes' volume, and in Mr. George Wyndham's work on Shakespeare's poems; and it had not even been repudiated by Mr. Sidney Lee at the time I wrote my chapters (August, 1898). And has Mr. Tyler abandoned the theory yet? (2) The reviewer says that I ought to have "paused" before saying that Shakespeare had no mistress, because "many poets who have similarly erred" have written good poetry. My own contention, a fair one I think, is that others should "pause" before saying that Shakespeare had a mistress when there is not a tittle of biographical proof of the statement. Excellent literary men have been robbers and forgers, but that is no reason for ascribing the same vices to any one particular literary man. Unless facts are forthcoming, let us believe the best we can of our great poet. This is my brief rejoinder to the two points in the first paragraph of the review.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

CUMING WALTERS.

[With reference to the Pembroke theory, we should say that the *coup de grâce* was given to it, at least in its modern form, when Lady Newdigate's "Gossip from a Muniment Room" made it clear that Mary Fytton was not a "black" woman, but had a fair complexion with brown hair and grey eyes. This was in 1897. Dr. Brandes' book was published in 1895; the English edition is a translation only. We do not think the theory can be fairly said to be "vigorous" in Mr. Wyndham's "Poems of Shakespeare." His last word on the subject appears to be:—

I am not, therefore, bound to accept Tyler's identification of the youth with William Herbert and of the dark lady with Mary Fytton. But neither am I precluded from doing so. And Tyler, at least, has proved that in the last years of Elizabeth's reign, some such a drama as that which we guess behind certain of the Sonnets was possible among the most highly-placed of her play-loving courtiers and court-ladies.

This is not very "vigorous." Nor can we admit that Mr. Sidney Lee had not repudiated the Pembroke theory in August, 1898. He did so in Vol. LI. of the "Dictionary of National Biography," published in 1897. Very likely Mr. Tyler has not yet abandoned the theory. *Mais que voulez-vous?* It is his bawling. As to the other point raised in Mr. Cuming Walters' letter, what we ventured to protest against was biasing the interpretation of the data contained in the Sonnets themselves by any *a priori* theory whatever as to the probable chastity or unchastity of a "great poet."]

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In ascribing to Mr. James Millington the introductions to the series of little shilling books published by my old firm, Field and Tuer, your correspondent is not quite accurate.

For a long time I hunted in vain for a copy of Jose de F. Pedro Carolina's amusing Anglo-Portuguese Guide, and when one fell into my hands I compiled from it the little book referred to by Mr. Spielmann, to which I asked Mr. Millington to contribute an introduction—the only one he wrote. From his pen, however, came more than one of these booklets.

Perhaps I may add that the title, "English as She is Spoke," is not due to the much be-named Portuguese linguist, but to

ANDREW W. TUER.

The Leadenhall Press, E.C.

ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I trust that the discussion of this form of verse, and of quantitative metres generally, is not exhausted. Many points remain to take up. It seems unwise to assume, as does one of your correspondents, that long lines are in themselves distasteful. Recent poets have markedly favoured lines of great length—often much longer than the hexameter—and their readers have made no protest. Some other cause must be found for the unpopularity of the hexameter.

In a pamphlet published two years ago I suggested two probable causes:—(1) That our "accentual hexametrists" have too entirely ignored quantity, forgetting that neglect of this, though it does not make English verse unmetrical, does make it unmusical; (2) that in pretending to construct exact feet they have sinned against the genius of a language whose prosody does not depend upon rigorous syllabification, but rather on a succession of uniform periods, which may be occupied either by syllables or by pauses. The latter question is too large to embark on here, but both points seem to me exemplified when "taciturn" is presented to us as a dactyl. Surely the scansion which puts forward such a specimen is self-condemned already.

On the narrower question of "quantity" Mr. Stone's pamphlet contains much that is fresh and new. His analysis seems to me an advance on any that has gone before. Not only does he assert English quantity as a fact, but he lays down (more clearly than, I think, has ever been done previously) that it depends on phonetic laws, not on accidents of spelling. Whether we write *one penie* or *one penny*, the first syllable of "penny" is short, and must not be accounted long in obedience to an inapplicable Latin rule. All that he says under this head well deserves study, and will come as a revelation to those whose notions of quantity derive from a hazy remembrance of rules in their Latin grammar. This mere insistence on the true nature of English quantity should be enough to secure a hearing for Mr. Stone's pamphlet, especially from those who remember how some great critics have denied that, apart from accent, English quantity has any existence at all.

With some of Mr. Stone's dicta one may not agree. His theory of accent may seem questionable, his proposed rules here and there open to challenge. Nor can I believe that such verse as he proposes will ever be naturalized in English. But his question is fairly put, logically and consistently argued, and demands an answer from those who pretend to copy classic models. If that is to be done at all it should be done completely. Mr. Stone's is the only real way of doing it. As he says himself, no compromise is possible. Our "accentual hexameters" are neither one thing nor another, neither classic metre nor English; they fall between the two stools. My own wish would be precisely the reverse of Mr. Stone's. I want our poets to discard the classic simulacrum entirely, and write this metre, as they would do any other, in obedience to English laws of verse. This thesis, expounded at some length in my pamphlet, I would especially commend to young writers like Mr. Taralli, who have it in their power to make this metre a reality and a glory of the English tongue. But in the meantime, so long as we hold by the attempt to reproduce classic metres, Mr. Stone's theory

imperatively demands examination. Can we escape the conclusion that thus and thus only may classical metres be imitated in English, however unwelcome this result may be, however grotesque and inharmonious it may appear on first trial?

I am, &c.,

Edinburgh, May 27.

T. S. OMOND.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Seeing that the hexameter is naturalized in German—witness Voss's "Luise" and "Ilias," as well as Klopstock's famous epic in twenty books—it seems strange that in English, a kindred language, this metre should meet with such doubtful recognition. In your "Note" of May 6th, while fully recognizing the fact that "it is only by a coincidence that the English bears a deceptive resemblance to the classic hexameter," you nevertheless claim that it is essentially English, "as representing almost perfectly the cadence natural to English sentences."

Will you allow me to illustrate or justify this remark by presenting a score out of some hundred or two of sentences (or parts of sentences) that might be extracted from the Authorized Version of the Bible—sentences the rhythm of which falls naturally and undesignedly into the form of the hexameter? It should be premised that I regard this metre, like all our other English metres, as based solely on accent, and not at all, like the classic hexameter, on quantity. I select, of course, the best specimens I have as yet found; but there may be others not at all inferior to them. Some of them, no doubt, have already been noticed by others:—

How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!
Isa. 14, 12.

God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet.
Ps. 47, 5.

Looseth the bond of kings, and girdeth their loins with a girdle.
Job 12, 18.

So King Solomon sent, and they brought him down from the altar.
I. Kings 1, 53.

Tarry, I pray thee, here, for the Lord hath sent me to Jordan.
II. Kings 2, 6.

Why doth thine anger smoke against the sheep of thy pasture?
Ps. 74, 1.

Mischief shall come upon mischief, and rumour shall be upon rumour.
Ezek. 7, 26.

At thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils.
Ps. 18, 15.

But ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes.
Ps. 82, 7.

When I shall send upon them the evil arrows of famine.
Ezek. 5, 16.

Therefore they shall not prosper, and all their flocks shall be scattered.
Jer. 10, 21.

Show me a token for good; that they which hate me may see it.
Ps. 86, 17.

And ye shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt.
Gen. 45, 13.

Cease then, and let me alone, that I may take comfort a little.
Job 10, 20.

Be as the sand of the sea, which cannot be measured nor numbered.
Hos. 1, 10.

Wall of the daughter of Zion, let tears run down like a river.
Lam. 2, 18.

Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?
John 6, 70.

And they took him, and killed him, and cast him out of the vineyard.
Mark 12, 8.

And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads.
Rev. 22, 4.

Now unto God and our Father be glory for ever and ever.
Phil. 4, 20.

The above selection of Scripture hexameters might easily be supplemented by examples from the A. V. of the Apocrypha, and the P. B. V. of the Psalter. Two from each will here suffice:—

Do ye not labour and toil, and give and bring all to the woman?
1 Esdr., 4, 22.

Whom ye have taken and slain, and torn their bodies in pieces.
2 Esdr., 1, 32.

So shalt thou make their image to vanish out of the city.
Ps. 73, 19 (P. B.).

Leddest thy people like sheep by the hand of Moses and Aaron.
Ps. 77, 20 (P. B.).

All the above twenty-four examples are taken ~~exactly~~ from the text. But there are a few passages where, by a very slight verbal alteration, two, three, or even four consecutive hexameters, or quasi-hexameters, may be formed. Our first example, for instance, from Isaiah 14, 12, will be found to be virtually followed by three others, if we simply change the last word "God" into "Jehovah."

I confess I am not able to say whether this hexametric rhythm is peculiar to the older translators of the Bible or whether similar lists might be made from the prose writings of Milton or any other of our great writers, ancient or modern, but its occurrence in the A. V. has been often noticed. It is but fair, however, to admit that the following remark made by a writer in the *Saturday Review* is unquestionably true:—"Those fortuitously beautiful hexameters—why could not the revisers have let them alone?—that crystallized themselves into the Authorized Version of the Scriptures are likewise unsatisfying in this respect"—i.e., the difficulty of achieving a perfect spondee in English.

But this difficulty has, to a very great extent, been solved by Kingsley, who, as you have said in your "Note," "alone made a conscientious attempt to avoid trochees." This it is which makes Kingsley's "Andromeda" so much superior to Longfellow's "Evangeline" as an approximate reproduction of the classic hexameter. Yet even in "Andromeda" it is possible to find at least a dozen lines in which a trochee does duty for a spondee, and that not at the end of the line, where even in the classic hexameter it is tolerated. And I think it will be found that, on the whole, Kingsley's art, by which he produces such exquisite effect, consists less in the introduction of spondees than in the heaping up of dactyls. And is not this the key to the true structure of the English hexameter?

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

Bath.

C. LAWRENCE FORD, B.A.

SHAKESPEARE'S "TEMPEST."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In your issue of April 22nd Mr. E. S. Alderson suggests that Caliban's speech, Act I., ii., 338:—

"When thou camest first
Thou strok'st me, and mad'st much of me; would'st give me
Water with berries in't;

may be of use in fixing the date of the *Tempest*, inasmuch as it is generally conceded to be an allusion to coffee. But, again, I can contend that Strachey's Narrative explains this curious speech in the most satisfactory manner, for we read: "They (the Bermuda Islands) are full of Shawes of goodly Cedar . . . the berries whereof our men, seething, straining, and letting stand some three or foure daies, made a kind of pleasant drinke." This coincidence did not occur to me until after I had despatched my article published in yours of April 8th and 15th.

It is most curious and interesting to find so many difficult passages in the *Tempest* resolve themselves when read side by side with the early accounts of Sir George Somers' shipwreck at the Bermudas. Does it add to or detract from our appreciation of Shakespeare's genius to find that he did not evolve all of his wondrous details out of his inner consciousness, but got up his subject and local colour with quite modern industry and research?

W. G. GOSLING,

St. John's, Newfoundland.

DAVID, EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Permit me to correct a slip which I made, and which has just been pointed out to me, in the note "from a correspondent" which appeared in your issue of May 13th regarding the error made by the Huntingdon Grammar School Committee. Prince David, Earl of Huntingdon, who founded the school was the brother, not the son of William the Lion. This, of course, does not in the slightest degree affect the question as to which I wrote. This particular David never was King of Scotland, nor is our Royal Family descended from him, as was stated by the committee. I regret, however, that in correcting this I should myself have fallen into an inaccuracy.

I am, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE NOTE.

Authors and Publishers.

The historian of the latter half of this century will certainly require as part of his equipment a life of Lord Granville derived from authentic sources. We are glad to be able to state that the task has been undertaken by Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, in whose hands the necessary documents have been placed. Lord Edmond is well qualified to write such a life, not only by his connexions and his political experience, especially in the field of foreign affairs, but by his proved capacity as a political biographer.

The purchasers of the original large paper edition of "Præterita" will be interested to know that next November there will be several other parts issued in uniform fashion. In one part will appear *Dilecta* I. and II. Part III. will be *Dilecta* containing unpublished matter, together with an elaborate and comprehensive index to "Præterita" and "Dilecta," and a plate, "The Grand Chartreuse," originally intended for a frontispiece.

A limited edition de luxe of Canon Ainger's edition of "Charles Lamb," which has been carefully revised by the editor, will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Macmillan, together with the memoir of Lamb which appeared in the "English Men of Letters Series." Arrangements have been made with Messrs. Smith, Elder to include the letters from Lamb to Charles Lloyd, published last year under the editorship of Mr. E. V. Lucas.

The life of Sarah Bernhardt is to be published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall just at a time when that actress presents her "Hamlet" to English audiences. M. Jules Huret is the author, and M. Edmond Rostand, the author of "Cyrano," has written an introduction. The book will be elaborately illustrated.

The series of the great French Romancists of the present century, contemplated by Mr. Appleton, the American publisher, with Mr. Edmund Gosse as editor, will certainly be an interesting study in evolution, with Dumas and Zola under the same heading.

Two more new biographies *de luxe* coming from Messrs. Goupil are to be a monograph on Bonnie Prince Charlie by Mr. Andrew Lang, which should be considerably enriched by the author's researches among the Stuart papers at Windsor, and a French book on Catherine de Medici by M. Henri Bouchot, the Keeper of the Prints in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. We believe that an English translation will probably succeed the French edition of M. Bouchot's book.

We understand that Mr. F. C. Montague, of University College, London, is about to add to the numerous editions of Macaulay's Essays. Whole volumes have been filled by commentaries on single essays, such as that on Olive or Warren Hastings, and in preparing a fully annotated edition of all the essays Mr. Montague has no small task to achieve. Messrs. Methuen will publish the book.

Messrs. Reeves and Turner have in the press a book on French hall marks on silver, by Mr. Christopher A. Markham F.S.A., forming a companion work to the two handbooks on English and foreign hall marks already published by the same author. It will contain a large number of facsimiles of the marks used by the Farmers General of Paris and the French makers, and also the marks indicating the assay. The only English books at present dealing with French hall marks are those by Mr. Cripps and the late Mr. Chaffers; the latter forms the foundation of Mr. Markham's work.

A new book by Mr. Edward Jenks in the Clarendon Press Series of Law books is on Modern Land Law. It is uniform with Sir William Anson's well-known work on the Law of Contract. It is intended to give a clear and comprehensive outline of the subject, which can afterwards be filled in by the study of larger and more technical treatises.

Under the presidency of Sir Theodore Martin, the Dante Society will hold its next meeting at Albemarle-street on

Wednesday evening, June 7, when H. E. Baron de Renzia, the Italian Ambassador, will give an address on the rather bizarre subject of "Dante as a Business Man." All Dantists will be interested in this new point of view. A work likely to be of value to those who are this poet's especial followers will be found in the volume which the author of "Dante's Ten Heavens," Mr. Edmund Gardner, is preparing on "Dante's Lyrical Poems." It will contain a somewhat full study of all Dante's authentic Canzoni, Ballate, and Sonnets. Mr. Gardner is working upon the manuscripts of these poems in the Florentine libraries, and hopes to publish his work next spring, on the occasion of the sixth centenary of Dante's Vision.

One department of the International Exhibition of Pictures at Knightsbridge contains the original drawings by various artists of book illustrations. Among these is an excellent collection of drawings in colour by Miss Alice B. Woodward for an edition of the "Pied Piper" which Messrs. Fletcher and Son, of Norwich, are going to produce. Miss Woodward is busy with several books for Messrs. Blackie, among them being the illustrations for a fairy tale by Miss Sheila E. Braine, called the "Princess of Hearts," and a collection of short stories about children and animals by Mrs. Talwin Morris, entitled "The Elephant's Apology."

A new book by Mr. Hamlin Garland is forthcoming, called "The Trail of the Gold Seekers." It is the record in prose and verse of a thousand-mile journey made with a pack-train during the summer of 1898, starting from the Canadian Pacific Railway in British Columbia. The verse was often written in the saddle, or at night in a tent, or before the camp fire. The author took nearly three hundred photographs of scenes on the way, and some of the best of these are to appear in the book. "The Trail of the Gold Seekers" is to be followed by a book called "Boy-life on the Prairie," which will deal with the life of a boy on the Prairies of Iowa thirty years ago. Both these books, together with a volume of short stories, are to be issued by Messrs. Macmillan.

The next addition to Messrs. Macmillan's "Foreign Statesmen Series" will be Miss K. Ewart's "Life of Cosimo de' Medici."

The third volume of Messrs. Dent's Haddon Hall Library is "Wild Life in the Hampshire Highlands," by Mr. George A. B. Dewar, author of "The Book of the Dry Fly" and of "South Country Trout Streams" in Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen's Anglers' Library, which we reviewed the other day. Messrs. Dent also announce a primer of entomology entitled "Insects, their Structure and Life," by G. H. Carpenter.

Leland's Itinerary, edited by Mr. Laurence Gomme, is to be added to Bohn's Antiquarian Library. In the Standard Library Messrs. Bell announce Gray's Letters and Gaspar's History of Italian Literature.

The next two volumes in the Famous Scots Series—a Life of James Frederick Ferrier, the nephew of Miss Ferrier the novelist (just published), by Miss E. S. Haldane, and the forthcoming "King Robert the Bruce," by Professor Murison—illustrate the wide field covered by the Series.

Professor Saintsbury's volume on Matthew Arnold, which opens Messrs. Blackwood's "English Men of Letters," is to appear forthwith.

"A Life of Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromartie," the celebrated translator of Rabelais, by the Rev. J. Willcock, Lerwick, will probably be published by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier in the course of this year.

In the course of the next few weeks Messrs. Macmillan will issue a cheaper edition of Dr. Moritz Busch's "Secret Pages of Bismarck's Life," which we reviewed some months ago.

Mr. Edward Step has now ready the first part of the edition of Anne Pratt's well-known work on the flowering plants of Great Britain which he is preparing for Messrs. Warne.

"Bye-ways of Crime" is the title of a forthcoming book by Mr. R. J. Power-Berrey, who has collected many stories of the Black Museum at Scotland Yard.

We understand that a book dealing with social life in Scotland in the eighteenth century is to come from Messrs. Black. The author, the Rev. H. Grey Graham, also devotes some

space to religion in Scotland a hundred years ago, with the aid of contemporary records.

"Islam in Africa" is to be the title of the Rev. Mr. Patterbury's work, in which he describes Mahomedanism generally and the Mahdists of Northern Africa in particular. Messrs. Putnam are the publishers.

The New Century Press is about to issue the "Reminiscences of a Professional Politician." Some chapters have appeared in the *New Century Review*. The volume will contain a good many additional chapters, reminiscences of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Parnell, and others, and will be illustrated.

Another portrait gallery of famous cricketers is about to be published by Messrs. Newnes, under the title of "The Book of Cricket," with a descriptive text by Mr. C. B. Fry, in about fourteen sixpenny weekly parts. The full-page photographs will be supplemented by snapshots taken on the field.

"L'Œuvre de Eugène Carrière" is the title of an art work which is to be published by subscription in October next, containing a hundred large reproductions from the artist's works. Only 500 copies will be issued. Messrs. Williams and Norgate are the publishers.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett are publishing an English edition of Edmund Planchut's "China and the Chinese," the first of the series of the "Livres d'Or de la Science" now being issued by Schleicher Frères, of Paris. It has been translated and edited by Mrs. Arthur Bell (N. D'Anvers), the well-known author

of the "Elementary History of Art," the "Heroes of African Discovery," &c.

Mr. Zangwill's next long story will appear serially in *Harper's Magazine*.

"Zack," the anonymous author of "Life is Life," has finished a novel entitled "On Trust," which will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Blackwood.

"Silence Farm" is to be the title of the new book on which Mr. William Sharp has been engaged for some time past. It will be published by Mr. Grant Richards on the 13th of June.

Mrs. Comyns Carr's new novel, "The Arm of the Lord," will be published by Messrs. Duckworth next week.

Mr. Lloyd Bryce has recently finished two books, the first of which, "Lady Blanche's Salon, a Story of Some Souls," will be published simultaneously in England and America. The other is a revised edition of "Friends in Exile," a satire on the American diplomatic service.

There was a legend current in Calcutta at the end of the last century in regard to a lady who was supposed to have survived the horrors of the Black Hole and was carried to Murahidabad as a prisoner and eventually rescued and restored to her friends. This idea forms the basis of a new novel by Mr. Sydney C. Grier which Messrs. Blackwood are bringing out under the title of "Like Another Helen," during the early autumn. It is written in the form of letters. Mr. Grier is at present engaged upon the sequel to his last book, "A Crowned Queen."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

Authority and Archaeology. Sacred and Profane. Ed. by David G. Hogarth. 9½x6in., xiv.+440 pp. London, 1899. Murray, 16s.

ARCHITECTURE.

The Cathedral Builders. The Story of a Great Masonic Guild. By Leader Scott. Illustrated. 9½x6in., xiii.+435 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low, 21s.

BIOGRAPHY.

The King's Mother. A Memoir of Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby. By Lady Margaret Domville. 7½x5in., 213pp. London, 1899. Burns & Oates, 3s.6d.

C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography. Vol. III. 1856-1878. Compiled by His Wife and His Private Secretary. 11½x9in., 376 pp. London, 1899. Passmore & Alabaster, 10s. 6d.

CLASSICAL.

The Correspondence of M. Tullius Cicero. With a Revision of the Text, &c. By Robert V. Tyrrell, Litt.D., and Louis C. Purser, Litt.D. Vol. VI. 9x5in., cxvii.+347 pp. London, 1899. Longmans, 12s.

DRAMA.

Ezra. A Drama in Verse. By A. Duncan Goody. 9½x6in., 50 pp. London, 1899. Simpkin Marshall, 3s. n.

Caliban. A Philosophical Drama Continuing "The Tempest" of William Shakespeare. Translated from the French of Ernest Renan by Eleanor G. Vickery. 9½x6in., 68 pp. New York: Shakespeare Press. London: Kegan Paul, 7s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.

La Vieille Cousine, La Loterie de Francfort, Le Testament de Madame Paternal. Ed. by Marguerite Nivet. (Dont's Modern Language Series.) 6½x4in., 131 pp. London, 1899. Dent, 1s. 6d. n.

Cæsar: Gallic War. Book IV. Ed. by A. H. Alcroft, M.A., and T. R. Mills, M.A. (The University Tutorial Series.) Introduction, Text, and Notes. Cr. 8vo., iv.+84 pp. With Map. London, 1899. Clive, 1s. 6d.

FICTION.

The Dominion of Dreams. By Fiona Macleod. 7½x5in., 37 pp. London, 1899. Constable, 6s.

Frivolities. By Richard Marsh. 8x5in., 336 pp. London, 1899. Bowden, 6s.

In Vain. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated by Jeremiah Curtin. 7½x5in., 237 pp. London, 1899. Dent, 4s. 6d. n.

The Day of Reckoning. 2nd Ed. By Silas K. Hocking. 8x5in., 137 pp. London, 1899. Warne, 3s. 6d.

Bearers of the Burden. By Major H. P. Drury. 7½x5in., 241 pp. London, 1899. Lawrence & Bullen, 3s. 6d.

The Captain of the Locusts. By A. Werner. (The Overseas Library.) 7½x4in., 256 pp. London, 1899. Unwin, 2s.

Mistress Content Crackdock. By Annie E. Trumbull. 7½x4in., 306 pp. London, 1899. Allenson, 6s.

Castle Czervarg. By Archibald Bird. 7½x5in., 226 pp. London, 1899. Longmans, 6s.

Ronald and I; or, Studies from Life. By Alfred Pretor. 7x4in., 188 pp. Cambridge, 1899. Deighton Bell.

Transgression. By S. S. Thorburn. 8x5in., 447 pp. London, 1899. Pearson, 6s.

The Little Legacy, and other Stories. By L. B. Watford. 8x5in., 307 pp. London, 1899. Pearson, 6s.

A Pauper Millionaire. By Austin Fryers. 7½x6in., 255 pp. London, 1899. Pearson, 3s. 6d.

In the Shadow of the Crown. By M. Bidder. 7½x5in., 335 pp. London, 1899. Constable, 6s.

Tattle Tales of Cupid. By Paul Leicester Ford. 7½x5in., 264 pp. London, 1899. Constable, 6s.

HISTORY.

Acts of the Privy Council. New Series. Vol. XVIII. A.D. 1589-90. Ed. by J. R. Dainton, C.B. 10½x6in., xxiii.+492 pp. London, 1899. Eyre & Spottiswoode, 10s.

Scottish Kings. A Revised Chronology of Scottish History. 1005-1625. By Sir A. H. Dunbar, Bt. 8½x5in., xv.+420 pp. Edinburgh, 1899. Douglas, 12s. 6d.

LAW.

First Steps in International Law. By Sir Sheraton Baker, Bt. 8x5in., xxxi.+428 pp. London, 1899. Kegan Paul, 12s.

LITERARY.

The Religion of Shakespeare. By Henry Sebastian Bowden. 7½x5in., xvi.+428 pp. London, 1899. Burns & Oates, 7s. 6d.

MILITARY.

The Oxfordshire Light Infantry Chronicle. 1898. Vol. VII. Compiled and Ed. by Major A. F. Mockler-Ferryman. 8½x5in., 292 pp. London, 1899. Eyre & Spottiswoode, 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. 7x4in., 237 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.

The British Empire Dictionary of the English Language. Ed. by the Rev. & D. Price, F.G.S. 7½x5in., 826 pp. London, 1899. Newnes, 3s. 6d.

Kensington Palace. The Birthplace of the Queen. By Ernest Lavé, B.A. 7½x5in., 140 pp. London, 1899. G. Bell, 2s. n.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Earth Life. By E. Longworth Dames. 7½x5in., 196 pp. London, 1899. Hedway, 5s. n.

PAMPHLETS.

The Question of Anglican Orders. By A. Bulgakov. Translated by W. J. Birkbeck, M.A. S.P.C.K. 6d.

The Origin of the "Original Hebrew" of Ecclesiastical. By D. S. Margoliouth, M.A. Parker.

Shakespeare converted into Bacon. An Extravaganza in Two Acts. By Samuel A. Cox. Dublin. Seely, 6d.

The Relations of Church and State. By Morris Fuller, D.D. Skeffington, 1s.

PHILOSOPHY.

The Psychology of Reasoning. By Alfred Binet. 7½x5in., 191 pp. London, 1899. Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d.

POETRY.

The Little Land. With Songs from its four Rivers. By Laurence Houseman. 8x5in., 97 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards, 5s. n.

The Way of the Kingdom, and other Poems. By William Hall, M.A. 7½x5in., 232 pp. London, 1899. Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d. n.

Lyrics. By "Nemud." 7½x5in., 73 pp. London, 1899. Jarrold, 2s. 6d.

Poems of Love and Home. By George Washington Moon. 5½x4in., xiv.+267 pp. London, 1899. Longmans, 2s. 6d.

Odd Rhymes Verses; Imitations; Jingles. 7x4in., 64 pp. London, 1899. The Ideal Pub. Co. 1s. n.

Translations from Pushkin. In Memory of the Hundredth Anniversary of the Poet's Birthday. By C. E. Turner. 7½x5in., 323 pp. London, 1899. St. Petersburg: Ricker. London: Sampson Low.

The City of the Soul. 7x4in., 110 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards, 5s. n.

REPRINTS.

Lady Audley's Secret. By M. E. Braddon. 8½x6in., 188 pp. London, 1899. Downey, 6d.

Black Beauty. By Anna Sewell. 7½x4in., 262 pp. London, 1899. Jarrold, 6d.

Barnaby Rudge. By Charles Dickens. Temple Ed. Two vols. 6x4in., 442+442 pp. London, 1899. Dent, 3s. n.

SCIENCE.

The Hereford Earthquake of Dec. 17, 1896. By Charles Davidson, Sc.D., F.G.S. 9x6in., x.+303 pp. Birmingham, 1899. Cornish.

Tables for Quantitative Metallurgical Analysis for Laboratory Use. By J. J. Morgan, F.C.S. 8½x6in., London, 1899. Griffin, 4s.

Gospel of the Stars; or, Wonders of Astrology. By Gabriel James Kingston, A.B. 7½x5in., 194 pp. New York, 1899. Continental Pub. Co. \$1.00.

The Geography of Mammals. By William and Philip Lutley Selater. 8x6in., xviii.+335 pp. London, 1899. Kegan Paul, 12s. n.

SOCIOLOGY.

Le Crime. Causes et Remèdes. Par Cesare Lombroso. 9x5in., 583 pp. Paris, 1899. Schleicher, Fr. 10.

Critique de l'Economie Politique. Par Karl Marx. Traduit de l'allemand par Léon Remy. 7½x4in., 273 pp. Paris, 1899. Schleicher, Fr. 3.50.

THEOLOGY.

An Introduction to the Fifth Book of Hooker's Treatise of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity. By the Very Rev. Francis Paget, D.D. 9x6in., x.+205 pp. Oxford, 1899. Clarendon Press, 7s. 6d.

Le Nouveau Testament de Notre Seigneur Jésus-Christ. Version D'Ostervald Illustrée. 7x5in., xv.+576 pp. London, 1899. Nelson, 3s.

The Legend of St. Mark. Sunday Morning Talks to the Children. By the Rev. J. Rykes. 7½x5in., 188 pp. London, 1899. Unwin, 3s. 6d.

The Oxyrhynchus Papyri and the Apocryphal Gospels. By the Rev. C. Taylor, D.D. 8½x6in., 105 pp. Oxford, 1899. Clarendon Press, 2s. 6d. n.

A Sketch of Medieval Church History. By the Ven. S. Cheetham, D.D. 6½x4in., 128 pp. London, 1899. S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d.

TRAVEL.

Hints and Notes for Travelers in the Alps. By the late J. Ball, F.R.S., &c. New Ed. Prepared by W. A. B. Coolidge. 7½x5in., 164 pp. London, 1899. Longmans, 3s. n.

Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. By Karl Baedeker. 6x4in., lxxx.+463 pp. London, 1899. Dulau, 10s.

Three Pleasant Springs in Portugal. By Commander the Hon. H. N. Shore, R.N. 9x5in., 396 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low, 12s. 6d.

Russia in Asia. A Record and a Study. 1556-1899. By Alexis Kraussé, 9x6in., xii.+411 pp. 1899. New York: Holt. London: Grant Richards, 2s.

The Cyclist's Guide to the English Lake District. By A. W. Rumney, M.A. 7½x5in., 94 pp. London, 1899. Philip, 2s. 6d. n.

Literature

Edited by H. D. Traill.

Published by The Times.

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THE PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT.

The announcement that the illustrious Hungarian novelist, M. Maurus Jokai, has secured a special stall for the display of his literary wares at the forthcoming Paris Exhibition is, in the first place, merely of antiquarian interest. It reminds one of the glorious days of the Revival of Learning, when the book fair was no less respectable an institution than the cattle fair, and celebrated scholars made pilgrimages to Frankfort and other centres of the printing industry to look for new chronicles, new editions of the classics, and new volumes of theological disputation. The usefulness of fairs, however, as central bureaux of literary information belongs to a period which no living man remembers, or has even

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heard of from his grandfather; and we may take it that the scholars who make pilgrimages to the great French fair of 1900 will have quite other plans for their amusement than the inspection of a bookseller's stock-in-trade. Consequently, the new departure of M. Jokai can only be looked at from two points of view. We may regard it as a scholarly endeavour to reconstruct the Middle Ages—an author's humble contribution to "Old Paris." Or we may regard it as a bid for publicity of a characteristically modern kind. As advertisement is certain to result, it does not seem unfair to assume that advertisement is, in some measure at all events, intended; and this suggests the whole question of the limits within which advertisement is consistent with the dignity of letters.

It is an important question, and one which daily increases in importance. But it is also a question beset with more difficulties than usually attend the problems of minor morals. The trouble is that the proverbial thin end of the wedge has inevitably to be admitted, and that—as is usual in the cases of conduct to which this metaphor applies—there is no absolutely conclusive reason why the progress of the wedge should be stopped at one particular point rather than another. Admitting that the simpler and more straightforward kinds of advertisement are permissible, one soon finds that the very same reasons which justify them can equally well be cited in support of the other kinds of advertisement which excite the horror of the man of taste. The casuist with his *sovites* can lead us on from one advertisement to the next, until he has proved that it is proper for the man of letters to make all the noise and employ all the wiles of the cheapjack; and we have no better answer than that we find his views revolting, and that, as theologians have contended, no man can fairly be held responsible for the logical conclusions of his own premises.

Let us observe how insidious is the chain of reasoning by which these terrible conclusions are substantiated. We have only to assume that there is no harm in writing books, and that a given man has written one. The action itself is a bid for publicity, though it is not generally considered incompatible with a modest and retiring disposition. Mindful of the Scriptural maxim that a lighted candle should be put in a candlestick and not under a bushel, he announces the fact by means of advertisements in newspapers. No one—least of all the editors of newspapers—will hold that he is to blame for doing that. Nor is it the custom to censure him for preferring to make his announcement in a newspaper with a large circulation, or for paying a special price to have it conspicuously displayed. He wishes it to salute the eyes of as many people as possible; and this is the most obvious means to an end that is generally admitted to be legitimate. But the most obvious means are not always the most efficacious. An author might easily feel that his announcement was

more likely to burn itself into the public mind if it were made through the medium of the town crier or the sandwich-man; and though this method of advertisement would be better suited to a romance of crime than to a synthetic system of philosophy, it is hard to see how, on other grounds than those of expediency, objection can be taken to it. Sandwich-men, however, can only circulate advantageously by daylight, and the general public is most at leisure to attend to advertisements after nightfall. It follows that the case is complete for the advertisement of new books by flash-light in Trafalgar-square. To be informed of the best books is no less important—is perhaps even more important—to the community than to be informed of the best kind of beef-tea.

It remains to be considered how far an author is justified in using the charm of his personality for advertising purposes. In view of the reluctance of the public in general to accept any message to the world without examining the credentials of the messenger, it seems necessary, in this respect also, to allow considerable latitude. One author, on the eve of the publication of a new novel, gave a "private view" of himself to all the most influential journalists of the United Kingdom, bringing them down in a special train, and hiring a whole hotel to put them up in. Another author, purposing to lecture in America, let his hair grow until his impressario told him that it "would do" for the æsthetic audiences of the United States. Why not? Neither author, of course, increased the value of his message by his eccentricity. But, in each case, the hearing for it was successfully obtained, and its merits, if they had existed, could not possibly have escaped observation.

The situation, then, is roughly speaking this: that there is no extravagance of self-advertisement which the casuist cannot successfully defend, but that there are many kinds of self-advertisement which are a stumbling-block to that large majority of literary men in whom the instincts of the artist prevail over those of the mountebank. When a popular novelist, a little while ago, informed an interviewer that his forthcoming novel was, in the author's opinion, colossal, there was a very general complaint that this was not playing the game according to the rules. The advertiser, other authors said, was challenging them to a competition in which, as gentlemen, they did not feel inclined to engage, and taking an unfair advantage of their reluctance to spend the best part of their time in banging the big drum. They might, of course, as the Americans say, "go one better" than their rival by riding on the tops of omnibuses in canary-coloured suits, or having themselves cinematographed while in the throes of composition; but they would be very sorry to be compelled to do anything of the sort. They were, in fact—and still are—in a dilemma out of which one would be glad, if it were possible, to help them; but it is hard to see what profitable suggestion can be made. The appointment of a committee of prominent authors to inquire into and report upon the proper functions of the advertisement department of the literary industry is, perhaps, as practical a proposal as can be made; but one would hardly dare to be sanguine of the result of even

that heroic measure. If such a committee could agree upon a report, it might, of course, successfully set a much-needed standard of good form; but would the assembled authors ever succeed in coming to an agreement? The picture, for example, of Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Hall Caine meeting at a round table to draft by-laws relating to the reception of interviewers is more calculated to excite the laughter of the profane than to inspire serious persons with any confidence as to the result.

There is an important article in the *Author* on the bearing of Lord Russell's Bill on the alleged "illicit profits" of the publishing trade. It shows that a publisher, who, acting as an author's agent, takes from printer, binder, or advertising agent any commission that is not disclosed and agreed to, will find clause 9 of that bill an awkward nut to crack. In another column Sir Walter Besant announces the existence of secret profits as a "certainty"; but the allegation that they exist has, we are told, "caused some consternation" among the members of the council of the Publishers' Association, who are anxious to investigate the matter. It is the attitude that would have been expected from a body of honourable men; and we hope it may soon be announced that the Publishers' Association (with the assistance, if necessary, of the Society of Authors) has set on foot an inquiry which will probe the matter to the bottom.

The practice of telling an author's story under pretence of reviewing his novel is evidently a growing one. In the *Glasgow Herald* Mr. John Bickerdyke complains that "out of the fourteen reviews of my last novel which have appeared up to the time of writing, seven tell practically the entire story"; and he protests that this is unfair. It certainly is; and—what is more important—it is also bad reviewing. The test of value of a piece of literary criticism on a book is that it shall be more interesting to those who have read the book than to those who have not, and that is a test which the story-telling review cannot stand. The former class find it dull; the latter class regard it with contempt. Reflection on this point will probably do more to induce indolent critics to mend their ways than any representations based upon the sacred principles of abstract justice.

Several papers have mentioned the discovery among Captain Dreyfus' papers of certain critical notes on M. Zola's naturalistic novels. The criticism, on the whole, is unfavourable; but the curious thing is that, though the prisoner critic was writing in perfect ignorance of the novelist's efforts for his deliverance, he brings into relief those very literary qualities which were so conspicuous in M. Zola's polemic on his behalf. He complains that he takes degrading views of human nature, and that "all that can in general be said of his *bonhommes* is that they are either brutes or fools"; but he adds that "one thing that no one can deny to Zola is imagination." Brutes and fools, it will be remembered, were the only characters that figured in the famous indictment of the general staff; while the imagination which enabled M. Zola to divine the story of the Dreyfus drama before the evidence had been produced, so accurately that the inquiry has borne out his conjectures even in matters of detail, is to-day the admiration of the world. We trust that author and critic will soon have the opportunity of exchanging compliments and congratulations.

Reviews.

A History of American Christianity. By Leonard Woolsey Bacon. With Preface by the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P. 8½ x 5½ in., xliii. + 420 pp. London, 1899.

J. Clarke. 10/6

Though Dr. Bacon's work is quite good enough to stand on its own merits, Mr. Bryce's lucid, if somewhat over-didactic, preface forms an acceptable introduction to it, and none the less so because Mr. Bryce's pages bristle with generalizations of a more or less questionable description, over which the polemically-disposed reviewer might well work himself up, in default of self-command, to some degree of controversial heat. Few whose reading has followed the general lines of modern Church history and literature will agree with Mr. Bryce's opening statement that "little is known in Great Britain of the ecclesiastical and religious history of the United States"; and Dr. Bacon's volume, which is occupied to the extent of one-half with the Church history of the "Colonial Period," when the Churches, whether established or unestablished, of Great Britain and her American colonies stood in close connexion, shows that during that period the study of their history on this side of the Atlantic demanded some knowledge of their history in America as its indispensable complement. Nor has this mutual interest ever ceased, though it may have undergone some modification since the era of independence. And as Mr. Bryce, in his next page, notes the remarkable and increasing closeness of touch which exists between the religious thought and the theological scholarship of the United States and Britain, it may reasonably be concluded that English people still take considerable interest in the matter of such works as Dr. Bacon's, which is in itself so excellently arranged and written that we predict for it in this country a most favourable reception.

Dr. Bacon's literary skill almost makes the reader forget that the work is professedly an epitome. The epitome has been called "the moth of real history," because it spoils the whole fabric by eating out its choicest parts. Lament it as we may, the epitome is a necessity of our age; and this is especially true of the United States, where a public eager for knowledge has no time or energy to waste, must pass as quickly as possible through the school in which it learns—assimilating what it picks up as well as it can—cares less for methods than for results, and wants the net outcome of everything stated in about a dozen lines. Dr. Bacon's thoroughly readable volume is a miracle of compression, and is as nearly as possible a model of impartiality. Yet in such a subject every competent writer must needs be to some extent and in his heart of hearts a partisan, and the temptation to shoot a furtive Parthian arrow at opponents may exousably prove irresistible. Dr. Bacon now and then succumbs to this temptation, and he can afford to do so. His brief sketch of early Catholic Christianity in Spanish America is, from the historical critic's point of view, the weakest part of the book. Here he follows with somewhat irritating obsequiousness in a well-worn and not very correctly engineered track. He designates the concurrent extension of the Spanish domination and the Catholic faith "a strange, but not unparalleled story of attempted co-operation in the common service of God and Mammon and Moloch—of endeavours after concord between Christ and Belial." Such expressions savour rather of the heated fume of pulpit and platform than of the placid atmosphere of the historian's cabinet. Dr. Bacon also regards the

"subsidizing of the Church by the Spanish Government"—in other words, its establishment in America on the footing then universal throughout Christendom—as "a serious injury inflicted on the cause of the Gospel." It would be interesting to know by what other method he thinks the Gospel could have been spread with equal rapidity and security among savages and semi-savages, fanatically attached to their own hideous superstitions. No dispassionate reader of aboriginal American history can doubt that the Spanish conquest and the spread of Christianity were for the mass of the natives an inestimable boon, and that, despite the cruelty and injustice which the conquest in some of its aspects involved, both Mexico and Peru were immeasurably happier and more prosperous after it than before it.

In Dr. Bacon's methodical and well-written outline of the progress of the established and unestablished Churches of English America, during a period now close on three hundred years, we shall not stay to remark occasional deficiencies. An epitome—and the volume contains only 420 pages in fairly large and very legible type—is in its nature a work in which much interesting matter is necessarily passed over or merely hinted at. We rather dwell on the fact that the writer evinces the true historian's instinct of giving prominence, in a few pregnant facts, to the leading features, whether favourable or reverse, in the character of men and movements. Thus, in the height of the "Great Awakening," as the Methodist movement has been somewhat pompously styled, Whitefield's indifference to truth is well illustrated from his Journal at Boston:—

The critical historian has the unusual satisfaction, at this point, of finding a gauge by which to discount the large round numbers given in Whitefield's Journal. He speaks of preaching in the Old South Church to 6,000 persons. The now venerable building had at that time a seating capacity of about 1,200. Making the largest allowance for standing room, we may estimate his actual audience at 2,000. *Whitefield was an honest man*, but 66 per cent. is not too large a discount to make from his figures; his estimates of spiritual effect from his labour are liable to a similar deduction.

Everybody who remembers the inside of the disused "Old South"—happily preserved and now utilized as a museum—will feel sure that in these figures its capacity for accommodation is not under-estimated. "Honest man," forsooth! We suppose Dr. Bacon to mean, by the words we have italicized, that Whitefield's sincerity as a religionist is above suspicion. That has nothing to do with the point. No theatre manager forms a better estimate of the numbers in the "house" on a given occasion than does the professional pulpiteer. To suppose that Whitefield honestly believed himself to have preached to 6,000 people at once inside the "Old South" is surely to practise the most excellent gift of charity to an extent far beyond its proper limits. Dr. Timothy Cutler, once rector of Yale College, describes, in terms which are probably none too strong, the effect of his harangues:—

It would be an endless attempt to describe the scene of confusion and disturbance occasioned by him; the division of families, neighbourhoods, and towns, the contrariety of husbands and wives, the undutifulness of children and servants, the quarrels among teachers, the disorders of the night, the intermission of labour and business, the neglect of husbandry and of gathering the harvest. . . . In many conventicles and places of rendezvous there has been checkered work indeed, several preaching and several exhorting and praying at the same time, the rest crying or laughing, yelping, sprawling, fainting; and this revel maintained in some places many days and nights together without intermission; and then there were the blessed outpourings of the Spirit! . . . After him came one Tennent, a monster! impudent and noisy, and told them they were all damn'd, damn'd, damn'd; this charmed them, and in the most dreadful winter I ever saw people wallowed in the snow night and day for the

benefit of his beastly brayings, and many ended their days under these fatigues. Both of them carried more money out of these parts than the poor could be thankful for.

Such was the "Great Awakening." There was nothing particularly novel about it. "To preach loud, long, and damnation," one John Selden had remarked many years before, "is the way to be cry'd up." Seventy years pass, and we come to the "Revival" period, of which Dr. Bacon gives a graphic description:—

Sudden outcries, hysteric weeping and laughter, faintings, catalepsies, trances, were customary concomitants of the revival preaching. Multitudes fell prostrate on the ground, "spiritually slain," as it was said. Lest the helpless bodies should be trampled on by the surging crowd, they were taken up and laid in rows on the floor of the neighbouring meeting-house. Some lay quiet, unable to move or speak. Some talked, but could not move. Some beat the floor with their heels. Some, shrieking in agony, bounded about, it is said, like a live fish out of water. Many lay down and rolled over and over for hours at a time. Others rushed wildly over the stumps and benches, and then plunged, shouting "Lost! Lost!" into the forest.

Dr. Bacon quotes from contemporary authorities some curious particulars of the pathological effect commonly produced by the "revival" mania. A nervous epidemic set in, taking several distinct forms, one of which was known as "the jerks." It began in the head, and spread rapidly to the feet. "The head would be thrown from side to side so swiftly that the features would be blotted out and the hair made to snap. When the body was affected the sufferer was hurled over hindrances that came in his way, and finally dashed on the ground, to bounce about like a ball." An eye-witness says:—

"I have passed a meeting-house where I observed the undergrowth had been cut for a camp-meeting, and from fifty to one hundred saplings were left breast-high on purpose for persons who were 'jerked' to hold on to. I observed where they had held on they had kicked up the earth as a horse stamping flies. . . . I believe it does not affect those naturalists who wish to get it to philosophize about it, and rarely those who are the most pious; but the lukewarm, lazy professor is subject to it. The wicked fear it and are subject to it. But the persecutors are more subject to it than any; and they have sometimes cursed and sworn and damned it while jerking."

American Christianity, of course, has better things to show than this. It has never displayed much originality, for the Mormons are the only strictly original sect which America has produced. It has followed, with close fidelity, the movement of religious thought and feeling in England. It has adopted Unitarianism and Theism, has felt, and felt strongly, the reaction in favour of Catholicism, and has been influenced, in a larger degree than many in this country are aware, by Tractarianism. Those most familiar with the story of the "Oxford Movement" know well how confidently Newman and his followers anticipated a parallel movement in the Episcopal Church of the United States, and how sedulously they strove to draw its bishops and clergy into the fold of the new Anglicanism of which they aspired to be the founders. Nor were they altogether disappointed. But a Tractarianism having any real vitality can scarcely be anything but a halting-place. As Newman flung himself into the gulf of Catholicism, and his most distinguished henchman ended a long life of vigorous thought by advocating Arianism, so in America the function of "high" Anglicanism seems fated to be that of feeding either the stream of Romanism on the one hand, or that of Unitarianism on the other.

The Flora of Cheshire. By the late Lord De Tabley. Edited by Spencer Moore. With a Biographical Notice of the Author. By Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff. 8½ x 5½ in., xxiv. + 308 pp. London, 1890. Longmans, 10/6

The chief contents of this elaborate botanical catalogue are for botanists alone. Its publication, at the

instance of the author's sister, is due, we learn from the preface, to the advice of "several distinguished men of science," and also to the hope that "a fitting memorial would thus be perpetuated to the memory of one whose name will now live evergreen among the scientific annals of the country and in connexion with the plants he loved so well." The hope may be fulfilled; but if so, its fulfilment will not be wanting in a touch of irony. For we can hardly doubt that if Lord De Tabley loved plants well he loved poetry better; and little as he strove for a fame to which he had more right than many of the contemporaries of his who attained it, it is probable that he would have preferred to survive even for a few years as a remembered poet than to "live evergreen among the scientific annals of the country." This memorial of him is, of course, to anybody but an expert, not to say an enthusiast in the subject, as unreadable as a Post Office Directory; but Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff has happily taken the opportunity of its appearance to furnish a short biographical memoir of the author, a friend of many years' standing, united to him by community of literary and scientific tastes. It is an attractive but a too brief sketch of an interesting and engaging personality, which we confess we should have been glad to study in more detail and on a larger canvas.

Lord De Tabley suffered like more than one of his poetic contemporaries from the circumstances of time and public taste in which he first presented himself to the literary world. His earliest volume, "*Præterita*," appeared in 1863, his latest—if we except the one last volume published after a silence of twenty years—in 1873, and there is perhaps no decennial period in the second half of the century which was less propitious for the advent of a new poet of merit. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff institutes rather a fanciful comparison between Lord De Tabley's poetry and the second of three different kinds of Tokay. Of these varieties

The first [he says] was made of the juice that flowed from the ripe grapes thrown together; the second was made by the ordinary operations of the wine press out of grapes from which the husks and all extraneous matter had been carefully removed; while the third was the product of grapes, husks, and stalks all crushed up together. To these three kinds of Tokay correspond three kinds of poetry. The first is that spontaneous, inevitable poetry, which, once read, becomes a possession for ever; the second is the product of high intelligence, great cultivation, and infinite art, acting on the material supplied by fancy, imagination, and a highly emotional nature; the third is the kind of poetry which men sit down to write deliberately, thereby from time to time achieving something good, but for the most part loading our shelves with printed matter which had better be at the bottom of the Atlantic.

"Lord de Tabley's poetry," says his biographer, "seems to me to belong to the second of these classes." In saying this he of course accords it, while obviously intending to deny it, the highest place; for the so-called "spontaneous and inevitable poetry," which is supposed to flow forth without the assistance of intelligence, cultivation, and art, is in truth an imaginary kind of poetry, undiscoverable, at least to the extent of more than a stray line or two, by any one save those who insist on confounding Walt Whitman's (often magnificent) raw material of poetry with the completed artistic product. That Lord de Tabley failed to produce great poetry is not due, then, to the fact that he comes into his biographer's second class, which, as we have said, is really the highest category: it was for the eminently simple and commonplace reason that the matter of his poetry—the theme, the thought, the emotion—is rarely of the highest order, and that his poetic manner, though it seldom fails in dignity and distinction, has no very conspicuous charm. Its faults of

technique, which are sometimes distressing, might be forgiven, though the quality of merey has indeed to be strained on behalf of a poet who rhymes "hover" with "Jehovah"; but the trouble is that when the workmanship is without serious blemish it seldom attains that pitch of excellence which the thought requires. Nevertheless, and without claiming a place for Lord De Tabley in the first flight of poets, there can be no sort of doubt that he has never got anything like his deserts in the matter of poetic reputation. The poem which his biographer quotes in full, "An Ocean Grave," is one of singular beauty—as rare and admirable in its restrained power of expression, as in the intensity of its underlying pathos; and had it been published under the more favourable auspices which to-day attend new ventures in poetry, it could hardly have failed to gain a hearing. But Lord De Tabley left off writing poetry in the seventies, and only resumed it again with the publication of "Poems Dramatic and Lyrical," a few years before his death. And the world does not readily reverse its estimate of a poet, especially when to do so would involve an admission of its having done him grave injustice in the past.

The letters of Lord De Tabley which Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff has selected for publication are well chosen, and enable us to form a very pleasing picture of the writer. His scattered observations on literary subjects are always acute and interesting, and even the botanical lore on which he exchanges ideas with his fellow-botanist is often illuminated by a touch of humour or fancy, which saves it from wearying the uninitiated. Here is a good specimen of him in his lighter mood:—

It is really very good of you to return with a piece of Dittany in your portmanteau. You remember our experience with the cat and the root of Valerian—and this is evidently a case for repeating something of the kind. The ingredients are simple and I must merely ask you to borrow a goat and a bow and arrows from any of your neighbours who have a turn for archery. In the cause of science you must not allow the inconvenience of the animal to weigh with you for a moment. Take the goat into the centre of your lawn and riddle it with arrows, some of which must stick, like St. Sebastian. Then show the goat the Dittany, and if he is a classically minded goat and worthy of his Cretan ancestors who nursed Jupiter he will or ought to rub his wounded portion against the Dittany and by so doing extract the arrows. If he does you will have covered yourself and family with eternal honour.

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

A Thousand Days in the Arctic. By Frederick G. Jackson. With a Preface by Admiral Sir F. L. McClintock. With Illustrations and Maps. Two vols. 9½ x 6½ in., xxii. + 551 + xvi. + 580 pp. London, 1899. Harper. 32/-

In these two handsome volumes we have the long-promised narrative of the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition to Franz Josef Land. It appears in the form of extracts from Mr. Jackson's journal—modestly described by the author as a statement of "plain facts penned by a plain man." The work will appeal in different ways to two classes of readers. As a story of life and adventure in the uninhabited regions of the Far North it will delight thousands who care little about the advancement of science; while the few who know that Polar exploration is more than a mere bootless and perilous pastime will rejoice at the solid additions which it makes to our knowledge. The former class will, no doubt, find it less thrilling than Dr. Nansen's second volume, and it lacks much of the human interest which Peary's relations with the Eskimo gave to his book; but as a record of perseverance under difficulties it is inferior to neither of these works, while the illustrations are very well chosen and are, many of them, of exceptional merit. Mr. Jackson's description of his adventures and of the explorers'

daily life convey as clear an impression of his surroundings as his own excellent photographs, and the most experienced writer need wish for no higher praise. There is some repetition that might have been avoided, as in the daily record of the weather and the aurora, of which there is a quite sufficient summary in the appendix; but this defect is less noticeable in the second volume. The maps compare most favourably with those of some recent explorers. If any one would appreciate the importance of this part of the work, he has only to contrast the map of Franz Josef Land, as known in 1894, at the beginning of the first volume with the final map, which embodies the discoveries of the expedition. Mr. Jackson may claim, with Dr. Nansen's help for a small part of the area, to have revolutionized our knowledge of the whole region. Instead of large masses of land with an indefinite extension to north and west, Franz Josef Land is now shown to be but a small archipelago, with no single island of any great size. Had this been known earlier, the plans of the expedition for pushing north, and those of Dr. Nansen in his retreat to the south, would have been materially modified. The previous expeditions of the Austrians and of Mr. Leigh Smith were precluded by their misfortunes and by inadequate sledging equipment from accurate surveying work; and perhaps the too lively imagination of Payer, practised observer though he was, contributed to cause some trouble to his successors. Mr. Jackson himself, with all his praiseworthy zeal for fact, explains the difficulties of the situation:—

Anything I am not absolutely sure of I am omitting entirely from the map. Better have nothing than have it wrong. It is an extremely difficult country to survey owing to the constant mists, refraction, the abominable climate generally, and also to the fact that some of the basaltic rocks . . . are magnetic and cause local deviation of the compass.

The net result of the expedition may be said to prove that Franz Josef Land, owing to its small extent and the constant prevalence of open water, is a very unsuitable base for approach to the Pole. Preconceptions, however, die hard in Arctic as in other matters; and hence it is, we must suppose, that last year an American, and now an Italian, expedition have selected this route for an advance to the north. Mr. Jackson had intended to devote a fourth year to this object, but we fancy that his own and Dr. Nansen's experiences could have left him little hope of success.

The most striking incident in these pages is, of course, the meeting of Nansen and Jackson off Cape Flora. Dr. Nansen, indeed, in his ignorance of the route that lay before him, seems hardly disposed to look upon his reception in the light of "a rescue." But Mr. Jackson, who already knew something of the steep inhospitable western coast, and was soon to know much more, is of a different opinion. This is what he says upon the subject:—

Providence alone brought him to such a spot, failing which the end of his expedition . . . would have been very different. Had he missed meeting with us he could not have left Franz Josef Land, for the extension of that country towards Spitzbergen is quite unlike what Nansen and every one else believed it to be; and a stretch of practically open sea of more than 160 miles in extent (as we found it to be in 1897) lying between Cape Mary Harmsworth and the nearest known land—White Island or Cape Leigh Smith—cannot be crossed in leaky canvas canoes. I consider a retreat by way of Novaya Zemlia to be infinitely preferable; and Nansen and I have had numberless arguments upon this point without either party changing his opinion. . . . I only trust that Dr. Nansen's extraordinary immunity from penalty will not lead the inexperienced to suppose that one may go lurking about within the Polar circle with merely a dog and a gun, and that all things will be well with them. If they should fall into this error they will be sadly—I almost said fatally—deceived.

Abundant details are given of the numerous bear and walrus hunts, in which the camera played as large a part as the gun, or of the sledging expeditions, where Mr. Jackson introduced a novelty in the shape of Russian ponies. One extract will show the metal of which the expedition was made. The incident occurred during a voyage along the western coast in an im-

seaworthy whaleboat, when a fearful storm sprang up just at a point where landing was impracticable.

The sea rapidly increased, and huge breakers threatened to swallow us up every moment. They rose like mountains over our heads, and each one seemed about to engulf us. Snow and sleet continued throughout the night, and we could not see the land at all. It was bitterly cold, and we were very tired and hungry, but the boat required such constant attention in baling out seas and other work, and there were such difficulties in the way of getting food that taking any was out of the question. Thus we rode out the night, expecting every moment to go down. . . . Every one was more or less cheerful, although one or two looked very much concerned; but I saw no fear in any one's face, and all obeyed orders promptly.

ANOTHER BYRON VOLUME.

The Works of Lord Byron. Poetry. Vol. II. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. 8½ x 6 in., xxiv. + 525 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 6/-

In the new volume of Mr. Murray's definitive edition, as we suppose it should be called, of Byron's works (Poetry Vol. II.) the editor has given us "Childe Harold" in as complete a form as regards both text and annotations as any one, whether critic, student, or admirer "unattached" of the poet, could reasonably desire. That is to say, it would be possible for any one of these three persons to gather from it all the information he is likely to need on the following points:—(1) the form of the poem as finally approved by the author; (2) the original draft of it as it left his hands for his publishers; (3) the observations with which, by way either of note or preface, he thought fit to accompany it; (4) the remarks which were appended to a portion of it by the poet's friend and adviser, Hobhouse; and, lastly (5), the critical and other elucidations which the present editor has judged both text and notes to require. But though information on each of these various heads may, as we have said, be extracted from it, we cannot say that the process of extraction is easy. We fully appreciate the difficulties with which Mr. Ernest Coleridge was confronted in his heroic endeavour to group all this explanatory and commentarial matter round the text of the poem, but it is impossible to approve of the particular method by which he has essayed to grapple with them. He has attempted too much on the page, and has not relegated enough to the appendix. Thus, although he tells us in the preface that "Byron's notes to the first, second, and third cantos are printed, according to precedent, at the end of each canto," this statement does not apply to the notes which the poet appended to certain stanzas of the original draft which were rejected in the final revision. These are printed as footnotes, and the consequence of this is the too frequent occurrence of such chaotic pages as, for instance, p. 40. Here we begin with two lines of the finally approved text, which are followed by five lines in italics forming a portion of a rejected stanza. Next follows an eighteen line note within square brackets, which is the editor's comment on an allusion in one of the first of the italicized lines. Then comes a four-line note which the fifth of the italicized lines suggested to Byron, and which itself suggests three more square-bracketed notes to the editor. Here, then, we have no fewer than five different sorts of printed matter on the same page—namely, first, approved text; secondly, rejected draft; thirdly, editor's annotation of rejected draft; fourthly, author's annotation of rejected draft; fifthly, editor's note to author's annotation of rejected draft. It is fortunate—or from the "record making" point of view, perhaps unfortunate—that Mr. Coleridge did not require to annotate either of the two lines of the approved text, since in that case the addition of a sixth ingredient to this witches' caldron of text and commentary would have made the charm complete. Even as it is, however, the reader is left with Roman and italic type, bracketed notes and unbracketed whirling wildly with numeral and asterisk, obelus and double dagger, through his confused brain. Surely this tumultuous performance might have been easily avoided by strictly reserving the page to approved text and editorial

annotations, which are generally judicious and useful and rarely superfluous, and by consigning the rejected portions of the draft with the authorial and editorial notes thereon to an appendix.

These are quite interesting enough to deserve separate study, representing as they do the poet's design, which he was happily induced to abandon, of introducing variations in his poem of "a droll or satirical character." There are good things in these attacks on the Convention of Cintra, on Lord Elgin of the Marbles, &c., but undoubtedly the poem, as a whole, is well rid of them. And we agree with Mr. Coleridge that Childe Harold should not be regarded merely as a "treasury of brilliant passages," but should be read as a whole "continuously and with some attention to the style and message of the author." Only thus, indeed, can we appreciate the extraordinary superiority in poetic quality—surely a greater disparity than exists between any two parts of any other famous poem—of the third and fourth cantos to the first and second. One can hardly believe that the prosaic doggerel of much of the earlier cantos came from the same brain and hand as the splendid rhetorical declamation of the two later, where the poetry of Byron, still, as always, rough, careless, and inartistic, is informed over long stretches of its flight by a force and fire that irresistibly carry the reader captive. We are glad to see that Mr. Coleridge is wisely sensible of the poet's technical defects, and does not add another to the list of those apologists who expended so much futile ingenuity in the newspapers some years ago in the defence of the famous "there let him lay." Mr. Coleridge's simple, and no doubt perfectly correct, explanation of the grammatical solecism is that Byron "wrote as he spoke, 'with the careless and negligent ease of a man of quality.'"

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY LYRICS.

British Anthologies. Edited by Professor Arber, F.S.A. IV. The Shakespeare Anthology, 1592-1616. V. The Jonson Anthology, 1617-1637. VI. The Milton Anthology, 1638-1674. 7½ x 5 in., 312 + 312 + 312 pp. London, 1899. Henry Frowde. 2/6 each. Vol.

In this series, three numbers of which are now issued, Professor Arber intends to give representative selections from English poetry which are to cover the whole field from 1400 to 1800. The compiler has confined himself to pieces which are complete in themselves, or, at least, such as can be taken out of their context without injury. Accordingly, though the title-page does not say so, this is practically a lyric anthology. It differs, however, from others in that the aim is not to select the best poems of the best kinds, but typical examples of all kinds, special attention being given to authors and kinds which are little known. There are few byways of English literature which Professor Arber has not found out; and all who love England owe him a debt of gratitude for rescuing from forgetfulness many a poem or story that stirs the blood. The fruit of his wide knowledge is seen here also. Many of the writers are but names to most of us; many are not even mentioned in the ordinary histories of literature; and some very interesting pieces are reprinted from anonymous broadside sheets.

It will be noted that each volume is named after the most prominent figure of the period it deals with; but this does not mean that the name-poet occupies a large part of the book. Thus in the Shakespeare Anthology Shakespeare has sixteen pages; Ben Jonson has thirty, and Milton twenty-two in the books named after them. There are forty or fifty known poets in each book. Some poets appear in more than one volume, since each volume has a definite time-limit. Each volume has a list of the poets prefixed, with birth and death dates, and at the end two indices—(1) first lines, with bibliographical reference; (2) glossary and index of names.

Such is the plan of the work: it remains to consider how far it has been successful. As regards the selection of verse, we miss a few of our own especial favourites, but that was inevitable. We realize more fully, each time we see a new anthology, the almost boundless wealth of English poetry. Out of three nine hundred pages there are very few which are not worth reading as poetry;

and these are generally worth reading for some other cause. There are political pieces, for example, or social satires, or the criticism of a poet on poets. Others have an interest from the circumstances in which they were written, or from what came of them. Thus Raleigh writes on the eve of execution; and Henry Vaughan in 1650 writes a poem which, a hundred and fifty years later, suggested to Wordsworth his "Intimations of Immortality."

The Shakespeare volume opens with a burst of song which fairly takes one's breath away. Those sixteen pages alone would make a poet immortal—as true a singer as any throstle or lark. The same volume contains some charming country songs of Nicholas Breton's, Constable's love ditties, and others by Raleigh, Marlowe, Heywood, and Campion. There are spirited hunting and drinking songs, and Beaumont's Epistle to Ben Jonson. Some of the finest pieces in the book are without names—"Fain would I change that note," for example, which, ever since Mr. Bullen discovered it, has taken rank among the noblest of English lyrics; and "I saw my lady weep." In the volume named of Jonson we have fewer men of mark: but there are some remarkable broadsides. "From Oberon in Fairyland" has the real magic in it; there is humour in "Blue Cap for me" and "When this old Cap was new"; the poem "Love will find out the way" shows a fine ear for rhythm. However, we could have spared Patrick Hannay. The Milton volume has also its fairy song, one worthy of the best age, the "Queen of Fairies." Milton and Herrick would make any volume rare and fine; but how had Professor Arber the heart to leave out that little gem of perfection—

Here a solemn fast we keep,
While all beauty lies asleep.
Hushed be all things: no noise here
But the toning of a tear,
Or a sigh, of such as bring
Cewslips for her covering.

Waller, Lovelace, and Davenant are well represented; and there are some excellent songs—"The Leather Bottel," "Come Lasses and Lads," "To all ye Ladies now on Land." The broadsides here are chiefly political.

We would offer one or two criticisms on the editorial part. Why does Professor Arber affect the mark of exclamation to such an extraordinary extent? It is positively a disfigurement to the book. There are sometimes six in a single line, thirty or more on a page. Again, the spelling should not be modernized if this injures the scansion. Thus in *Shakesp. Anth.*, p. 21, we must read "commandement"; p. 18, probably "heartes renying." Explanations look uncouth in the middle of a line, thus: "I, I [*Aye, Aye*]." Children would inevitably read straight ahead. The Glossary is not nearly full enough. Thus "manured" means "tilled" (*Shakesp. Anth.* 32), and if unexplained the suggestion is ludicrous. We have noted a number of such phrases, which are sure to be misunderstood or not understood, in each volume. We hope Mr. Arber will revise the Glossary; there is plenty of room in the pages.

For the student these books have a value. They are of little use in estimating a poet; but of great use in tracing a tendency or estimating the quality of a period. To take the love poems, for example. The Shakespeare volume is full of conceits, but there is passion too; by degrees the passion wanes, the lover laughs at himself, and the whole thing becomes a joke. Campion sings: "Shall I come, sweet love, to thee When the evening beams are set," so as to impress us that the thing is real. With Suckling and Wither, love is a game: "Out upon it! I have loved Three whole weeks together!" But side by side with this is another change. The Elizabethan love is largely the love of the healthy animal; Shirley and Cartwright strike a new note and sing of the love which grows not old:—

ἔσται κἀν πολιταίν ἔρω.

So, too, the political unrest of the seventeenth century reacts upon poetry to its hurt. We do but glance at these points, there is no time to go into them fully. We took up these books rather inclined to think they were not wanted; we lay them down, convinced that they are. We believe, moreover, that they will excite a great interest in the less-known parts of our literature; and we wish Prof. Arber's "Anthologies" all the success they deserve.

ARCHITECTURE.

The Cathedral Builders: the Story of a Great Masonic Guild. By Leader Scott. 9½ x 6½ in., xlii. + 435 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low. 21/-

The title of this work is an attractive, but inaccurate, one. The "Comacine Masters," to whom "Leader Scott" would attribute every important development in Christian architecture, are mentioned in a Lombard document of the seventh century; but they were not specially builders of cathedrals. The authoress not only dwells at length on their humbler churches, but devotes chapters to their civil architecture, and even to the painting and sculpture which she supposes to have been done by members of the guild. She is the prophet, or the victim, of a theory; she bases her large and learned treatise on the must-have-been. How did all the noble monuments of the great church-building era spring up simultaneously all over Europe? she asks. There must have been a "huge universal brotherhood of architects and sculptors," and this brotherhood must have been the Comacine Guild. That the artists of the Middle Ages formed themselves into guilds is known to everybody; and the information which is here given us about these early trade unions is extremely thorough and useful. The bond of union between architects no doubt led to the similarity between the development of various styles; but it is just where we look for traces of the Comacines that the evidence breaks down. "Leader Scott" would have them to be a mysterious brotherhood, in the discovery of whose importance "the chain of art history takes a new and changed aspect," and "becomes one continuous whole from early Christian Rome to the Rome of Raphael and Michael Angelo." It is strange, she remarks, that art historians have made so little of the Comacine masters. To us it is not less strange that she should have made so much. Considering the nimbus of legend that envelopes the history of masonry, from the Freemasons downwards, we are always prepared for new wonders; but the continued existence of a "universal fraternity" through the cataclysms of a thousand years does call for some little proof. There is a gap, as the writer coyly admits, of a "century or two" between Constantine and the real seventh century Comacines of Lombardy, and another between that Lombard Guild and the "early cathedral builders" of the eleventh and twelfth centuries: and all the evidence we are given of the continuity of the all-powerful "brotherhood" is a certain vague similarity of organization and nomenclature. As for organization, it would be a miracle if there were no similarity between societies of artists at different periods; and the survival of a few very general words like *magister* proves nothing. What else could a master workman be called in an age when Latin was freely used? It would be as safe to argue that our English Universities are "Lodges" of the Comacine Guild because they retain not only *magister* but *collegium*.

But our authoress would see a further proof in the continuance of "Comacine" ornament. Wherever an abundance of symbolism is to be found, there we may be sure one of the mystical and mythical masters has been at work; and besides, there is a certain interlaced style of ornament made up of a single strand; it is found, of early date, in Rome, and on all the genuine Comacine work in Lombardy, which proves that the Comacine artists had come from Rome. Nay, it may prove that this wonderful guild was founded by Solomon, for is not the interlaced strand called Solomon's Knot? Nevertheless, it disappears after the eleventh century, and so we must look for the guild's mystic signature elsewhere. The "Lion of Judah" comes to our relief, and links the medieval builders with the Lombards of the dark ages, or perhaps again with Solomon himself. Whenever we see a pillar resting on a lion we may think unutterable things. Nay, masonry itself may be a sign of these wonderful masters who had so many ways of making themselves known. Of our own St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, we are told that "the masonry is the true Comacine style." For ourselves we have a suspicion that the great guild

may be eternal as well as universal, and that the Science Museum at South Kensington is one of its modern triumphs.

The fact seems to be that "Leader Scott" has been carried off her feet by a recent Italian work of the late Professor Merzario, which she has taken as her basis. Its very title is enough to raise suspicion—" *I Maestri Comacini. Storia Artistica di Mille duecento anni, 600—1800.*" Even in the present book the Professor is accused of being "bewildering in his redundancy, confusing in his arrangement, and not sufficiently clear in his deductions." After conscientiously working through this volume we cannot avoid the conclusion that the writer has borrowed not only the Professor's theories but his faults. Yet "The Cathedral Builders" contains much interesting criticism and useful historic information, not to mention its eighty-three excellent illustrations. It might have become a standard work upon architectural guilds if the writer had never seen the Professor's book, or heard of that ancient employers' liability act of November, 643, in which King Rothar dealt with the building accidents of certain "Magistri Comacini" and their colleagues.

The Column and the Arch: Essays on Architectural History, with Illustrations. By William P. P. Longfellow. 8½ x 5½ in., 301 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low. 10/6

Mr. Longfellow, an American writer, has given us a work of real technical value which will yet be found of great interest to all those who care (and who does not nowadays?) for architecture. He begins with the Egyptian lotus, the flower which fitly gave birth to the column among the flower-loving fathers of civilization. Yet even here architecture did not escape the cruel law of decline; the lotus column lost its exquisite conventionalism, became bloated, and died of the jerry-builder on the Theban plains. The Greek took up the column and founded on it his own architecture, limited in its perfection, perfect in its limitations. Then came the Roman, whom Mr. Longfellow deprives of his popular laurels. This person took the arch from his Etruscan and the column from his Greek subjects; he was a practical man, and he combined, or allowed his foreign artists to combine, the column with that humble creation of the bricklayer, the arch. The arch was set between the columns; and this was the first great development in architecture, giving an enormous increase of power and flexibility, such as the Roman, a heaper up of palaces, desired. With it came many new details—the brackets, window-caps, and, above all, the keystone, a member which harmonized the arch with the "order," and the senseless modern use of which (both in building and literature) Mr. Longfellow justly criticizes.

Architecture still remained "classical"; the entablature still crowned the column and its lowly ally the arch. In conservative Rome, indeed, it always held its own, as Mr. Longfellow shows in his chapter on St. Maria Maggiore; for, from the architect's point of view, M. Zola is right—Rome, obsessed with the spirit of the Cæsars, has admitted less of distinctively Christian architecture than any other city. It was elsewhere, in the East, that the next development arose; and still the vital points are the column and the arch, for it was the setting of the arch directly upon the column that killed the "order," and broke up the classical style. Rome went on faithfully reproducing the past, while life returned to the East and then passed to the North. But the Eternal City kept the magic of her name, and the next great development in the North was called "Romanesque," one of the worst acts of injustice which a great nation has had to endure. For it was the Germans who invented Romanesque architecture; even the Lombard style is really, of course, Teutonic, and that curious style apart, Tuscan Romanesque, so beautiful in its refined sobriety, owes much to German elements. In Romanesque architecture took its largest step; the whole classical idea of design was changed; for now size was reached by increasing the number of elements, and not as heretofore their scale; the column became the builder's "pet child"; the bay was invented and occupied much the same place as the order; the tower appeared, and many other new things.

The last scene in this strange eventful history of the column and the arch is the Renaissance. Greek architecture had been religious, the German had been also popular, but the Renaissance was of the princes of this world. The plebeian arch returned to its humble position between the columns, which had now forsaken romance for Rome; the formal entablature triumphed. It was an age of pedants who loved the new style for its rules, of despots who rejoiced in its haughtiness and needed it for their pageantry. The Renaissance could not fail to produce great works, since it was an age of great artists; but its architecture had been dug up from the grave. Dust it was, and when Michael Angelo was gone, dust it very soon became. No mistress ever attracted so many famous men as did this proud child of fashion; even in England she was nobly served. But the seventeenth century saw the end of her, and only her pale ghost remained; till the columns of Rome made a last shadowy appearance around Regent's-park, and threw a gloom over the portals of Bayswater.

ORIENTAL BOOKS.

Zoroaster, the Prophet of Ancient Iran. By A. V. Williams Jackson, Professor of Indo-Iranian Languages in Columbia University. 9 x 6 in., xxiii + 312 pp. London and New York, 1899. Macmillan. 12/6 n.

Since the time of Spiegel and Justi a distinct advance has been made in the study of the Avesta and kindred subjects. This is due largely to the labours of Geldner, whose magnificent volume of the text must be in the hands of every Avestic scholar. But he is by no means alone. To leave aside other German investigators whose theories in this particular subject are often both rash and constantly changing, the Zoroaster literature has been laid open to Englishmen by the hands of the late lamented J. Darmesteter, of Mr. E. W. West, and of Dr. Mills. The last named has also edited a facsimile of a fine MS. of the Yasna, with Pahlavi commentary, presented to the Bodleian by a high priest of the Parsees in Bombay, Dastur Jamsajji Minocheherji Jamsap Asana. Three years ago Geiger and Kuhn began to sum up our present knowledge in the inevitable *Grundriss*; and here now lies before us the last contribution to this store, a life of Zoroaster, by one of Geldner's most distinguished pupils.

The book is thoroughly well done; in fact, it is a book to rejoice the scholar's heart. The arrangement of the material could not be improved upon. We have first a bibliography of the more important works; next follows the main narrative, Zoroaster's life described in connexion with his antecedents and his mission; a short chapter on the years just succeeding his death; and, finally, a general summary and conclusion. This part is confined, as far as may be, to the simple statement of what is generally accepted as fact; full references are given in notes at the foot of the page, and all doubtful points are reserved for special appendices. Thus we have a plain story, which any one can read and understand, filling about half the book; the student who doubts any point may at once satisfy himself, confirm or controvert, with the aid of the references; and in the appendix he may see in the minutest detail the course by which Mr. Jackson gets to his conclusions. If we add that there is no trace whatever of literary style in the book, it is but to get quit once for all of an unpleasant duty.

Mr. Jackson, we are glad to see, accepts Zoroaster as a historical person, and places his date between 660 and 583 B.C. The story of his life is but fragmentary, but the Biblical student might examine it with benefit. The parallels to be drawn with other religious teachers are often instructive. Zoroaster's pedigree is traced upwards through a royal line to the first man; there were prophecies of his coming, and miracles before his birth; at his birth miracles attested the Prophet. Of his childhood nothing is known; and little of the training days between the ages of fifteen and thirty. Then comes the Revelation, heavenly visions, wanderings abroad in the world, a temptation, and, after ten years' work, one disciple to show for it. At last the faith triumphs in the conversion of King Vishtaspa, whose son becomes a Holy Warrior for the spread of it; and, finally,

Zoroaster dies, but his faith goes on. Very little is said of the religion, which is not the subject of the book. But there is some curious information about Zoroaster's supposed scientific knowledge, and about the alleged influence of his doctrines on Plato, Pythagoras, and other Greeks.

The appendices deal with Zoroaster's name, date, native place, with the scene of his work, allusions to Zoroaster in other literatures (the classical allusions are very numerous), and sculptures supposed to represent him (with plates). Everything is tabulated at the beginning, summed up at the end, and there is a full index and a map. In fact, the book is a compendium of all that relates to the subject presented in the most convenient form possible for use.

A Century of Indian Epigrams: Chiefly from the Sanskrit of Bhartrihari. By Paul Elmer More. 7x4½ in., 124 pp. London and New York, 1899. Harper, 5/-

Bhartrihari was a Hindu King who abdicated his throne in favour of a younger brother and passed the remainder of his life in a cavern writing poetry. The cavern is still shown to travellers, and Mr. Paul Elmer More offers a translation of a selection of the poems. His verses flow melodiously, but raise the question—How much of the poetry is Bhartrihari's, and how much is Mr. More's? For here, as it seems, we have a Sanskrit singer writing as if he were the heir of all the ages, and not only borrowing the great thoughts of the early Greeks, but also anticipating the turns of phrase of Wordsworth and Mr. Matthew Arnold. In one epigram he presents the Greek doctrine of ἀνάγκη, the necessity which compels the Gods themselves:—

Before the Gods we bend in awe,
But lo, they bow to fate's dread law.

On the very next page we find him almost paraphrasing the Lines on the Terrace at Berne. He writes:—

For as a log at random tost
On the wide waves perchance is crost
Here by another drifting spar—
So on this sea of life our meetings are.

And what is this but:—

Like drift wood spars, which meet and pass
Upon the boundless ocean plain,
So on the sea of life, alas!
Man meets man—meets and quits again.

Plunging into metaphysics, Bhartrihari speaks of the One almost in the words of Parmenides, though with an indication that he is also familiar with the Adonais; but then he is back again at once with Matthew Arnold, indebted this time to Empedocles on Etna:—

Through all the world thou rankest, O my soul,
Seeking, and wilt not rest;
Behold, the peace of Brahma and thy goal
Hideth in thine own breast.

Which, if Bhartrihari were a new writer, would be voted an echo of:—

Once read thy own breast right,
And thou hast done with fears;
Man gets no other light,
Search he a thousand years

Search in thyself! there ask what ails thee, at that shrine!

And then there is Wordsworth. The epigram beginning—

O World! I faint in this thy multitude
Of little things and their relentless feud

is identical in thought, and almost in expression, with "The World is too much with us," the poet's concluding desire to bathe in Ganga being the Brahmin equivalent of the English singer's wish to—

Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

If space permitted, one could continue with a long list of similar parallel passages. On the subject of solitude, in particular, the Sanskrit is constantly saying the things that Matthew Arnold was destined to say after him, and in almost exactly the same words; and the coincidence would be one of the most puzzling mysteries of literature, if the frequency with which Mr. More

quotes Matthew Arnold in his preface did not suggest a method of explaining it. Leaving this branch of the subject, however, we will conclude by quoting an epigram which pleases us, and of which we have, so far, failed to find a modern analogue:—

I saw an ass who bore a load
Of sandal wood along the road,
And almost with the burden bent,
Yet never guessed the sandal scent;
So pedants bear a ponderous mass
Of books they comprehend not—like the ass.

Students who may be desirous of obtaining trustworthy information on the historical and linguistic contents of the inscriptions that have been found in Phœnicia, Cyprus, North Africa, Palestine, and other parts are no more without a thorough and trustworthy guide on the subject, for Mark Lidzbarski's *HANDBUCH* (Emil Felber, Weimar) is both full and accurate. It is, of course, meant for Semitic scholars in the first instance, but the introductory chapters, containing no fewer than 172 pages, are full of general information on the bibliography, history, chronology, and topography relating to the inscriptions dealt with. The work is accompanied by an atlas containing forty-four facsimile plates.

In the *HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE QURÁN* (Madras S.P.C.K. Press, 3s. 6d. net), Mr. Edward Sell tries with some success to show how various parts of the Koran were composed at certain periods of the Prophet's life, or at least have reference to these. The book is not interestingly written, but it will be useful for reference. Controversialists will find some barefaced *privilegia* made to dispense with moral laws for Mahomed's benefit. The book has an Index of quoted passages.

The third and last volume of *KINGS OF KASHMIRA*, a translation of the Sanskrit works, Jonarāja, Shrivara, Prājyabhatta, and Shuka, by Jogesh Chunder Dutt (published by the author at the Elm Press, Calcutta, 2 rupees), is better than many English translations by natives of India.

Messrs. Dent have sent us an illustrated edition of *THE EPIC OF ANCIENT INDIA*, by Romesh Dutt, C.I.E. (12s. 6d. n.). We have already noticed the volume in the Series of Temple Classics which contains the text only. In this tastefully got up book we have an introductory note by Max Müller and twelve photogravures from drawings by E. S. Hardy. Mr. Dutt's verse, if a trifle commonplace, has a pleasant and even flow, and the rhythm chosen is not unlike that of the Sanskrit. The story has, of course, been condensed. Some of the most interesting episodes are given, and what comes between is told in prose. The pictures are very good, and add much to the value of the book. The cream-white cover bears a decorative trophy of Indian arms, and print and paper are excellent, as in all Mr. Dent's books. We note a curious misprint on the plate opposite p. 67, where Satyavan appears as Satyarean.

PARSI, JAINA, AND SIKH is the title of the Maitland Prize Essay for 1897, now published by Mr. Douglas M. Thornton (Religious Tract Society, 2s.). It is a very clear and very much condensed summary of the history, tenets, and present condition of the three. The work has been thoroughly done, and is scholarly and accurate. Mr. Thornton wisely confines himself to giving accepted beliefs, and does not propose new theories, or try to "show off" in any way. There is more in the book than might be thought from its title. For example, there is an account of the Zend Avesta, its discovery, its contents, and the scholars who have worked upon it. This information for the Avesta may be easily got elsewhere; in the new life of Zoroaster, for example, reviewed above. But the same can hardly be said of the essays on Jaina and Sikh. We can cordially recommend this unpretending little book.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF EUSEBIUS IN SYRIAC, edited from the MSS. by the late W. Wright, LL.D., and Norman McLean, M.A., comes from the Cambridge University Press (25s.). The materials for a complete Syriac text of Eusebius are unhappily lacking. In the two MSS. used by Dr. Wright and Mr.

McLean only the first five books of the History exist almost entire. The sixth book is missing in both MSS., and there remain only fragments of Books VII. to X. The present editors have not followed the example of Dr. Paul Bedjan who, in 1897, published an *editio princeps* of the Syriac texts. Dr. Bedjan's edition combined the texts of the two available MSS. Dr. Wright and Mr. McLean have preferred to print *in extenso* the text of the British Museum MS. (B), giving at the foot of each page the variants found in the St. Petersburg MS. (A), and filling up, where necessary, the *lacune* of B. In an appendix are printed three chapters of Book VI., taken from a British Museum MS. of the ninth century. A useful feature of the Cambridge edition is its inclusion of variants from the ancient Armenian version, which probably represents an older form of the Syriac text than that of A and B. The collation of this ancient version is the work of Dr. Adalbert Merx. It is possible, as Dr. Wright has pointed out, that this version belongs to a group of Syriac translations which were made "in the life-time of the authors themselves or very soon after." Mr. McLean concludes that "our best authority for the text of the first five books is the combination of B (the British Museum MS.) and the Armenian version. The work has been executed with the usual skill and accuracy displayed by the Cambridge University Press.

Mr. L. W. King has brought out, as a companion volume to Mr. Budge's "First Steps in Egyptian," a very useful grammar and reading book. *FIRST STEPS IN ASSYRIAN* (Kegan Paul, 15s.). He calls it "a book for beginners, being a series of historical, mythological, religious, magical, epistolary, and other texts printed in cuneiform characters with interlinear transliteration and translation, and a sketch of Assyrian grammar, sign-list, and vocabulary." The sub-title is typical of the book, and beginners must reconcile themselves to mastering a stout volume of 540 pages if they wish to learn Assyrian. In the study of Oriental languages it is emphatically the big books that "pay." More Arabic scholars have been turned out by the great tomes of de Sacy and Lumsden than by all the concise primers put together. You want ample elbow room for acquiring Eastern tongues as a scholar acquires them. Mr. King does not under-estimate the scope of his work. Its aim, he says, is "to furnish the beginner with *all the materials* which he will require in his earliest studies of the Assyrian language and the cuneiform inscriptions." For this purpose it supplies an account of cuneiform writing, a brief grammar of Assyrian, a list of the most usual signs and ideograms, a long series of extracts for practice in reading, and a full vocabulary. He has transcribed the Babylonian texts (such as the Creation and Deluge legends) in the Assyrian character, for he holds that the student ought first to master the Ninevite script, for the very good reason that almost all the writings in the famous library of Ashur-bani-pal are in that character. The introductory matter is clearly arranged, considering the complicated system of cuneiform writing, and the texts are selected and translated with care and judgment. The beginner who essays to learn Assyrian by means of this volume will not, indeed, find it a "royal road," but he could not follow a better guide in English, and by studying it with attention he will be able to decipher the easier texts for himself. He will find a knowledge of Hebrew a considerable help.

Mr. A. Vambéry has done his best to translate the *TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES OF THE TURKISH ADMIRAL SIDI ALI REIS*, in India, Afghanistan, Central Asia, and Persia, during the years 1553-1556 (Luzac, 5s.). He has made an interesting little book, though it is tantalizing to read now and again that "the noise of the . . . and the . . . was deafening," but that "after cutting the . . . from the . . . we continued our way." It is fair to say that there are not many passages like this; but it is a pity Mr. Vambéry could not have got some clue as to the omitted words. The book is a favourite among the Turks, and there are Turks in London; do they not know the meaning of what they read? We might make other small criticisms: a lakh is the number ten thousand, not "£100,000" (p. 99). The chief value of the book lies in its geographical indications, and in the light it throws on the foreign

policy of Turkey three hundred years ago. The influence of the Padishah seems to have spread very widely over the East at that date. He seems to have been very much like what he is now; we read that the soldiers grumbled, not having had any pay for two years. The narrative impresses on the reader very strongly how wild and lawless life was at the time; every man's hand was against his neighbour, and travellers had to fight again and again for life. Sidi Ali Reis was a doughty seaman, who had taken part in the capture of Rhodes under Suleiman the Magnificent. He was also a devout man, and made a point of visiting the tomb of every saint within reach. He has many wonders to tell of: a spring of fresh water under the sea at Bahrein, whence they got water in skins by diving for it; ants "as big as sparrows," and so forth. He fancies himself as a poet, and presents a *ghazel* to such as will appreciate the honour. One of his quatrains saved him from captivity. Of another of them, "By God!" said the Emperor of Hindustan, "that is truly sublime!" "I mention this (says our author) not to praise my own poetry, but to show his Majesty's good taste." Our readers may see this sublime versicle, together with much that is humorous and quaint, when they buy the book.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

The author of *PLEASURE AND LEISURE BOATING* (Innes, 3s. 6d.) should have added to his title the words "on the Thames," for his purview is confined solely to that river. But the number of people who explore other rivers is not, comparatively, large, and the crowds who frequent the Thames will find here a book they much need both for their comfort and their safety. Mr. Sydney Crossley, the author, understands his business, and his advice throughout is well and clearly given, and may be taken as thoroughly sound. He is, we are glad to see, concerned not only for comfort and safety but for good form. His rule 8, under the heading "Watermanship," is as follows:—"Chaff is an excellent thing in its proper place, but not elsewhere. Its proper place on the Thames is between Kingston Waterworks and Moulsey Lock." The only thing we regret about the book is the absence of illustrations and of a map of the Thames.

Colonel Newnham Davis' very entertaining little book on *DINNERS AND DINERS* (Grant, Richards, 3s. 6d.) is reprinted from the pages of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, whose editor contributes a preface. The dinners discussed are those provided at the chief London restaurants, and the book is written on the kindergarten principle, conveying its information by means of practical illustration. Serious instruction is, indeed, given as to the more intricate details of menus, prices, and appropriate wines, but the gravity of the subject-matter never finds Colonel Newnham Davis dull. His method is the narrative one, and in the record of his little dinners at London restaurants he manages to convey a very good idea, not only of their cooking and their wines, but of their atmosphere. The book leaves something to be desired by those who are mean spirited enough to glance anxiously at the bill, but diners who are "careful" in another sense will derive both profit and amusement from it.

Dean Hole speaks with authority on all matters floricultural, for he was the originator of rose shows, and has done much to promote all other horticultural exhibitions. His *OUR GARDENS*, which forms the second volume of the Haddon Hall Library (Dent, 7s. 6d.), is a book to be recommended to young gardeners. The information is imparted in a pleasant style, and if the author now and again wanders off in praise of his friend, Mr. William Robinson (the only fault we have to find with the Dean), he has much to say that will be of real practical use to gardeners in the laying out, stocking, and cultivation of gardens. Thus, among the gardens treated in detail are the rose garden, the rock, the water, the wild, the cottage, the children's, and the town gardens, for all of which the requirements to ensure a happy issue are given succinctly, and, in many instances, the costs of the

flowers are added. Among the illustrations are plans for rose gardens, one being from Mereworth Castle, sent by Lady Ealmouth, and another from the Swanley Horticultural College, as laid down by the author, which brings the ancient and modern methods into juxtaposition. The book is entirely free from pedantry, and should be in the hands of all persons interested in gardening who wish to have sound information agreeably conveyed.

IN CHINA AND THE CHINESE (Hurst and Blackett, 2s. 6d.) Mrs. Arthur Bell, without entering into the questions of commerce or diplomacy, gives a varied account of her own personal experiences, interspersed with references to Chinese history and tradition. It is written in a work-a-day style and passes easily from an interesting account of the great Chinese dynasties, or of the philosophies of Lao-Tze and of Confucius, to the modern Chinese dinner table. On one of the few occasions when Mrs. Bell becomes contentious, she shows that opium is no worse than tobacco when taken moderately, and that it is most beneficial as a medicine. The book is quite readable.

IMPERIAL RULE IN INDIA (Constable, 3s. 6d.) Mr. Theodore Morison's idea of the ultimate object of our rule in India—viz., so to govern India that she may one day be able to govern herself—is not, perhaps, one which many people share with him. But though his horizon is a little misty Mr. Morison, who is engaged in educational work in India, takes a practical view of his immediate surroundings. So far from upholding the principles of the Indian National Congress, he shows how even existing institutions such as the freedom of the Press, the right of public association and debate, the principle of representation in provincial councils, and trial by jury have not been an unmixed blessing in a country so disintegrated as India. He has much that is practical to say as to the danger of over elaborating the machinery of administration at the expense of the personal influence of the civilian over the native, which used to be greater when the time of the former was not so much taken up by purely secretarial work. The book is written in a clear and unimpassioned style.

Sir Sherston Baker has scarcely been well advised in adding, in *FIRST STEPS IN INTERNATIONAL LAW*, prepared for the use of students (Kegan Paul, 12s.), yet another treatise to the already bulky literature of international law. The keen interest which he tells us was manifested by the general public, and especially by the mercantile community, in the lecture on the rights and duties of neutrals, delivered by him at the Guildhall during the recent war, will hardly extend to his book. It probably passes the wit of man to make international law a subject of widespread interest for the general reader, and students are already better provided for by Hall and Lawrence. With regard to execution, the discussions on the nature of international law, sovereignty, &c., are by no means models of clear thinking. In a science where so much is doubtful, authorities should have been cited to a much greater extent. The author has, however, gleaned some curious information not readily accessible in larger treatises. He is distinctly better in the department of Prize Law, though even here the references to the cases cited are not always given. This defect is not supplied by an appendix which contains a digest of some of the leading cases in international law.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE ROMANCE OF A PRO-CONSUL (Chatto and Windus, 6s.) is the title given by Mr. James Milne to his "personal life and memoirs of the Right Hon. Sir George Grey"; and the word "romance" is certainly more appropriate, for several reasons, than any other. The book begins, as novels so often do, in the middle, and tells what went before by way of episode; and it leaves out many essential facts, whether because the writer was unaware of them or because he thought the reader would be bored by them. Sir George Grey's mission as Governor of South Australia, for example, is vaguely described as "the undoing of a tangle," but

there is hardly a word about the nature of that tangle, though, as a matter of fact, it is a very important episode in South Australian annals, and one about which much ink has been spilt in angry controversy. Still, though "The Romance of a Pro-Consul" is not so good a book as it might have been if more trouble had been taken with it, and though the author has made a mistake in adopting the impressionistic method without possessing in any marked degree the gifts of the impressionist, it has a certain interest. Mr. James Milne knew Sir George Grey fairly well during his later years, and must be thanked for having preserved a good deal of his table talk, including some luminous criticisms on political problems. Sir George Grey was a shrewd observer of tendencies, and some of his observations seem particularly appropriate at the present juncture. He believed in the federation of the Anglo-Saxon race, and he also believed that in the accomplishment of that federation, rather than in conferences with the European Powers, lay the secret of universal peace.

If it were possible to solidify the English-speaking people for common purposes the gain to them and to mankind would be splendid. The blessings of federation were a hundredfold.

"Why," said Sir George, "war would probably die off the face of the earth. The armed camp, which burdens the Old World, enslaves the nations, and impedes progress, would disappear. The Anglo-Saxon race, going together, could determine the balance of power for a fully peopled earth. Such a moral force would be irresistible, and debate would take the place of war in the settlement of international disputes."

Sir George Grey's thoughts on death, spoken in his extreme old age, will also be read with interest:—

"Death! I do not believe in death except that the flesh dies; for the spirit goes on and on. Terror of death is necessary, in order to keep men and animals from killing themselves. That is all."

"The future is mystery, for none have returned to inform us what is there. But our knowledge of the Creator teaches us that His goodness will be greater and greater towards His creatures. If the babe leaves the womb to come into such a beautiful world as ours, how beautiful a world may we not pass into? It was terrible to the babe to be torn from the womb, but it had no idea what loving hands were waiting for it."

On the whole, Mr. Milne gives his readers a very fair idea of Sir George Grey himself, though a very inadequate idea of the events in which he played his part.

ROBERT RAIKES: THE MAN AND HIS WORK (Arrowsmith, 7s. 6d.), edited by J. Henry Harris, with a preface by Dean Farrar, has much biographical value. Some private information about the Gloucester journalist who is generally described as "the founder of Sunday schools" was collected by Mr. Gregory for his Life of "Robert Raikes," published in 1877 (which Mr. Harris does not mention), but there remained still unused much evidence drawn from the recollections of Gloucester residents who knew Raikes. These were collected by the late Mr. Josiah Harris, who intended to write a history of the Sunday school. He died in 1880 without having accomplished his purpose, and his son, who came into possession of his papers, has now carried out a less ambitious design in editing all of these papers which bear on Raikes' life. Mr. Harris' method is, to a great extent, the very laudable one, which we wish were more often pursued, of giving in their original form the sources of his information. Thus we have, besides many unpublished letters, a number of interviews, set out at length, with old Gloucester residents, from which one gets a very vivid picture of the eminently prosperous and rather vain and "buckish" citizen; the enterprising journalist and printer, not ashamed to work on Sundays, though he was called a hypocrite for his pains; and, above all, the keen and practical philanthropist whose idea was to help Howard's work in prison reform by educating prospective criminals and keeping the prisons empty. The other chief point of value in the book is the discussion of the vexed question whether Raikes was really the original founder of Sunday schools; on which the evidence goes to show that, though others conceived the idea or collaborated with him, he has not, on the whole, had more than his deserts. Mr. Harris collected nearly twenty years ago a

number of letters from eminent ecclesiastics on the subject of Sunday schools, with a view to the present work. One of them he curiously describes as from "Lord Arthur Dr. Hervey," and another erroneously from "Dr. Jackson, Bishop of Chester, Aug. 1, 1870." He must mean Dr. Jacobson. This book is certainly an interesting one, and it is the more welcome because Rukes' memory is not perpetuated as it should be in his native town, though we may remind Mr. Harris that a memorial appealing to a wider public now stands on the Thames Embankment in London.

The Rev. Richard W. Hiley, D.D., Vicar of Wighill, near Tadcaster, Yorks, has written out his recollections under the title of *MEMORIES OF HALF A CENTURY* (Longmans, 15s.). The book consists of anecdotes of the celebrities whom Mr. Hiley has known, and most of the anecdotes have the charm of familiarity. Some of them, however, are less well known than they deserve to be. We will quote one about Dr. Bull, of Christ Church, who enjoyed celebrity as a pluralist, and who went to visit some property belonging to the college, and ordered dinner to be prepared for him at a neighbouring hotel:—

After waiting a little time he entered the dining room, and observed the table elaborately laid out for fourteen. He inquired of mine host how it was his own dinner was not ready, as it was long after time. "It was ready punctually," quoth Boniface, "but I have been waiting for the rest of the company to arrive." "The rest of the company!" exclaimed the astonished visitor. "I am alone!" "Oh, I was written to that you would be accompanied by several other officials, and to prepare accordingly." Boniface produced the letter. There was, sure enough, a catalogue of all the offices monopolized by Dr. Bull: Canon of Christ Church, Treasurer of Christ Church, Curator of the University Chest, &c., &c. Dr. Bull was silent, saw he had been the victim of some wag's contrivance.

Dr. Hiley's book may not be worth reading through, but it is well worth dipping into.

Mr. James Shaw was a Scotch dominie who contributed to many periodicals—from *Good Words* to the *Agnostic Journal*. His fugitive writings are collected in a book bearing the title *A COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER* (Oliver and Boyd, 6s. n.), to which a sympathetic biographical introduction is contributed by Mr. Robert Wallace, the Edinburgh Professor of Agriculture and Rural Economy.

NEW FRENCH BOOKS.

The *Temps* has lost no time in filling the place left vacant by the death of Francisque Sarcey. M. Gustave Larroumet, like his predecessor, professor and journalist, will continue to comment in that journal upon the French stage in the proper bourgeois temper. M. Larroumet belongs to a younger generation than M. Sarcey, and aims less at popular renown and more at the suffrages of the Parisian writers. MM. Hachette have just brought out a volume of "studies in dramatic history and criticism"—*ÉTUDES D'HISTOIRE ET DE CRITIQUE DRAMATIQUES* (3fr. 50c.)—which shows that M. Larroumet sees the necessity of reconciling the traditional standards, Racine and Molière and Corneille, with the modern efforts of MM. Hervieu, Dounay, and Richépin. M. Larroumet has never had, like Sarcey, the courage of his convictions. Rather he has disregarded his own preferences and sought only to find the most agreeable formula to render his pages intelligible to readers who rejoice in ready-made ideas, already consecrated by time. He has written an agreeable book on Racine, which we have already introduced to the readers of *Literature*, and an able one on Marivaux. In the present volume the best thing is the reprint of a long-forgotten play by Marivaux, "*La Femme Fidèle*," which M. Larroumet had resuscitated on the *Odeon* stage five years ago. This is a sort of service which he does well.

An important service was rendered by the house of Alcan to the systematization of scientific facts in the publication of *L'ANNÉE SOCIOLOGIQUE*, by M. Durkheim, professor of sociology at Bordeaux. The second volume has just appeared, comprising the bibliography of sociologic facts and publications from July, 1897 to the end of June, 1898 (Alcan, 10fr.). It does the greatest

credit to French science. The second section in the classification adopted by M. Durkheim comprises the literature of "Religious Sociology," and under this head we have elaborate studies of recent books, in French, English, and German, on totemism, on primitive religions in general, on magic, sorcery, and popular superstitions, on beliefs and rites relative to the dead, on popular forms of worship, on myths and legends of various peoples, on ritual sacrifices, prayers, &c., on ascetic institutions, &c. And this is only one section, others being entitled "Moral and Juridical Sociology," "Criminal Sociology," "Economic Sociology," and so forth. A score of scholars have contributed to the volume and sign their articles. Few have time to read Frazer and Seidel; Lehmann, Leonard King, and Danon; Rohde, Kuno Meyer, de Groot, and Maspero; Smirnov, Fewkes, and Walsh; Lang, Macdonnell, and Gruppe; but these French scholars present us with the results of the investigations of those and other searchers. There are two original memoirs which add to the importance of the work. In one M. Durkheim attempts to define religious phenomena and to point out their essentially sociological character. In the second MM. Hubert and Mauss investigate the nature of sacrifice as a social fact.

M. Ollendorff has just brought out an illustrated edition of *LA MAISON TELLIER* of de Maupassant, which, although far more attractive than the old editions of this masterpiece, is published at the regular price of 3fr. 50c. The drawings by René Laloux have been engraved on wood by Lemoine.

A much-needed work on the sculptor Rodin has been brought out, regardless of expense, by M. Floury, the publisher of the periodical devoted to the interests of French wood-engravers, *L'Image*. It is the first of a series of "*Études sur quelques artistes originaux*," by M. Léon Maillard. The illustrations are abundant. M. Maillard's text is more than adequate in its sympathetic interpretation of Rodin's masterpieces, but a slight forcing of the note is excusable in the case of a sculptor who has been so misjudged.

THE ROMAN QUESTION.

The purpose of Father Humphrey's *URBS ET ORBIS*, or *The Pope as Bishop and as Pontiff* (T. Baker, 6s. 6d. n.), is "to set forth the Papacy in action, with some account of the machinery by means of which the supreme Pontiff . . . governs the visible Church." The book is full of curious information respecting the functions, manner of life, dress, &c., of the various officials attached to the Roman curia and of the cumbrous and complicated machinery of the Papal system.

The late Rev. Luke Rivington, whose recent death entails a great loss for Roman controversialists, constituted himself a champion of the Papacy, and his *THE ROMAN PRIMACY, A.D. 430-451* (Longmans, 7s. 6d.), is an endeavour to show that at the council of Ephesus the guardianship of the faith was already practically entrusted to the successor of St. Peter. It is a controversial pamphlet directed chiefly against Dr. Bright, the professor of ecclesiastical history at Oxford, with whom the writer is evidently very angry. The author makes a bold claim for his "cumulative argument"—namely, that it justifies the statement "that the Vatican decrees were admitted in substance in A.D. 451." The argument is certainly, in a sense, cumulative, but we doubt whether it is likely to convince any one who is not already an ardent Papalist. The argument of the last chapter seems to us to attach a quite undue significance to the rhetorical and diplomatic language addressed to Leo by the Oriental prelates.

In spite of its somewhat sensational and misleading title, *ROME FROM THE INSIDE*, or *The Priests' Revolt*, compiled and translated by "J. B." (Clarke, 1s.), is of great interest. It consists chiefly of letters and statements written, for the most part, by priests and ex-priests of the French church. They display very little of the vehemence that might be looked for in men who have broken with a system that has come to seem iniquitous and intolerable. We may call special attention to the declarations of M. Bourrier, the present editor of the *Chrétien Français*, the

description of monastic experience by M. Percheron, and of seminary life by M. Joanny Patel. One of the letters points out with pathetic force how insurmountable are the obstacles which stand in the way of secession from the priesthood, the incapacity of seminary-trained priests for any other career, the dread of giving scandal, the tyrannical power of public opinion. "What can one do?" writes a country curé, "Where go? What is the issue? Nothing, nothing. We must just stop where we are—in irons, in anguish; stay there, to sleep and to die." Another noticeable point is that the cry of the French priesthood finds an echo in other countries—Germany, Italy, Belgium, Corsica. We must, however, protest against the "moral" which the editor draws from his own compilation, and his reference to "a great party in the National Church straining every nerve to bring back the Roman domination," &c., is a mere exaggeration.

THEOLOGY.

Two volumes are before us of the translation of Dr. Harnack's *HISTORY OF DOGMA*. The fifth volume translated by Mr. J. Milfar (Williams and Norgate, 10s. 6d. each) covers the period of Augustine and of the Carolingian Renaissance, and includes a minute and luminous criticism of the former's character and system. Dr. Harnack recognizes in "the Augustinian reformation" one of those Pauline reactions of which the system of Marcion is perhaps the earliest. He points out that Augustine's contribution to theology is rather ethical than dogmatic. "His importance . . . consisted essentially in the fact that he gave to the West, in place of stoic Christian popular morality as that was comprised in Pelagianism, a religious and specifically Christian ethic." In the teaching of Gregory the Great the teaching of Augustine, viewed as an exposition of the popular system, is reproduced in a somewhat crude and materialized form; on the other hand, "by his unique power of portraying himself, of expressing the wealth of his genius, and giving every word an individual impress, by his gift of individualizing and self-observation," Augustine "contributed to the rise of the Renaissance and the modern spirit." In the sixth volume, translated by Mr. W. M'Gilchrist, Dr. Harnack is concerned with the Middle Ages—that bewildering period in the history of dogma during which "the Christianity of the early Church came to its completion." For many readers the sections on the "History of Piety" will prove most attractive. The sketch of St. Bernard and the description of the Franciscan movement are sympathetic and suggestive. Wyclif is tersely characterized as "a second Francis, of more understanding, but less resolute; more cautious, but less free." For the history of dogma the period is of secondary importance. A good deal of space is devoted to an examination of Anselm's doctrine of satisfaction in the "*Cur Deus Homo*"—that striking example of the application of legalistic conceptions to theological doctrine. Dr. Harnack recognizes some real merits in Anselm's theory. He points out, for instance, that what Anselm calls "reason" (*ratio*) is really identical with "moral" necessity. Anselm refuses to admit the conception of Divine arbitrariness; "with deeper insight and more courage than Augustine, he rather assumes everywhere that God's omnipotence is in inner subjection to His holy will." In his second chapter Dr. Harnack incidentally gives a brilliant description of the fifteenth-century Humanism in its relation to theology. "Theology," he remarks, "was put aside with a respectful recognition, or with an air of cool superiority, or with saucy ridicule." By the scholar theology was regarded as "something indifferent." But "the avenger was at the door; the following 150 years showed the terrified scholars to a frightful extent that theology will not be mocked."

We have already noticed the first series of Professor Tiele's Gifford Lectures, *ELEMENTS OF THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION*. In them he was concerned with the "morphological" part of the science of religion. In the Second Series (Blackwood, 7s. 6d. n.) he deals with the "ontological" part—the essence and origin of religious ideas, the constant elements found in every living religion. According to Professor Tiele, "a careful analysis of

religious phenomena compels us to conclude that they are all traceable to the emotions—traceable to them, but not originating in them." The essence of religion lies in man's faculty of adoration. "In adoration are united those two phases of religion which are termed by the schools 'transcendent' and 'immanent' respectively, or which, in religious language, represent the believer as 'looking up to God as the Most High,' and as 'feeling himself akin to God as his Father.'" In a later lecture the origin of religion is discovered by Professor Tiele in the sense of infinity—"the infinite within us," the consciousness of which stimulates the intellectual, æsthetic, and moral faculties, not less than the spiritual aspirations of man. This seems to us the most suggestive point in these lectures. Professor Tiele also makes an important remark about the scientific study of doctrine:—

For every religion that desires to stand on the solid foundation of truth the examination of its creed is an imperative necessity. . . . It has been seriously maintained of late that ministers of the Gospel would do better in future to devote themselves to the study of political economy, or of social questions, rather than to that of theology and the science of religion. Were such a view to find acceptance it would be fatal, not only to the Church, but to the whole development and prosperity of religion.

The present series of Gifford lectures, the tone of which is always considerate and tolerant, are a powerful contribution to the cause both of science and faith.

The Rev. H. G. Tomkins, the writer of *ABRAHAM AND HIS AGE* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 3s. 6d.), has made ample use of recent archaeological discoveries, but he overrates the strength of the external evidence that is supposed to confirm some of the early narratives of Genesis. He follows the guidance of Professors Sayce and Homme, and mentions with appreciation the recent work of Pastor George Stosch on "The Origin of Genesis," of which so good a judge as Prof. Bennett said that it might be almost regarded as "a *reductio ad absurdum* of the principles of traditional criticism." But he deals with a very limited section of the book of Genesis—some three chapters at most, and parts of the volume resemble rather a collection of archaeological notes than a connected treatise. It is, however, a painstaking work with much interesting illustrative matter, and its tone is studiously moderate.

Archdeacon Chestham's *SKETCH OF MEDIAEVAL CHURCH HISTORY* (S.P.C.K., 1s. 6d.), though the style and treatment is somewhat solid, is a useful and trustworthy summary of a little-known period.

LITTLE'S ANNUAL PLEASURE DIARY (Simpkin, Marshall, 1s.) informs the visitor to London how he can amuse himself at all seasons of the year, and also instructs the Londoner as to the facilities for getting away. It is a useful compilation, and it should be noted that it gives, among other things, the dates of all the river regattas.

THE OXFORDSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY CHRONICLE (Eyre and Spottiswoode) is the seventh volume of an annual record of the regiments better known as the 43rd and 52nd Light Infantry. Together with information about annual dinners, athletic meetings, and so forth, it contains, by way of *feuilleton*, some interesting contributions to old military history. This, from the diary of an officer who flourished about 1778, throws a pleasing light upon the manners and customs of the military in those early times:—

I was soon ordered to join at Wakefield. We all quarrelled with the gentlemen of Wakefield, and writs were out every day against some of us for beating the inhabitants or some outrage. The non-commissioned officers that we brought home with us had been so long accustomed to kill their own mutton in America that they thought they might do the same in England. Hen-roosts did not escape them, and three were sent to York jail for sheep stealing. . . . I was a member of the Ugly Club, Lieutenant Ood, of the 50th, president. We had also a Wig Club, in which every member was obliged to appear in a wig, to smoke, and drink porter. This meeting always produced a great deal of humour. George Pitt, brother to Lord Rivers, was president. . . . We had cold meat, porter, punch, and pipes.

IN THE CHURCHYARD.

The plumed black horses pacing go
 In formal hideous pomp of woe.
 Lo, this man's mother there :
 So must my mother fare.

Rough hireling hands, that have not known
 Her living, lift the coffin down,
 And ranged on either hand,
 Strangers and kin, we stand.

They there; we here, and she between,
 So near me I could almost lean
 And touch her bed; yet thus
 Remote how far from us!

All changed, all passing—save her hair :
 Death sets no sign of lordship there.
 Years frosted it before,
 Now it shall change no more.

Why not have given her to kind Earth
 That from her daisies might have birth,
 That she into the grass
 After her kind might pass?

That cold, unsightly, pitiless box
 Never again unseals, unlocks.
 How close clamped edges fit!
 Vain to press lips on it.

Hark! the first clay in handfuls thrown,
 And then the reader's monotone.
 Out under heaven here
 It scarce arrests the ear.

It stops. With dreadful instant speed
 Men fall to work, as if indeed
 There were a life to save
 By filling up a grave.

O'er set grey eyes of men she bore
 Watching the trench fill more and more;
 Set eyes—no tear is shed;
 A strong race she has bred.

Still shovelling, shovelling on the dead,
 And then, one stroke with back of spade
 To show that all is done,
 Wage earned and resting won.

Kind hands range flowers on the loose clay,
 Poor pretty hothouse blossoms they,
 Tarnished already; Death
 Has touched them with his breath.

Is there no more, no more to do?
 No more, no more; she has her due.
 Leave her, come home again;
 'Tis cold here in the rain,

Leave her to Nature; so 'tis best,
 In that blind bosom lost, to rest.
 Her separate life is done,
 With Nature she is one.

Where Nature strikes the scar will close,
 And soon the sod together grows.
 Her balm is Lethe; yet
 We for remembrance fret,

And, as each breath men dying draw
 Rebels against the falling law
 And with a kind of rage
 Heaves up its bony cage,

So strive we when on Death we think
 Not into nothingness to sink.
 Ah! if none soothe us, still
 Nature is kind: Death will.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

Among my Books.

IN A DON'S LIBRARY.

I have often thought that it would be interesting to trace some of the changes in academic interests as they may be observed in the hereditary libraries, of which there must be not a few in Oxford and Cambridge. Not unnaturally, in spite of the abolition of all local restrictions, the same names tend to recur in the lists of University officials generation by generation, and it is a curious study to see how the men of to-day take after, or depart from, the ways of their forefathers. Where there is individuality so marked as to amount to genius the peculiar interest of the investigation ceases. What is interesting to discover is how the ordinary commonplace men who live in the Universities, generation by generation, show their literary interests, keep in touch with current fashions of thought, and slowly or with precipitate violence adopt the philosophical, political, or religious opinions that prevail for the time in the world outside.

I have often studied in a library which has been growing during the last century and a half in the hands of three Oxford dons. I am not to mention their names, which are, indeed, of no interest; but I may premise that the first held a Fellowship from 1737 to 1743, and then enjoyed two benefices till his death, still a bachelor, at the age of eighty-eight, in 1804. The second, a nephew of the first, was thrice married, but left no issue. He was born in 1764, and died in 1817, having been Fellow of his College (not the same as his uncle's) from 1785 to 1797. The library formed by these men—part of which had, no doubt, been twice located in Oxford rooms—then passed to a nephew of the second, who was a country parson, one loved by good men, a traveller, but not a particularly bookish man. He made a few additions to the books, and left them to his son, who brought back the books to Oxford, obtained a Fellowship at a third college, and still resides there.

The library thus formed may fairly claim to be a typical one. All three dons were clergymen. The first became a Fellow of Wesley's College just after he left Oxford, and it is very likely that the two may have known each other in Lincolnshire. The second lived in the days of Pitt and the French Revolution. The third belongs to the era of "Lux Mundi" and the *Revue Anglo-Romaine*; but a study of their books shows that there is a noteworthy continuity in the opinions which have been handed down.

The library, like all eighteenth-century collections, is rich in theology and sermons. For some of these, and especially a handsomely-bound edition of the works of Jones of Nayland in twelve octavos, the present owner tells me with indignation that he has been offered a penny a volume. But there are very many books which appeal to others besides divines. Among those of the first collection are the 1622 edition of Hooker's works, and the first edition of the "Anatomy of Melancholy." By their side is Sir Walter Raleigh's "Historie of the World," and the great folio, with all its extraordinary illustrations, of

the "Works" of Charles, L., Fuller and Heylin and Hammond and Mede are hard by, and the works of Mr. Abraham Cowley, which, with Stowe's Chronicle and Meredith Hanmer's quaint translation of the ecclesiastical historians, formed, no doubt, agreeable recreation for the country rectory in which the first of our three dons passed the last sixty years of his life. From these he could turn to Law's "Serious Call," or Hoadly's Sermons, or Sparrow's "Rationale," whose first editions are on the shelves. There is a grim portrait of him, by the way, on the wall not far from his books—a very serious old gentleman in a white wig.

His nephew, the second of the trio, was, from his portrait, quite a different type of don—a very neat, well-dressed young man, wearing his hair in powder, and of a pink and white complexion. He was not content to read only. He addressed Mr. Fox in an indignant letter "occasioned by his speech delivered on the anniversary of his election for Westminster, October 10th, 1798," and he published an "Appeal to the Nation on the subject of Mr. Gilbert Wakefield's letter to William Wilberforce, Esq., M.P." In these the most excellent Tory sentiments are expounded with much vigour of expression and with some pleasing Shakespearian quotations. The Doctor evidently took a great pride in his library. He noted when and where he obtained a book, and what he gave for it, and in nearly every one he wrote the motto from S. Paul, fitting indeed to a divine, φιλοτιμίσθαι ἑαυτὸν — "that ye study to be quiet." He had a very fair collection of the classics, here and there a Delphin and an Elzevir among them. He had the sermons of Bishop Horne, his old president, of Porteous, and Bull, and Potter, and all the works of the saintly Wilson. But though he was well furnished with theology and the classics, it is clear that he had at least as deep an interest in history and the *belles lettres*. Besides Clarendon, given him by his College, he had all Robertson's histories, Watson's "Philip the Second" and "Philip the Third," Coxe's "Memoirs of the two Walpoles," Burnet, of course, and Bingham. He bought the first edition of "The Wealth of Nations," as well as of such donnish works as Warton's "History of English Poetry" and Dallaway's "Heraldry," which latter he vigorously corrected. But the characteristic feature of the good Doctor's collection is the series of the Essayists. They are all in their first editions, lovingly bound in a sober brown calf; the *Guardian*, *Spectator*, *Englishman*, *Craftsman*, *Tutler*, *Adventurer*, *World*, *Lounger*, *Looker-On*, *Connoisseur*, *Observer*, *Mirror*, down to the *Rambler*, the *Idler*, the *Country Spectator*, and the *Microcosm*. He was evidently a keen Johnsonian, for he has the octavo Boswell, the Dictionary, the Poets, "Rasselas," as well as the "Tour in Corsica," Reynolds' "Discourses," and Goldsmith. He had also all the *British Critic* and the *Critical Review*, and the *Anti-Jacobin*, to which he himself contributed. Fielding, Sterne, Pope, and Dryden, with Miss Burney's "Camilla," seem to represent his own tastes in literature. I suppose the noteworthy thing about these collections is that the reading of these eighteenth-century dons seems to have been confined to the Classics and English. There are a

few French books it is true, La Fontaine, M. de Voiture, La Bruyère, and Madame de Genlis, and, in Italian, Tasso's "Aminta," but nothing to show a real acquaintance with foreign literature. That reproach at any rate is removed from the dons of the present day.

Here the chief attraction of this Library of dons may be said to cease; but I have been interested, too, in seeing what sort of a collection the possessor of this library, the descendant, indirect though he be, of these literary dons, has made for himself. One may go round his shelves and pick out books that he has evidently bought, and see if there is any clue to his own tastes and how far they are inherited.

There are of course books that mark his trade, the books he reads and scores, the books undergraduates will borrow and not return. There are the Thackerays and Scotts, the Dickens (in first editions I notice) and Tennyson, a volume or two of the first printed Indian books of Rudyard Kipling, some Ruskin and Church and Newman. Then there is all Pater, among them that rare little volume of reviews for the *Guardian* which contains his delicate appreciation of "Robert Elsmere" and rejection of its too limited view of life, and on the wall a photograph that once hung in the rooms at Brasenose, of a stalwart young warrior from the great Mantegna series at Hampton Court. If one could judge of the owner's taste in letters it must be from seeing that there does not seem to be a book missing of Robert Louis Stevenson, or George Meredith, or Thomas Love Peacock.

When I ask for personal associations, he shows me a book with some pretty Spanish verses in it, or the "Pages from a Private Diary" with the inscription *ex dono authoris*, or "Weeping Ferry," or a life of Laud with a letter from Mr. Gladstone about it, or learned volumes of Freeman and Stubbs with their autographs showing how they came to his shelves. But the books he has set round him are not all of to-day. There is a Second Folio Shakespeare, not quite complete it is true, but clearly a much prized possession. There is the private issue of the great Marquess of Wellesley's *Primitiæ et Reliquiæ* with an inscription in it to the editor of his speeches, in his clear thin hand, as steady at eighty as at eighteen. There is, in its old black leather cover, the "Relation of the Conference between William Lawd, then Lord Bishop of St. David's, now Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, and Mr. Fisher the Jesuite," printed in 1639. More rare and precious still is a very delicate little volume in red morocco, printed in the italic letter at Florence in 1556, "Il Moro d'Heliseo Heixodo, Inglese: All'illustrissimo Cardinal Reginaldo Polo." There is also the 1520 "Epigrammata clarissimi disertissimique uiri Thomæ Mori," with Holbein's title-page. By it are some rare seventeenth-century pamphlets, a medal or two which one does not often see, and Heber's Trinity Hymn, in his own MS. More modern, but of equal rarity, are a curious little print of Dr. Pusey, inscribed, "From Christ Church College, Oxford," "published for the proprietor, 202, Sloane Street, Chelsea, Oxford Theologians No. 7," and that leaflet referred to by Dean Church in his history of the Oxford Movement, but never seen, it would

appear, till quite lately by any one of this generation, which tells "friends" how they may procure "Tracts for the Times on the privileges of the Church and against Popery," and how they may promote their sale. The memorandum is partly printed, partly filled in in Dr. Pusey's writing, and it is interesting not only in relation to the movement, and the methods by which its principles were spread, but also in regard to the position of the bookselling trade at the time.

It would seem as if even the modern don, so emancipate and cosmopolitan, still survived among those who can trace an ancestry of scholars. My subject to-day has a clever drawing of Aubrey Beardsley's, and a print of Holman Hunt's with an elaborate pencilled explanation by the artist, but he would seem to set as much store by a forest tree sketched on blotting-paper by Dean Liddell and a letter in the hand of Laud's secretary to the city of Edinburgh with the bold autograph signature "*W. Cant.*"

Two other "modern instances" strike my eye as I leave the room. Here is the first edition of Mrs. Gaskell's "*Life of Charlotte Brontë*," which for its plain speaking was immediately withdrawn by the publisher, and is now hardly ever to be met with. Beside it is the little octavo of "*Idyls and Songs*," by Francis Turner Palgrave, 1848-1854. On the flyleaf is inscribed "B. Jowett, with F. T. Palgrave's love, Oct., 1854." Below this is a pencil note, "p. 48." Now on page 48 is "The Birth of Art: Introduction. To B. J." Up to that point the volume has at least been opened. After that not a page is cut.

As I turn to leave the room my thoughts go back nearly two centuries. It is most probable that none of these three done was a "man of the world," but their books show that they did not care to fall out of it. The generations seem to have given them much the same part to play, a very ordinary one, that can be played, happily, without noise and without effect. The first read and perhaps thought, the second read and wrote, the third wrote and taught. They were commonplace men, but they were types that the Universities cannot yet afford to lose. Much more in touch with books than with life, all of them, I mused: and then the door opened and an undergraduate came to tell me all about a football match, and I did not envy them any more.

W. H. HUTTON.

CONSEQUENCES.

[By E. F. BENSON.]

Jack Littledale was one of those people who never make a journey, however short, without buying several daily papers to read. He only read daily papers when he was making a journey, and he read very little of them then, though just enough to reassure himself that they were unreadable. He regarded them, in fact, in the same light in which he regarded his railway ticket, as part of the apparatus necessary to going in a train. It was impossible to make a journey without either, for the one ensured your getting to the place to which you wanted (or did not want) to go, the other, if you were travelling with a friend, ensured his not talking to you while the train was in motion. Jack was the most tolerant and amenable of mankind, but he looked on that class of person who insists on asking questions when the

train is in motion with a feeling which was scarcely distinguishable from hate. And the worst of it was, so he thought, that you might know a man intimately and yet not discover for years that he talked in a train. Therefore it was well to be armed.

To-day he was travelling alone, and consequently the main function of his papers was not called into request, but the influenza was raging in London, and he read through the small paragraphs of society news with interest. Lady Grantchester had got it, that he knew, and for that he was deeply thankful, since she was to have spent the Sunday in the same house to which he was bound, and there was no one in the length and breadth of London whose absence was a matter of less regret. Oddly enough, the very next paragraph told him that Colonel Merriman, who also, as he knew, had been asked to spend the Sunday at Ascot Manor, had succumbed, and, next to Lady Grantchester, there was no one whom it was so delightful not to meet. Personally he disliked large Saturday till Monday parties, but one had to go somewhere, and a small party was always charming. He began, in fact, to promise himself a very pleasant visit.

Otherwise the papers contained nothing of interest except a bombastic telegram from a certain Imperial personage to a successful prize-fighter, and further additions to the list of distinguished forgers in the Dreyfus case. So he looked out of the window and counted telegraph posts, remembering the tens and forgetting the hundreds, and thought bitterly to himself that if it had only been Sherlock Holmes who was thus employed, it would certainly be found that an important criminal investigation would owe its success to this idle pastime. But he had the grace to confess that so eminent a detective would not, like himself, always forget the hundreds.

Ascot was reached in complete safety without any incident. The train did not run off the lines, and no escaped madman got into any carriage. Jack felt mildly inclined to congratulate the station-master, and, as it was a delightful spring afternoon, he left his man to follow with his luggage in a cab while he walked on.

His way lay across the heath, where he passed strange men, in red coats and attitudes so distorted that they looked as if they were in the agonies of strychnine poisoning, playing at golf. Jack was perfectly aware that it took all sorts to make a world, but the outrageousness of some of the sorts constantly filled him with amusement. To hit a ball for three miles and then come home again seemed to him an inglorious way of spending the afternoon, yet an afternoon spent on that delectable upland could scarcely be considered wasted. Spring was sensibly in the air; two days ago, though the weather was warmer than it was to-day, it had been as emphatically winter as to-day was spring. Some mysterious change too subtle for analysis had since then come over the face of the sky and the land in spite of the coldness. The air was as different in quality from the atmosphere of any autumn or winter day as is the red of the sky before sunrise from the red of the sky after sunset. Though the most delicate instruments might be unable to find any difference in the constitution of the two lights, any one could feel that sunrise was pregnant with light, sunset with darkness. And autumn days, however mellow, were ready to bring forth winter, but to-day winter lay about in melting, broken fragments like some thawstruck snow statue.

The house stood above a plantation of aromatic, whispering pines. His hostess, Lady Smarden, met him on the lawn, prepared, if need be, to be tragic. She, too, was suggestive of spring; she wore a large hat and carried a parasol and a book, just as if she had been reading under a tree.

"Oh, Jack, it is awful," she cried, without greeting him. "My party has completely broken down, and you and Ronald are the only bits that have been saved. May Grantchester has the influenza, Colonel Merriman has the influenza—the microbes must have been swarming—and his wife won't leave him, Mrs. Wyvis has sprained her ankle, your mother has just telegraphed that she can't come, and Lily Arbuthnot's aunt is dying. It is

so selfish of people to behave like that. Ronald is already here, and you are here. By the way, how are you? Isn't it awful?"

"I am so sorry," said Jack.

Lady Smarden shrugged her shoulders and put her very pretty nose in the air.

"That is the finishing touch," she said. "Trample on me. I thought you always said that you hated Saturday to Monday parties and much preferred nobody being there!"

"Oh, if I am allowed to say that I am glad, it is quite a different matter," said Jack. "But just now you were such a genuinely tragic air that I thought it more prudent to be sympathetic till I knew. Personally I am delighted, I am really. I have been grateful more than once to Lily Arbuthnot's aunt. She is constantly dying; how fatiguing she must find it."

"I shall get an aunt," remarked Lady Smarden, putting up her parasol. "They are so useful, and so few things are useful. Do you know of one disengaged? Or shall I advertise in the *Exchange and Mart*?"

"Yes, I know one. Her name is Mrs. Harris. The same name as Lily Arbuthnot's."

"Yes, that is a curious coincidence. She comes in Dickens, too, does she not? Come and have tea, Jack. Ronald came an hour ago, but Smarden is in London. He is being a chairman at some dinner to-night, and he won't be back till late. So after dinner we'll all sit down with our elbows on the table and all talk at once, and not listen to what anybody else is saying. That is so pleasant. I hate being listened to. Oh, isn't it a lovely afternoon. It is spring at last!"

"I felt that, too," said Jack, "and that is why I walked. I only walk in spring. It is too hot in the summer and too wet in the winter."

"And the autumn?" asked Lady Smarden.

"I forget this minute. I think it's close time in the autumn. But how does one know it is spring? It certainly is, and if I was a bird I should build a nest at once. Yet it is colder than it has been for a month past."

"That is exactly how we know it," remarked Lady Smarden. "I wore furs for the first time since last July. One never wears fur in the winter now; it is too hot."

"Which, the fur or the winter?"

"Both, of course. But why can't your mother come?"

"I haven't an idea," said Jack. "I saw her yesterday and she said nothing to me about being unable. She looked worried, I thought, and out of gear."

Lady Smarden glanced sideways at Jack a moment.

"Indeed? I am sorry to hear that. Do you know at all what worried her?"

"Not at all. I asked her what the matter was and she was really rather angry with me. She said nothing was the matter, and advised me to get out of the habit of always supposing that something was the matter with people. She did me an injustice; that is not a habit of mine at all."

"You were probably only scapegoat for other people who had asked her the same thing," said Lady Smarden. "I quite sympathize with her. There is nothing so detestable as being told one looks ill when one is not quite well. Whenever I am out of sorts I want to wear a label round my neck with 'I was never better in my life' printed on it."

"Going to a doctor always upsets one so," remarked Jack. "If I am quite well before, the very sight of the magazines on the table of the consulting-room makes my tongue turn white."

"Then magazines are useful to doctors, at least," said Lady Smarden. "It never occurred to me before that they were useful to anybody. Well, here is tea, and here is Ronald. Ronald, you have some curious affinity with tea. I notice that you always arrive together."

Ronald nodded wearily to Jack, and sat down with extreme slowness.

"The remnant of the Old Guard," he said in a low voice, "then had tea. I feel as if the whole of London had gone

through a battle or an earthquake, or something violent, and that we are the only survivors. You must except, of course, Lily Arbuthnot's aunt. She always survives—it is one of the privileges of being dangerously ill—and I will lay long odds that she will live as long as Lily herself."

Jack had found a very comfortable chair, where he lay reclined.

"This is really so much nicer than a large party," he said to Lady Smarden. "If Lily's aunt hadn't survived her last illness and everybody else hadn't caught the influenza, we should all be discussing European affairs or Australian test-matches, of which I am bold to say we know nothing whatever."

"But between us we could have invented or discovered something about it," said Ronald. "It is odd that when a dozen people talk about any subject of which they know nothing, at the end of half an hour they all know all about it."

"Yes, talking certainly is the cause of everything that happens," said Lady Smarden. "They don't discover, Ronald, they invent. In the same way if one talks about influenza, one gets it."

"Then let's talk about something else," said Jack fervently. "Let's talk about all the people who haven't come. It is an unexpected opportunity."

"I am sorry about your mother, Jack," said Lady Smarden. "I hope nothing serious is the matter."

"It is not likely. I think she is freer from worries than any one I know."

Lady Smarden looked up and caught Ronald's eye.

"I should say the same about you," she remarked. "Well, we've got to make the best of each other till Monday. In any case, the worst thing of all hasn't happened."

"What is that?"

"That the party should half break down," said she, "the only thing to hope for when it begins cracking is that it should break altogether. If half the people come, one never knows whether one is bound to make an effort or not. To-night I intend to make no effort. If I feel inclined, I shall read a book at dinner."

"I thought we were all going to talk together with our elbows on the table," said Jack.

"Nobody shall dictate to me in my own house," said Lady Smarden. Then, after a pause, "And you shall dictate to me nowhere."

Jack laughed.

"I wasn't dictating, my dear cousin," he said, "I was only repeating your own orders for the day."

"Oh, Jack, don't argue. There is nothing so enfeebling. It is worse than reading the papers. I must go and write letters of condolence to Lily's aunt and the others. It is tiresome; I can never remember when the post leaves. It is either seven in the morning or seven in the evening. So I write letters in time for both, and it is always the other one. And so they are twelve hours late for each other. You understand?" she asked hopefully.

"Perfectly. It is like the two people who mistook each other for somebody else, and found it was neither of them."

Lady Smarden rose.

"Yes, I know that class of person," she said, "it lives entirely at garden parties, it always shakes hands with me. To be a constant quantity at garden parties argues an extraordinary lack of friends. If one has any friends there are so many better ways of amusing oneself. I do not care at all to see a host of acquaintances."

"It all depends what you mean by friends," said Jack.

"People I would go bail for," replied Lady Smarden.

"That is an exalted idea of friendship."

"Is that cynical? If so, I disagree with you."

"No, it is not at all cynical," said he. "What I mean is that one knows so little of anybody. His virtues, or his seven deadly vices, if he has so many, are the last things a man shows one. For one does not choose one's friends for such reasons."

"Oh Jack, you are talking nonsense," said Lady Smarden

quickly. "All the same, there is a grain of truth in what you say. Well, will you two look after yourselves or each other for an hour? I simply must write these unnecessary letters!"

Without being exactly singled out as a favourite of fortune, Jack Littledale had material enough to guarantee a hope that his life would be undistinguished by unpleasant shocks or hideous surprises. His mother had been the second wife of Lord Godalming, and had been left a widow with one son, young, and with the faculty of pleasure still unimpaired. She was supposed to be fairly well off, she was certainly very pretty, and immensely popular, and, as far as the world knew, she had as little to worry her as even Jack had. His leisure time, so he said, was occupied at the Foreign Office, the bulk of the day was passed in congenial society. He had a delightful set of rooms in town, he appeared regularly at all the places where money is habitually thrown about, he dressed immaculately, and lived with all the studied *insouciance* of a young man of large fortune. Exactly how he managed to do this was a puzzle to those who knew that he had been left only some £12,000 by his father, and it was not conceivable that he was meditating a short course only on his capital, or even a shorter one by the aid of negotiations with those amiable gentlemen who lend money on note of hand only. He had a slight tinge of secretiveness about him which to a certain extent he cultivated. For the rest he was popular, well-looking, and well looked on; he was welcomed wherever he went, and he went everywhere. Life at present had held for him nothing more serious than toothache, and an absence of trumps at "bridge."

Lady Smarden did not bring a book to dinner, but she brought a good deal of vivacity, and criticized the place which had been assigned to her in the universe.

"It was all right to make me a woman," she said, "and yet five years ago, if I had had the disposal of myself, I should have chosen to be a man. But it would have been a mistake—instead of doing things, I should only have thought about the things I intended to do, and I do that already. I should never have exercised the only gift in which men are more finely endowed than we."

"What gift do you mean?" asked Ronald.

"The gift of initiating things. It is no use denying it. You have it more than we have. If a man wants a thing, he goes and gets it, or tries to. If a woman wants a thing, she persuades somebody to get it for her."

"The New Woman movement persuaded nobody to get her anything," remarked Jack.

"It is a good instance of what I am saying," said Lady Smarden. "Certain women desired vague things which they called rights. They tried to get them for themselves, and in consequence nobody but a few novelists took the slightest interest in their proceedings."

"And even the skirt for lady-bicyclists is coming back" remarked Ronald.

"Well, you would now choose to be a woman" said Jack. "Is there anything you would alter? Really everything else is a detail."

"I should choose to have either a great deal more money, or a great deal less" said Lady Smarden, "and I don't really much care which. If one lives in a certain way, one should be able to do so without giving it a thought. What that way is hardly matters at all. I should be perfectly content never to go to London again, and never again to have coffee after dinner if I was sure that we couldn't afford it. Unfortunately, I believe that we just can."

"I will refuse coffee to-night, if you wish" said Ronald, "you can warm it up for breakfast."

"No, I said I thought we could afford it!"

"I neither want a penny more nor a penny less than I have" said Jack.

"Happy man! It is the rarest thing. What it means is that you have rather more than you ever want to spend. Sixpence a year more than you want is enough. Well, we'll talk about you a little. What do you want changed?"

Jack considered.

"I don't want anything changed" he said at length. "I don't want to run any experiments of that sort. I regard one's whole environment as the background of a figure which is oneself. I didn't paint the picture, and I am afraid to touch the background. One might throw the lights all wrong, and give oneself a horrible smudge over the face!"

Lady Smarden laughed.

"You have no smudge on your face" she said, "it is admirably clean. But, Jack, I have often wondered whether you don't wear a mask; whether we see your real face."

"No, I assure you I don't wear a mask," he said. "What is true is that I appreciate the value of possible privacy in one's life. If I choose to go away from London during the season, I see no reason for publishing my diary when I get back, nor for having my accounts audited by the public censor. But I am never unwilling to answer any question, and I will answer it truthfully."

"Do you mean that?" asked Lady Smarden.

"Certainly I mean it. I am at your service."

"Then, Jack, how in the name—in the name of mammon do you manage to appear so well off? Do you go to the Jews, and soften their hard hearts, or do you live on your capital? O, I love being told that I may ask impertinent questions."

Jack laughed. He would sooner that this particular question had not been asked, but he preferred to reply rather than to refuse to do so.

"There is no mystery about it," he said, "my money—if you wish to know, I have £12,000—is well invested. I invest it myself. That is all. I have never borrowed a shilling, nor touched a shilling of my capital!"

"I should like to know what your investments are," said Lady Smarden.

"I will even tell you that. People we all respect have money in concerns like the Empire Theatre—"

"The vestries do," remarked Ronald, "it keeps the streets clean."

"True; others in businesses which tend to make people drunk. Personally I lend money to a money-lender. A sort of biter-bit affair, isn't it?"

Lady Smarden stared.

"Explain. I don't understand," she said.

"It is exceedingly simple. He often requires large sums at a moment's notice. Banks and such places, I believe, do not look very kindly on money-lenders, but personally I am indifferent. He wants, let me say, £500 at once for one of those misguided people who want it at once, and who will, as long as the world goes round, continue to pay sixty per cent. for it. Then it is worth his while to give me fifteen per cent. Occasionally I have lent him upwards of £10,000. There is no risk, at least of very little. He once kept it six months. At the end he returned to me a cheque for £10,750. At the present moment he is paying me fifteen per cent. on £5,000. It makes a difference to a person of only very moderate income."

"It trebles it," said Lady Smarden.

"Yes; it more than trebles it. Now, that is the sort of information about myself I don't employ a street crier for, though I am not ashamed of it. Other people have prejudices, and I respect them. That is all."

Lady Smarden sat quite silent a minute, playing with her dessert knife.

"It is a surprise to me, Jack," she said at last. "You were quite right when you said how little we knew about people. Oh, I am a blunt woman. I don't say it's wrong, but simply I shouldn't do it. Have you considered? Have you thought what your money does? How, indirectly, it may drive people to despair? Supposing I was in the hands of that man—O, Jack, do stop it. Every time you get your fifteen per cent. it means that somebody else is paying, as you say, sixty."

"Yes, I have thought of that. But I don't see how it concerns me. People who pay sixty per cent. for money are fools."

It really is no business of mine. If I did not invest money in such a way, would fewer people go to the money-lenders?"

Lady Smarden felt seriously about this point. She again glanced at Ronald, who shook his head.

"I don't like it, Jack," she went on, "and I wouldn't do it if I were you. You might find that—that any one was being ruined by the man to whom you lend this money. Supposing Ronald or I had been in his debt, you would not like that."

"Ronald and you, I am sure, don't go to money-lenders. I suppose somebody is underpaid in every stitch of clothing we have on, but that doesn't make us go about in towels. Yet if you were secretly an underpaid needlewoman, I should quite dislike the thought that you had sewed in the lining of my coat. I grant that."

Lady Smarden laughed.

"Well, I said that it was enfeebling to argue. Let us stop. Come, we'll go into the other room and play bridge with a dummy. It is far more amusing than talking about investments."

Jack wandered to the window while the servant was putting out the table, and Lady Smarden went across to the table where Ronald was looking at a paper.

"Shall I tell him?" she asked in a low voice.

"Yes, tell him to-morrow," he said. "But after all it is only a suspicion."

Lord Smarden came home before they had been playing for very long. They heard the wheels of his carriage on the gravel outside, and before many minutes his man came to tell Lady Smarden that he would like to see her for a moment. She had just dealt, and left her hand without looking at it.

Lord Smarden was standing in the hall.

"Who is in the house?" he asked.

"Jack Littledale and Ronald only," she said. "What is the matter, Smarden?"

He drew the last edition of an evening paper from his pocket.

"Read that," he said, pointing to a small paragraph. She read it, and her face grew white to the lips.

"Will you tell him?" he asked.

"One of us must. If you like I will. O, poor Jack! Poor Jack!"

"Poor Jack?"

"It is worse, more complicated, I am afraid, than you know."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I can't tell you. Perhaps it is nothing."

They went back together to the drawing room. Ronald was sitting at the piano, playing softly, Jack at the card table, looking through the hand which had just been dealt him.

Lord Smarden walked quickly over to the piano, and took Ronald out of the room. Jack was left alone with Lady Smarden.

"Aren't we going to finish this hand," he said, "or are we all going to have interviews with Lord Smarden somewhere out of the room? Why, something is the matter."

"Yes, something is the matter, Jack. I will tell you." She paused a moment.

"It is about your mother. She was made a bankrupt on her own petition yesterday afternoon."

Jack frowned.

"It is impossible. I must have known. To whom is she in debt?"

"Smarden has just shown me the evening paper. To a money-lender."

Jack gave one little gulping breath.

"The name?" he said.

"Samuels, of Jermyn-street."

Jack rose from his chair with extreme deliberation and flicked a speck of cigarette-ash from his coat.

"Yes, that is the man," he said.

Notes.

Literature—or, rather, literary journalism—was one of the many branches of activity in which the late Dr. Robert Wallace distinguished himself. He first won fame as a popular preacher, but retired from the ministry in 1876 to become the editor of the *Scotsman*. Various reasons have been given in obituary notices for his resignation of that important post. The true reason, which has not been given, is that he could never bring himself to write in a hurry; the more urgent the demands of the printers for copy, the stronger the necessity he felt for polishing what he had written with the anxious care of a scholar. Consequently he made up his mind to leave the editorial chair. As a contributor to the best reviews and magazines he was more at his ease; and he also wrote the article on Church history for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. It has been announced that, at the time of his death, Dr. Wallace was engaged in writing his reminiscences. We may add that Messrs. Sands had undertaken to publish them, but we believe that only a small portion of the book has been finished. Dr. Wallace was a brother of Mr. William Wallace, of Glasgow, the well-known literary critic. It is not the case, as the *Westminster Gazette* has stated, that his daughter, Miss Margaret Wallace, is on the stage. Miss Wallace retired from the stage two years ago.

Some interesting correspondence between Mr. T. Mullett Ellis and Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons concerning the action of the latter firm in refusing to expose for sale Mr. Ellis' novel "God is Love" is published in the *Author*. The letters do not make it clear whether the book was "warned off" because of an admitted objection to the title or "purely as a matter of business." What is clear is that Messrs. Smith and Son are perfectly within their rights in protesting that they are not "bound to place on the bookstalls everything that is tendered" to them. An argument which would fix them with this obligation might also be used to prove that publishers are bound to publish every book that is offered to them, and that no editor is at liberty to reject an MS. Messrs. Smith and Son may, of course, like publishers and editors, commit errors of judgment, or allow themselves to be unduly influenced by the personal equation; but the personal equation cannot be eliminated from the conduct of any business, and there is nothing to be gained by demanding that booksellers shall be required to submit their judgment to that of any author who proposes to do business with them.

There is a pleasant literary flavour in the dialogue of Mr. Carton's new play at the Court Theatre, *Wheels Within Wheels*, which helps to make it something more than "an original comedy" in name alone. Having discovered his capabilities in plays of the genre of *Lord and Lady Algy* and *The White Elephant*, Mr. Carton wisely keeps to this model and has produced an excellent variant upon the same motif. It is a clever picture of modern life, artificial yet convincing, for to be cunningly artificial is the secret of comedy. The dialogue is full of touches such as "no man is very short if a woman can look up to him." Every scene is enlivened by humour. In broad contrast to it stands Mr. Clyde Fitch's *The Cowboy and the Lady*. Good work from America is assured a generous reception here, but this play is hardly more than a candid melodrama of crude design with faint suggestions of Bret Harte.

It seems that the house, No. 47, Leicester-square, formerly in the occupation of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and now in that of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, the literary auctioneers, is not to be pulled down after all. Extensive internal alterations are already in progress, but the front part of the house will be left intact and is now being repainted. This is good news for all who object to the continuous destruction of old London landmarks. For the present, at any rate, the whole west side of Leicester-square remains secure.

A further sign of literary activity among the Celts is a proposal to found a permanent Welsh Dramatic Society in London. Following on the launching of the Irish Literary Theatre in Dublin, and the organization of the Breton Union, on April 14 last, a meeting was held in London to consider the project, and the objects of the Dramatic Company were approved, viz:—"For the public performance of Celtic plays, either in the vernacular or in English; and by such means, and the publicity thereby ensured, to afford encouragement to native playwrights by offering opportunities for the public representation of their works." A committee was appointed, and Elphin's "Y Bardd a'r Cerddor" was chosen for the first performance. This, we believe, is to take place at St. George's-hall some time in November.

The would-be promoters of modern Welsh drama have no great names to conjure with, and their choice of plays is also restricted for the reason that Welsh writers have hitherto had no real incentive given them for turning their attention to the drama. Occasional prizes have certainly been offered by the National Eisteddfodau, but this has been apparently done on the principle of buying an article and never using it. According to the prospectus of the new Welsh Dramatic Company, the only prize offered will be a laurel-wreath, and even that will be left to posterity to award; but the company seems to pledge itself to help the ambitious bard as much as possible towards the desired end by promising an adequate public performance of his work. As regards the comedy selected for the trial performance ("Y Bardd a'r Cerddor") it is not so much a definitely constructed comedy as it is a satirical "skit" directed against the absurdities perpetrated at a certain National Eisteddfod a few years back, plus a couple of small love-episodes. It is written colloquially, sometimes in the vernacular, sometimes in English; and its one merit lies in the fact that it gives us a faithful picture of modern Welsh Eisteddfodic life. But something better may, no doubt, be expected in the future.

In another column we review the first three volumes in the exhaustive collection of English verse which Professor Arber is editing under the title of "British Anthologies." Anthologies, besides separating the wheat from the chaff (as in Matthew Arnold's edition of Wordsworth), serve the purpose of preserving what would otherwise be lost. For example, many of the epigrams in the Palatine Anthology, and of the ballads in Percy's Reliques, would have perished or have been forgotten but for these collections. It is owing to anthologies as much as to reprints that we now know more about our medieval and traditional literature than was known to Englishmen who were some centuries nearer to it than we are. Anthologies, too, have opened up new vistas in literary research. At first editors, as Mr. Andrew Lang has said, "were content to study the ballads of their own countryside, or, at most, of Great Britain." But the efforts of early anthologists led to the discovery of parallels between the ballads of different countries and ages, and of interesting similarities in the occasions which have given rise to them. This study has been helped by anthologies preserving the traditional poetry of a country—as Chepman and Myllor preserved the Scottish ballads—and by such works as Scott and Jamieson's book showing the parallels between Tentic and Scandinavian ballads.

The anthology may be said to have arisen in England with the desire to preserve unwritten poetry after it had ceased to be sung or recited. To-day it assumes every shape which the versatile modern can devise. One, like Mr. Ward, traces the evolution of poetry from Chaucer to Rossetti; another, like Mr. Henley, that of a single branch, the English lyric. A third gathers the flowers of a special cult, as in Mr. Beeching's "Lyra Sacra," or those of one fertile age, as in the numerous collections from Elizabethan song-books, made by Mr. A. H. Bullen and others. A fourth classifies his readers, and beginning with the children, provides them with a Blue Poetry Book. A fifth gathers all the flowers which have sprung up from the same soil,

in an anthology of "The Lakes" or a local history of "London in Song." Another, more ingenious still, makes a mental division of his excerpts into those of "wit and humour" or those of "fancy and imagination."

But if there is no limit to anthologies, there is a limit to their legitimacy. They are properly collections of gems which require no setting to reveal their entire beauty. This was so with the first anthology, that of Meleager. "The Hyacinth of Alcæus," "The Honeysuckle of Anacreon," "The Myrtle-berry of Callimachus," and "The Golden Bough of Plato" were self-sufficing. But the modern anthology often contains scraps from authors whose beauties cannot be fully enjoyed out of their environment. Poets such as Chaucer and Spenser, who depend for their effect upon their narrative, appear at a disadvantage. The reader gets but an incomplete idea of Chaucer from anthologies such as Mr. Cowden Clarke's "Riches of Chaucer." Just when he begins to realize how a tale was told in the middle ages, he finds himself confronted with a line of stars, after which the narrative proceeds from another point. Besides a too extended use of anthologies weakens the curiosity which impels a true lover of poetry to find out beauties for himself. The pleasure of receiving a bouquet cannot be compared with the joy of gathering the flowers, and the summit of a poet's inspiration is the more beautiful to those who have been with him upon the ascent.

A correspondent writes:—"There is another and an equally good version of the circular so well translated into elegiacs by Mr. Massey of Wadham many years ago. The circular, in this case, ran as follows:—

Reverend Sir,—You are requested to attend a meeting of the Bridge Committee on Saturday, the 5th of November, at 12 o'clock, to consider Mr. Diffies' proposal for laying down gas-pipes. We are, Rev. Sir, your obedient servants,
SMITH and SON, Solicitors.

Professor B. H. Kennedy translated it thus:—

Consilio bonus intersis de ponte rogamus
Saturni sacro, vir reverende, die.
Nonas, ne frustre, dies erit ille Novembres,
Sextaque delectos convocat hora viros.
Carbonum luci suadet struxisse canales
Diphilus; ambitur prosit an obit opus.
Hæc tibi devinoti Fabri, natusque paterque,
Actores socii, vir reverende, dabant.

As a further illustration of the base uses to which elegiacs may be put, I may perhaps mention that a year or two ago Sir E. Ashmead Bartlett gave notice of a motion to the effect that, in the event of the disintegration of the Chinese Empire, it would be the duty of the Government to acquire a naval base in the Gulf of Pechili, to control the valley of the West River, and to bring the Yangtze Kiang within our sphere of influence. One of the reporters translated the resolution:—

Si pereant Seres, tardeque labantia regna
Viribus Anglorum non bene fulta ruant,
Ilicet, O Patres, tutum conquirite portum
Quo possit Pechili classis adire sinum.
Occidui rivi subigat deinde Anglia valles,
Necnon Yangtze fluat sub juga nostra Kiang."

All who are interested in modern German letters will learn with regret that Klaus Groth—whose place among the dialect poets of the Fatherland is, perhaps, beneath that of no other writer except Fritz Reuter—has just died at his residence in Kiel. He had recently celebrated his eightieth birthday in excellent health. He was born in 1819, at Heide, in Holstein, where his father was a poor miller. He attended the village school, but was chiefly self-taught, and became an excellent classical scholar. At the Isle of Fehmarn, where he went to recover his strength after a period of overstudy, he completed his first volume of poems in the Ditmarsch dialect. Highly recommended by Ernst Moritz Arndt, and with a preface from the pen of Klaus Harms, the famous theologian, the work appeared, under the title "Quickborn," in 1855—prior, therefore, to the publication of Reuter's maiden effort—and at once

established his reputation. His next production was a book of High German verse, and he also wrote an historical treatise, "Ueber Hochdeutsch und Plattdeutsch," and an entertaining volume of "Lebenserinnerungen." After the "Quickborn," however, the most popular of his works are a series of charming prose tales, entitled "Vertellen." In Kiel, Groth was not more famous as a writer than as a professor of the German language and literature and a lover of classical music. Among his closest friends was Joachim, the violinist, and his "musical Saturday evenings" were for a long time the principal social functions of the Baltic seaport town. He lived there for two-and-forty years, and, in accordance with his own wish, has been buried under a favourite beech-tree in his beautiful garden.

In New South Wales a remarkable example in literary generosity has been set by Mr. D. S. Mitchell, who has offered the Public Library at Sydney a collection of books, MSS., engravings, &c., valued at the lowest estimate at about £100,000. In consequence of this offer a new public library is to be erected, which, when completed, will be even larger than the present one. The familiar practice of supplying country centres by sending out boxes of books has a special utility in New South Wales, where the periodical arrival of these boxes must be a great godsend to the solitary inhabitants of the bush. In 1898 231 boxes, containing 17,253 volumes, and travelling a distance of 81,303 miles, were sent out.

The committee of the Boston Public Library have recently received from Miss Lilian Whiting a valuable addition to their property. This consists of a number of autograph letters written to the late Kate Field by George Eliot, Anthony Trollope, Charles Dickens, Walter Savage Landor, and the two Brownings. The late head of the Boston Library, Mr. Herbert Putnam, has succeeded to the post of Librarian of Congress. He is a son of the founder of the well-known American publishing house.

A further instalment of the late Sir Thomas Phillipps' collection has been on sale at Sotheby's. On Monday last a manuscript of the twelfth century entitled, "Registrum Epistolarum Alexandri III.," &c., written on vellum by an English scribe, produced £9 10s., while a copy of the works of Aristotle sold for £29. This MS., beautifully written on fine vellum and dating from the thirteenth century, was purchased on behalf of the Belgian Royal Library. Other MSS. sold comprised a series of works classed as "Astronomia," folio, thirteenth century, on vellum with coloured capitals, £21; and another series on the same subject, £38. The latter was written during the years 1276 and 1277 and contained numerous diagrams. A "Tractatus de reprobatione Falsae Monarchie," addressed to Graziolo di Bambioli, Chancellor of Bologna in the fourteenth century, brought £20 3s.; a MS. of the "Miracula" of Thomas à Becket, formerly in the Abbey of Pointigny, where Becket took refuge after his quarrel with King Henry, vellum, twelfth century, £31; and a volume of the Rules of the Order of St. Benedict, dated 1638, on stout vellum, £20.

The MSS. disposed of on Tuesday were not so important, though the prices realized appear good. An "Abstract of all the Administrations to Intestates," written by Sir William Betham, Ulster King of Arms in 1802, four vols., folio, sold for £14; an exposition on the Old Testament, written on vellum during the thirteenth century, and formerly belonging to the Abbé Allard, from whom Sir Thomas Phillipps obtained it, £16; a copy of the New Testament, Wycliffe's Translation, written on stout vellum by a fourteenth-century scribe, £41; a fourteenth-century MS. sermon by John Wycliffe on Matthew XV., £19; the original MS. of the "Odarum de Laude Dei Libri," written in the fifteenth century on vellum and paper for Budericus, first Prior of the Monastery of Elzegen, £15 10s.; the original "Book of Ordinances of the Household of Charles I.," signed by the King himself, £30 10s.; and a book of "Chronicles" of the twelfth century, written on vellum with coloured initials, £32. This last-named MS. comprised several distinct works,

among them the "Historia de Triumphis et Bellis Alexandri Magni."

The libraries of the late Mr. C. W. Johnson and Mr. G. W. Johnson—authors of several works on agriculture and gardening—which will be sold by Messrs. Hodgson during the coming week, contain a fine collection of county histories and topographical works, with much else of interest, including a number of extra illustrated books and a collection of works on English and foreign costume. One important item is a copy of the third and last impression of Caxton's "Golden Legend," printed in 1493 most probably by Wynkyn de Worde, the date of the colophon being two years after that of Caxton's death. Though a sound and clean copy, it wants the woodcut title and some leaves at the beginning and end, which have been supplied in carefully executed facsimile. Only nine copies of the above are recorded by Blades, the only perfect one being that in the Spencer-Rylands Library.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

[By C. K. S.]

LONDON, June 5, 1899.

Dr. Johnson's sigh over the little learning that there is in the world must be echoed by many an editor. Plurality of reviewing, of which we have heard something of late, is frequently due to the difficulties of the editor as to a qualified person. When he receives a novel for review, or even a volume of poems, he is happy enough. There are hundreds of young men—and young women—who can review works of imagination. Most of them know little enough, it may be, of the history of literature; they may not have developed in any very strong degree the spirit for romance; but inspiration and intuition are counted the best guides when fiction is to be judged, and we all more or less claim these qualities.

It is quite otherwise when we are treating of the world of scholarship. Of course, the purely literary paper is always well provided for, and any references to pluralism in reviews have no bearings upon the purely literary journals. It is with the journal in which the literary contents play a subordinate part that the trouble arises. The journal that is primarily literary has its staff of specialists; the journal that is primarily political, religious, pictorial, or whatever may be the "note," has no easy time in its selection of reviewers. To the editor of such a journal I give a sympathy that is based upon experience. The editor of *Literature* has all the learning of the universities to draw upon; the editor of a political organ, of a religious organ, or of a pictorial newspaper has his government to demolish, his theology to maintain, his "stars of the footlights" to photograph, it may be. He cannot be expected to go beyond the authors of published books for his reviewers, and these he cannot always secure.

Here, for example, is a dainty re-issue of the late Dr. Plumptre's Dante. Isbister is the publisher, and the five leather-bound volumes are a treat to handle, although they do suggest Messrs. Dent's edition of Dickens, but, after all, both Dante and Dickens begin with a "D." Here, pretty well, the conventional reviewer who "does" the novels so well will be content to stop. He might, indeed, add what is obvious, that the notes to this Dante are full of sound learning and greatly enhance our enjoyment of the text. But, should I, as one of the editors in question, demand more than this of my reviewer, to whom shall I turn? I know of three Dante scholars, and of three only. I am aware that there are sundry clergymen, from Bishops downwards, who are credited with being students of the Divine Comedy, but I distrust them. But even supposing that I, in my capacity as editor, can secure one or other of these gentlemen—and one of them, I know, has frequently reviewed six copies of one Dante book for six separate newspapers—how can I have the heart to attempt to monopolize his services? The proprietor of my paper will not permit a too lavish honorarium. I must be content to share him with other editors equally discerning, and then we can none of us use his signature. It

would emphasize too much our lack of instinct for editorial monopoly if his name appeared not only in our columns but in those of three or four of our contemporaries.

The undoubted success of the Literary Theatre in Dublin, with its performances of Mr. W. B. Yeats' *Countess Kathleen* and of Mr. Edward Martyn's *Heather Field*, has undoubtedly affected literary London, as, indeed, has Mr. Yeats' appeal at Trinity College against the cosmopolitan spirit in literature. Not only Ireland, but South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand must follow Americans, Mr. Yeats thinks, in making their own national literature, even though it has to be in the English tongue. Meanwhile, *The Heather Field* has been performed in London, and it is to be followed, in the autumn by a new play from Mr. Yeats, entitled *The Shadowy Waters*. The play—about the length of *The Land of Heart's Desire*—is to be brought out as a curtain-raiser at one of the West-end theatres. Mr. Yeats thinks it is the best thing that he has written. I am inclined to complain of the lack of astuteness of London theatre managers where a writer of Mr. Yeats' powers is concerned. *The Land of Heart's Desire* has already had some measure of success as a curtain-raiser. But why does not Mr. Tree, usually so intellectually alert in these matters, produce it at Her Majesty's instead of that stupid piece with the big drum, *The First Night*? The public is ready for a play of this kind now; it was not ready a few years ago.

Foreign Letter.

ITALY.

"To the dogs who hissed the play at Naples." Such was to be the dedication of *La Gloria*, Gabriele D'Annunzio's last play, the production, failure, and publication of which have lately formed the chief literary event in Italy. The dramatist apparently has recovered from his disappointment, for the tragedy, as it now appears in book form, is dedicated "Ai cipressi di Mamalus." We do not regret the change: the irritable race of writers has given already examples of petulance more than sufficient to justify the taunt implied in that phrase. Moreover, in this case, we should have felt constrained to confess that, judging the play from the point of view of the stage, we are on the side of the dogs. Not that a failure, more or less, can have any effect on the position which, as a stylist, D'Annunzio has won for himself in Italian literature. Second, but second only to Carducci, among living Italian poets, as a prose writer he is the recognized leader of an entirely new movement. In the preface to "Il Trionfo della Morte" he tabulated his creed. The Italian tongue, he says there, has nothing to envy and nothing to borrow from any other European language when seeking to describe both the outer physical world of these days and the more complicated inner, or mental world, the study of which has been brought into vogue by modern psychologists. The necessary words exist, but, he complains, they are not in fashion with modern writers, who needlessly restrict their vocabulary and cramp the flow and rhythm of their style. The remedy is to be sought in a careful study of old theological works, where the psychology of other days found a home. We may assume that he has followed his own prescription, and, if that be the somewhat humorous case, it is curious to note that his style in its sonorous cadences, exotic phrasing, and strangely haunting rhythms, distinctly suggests the coloured prose of M. Huysmans, whose knowledge of early theology is displayed, it will be remembered, in "A Rebours" and elsewhere. In his novels D'Annunzio remains the lyric poet. An exquisite painter of scenery, an adept in describing emotions, he is obviously deficient in the constructive faculty, in the creative gift, which mark the truly great novelist. The "Triumph of Death," for instance, bears something of the same relation to lyric poetry as does the "Confession d'un enfant du siècle" of Alfred de Musset.

But if in his novels he is too much the poet, in his plays he is too much the novelist. His characters analyse, discuss, and

explain themselves and each other in prose of varied and extraordinary beauty, with the result that the action of the play is hopelessly spasmodic. Now and again, as in the conversation of the unnamed attendants in the second act of *La Gloria*, when Cesare Bronte lies dying, poisoned by his wife in an adjacent room, he borrows a device from Maeterlinck, but he has not that master's art of bringing across the footlights the vague, uneasy sense of a tragedy that is present but not apprehended. In *La Gloria* the dramatist has endeavoured to blend with this marvellous style of his something of the severity of the Greek manner of tragedy and a plot so modern as to borrow from recent Italian politics and to intrude on the domestic life of a prominent statesman. Practically, there are but two characters in the piece—La Commèna and Ruggero Flamma—and they were acted respectively by Eleonora Duse and Ermete Zacconi. Ruggero Flamma is represented as a windy, feverish, self-analysing reformer, possessed, yet overwhelmed, by his grand, altruistic political idea. To him La Commèna appears as the incarnation of *La Gloria*, he hails her as the guiding spirit of his endeavours, the fount of his inspiration. It is she who clears the way for his rise to power by poisoning her husband, Cesare Bronte, the imperious, reactionary old tyrant, who, strong, repressive, and vindictive, had cumbered the path of freedom and progress. And then Flamma, he who meant to be the herald of national regeneration, of a new life to his country—this is the tragic situation—finds himself mated with and dominated by this woman, who symbolizes the spirit of destruction, treachery, and bloodshed, the selfish spirit of personal ambition. "La Gloria mi somiglia," she says. She leads him to fight for himself and no longer for his idea; to put his faith in himself and no longer whole-heartedly in the truth of which he was the apostle; she poisons his mind against his friends; she will not have him love any one but herself, La Commèna—La Gloria. He must rule by force and fear, not love. Such is the teaching of the woman who represents the violence and personal ambition, the political tradition of the ancient world, and she stings him to cast aside his ambition for others, his idea of another and nobler glory. And when at length he tires of her, and is weary of the violence and bloodshed which has been thus forced upon him, when he wishes to renounce his power, to retire, and to start life afresh, peaceably, alone, still she dominates him. He cannot escape her; he cannot even kill her. It is she who at last, when his courage fails him in the presence of a shouting mob, kills him.

D'Annunzio works out his theme with a command of language and an insight into the workings of the emotions all his own, and for that reason the play will be read, though it could not be endured on the stage. It is characteristic that among the passages which one lingers over and reads again and again for the beauty of the language and rhythm are some of the stage directions. These are as lovely in their way as Coleridge's imaginative prose commentary to the *Ancient Mariner*. Listen, for instance, to this note, when La Commèna is first seen by Flamma. (Act I. Scene V.)

Dall'accento del comando la sua voce è discesa a una indefinibile nota di melodia che, interrotta, sembra prolungarsi nel più remoto mistero dell'essere, nella cieca oscurità naturale ove risiedono le leggi primitive per cui le sorti delle creature dinanzi alla vita e alla morte si congiungono nelle mille spire dell'odio e dell'amore. La sua voce sembra quasi interrogare, e tuttavia una sicurtà intrepida, una infallibile certezza la rendono affermatrice, come se dicesse: "Voi m'appartenete, voi siete mio." Ella è là, presso la porta, svelata, con quei suoi occhi pieni di destino, con quelle sue mani piene di offerta, dinanzi a colui che desidera il mondo. E sorride; ed ecco, il suo sorriso arresta il tempo, abolisce il mendo. E colui la guarda come un allucinato guarda la figura del suo dilirio, senza parola, con una specie di terrore dubitoso, non credendo alla realtà di quella presenza. "La Gloria?"

So much of the more elaborate and scholarly work of Italian writers is published in the form of occasional pamphlets, which almost inevitably escape notice, that it is comparatively seldom that we have the opportunity of welcoming a volume of research such as "L'Istruzione pubblica in Italia nei secoli

VIII., IX., X.," by G. Salvioi. This book is the revised result of many years of labour, and it forms very appropriately an item in the "Biblioteca critica della letteratura Italiana," which is being issued under the general editorship of Professor Francesco Torraca. The author reserves for future discussion the methods and matter of mediæval study. In the present volume he contents himself with passing in review the schools and schoolmen who flourished throughout Italy up to the tenth century. "The culture," he asserts, and is ready to prove, "The culture of the Middle Ages is Roman, and the schools, even when they only repeat the psalmody of the monks, are the triumph of the Roman civilization. For the school, which passed through the vicissitudes of foreign conquests and dominations, surrounded by the prestige of a great tradition, was essentially a Roman school. The language, literature, and law, which it preserves as a sacred fire, are the work of the Roman civilization, to which not merely a few chosen spirits or a solitary prince are devoted, but a whole people."

A very readable volume of light, literary essays is Giuseppe Lesca's "Leggendo e annotando." To those who care for books about books and their authors—and who in these days does not?—we can cordially recommend it. As a critic, indeed, the author is not profound, and as an historian he has little that is new to tell us, but he writes very agreeably about interesting people such as Caterina Sforza, Carducci, Marradi, Tasso, and a dozen others, so that most English readers would find this collection instructive without being dry. But they should not trust too blindly to Signor Lesca's critical judgment. The publication of an Italian translation of part of General Church's memoirs has already been noted in *Literature*, "Brigantaggio e Società Segrete nelle Paglie dai Ricordi del Generale R. Church, 1817-1820." "Ricerche e Note dantesche," by Paget Toynbee, is another recent translation from the English.

There is always a certain small demand in England for wholesome Italian fiction. I shall therefore conclude this letter by drawing attention to a volume of half-a-dozen short stories by Grazia Deledda, entitled "Le Tentazioni." The stories are indeed of very unequal merit, but three of them are distinctly good. The eponymous tale, a very clever character study, is the most elaborate and the most successful, but almost equally good in their way are "I Marzu," a pretty idyll of bourgeois family life, and "Un piccolo uomo," a story with a plot of considerable originality, the interest of which is mainly psychological. The author has the gift of observation, and, if he writes with a little more self-criticism and sense of style, he should succeed in the manufacture of the short story. C.H.

LITERATURE IN THE SALON.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

It is the fashion nowadays to speak slightly of the literary quality in works of art, the "anecdotal" quality, as it has been called by one critic, the "illustrative" quality, as it has been called by another. Of course it is true that the first duty of a work of art is to be enjoyable as a thing of beauty, while its second, and, perhaps, higher duty is to be instructive as a revelation. None the less, the greatest popularity has been achieved by work, which, if deficient in decorative and interpretative qualities, has appealed to the passer-by simply as picturesque and lucid narrative. Of this incontrovertible fact the professors of the high doctrine of "art for art's sake" take small account. That doctrine itself originated in France. Yet nowhere else do we find so many artists of real talent giving themselves mainly to the production of the *conte* on canvas or in marble. This year's Salon is full of such work, and though to many the landscapes of MM. Pointelin and Harpignies may seem far more perfect, and the laughing maidens of M. Chabas, splashing in the sunny water, far more enjoyable, it is the literary pictures that draw the admiring crowds.

It has been said somewhat cynically that, judging from their pictures, the only books that French painters read are the Bible

and the History of France. Whether they read these may be doubted, but, at any rate, they are their most frequent sources of inspiration. The classics, however, are not quite forgotten. M. Sieffert (a pupil of M. Gérôme) has painted the horror of the Eumenides, lying on the steps of the crypt of Delphi, awakened by the bitter cry of Clytemnestra's ghost, "What need have we of sleepers?" M. Roche-Grosse, too, has gone to Dion Cassius, and in his "Murder of the Emperor Geta" has given every possible detail, expressed or implied by the historian, even to the share taken in the assassination by Caracalla, and the blood that spurted on Julia Domna, the mother of both murderer and victim. But it is the story from the Bible or the tale from the French Wars that prevails. The finest example of this sort is M. Tattegrain's "Exodus from St. Quentin" after the storming by the army of Philip II. For two days the city has been given up to pillage, massacre, and outrage, and unspeakable cruelties have been perpetrated. As the Spanish officer puts it, in the quotation from the memoir affixed by M. Tattegrain, "Les Allemands, les Anglais, même les Espagnols ont commis de graves cruautés sur les femmes et les enfants—les hommes ont été tués." Nothing can be more naïve than the "même les Espagnols" unless it be the curt and casual "les hommes ont été tués." And M. Tattegrain, whose picture has earned him the gold medal conferred by ballot of all the exhibitors, has here told us everything that could be told.

The wars of Napoleon and of the Revolution have always been, and still are, more generally popular than those of the Cinque Cento, and from them incidents are culled still more plentifully. A spirited example, full of splendid movement and alive with the true life of the Revolution, represents the seizure of arms and cannon at the Invalides by the mob bent on the siege of the Bastille. Another is M. le Dru's "Hoche at Froeschweiler" putting the enemy's cannon up to auction. The class of historical short stories is a strong one, as may be supposed, but besides these and the sacred pictures properly so called, there is an intermediate class of parables and "moralités," greatly favoured in France for public decoration. One of the most elaborate is M. Debat-Ponsan's "Christ." He is standing on the mount uttering the words, "See that ye love one another even as I have loved you." Fronting him on the slope opposite stand the most Christian Kings—Francis I., Charles IX., and le Roi Soleil, with a long line of fighting ancestors, and in the hollow ground below lie many dead, pastors of the Cévennes, Coligny, and martyrs of religion. The sarcasm is a little trite, but the work is curious as showing the French bent in such matters at the present day. The episodes from the New Testament are extraordinarily numerous. Some of them belong in treatment to the purely conventional "sacred art" which has descended from the seventeenth century, and some endeavour, though with poor success, to deal with the Palestine of nineteen hundred years ago with archeological accuracy. A larger class hails between two opinions. The pious Fritz von Uhde represented Christ and his apostles as modern "illegal men" faring hard in a world that resented their communistic opinions, with the result that when the Emperor Frederick saw his pathetic "Last Supper" he roundly denounced it as an "Anarchistenfrass." The French painters of sacred subjects will not accept this position (except occasionally in a spirit of ribaldry) though they are drawn towards it, so that we have more than one "liethanie" in which Christ is the Saviour of the old masters, while Mary and Martha are French *payannes*. Perhaps the most pleasing picture of the sort is M. Clairin's "Virgin," a figure quite modern in sentiment, sitting by her spinning-wheel, watching a sleeping Child who is smiling in his dream.

The work of the sculptor, of course, lends itself to the *conte* less readily than that of the painter. How easily the limits within which he must work can be overstepped may be seen in the crucial example of the Dirce, perhaps the most famous work of a Greek provincial that has come down to us. But in what has been termed "the biographical essay in stone," the sculptor has had not unfrequently his most signal success. Last year M. Rodin, the great master of plastic ideals, essayed thus to deal

with Balzac. His Balzac, as we all remember it, was a figure like, and with some of the impressive strength of, the bole of an oak tree. The traditional monk's frock concealed the hands and everything except the bigness of the body, and was topped by the square head with beetling brows and cavernous eyes, quite impressionistically modelled. M. Falguière, who, of all the sculptors in Europe, is the most accomplished realist, has in turn undertaken the task, and no *tour de force* of his, not even "la Mérode," has been brought to a more triumphant issue. His Balzac, wearing the same monk's frock, sits on a low stone bench nursing his knee in his strong, coarse hands. It is the same body as M. Rodin's, that of a heavily-built, corpulent man. There are the same deep-set eyes and the same shaggy eyebrows. The great, clumsy slippered feet are to match. The impression of overweighted strength is complete. The face is stern, almost cynical, but seen in full face you cannot believe that this moralist—for, the cynicism notwithstanding, it is the face of a moralist—could make his most amiable character attend Lear to the grave and then go back to dine with Goneril. But the profile lets you into the secret. There you see the true Balzac, with an imagination sensual, sensitive, almost feminine, profoundly pessimistic, yet capable of breeding chimeras. All of Balzac cannot be said in clay or marble, or perhaps in any other medium, but all that is sayable has been said by M. Falguière. He has been fortunate in many things, and not least in his pupil, one of whom, M. Larroux, has had the courage to attempt the rehabilitation of "our first father." He shows us Adam fronting the divine anger, and sheltering Eve, who cowers by his side. Instead of being the traditionally mean character, shirking his responsibility in the matter of the apple, if beaten he is not abject, but quite Eden crying defiantly, "Garde ton Paradis, nous emporterons l'amour." It does not quite square with the account in Genesis, but that does not matter, at least in Paris. R. H.

FROM THE MAGAZINES.—II.

Mr. Bernard Holland, in the *National Review*, discusses what is really the point of chief interest in the revived cult of Omar Khayyam, viz., the very difficult question, What does it mean? We cannot say that he is quite so lucid as could be desired in his reply:—

The present popularity of the poem, which FitzGerald did not live to suffer under, marks, I think, the rapid decline at once of the old religious Protestant conviction, and of the sanguine optimistic temper due to the rapid movement of scientific discovery and mechanical invention. Realization, as ever, has fallen far short of anticipation, and an excessive estimate of the value of life has been followed by a tendency to question its whole wider purpose.

But, on the one hand, scientific invention is, at the moment when Mr. Holland writes, entering on a new chapter of its history full of things more wonderful than all that has gone before; and, on the other, religion has seldom been a more real and powerful force, and certainly never during the last 50 years so unhampered—among the masses at any rate (witness the popularity of "In His Steps")—by any aggressive or even latent scepticism. Mr. Holland thinks that the love of Omar will somehow work for good as a revolt against a too optimistic materialism.

Blackwood's is chiefly concerned with politics, foreign and domestic, but "A Country Cousin" ranges pleasantly over all sides of London life. We much doubt whether his praise of Miss Harraden's "Fowler" and his contempt for the "damp fireworks" of "A Double Thread" (not, as he writes it, "The Double Thread") really represent—quite apart from the merits of these books—the view of the average country cousin. We note in *Blackwood's* a capital little French poem, "The Ould Lad," by Moira O'Neill.

In the *Pall Mall* Mr. F. C. Burnand gives some "Punch Notes," in which he says, without further explanation, that "Mr. George Meredith was the first to give me a push." There are some interesting pictures, including the illustrations to Mr. Burnand's early production, "Moheanna," one of which is a remarkable drawing by Sir John Millais.

"Fifty Years of Art"—the Jubilee series of the *Art Journal*—has reached its fifth part, which contains a portion of

the prefatory note to "The Orestes of Aglaia," by Mr. John Ruskin; and a paper (written in 1866) on Graphotype engraving is a reminiscence of the attempts to attain to some "process" of exactly reproducing an artist's work without the intervention of another hand. It preceded, by about a dozen years, the revolution which photo-zincography began in the work of illustration.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* has an amusing article on the old drinking days at Oxford in the seventeenth century, when Dr. Speed, of St. John's, entertained Admiral Van Tromp and made him confess that "he was more drunk here than anywhere else since he came in England." But for book-lovers the best thing in the magazine is "An Idyll of Provence," which gives the romantic history of Eugénie and Maurice de Guérin, a fascinating subject from real life for the novelist.

The *Badminton Magazine* has an article on the "Breviary of Dogges," by the learned Dr. Caius, which interests not only by the light it throws on Elizabethan sport, but because of the humours of the translator, one Abraham Fleming, by whom the book was "drawne into English" in 1576. He is more aggressive with his critics than other Tudor translators, and attempts to disarm them, as Mr. Guillemard, who writes the article, says, "like certain lady novelists of the present day."

As for such as shall snare and snatch at the English abridgement, and teare the Translatour, being absent, with the teethe of spitefull envye, I conclude in brevity theyr eloquence is but currishe.

The *Butterfly* for June keeps its reputation—bright, light, and bizarre, and its drawings alone are worth the price. But the story of "The Emancipation of Dickie Cronin" is a little too painful to be quite "in the picture."

The *Surrey Magazine* attends to the local archaeology. There is, no doubt, a great future for specialized periodicals of this character, provided that the contributors are diligent in searching out new facts, instead of contenting themselves with recording old ones. A paper on "Surrey Cricket, 1773-1844," by Mr. W. M. Wilcox, is likely to find readers. It reprints the score of a match played between Kent and Surrey, at Bishopbourne Paddock, near Canterbury, when the Duke of Dorset scored 25 and took seven wickets for the home county, while on the side of the visitors the Earl of Tankerville was bowled for a "duck's egg."

In the *Calcutta Review*, an anonymous contributor finds an Oriental parallel to the "Religio Medici," "not merely as regards subject-matter, but the individuality of the authors":—

Both were physicians by profession, and both left treatises on matters of faith. In either we have the confessions of an inquisitive spirit on the most essential points of religion. Browne's work was "a private exercise directed to himself, what was delivered therein being rather a memorial unto him than an example or rule unto any other." Ten centuries before he wrote, Barzooeyeh, the physician, was sent by Noshirvan, King of Persia (the Kera of the Arabians, the Chosroes of the Latins) to India to secure and translate the "Hitopodesha." The difficult task was completed, and the grateful monarch desired to make the learned man gifts of treasure. But Barzooeyeh refused all riches, seeking rather to perpetuate his memory by prefixing to the Pehelvi translation an account of his own opinions on matters of faith; confessions which may be read in the Arabic version of Abdallah Ibn al Mukaffa with a sense of a striking resemblance especially to the commencing portions of the "Religio Medici."

Another notable article, also anonymous, is on "The Religion of Boethius."

FICTION.

The Dominion of Dreams. By Fiona Macleod. 7½ x 5½ in., 327 pp. London, 1899. Constable. 6s.

The Gael of the western coasts and Highlands has resisted, as few of the inhabitants of the British Isles elsewhere have resisted, the march of civilization. Perhaps it would be truer to say that he has not felt it at all. Through a thousand years of change in the outside world, he remains, in his inner thoughts and sentiments, the child of an earlier age. Such as we find him in the self-revelation of ancient legends and lives of saints, such he remains to-day. His primeval paganism, which withstood all the efforts of hardy monks and untiring missionaries to extinguish it, had its revenge by intertwining itself inextricably with the tenets

of the new faith; it is part and parcel of the fisherman's religious code to-day. The early phase of feeling which could discern no fixed line of demarcation between the bird or beast and the human creature, nor yet between the material and the spiritual world; the close association of human experience with the changing moods of nature; the firmly-rooted belief in the pregnancy of dream and vision; these things enter as largely into the life of the Gael to-day as they did into that of his forebears when Columba watched the heron's flight in Iona, or Dallan, the bard, sang a song in praise of the Christian who had saved his order from extinction.

It is on this uncertain borderland of faith and feeling that Fiona Macleod meets the Gael. She sees him through a mist of old tradition, of Christian and Pagan vision, of early romance and song, and seeing him so she catches some habits of his mind and some curious half-lights of his temperament and character that other writers have hardly been aware of, or have failed to interpret correctly. Her new volume, "The Dominion of Dreams," deals exclusively with the folk who hover on the indeterminate strip of space that separates sanity from madness, the day of the mind from its night. The people themselves have grown dim, many of them are drawn so much in shadow that we fail to distinguish their personality. Even Gloom, a figure revived from earlier tales, has lost his evil force of will; he moves through these "Dreams" like a disembodied spirit of harm whose presence we rather discern than see. Miss Macleod is not at her best in this collection. She gives us nothing so quaint as "Muime Chrioad" or Columba's conversation with the fishes, nothing quite so forcible and haunting as Dan-nan-ran. She has a tendency to quit the story and indulge in the reverie. Here and there we recall an earlier tale. "The Woman with the Net," for example, is but a slightly altered form of Annir-Choille, the tragic life-episode of Cathal the Culdee. Repetition of idea and phrase is a snare into which a writer dealing with a limited range of experience is prone to fall; it is one that Miss Macleod needs carefully to guard herself against if she would not weary her readers. Her people are so much alike, they think and speak so much alike, they experience so much the same phases of emotion, that, but for the names, we might well fail to distinguish Alasdair the Proud from Alan Carmichael, or Mary Macleod from Moira Campbell. The same superstitions and the same ideas expressed in almost identical language recur with too obvious frequency. A proverb better bears repeating. Here is one of the sweet Gaelic sayings which she repeats as though she could never say it often enough—"It is God that builds the nest of the blind bird."

Of the extreme beauty and subtlety of Fiona Macleod's writing there is no need now to speak. She has caught the habit of the true Gael who sees an idea in a picture and expresses a thought in a metaphor. Hence the luminous picturesqueness of such phrases as this one, expressive of evil in the soul—"There is death in your heart, Gloom; the blue mould is on the corn that is your heart;" or of this, which tells us that old Marsail had died—"It was dusk when word came to Caisteal-Rhona that Marsail felt the cold wind on the soles of her feet;" or, once more, of this that speaks of the passage of time—"As day by day slid over the rock where all days fall, he laughed no more." Fiona Macleod gives with scrupulous care the Gaelic turn of phrase, sometimes in the speech in which it has found its way to her. She does not even strive to mis-spell his tongue, a thing we have to thank her for in these strange phonetic days.

Correspondence.

ESMOND AND THE "HIGHER CRITICISM." TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the last number of *Longman's Magazine* Mr. Andrew Lang applies the methods of the "higher criticism" to the "History of Henry Esmond." Certain inconsistencies are noticed to show that it cannot have been the work of a single

author. I have nothing to say about the "higher criticism" in general, but I should be sorry to give up the authenticity of Esmond. I venture, therefore, to point out the true chronology which reconciles the occasional inconsistencies in the Colonel's narrative. I refer to the pages in the biographical edition of Thackeray's works.

Henry Esmond was born, as he believed, and, as it afterwards appeared, believed correctly, in 1678. He was, therefore, as he says, 16 in 1694 (p. 72). Frank, afterwards Viscount Castlewood, came of age in 1709 (p. 203) and was therefore born in 1688. Beatrix was a year older and was therefore born in 1687. She was thus "nearly 22" in 1709 (p. 274). Their mother, Rachel (born Armstrong), was born about 1670 (p. 17), being therefore eight years older than her second husband, the Colonel, who was himself nine years older than Beatrix and ten years older than Frank. At one passage, indeed, in the first edition the Colonel makes a slip which has given a chance to the higher critic. He speaks of himself as "eight years" older than Frank. In the last edition (p. 87) this is corrected to ten. Everywhere else, I think, the statements are in perfect conformity with the dates given. Mr. Lang says that the Colonel goes to college at the age of sixteen, and yet declares that he is two years older than most of his comrades. Now it is plain from the whole story that Esmond left college in 1700. He had just written a poem upon the death of the Duke of Gloucester, who died in the summer of that year. He says correctly (p. 122) that he is then twenty-two and Beatrix thirteen. He must, therefore, have entered college in the autumn of 1697, when he was nineteen, which is certainly two years beyond the ordinary age of entry. Mr. Lang apparently gets the age sixteen from a careless phrase. Esmond had smallpox in 1694 (p. 72). Two years pass (p. 87), during which Lady Castlewood loses her husband's affection. Then (that is in 1696) Esmond sees Tom Tusher, who is going up to Cambridge (p. 90), and follows him thither next year, when Tusher is a "Junior Soph"—that is, as before, in 1697. He remarks, however, that he is now "past sixteen," which must be taken to mean that he was really two years past that age. Then, says Mr. Lang, he has a "last long vacation" twice over (cf. pp. 102 and 122). The old gentleman—for he wrote his memoirs some forty years later—has certainly made a slip. He speaks in the first passage of his "third long vacation" and his approaching degree. The true state of the case, however, is indicated directly afterwards, where he says that he had been at Cambridge for *two* years (p. 106). He was therefore here speaking of the long vacation of 1699. Mr. Lang finds other inconsistencies in this part of the story. Esmond says, we are told, that he could speak Latin better than he could write it, and, again, that he could write it better than he could speak it. What he really says is that he could speak it better than Tom Tusher, though he wrote it worse (p. 90), but that he could write it better than he could pronounce it (p. 100). This, as he has explained just before, was because his Jesuit tutor had taught him "the foreign pronunciation" (p. 99). These statements are perfectly consistent. Again, says Mr. Lang, he was a Jacobite at College, fasted on the day of James II.'s abdication, and so forth; and yet afterwards says that he was a republican. I do not know to what the last statement refers; but it is explained sufficiently at p. 102. There he says that in his third year he read Hobbes and Bayle, varied from popery to scepticism, and professed an admiration for Cromwell. He used to argue alternately on behalf of the King and of the Protector, and was no doubt a republican in some of his moods.

Another inconsistency has a more serious appearance. From the papers seized at Castlewood in 1690 (p. 56) it appears that the Esmond, the father of Beatrix and Frank, had refused to join the Jacobite plots, and said that he would never again fight for that cause. Presently we are told that it was after the Fenwick Conspiracy of 1695, that the same person, now Lord Castlewood, "swore his great oath" that he would never serve against William III. (p. 111.) He had, it is added, "probably" taken some part in earlier plots. Now, if the statement and the "great oath" refer to the same occasion, there is clearly a contradiction.

But may it not just as well be that the inconsistency was in Lord Castlewood himself; that he refused in 1690 to join against William, but was persuaded by the wily Jesuit to dabble in later plots, and finally swore his "great oath" on occasion of William's behaviour about the Fenwick conspirators?

I cannot check some minor criticisms, such as a confusion of the names Harry and Frank, because Mr. Lang does not give his references. Such slips are common enough in elderly gentlemen with shaky memories. But the higher critic may be justified in one conclusion. He argues—not, as one might have expected, that the errors show Colonel Esmond to be untrustworthy, or even, however preposterously, a mere novelist instead of a genuine historian, but—that different authors must have had a hand in the book. Some confirmation of this hypothesis may be derived from the manuscript now in the library of Trinity College. It shows three different handwritings. This has been traditionally explained by assuming that the author dictated a large part of it. Dictation, no doubt, increases the probability of some slips. The amanuensis may add blunders of his own; and speaking does not fix the attention so much as writing. The "higher critic," however, may see in this circumstance some excuse for the hypothesis of a composite authorship. Anyhow, it seems to me that though there are certainly errors and inconsistencies in Esmond, the author, whoever he was, had a very distinct scheme of dates in his mind, and the mistakes are such as easily occur in telling a story thoroughly familiar in its main outlines.

Yours truly,

LESLIE STEPHEN.

BOHEMIAN LITERATURE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—With reference to your review of my "History of Bohemian Literature," I should be most grateful if you would allow me to state that it was originally intended to exclude entirely all living Bohemian writers, as it seems to me premature to criticize their works. It was only to render the book more complete that a few lines referring to these works were added.

I entirely agree with your reviewer's admiration for the latest works of Bohemian literature, though I entirely disagree with his appreciation or, rather, depreciation, of the older ones. It is, for instance, surprising to read that letters of Hus, such as that addressed "To the Whole Bohemian Nation," were "purely private letters." To Hus and many Bohemian writers the letter was merely a vehicle to bring their views before the public at large.

I may finally mention that a Bohemian is astonished when he reads that the great Bohemian statesman and savant was "a pure savant." I have the honour to be,

Yours faithfully,

(COUNT) LÜTZOW.

1, Deanery-street, Park-lane, June 5th, 1896.

[Count Lützow, we think, might have avoided any misunderstandings by distinctly limiting on his title-page the period of Bohemian literature treated of. The title as it now stands is misleading.]

ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Will the patience of your readers endure a few words more from me on this theme? The interesting letters which you have published suggest many things, but the fact that stands out most clearly from them is that no English hexameters have yet given complete satisfaction, partly because neither writers nor readers seem to know exactly what they want. As to experiments in quantity I need say nothing. Mr. Stone has doubtless succeeded better than most of his predecessors; but these experiments can never be more than a diversion for scholars, and the best of them cannot give any great pleasure even to scholars. The question remains, What kind of hexameter is possible and desirable as a permanent English literary form? The best answer to this question is certainly Mr. Omond's. It should be a metre written "in obedience to English laws of

verse." But, then, what does this mean? Mr. Omond suggests that all our talk about feet, about dactyls and spondees and trochees, is a mistake, and that English verse is not really measured by syllables at all. I am inclined to agree with him; but the classic nomenclature is consecrated, and it is convenient; it is difficult to see how we are to discuss the hexameter in any other terms. We must call our periods feet; we must call our feet dactyls and spondees (or trochees); our feet must be fundamentally accentual, but quantity must not be ignored. No good English verse can be written without an ear for quantity; the want of such an ear is the cause of the detestable jingle of most English anapaestic verse; the ignoring of quantity gives us hexameters with such terminations as Longfellow's

heard his great watch tick.

The tendency to ignore it allows even a conscientious metrist to pass "taciturn" as a dactyl (he has too much conscience to defend it). It is, perhaps, chiefly in monosyllables that quantity tells, and this brings me to another point. Kingsley strove to exclude trochees (except in the final foot). The result is for the most part admirable; "Andromeda" has some beautiful spondaic effects. But spondees usually are only to be got by accumulating monosyllables, and this is not always pleasing. I think we must be a little less rigorous than Kingsley; let us get spondees wherever we can; but where this cannot be done without a displeasing excess of monosyllables, let us not disdain the trochee. Further, the English hexametrist must be careful of the cæsura. Some of Mr. Rose's examples are unsatisfactory in this respect: for instance:—

Ending a wearisome day's march spent in a desert
of hot sand.

Perhaps Mr. Rose means us to break the fourth foot; but the chasm between the third and fourth yawns so wide that the true hexametrical rhythm is quite spoilt. It may not be possible to insist upon the rigid observance of the penthemimeral or hephthemimeral cæsura, but, at least, a verse with an emphatic pause at the end of a foot should be inadmissible.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that the English hexameter should obey the laws of English verse; that its scansion should be based upon accent, but should not ignore quantity; that the cæsura should be observed; that trochees (except in the final foot) should be avoided as much as possible, but should be preferred to spondees which involve an unnatural and unpleasant heaping up of monosyllables. Only one thing more is required—a poet with a beautiful theme, an abundance of inspiration, and an easy mastery of the English language. I blush to find myself included by Mr. Omond among those "who have it in their power to make this metre a reality and a glory of the English tongue." I am, Sir, yours truly.

CHARLES CAMP TARELLI.

41, Loughborough-park, S.W., June 2.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I, as one ignorant in the matter, put a question which may have been asked often and answered fully long ago, concerning the relation between classical and English metres? Are we not confounding the case of poetry only meant to be sung, in which length of the syllable has nothing to do with stress of accent, with that meant only to be read, in which we adhere to the habitual manner of enunciation according to which the foot must be determined by accent rather than an (artificial) scansion?

Mr. Omond in *Literature* for June 3 cries out against "taciturn" as a dactyl. Can we pronounce it in good English except with a strong first syllable and two light ones = — — simply because stress must fall on the first?

In Greece I have been interested by the way in which educated Greeks read Homer, always holding to the accents, and by the popular songs which ignore accent and render quantity by actual duration of the sound, accent being drowned. I was also greatly interested in the Servian epics as they are sung in the market-places and at the festas, in which the time is marked by a guzla, a one-stringed violin utterly incapable of

rendering a melody. I happened to be travelling one day with two Montenegrins, one of whom, an educated man, had a book of these epics which he was reading to himself, when his companion asked him to read aloud. After a preliminary effort to read he found it would not go, and began the chant of the market-place singer, although he had no guzla. It was unnatural to his ear to read the poem as he would have read an article in a journal.

It was very impressive to hear an old blind man seated on the ground in the market-place singing the battle stories of his race with a circle of rough fighters standing round, the tears running down their cheeks; and at night in camp in the lull of the fighting, when all the captains and vojvodes were gathered in the circle before the tent of the Prince to hear the bard tell the old stories to their rapt attention, now flaming into fight and then melting into tears, as, hour after hour, the recitation went on—a practical lesson in the significance of epic poetry which our civilization gives no idea of. Yours truly,

W. J. STILLMAN.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I hope the discussion of this subject in *Literature* may result in the holding by English hexameters of a higher place in the estimation of English readers. Should it not, no blame can rest with Mr. Lawrence Ford, or with any other of the gentlemen who have made out so excellent a case in behalf of this much abused metre. At the same time I cannot entirely agree with Mr. Ford's contention that the merit of Kingsley's "Andromeda" is less a sparing use of the trochee than an unrestrained use of dactyls. On the contrary, I am inclined to accept the assertion of Matthew Arnold, that the lumbering effect of many English hexameters is caused by their being too dactylic; and I think that a judicious use of the trochee is one of the readiest and most natural methods of avoiding this fault; that is, with those who do not regard our hexameter as the mere English counterpart of classical hexameter, but simply as a metre suggested by, and, in some degree, modelled on it. The free use of spondees gives a stateliness of movement to verse, but the difficulty to be encountered here lies in the fact that good spondees are rare in English, and that they consist, to an almost monotonous extent, of monosyllabic adjectives qualifying monosyllabic nouns. In the first line of the "Andromeda" we certainly have "sea past" as a spondee; but this is immediately followed by "well-tilled," "dark-haired," "broad-browed," "black-beaked," "hard-earned," &c., which indicate a tendency towards sameness in the construction of English spondees, and a reason of some force against their too frequent use. This special combination of words has, almost invariably, a spondaic effect which is excellent if skilfully employed; not in hexameter only, but in other kinds of metre, as in the following passage, where these effects, by the tardiness of movement they impart to the line in which they occur, are beautifully appropriate to the images introduced:—

The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices.

But in the writing of hexameters, where naturally there would be a straining after spondaic effects, this sort of thing might easily be overdone. I am, dear sir, Yours faithfully,

East Putney, June 4.

WILLIAM CAIRNS.

Authors and Publishers.

In connexion with the centenary of the Royal Institution Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode have published a souvenir containing particulars of the collection of physical apparatus brought together by the late president, William Spottiswoode, and presented to the Royal Institution by his son, Mr. W. Hugh Spottiswoode. The value of this presentation may be gathered from the admirable illustrations contained in the souvenir of this apparatus, with which William Spottiswoode was able to make his well-known researches as to the Polarization of light, electricity, and so forth. The writer also quotes from *The Times*, which pointed out at the time of his burial in Westminster Abbey in 1883 that "Mr. Spottiswoode belonged to that class which it is specially the glory of England to possess—namely, scientific men who have other pursuits and duties than the cultivation of

science"; in Mr. Spottiswoode's case, of course, the direction of a large business.

Dr. James Burgess has in preparation an enlarged English edition of Grünwedel's "Buddhistische Kunst"—an outline of the history and development of early Buddhist Art, as illustrated in the remains at Sanchi, Bharhut, Amaravati, and in the so-called Græco-Bactrian or Gandhāra sculptures. To adapt the work to the collections of Indian sculptures at the British Museum, Lahore, Calcutta, and elsewhere, considerable additions have been made to the original text, and many fresh illustrations from the most recent discoveries. Mr. Quaritch will be the publisher.

"The Choate Jest-book," compiled by Mr. W. Clemens, has been withdrawn by the English publisher at the urgent request of the American Ambassador. The book, which is a collection of jokes made by, or attributed to, Mr. Joseph Choate, will only be procurable in the United States.

Sir Michael Foster's knighthood (in the Order of the Bath) comes just too late to appear on the title-page of his monograph on Claude Bernard, the French physiologist, which Mr. Fisher Unwin will shortly publish in his series "Masters of Medicine."

Mr. John Lane will shortly issue a reprint of Robert Stephen Hawker's poems, edited by Alfred Wallis, with a memoir and bibliography. It will include the Trelawney ballad, famous as a hoax which had no less distinguished a victim than Lord Macaulay.

Mr. E. Sheridan Purcell, the author of "The Life of Cardinal Manning," was engaged up to his death in producing a "Memoir of Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle," a Catholic gentleman of very great influence in his day. With the exception of three chapters it is completed. These will be written by Mr. Edwin de Lisle, sometime M.P. for Leicestershire. The book—which deals with Corporate Reunion—will be published by Macmillan's in the autumn.

The first volume of Messrs. Longmans' "American Citizen Series" will be an "Outline of Practical Sociology, with special reference to American conditions," by Dr. Carroll Wright, U.S. Commissioner of Labour. This series is edited by Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, and is intended to deal with various phases of the political, social, and economic life of the United States.

The committee of the Bible Society have entrusted their literary superintendent, the Rev. T. H. Darlow, with the task of preparing a historical catalogue of the Bible House Library, and have appointed Mr. H. F. Moule, B.A., of Clare College, Cambridge, as his assistant. This collection of Bibles is in some respects quite unrivalled.

One more book upon the Soudan, to be entitled "The River War," is announced for next autumn by Messrs. Longmans. The author, Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, has already followed the sword with his pen in "The Story of the Malakand Field Force," and in his military romance, entitled "Savrola."

The publishers of the *Revue Blanche* announce the first complete translation of the "Arabian Nights" into French. This translation, by Dr. J. C. Madrus, will comprise sixteen volumes at seven francs each. The last number of the same review contains an article pointing out that the "Arabian Nights" were not composed by a single hand, but are a conglomeration of popular stories, most of which are taken from the Islamite folk-lore. The writer shows that they are not of Arabian origin, but are identical with fables belonging to all the peoples which have undergone the civilizing influence of Egypt. He insists that even "Aisopos" is merely an alteration of the word "Aithiops"—that is to say, some one who comes from the south of Egypt.

Following upon the vast amount of Cromwell literature recently published, Messrs. Longmans announce a book by Mr. C. Sandford Terry, of Aberdeen University, to be called "The Life and Campaigns of Alexander Leslie," the first Earl of Leven, the able ally and afterwards opponent of Cromwell.

Another series of Professor Max Müller's "Auld Lang Syne" is announced by the same firm, and also a more serious book by the same author, "The Six Systems of Indian Philosophy."

"The Hooligan Nights: Being the Life and Opinions of a Young and Unrepentant Criminal Recounted by Himself, as Set Forth by Clarence Rook," is the title of a book which Mr. Grant Richards will publish on June 13th. It has for frontispiece a drawing of "Young Alf," the Hooligan, by Mr. William Nicholson.

A book by Miss Frances Gerard on Ludwig II. of Bavaria—to whose well-timed assistance Wagnerians owe the institution of the Bayreuth Theatre—will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

For Messrs. Longmans' "Fur, Feather, and Fin" Series Mr. William Senior has completed a volume on "Pike and Perch."

A new part of *Studia Sinaitica* is in the press (No. 8), viz.—"Apocrypha Arabica," edited by Margaret D. Gibson, containing (1) "The Book of Adam and Eve," attributed to Saint Clement of Rome, from a Sinai MS.; (2) "The Story of Cyprian and Justa," in Arabic and Greek, from a Sinai MS.; (3) "The Story of Aphigia, wife of Jesus ben Sira," from a Paris Carshuni MS.

"What Shall We Think of Christianity?" is the title of a book by Professor W. N. Clarke, D.D., the author of "Outline of Christian Theology," which Messrs. T. and T. Clark are to publish in a few days.

"Cousin Ivo," which appeared serially in *The Times* weekly issue, and has since been published by Messrs. A. and C. Black, is being translated into French by Madame Garton Paris. The author, Mrs. Cecily Sidgwick, writes under the pseudonym of "Mrs. Andrew Dean." She is the wife of Mr. Alfred Sidgwick, the author of "Fallacies," "Distinction and the Criticism of Belief," and other works.

Mr. Bernard Capes' new book of stories, called "At a Winter's Fire," will shortly be published by Messrs. Pearson.

On Monday Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish a new book by Mr. W. S. Maugham, entitled "Orientations."

A short novel by Mr. Morley Roberts, entitled "A Sea Comedy," will be published immediately in Mr. John Milne's "Express" Library. Under the title of "The Great Republic" it ran serially some time ago in *To-Day*.

Mr. Joseph Hatton could hardly have chosen a more picturesque central figure than Sir Walter Raleigh for a novel which Messrs. Hutchinson are about to publish, entitled "The White King of Manoa." The discovery of Manoa—the Golden City—was, it will be remembered, the dream of Raleigh's life.

On the Monday night dinner of the Authors' Club on June the 12th Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain) and Sir Spencer Walpole will be the guests of the evening.

Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne is just leaving home for the island of St. Kilda "to watch the sea fowl breed." Whether this may lead to new developments of Captain Kettle we shall see later.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

James Russell Lowell and his Friends. By **Edward E. Hale**. 9x6in., 303 pp. London, 1899. Constable. 18s.

Francesco Crispi, Inaugural, Kille, Revolutionist, and Statesman. By **W. J. Stillman**. L.H.D. 8x5½in., 287 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.

Cosimo de' Medici, (Foreign Statesman.) By **K. Dorothea Ewart**. 7x5in., 240 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.

Robert Raikes, The Man and His Work. Ed. by **J. H. Harris**. 9x5½in., xxiv.+335 pp. Bristol, 1899. Arrowsmith. 7s. 6d.

A Country Schoolmaster: James Shaw, Ed. by **Robert Wallace**. 7x5in., xvi.+392 pp. Edinburgh, 1899. Oliver & Boyd. 6s. n.

Queen Elizabeth, By **Mandell Creighton**, D.D. New Ed. 7x5in., 307 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 6s.

CLASSICAL.

Texts and Studies, Vol. V., No. IV. Codex Purpureus Petropolitanus (N). Ed. by **J. Armitage Robinson**, D.D. 9x5½in., 108 pp. Cambridge, 1899. University Press. 5s. n.

DRAMA.

Souvenir of the 100th Performance of "The Only Way." 12x9in. London, 1899. The Nassau Press.

EDUCATIONAL.

Ivanhoe, Sir Walter Scott Continuous Readers. By **J. Higham**, M.A. 7x4½in., xxiv.+216 pp. London, 1899. Black. 1s. n.

Vergil: Aeneid II, (Cambridge Series for Schools). Ed. by **A. Sidgwick**. 6x4½in., 111 pp. Cambridge, 1899. University Press. 1s. 6d.

FICTION.

Like them that Dream, By **W. B. Birch**. 7x5½in., 257 pp. London, 1899. Simpkin Marshall. 3s. 6d.

The Failure of the Wanderer, By **Charles E. Denny**. 7x5in., 415 pp. London, 1899. Constable. 6s.

Postle Farm, By **George Ford**. 8x5½in., 380 pp. London, 1899. Blackwood. 6s.

The Lunatic at Large, By **J. S. Clouston**. 8x5½in., 349 pp. London, 1899. Blackwood. 6s.

Stars and Stripes, By **J. M. Baigent**. 7x5in., 306 pp. London, 1899. Digby Long. 6s.

Rose Deane; or, Christmas Roses, By **Enma Marshall**. 7x5in., 352 pp. Bristol, 1899. Arrowsmith. 5s.

Morgan Hallsham; or, a Curious Month, By **F. C. Constable**. 7x5in., xxvi.+384 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 6s.

The Dolomite Cavern, By **William P. Kelly**. 7x5½in., 269 pp. London, 1899. Greening. 3s. 6d.

Anna Margdon's Experiment, By **Ellen Williams**. 7x5in., 192 pp. London, 1899. Greening. 2s. 6d.

Builders of the Waste, By **Thorp Forrest**. 7x5in., 291 pp. London, 1899. Duckworth. 3s. 6d.

The Arm of the Lord, By **Mrs. Comyns Carr**. 7x5in., 251 pp. London, 1899. Duckworth. 3s. 6d.

Love, The Playes, By **Helen V. Savile**. 7x5½in., 358 pp. London, 1899. Sonnenschein. 6s.

Au Fond du Gouffre, By **Georges Ohnet**. 7x4½in., 142 pp. Paris, 1899. Ollendorf. Fr. 3.50.

HISTORY.

The History of Our Own Times in South Africa, Vol. III, 1899-1898. By the Hon. **A. Wilmet**, K.S.G., &c. 8x5½in., 361 pp. London, 1899. Juta.

Napoleon's Invasion of Russia, By **Hersford B. George**. 9x6in., xv.+451 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 12s. 6d.

Essais de Politique et d'Histoire, By **Joseph Reinach**. 7x4½in., 364 pp. Paris, 1899. Stock. Fr. 3.50.

Louis XV. et Louis XVI, By **Michel**. Nouvelle Edition avec gravures. 7x4½in., 414 pp. Paris, 1899. Calmann Lévy. Fr. 3.50.

LITERARY.

Studies in Foreign Literature, By **Virginia M. Crawford**. 7x5in., 308 pp. London, 1899. Duckworth. 5s.

Heart of Man, By **George H. Woodberry**. 7x5in., 329 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 6s.

Stories from Shakespeare, By **M. Surtees Townsend**. 8x5½in., 521 pp. London, 1899. Warne. 6s.

A Further Study of the Othello, By **Walter Green**, Papers of the Shakespeare Society of New York, No. XL. 8x5½in., 337 pp. London, 1899. Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d. n.

Proterita, Outlines of Scenes and Thoughts Perhaps Worthy of Memory in my Past Life. Vol. I. By **John Ruskin**, LL.D., D.C.L. 7x5½in., xii.+368 pp. London, 1899. G. Allen. 5s. n.

La Philosophie de Tolstol, By **Ossip Louvie**. 7x4½in., 200 pp. Paris, 1899. Alcan. Fr. 2.50.

L'Abbé Prévost: Sa Vie—Ses Romans, By **V. Schroeder**. 7x4½in., 335 pp. Paris, 1899. Hachette. Fr. 3.50.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Memories of Eton and Etonians, By **Alfred Lubbock**. 8x5½in., xvi.+130 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 9s.

Dinners and Dinners, Where and How to Dine in London. By **Lieut.-Col. Neunham-Darvis**. 7x4½in., xxvi.+335 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

Our Daily Fare, and How to Provide It. (New Penny Handbooks.) 7x5in., 94 pp. London, 1899. Ward, Lock.

Early London Theatres, (In the Fields.) By **T. F. Ordish**, F.S.A. (The Antiquary's Library.) 8x5½in., xvi.+298 pp. London, 1899. Stock. 3s. 6d. n.

Le Corps et l'Ame de l'Enfant, By **Dr. Maurice de Fleury**. 7x4½in., 341 pp. Paris, 1899. Colin. Fr. 3.50.

MUSIC.

The Natural History of the Musical Bow, Primitive Types. By **Henry Balfour**. 10x6½in., 87 pp. Oxford, 1899. Clarendon Press. 4s. 6d.

NATURAL HISTORY, The Illustrated Manual of British Birds, Parts 16-20. Completing the Work. By **Howard Saunders**, F.L.S., &c. 9x5½in., London, 1899. Jackson. 1s. each pt.

PHILOSOPHY, Heresies; or, Agnostic Theism, Ethics, &c. By **H. Croft Miller**. Vol. I. 7x5in., xiv.+333 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 5s.

Psychology and Life, By **Hugo Münsterberg**. 8x5½in., xiv.+236 pp. London, 1899. Constable. 6s. n.

Through Nature to God, By **John Fiske**. 7x4½in., 194 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

POETRY, Pastorals, and other Poems. By **Elmer Sweetman**. 8x5½in., 92 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 3s. 6d. n.

Music Fables, and other Verses. By **Mary A. Vialls**. 8x5½in., 123 pp. London, 1899. Constable. 5s.

POLITICAL, Imperial Rule in India. By **Theodore Morison**. 7x5in., 147 pp. London, 1899. Constable. 3s. 6d.

Le Militarisme et la Société Moderne, Traduit de l'Italien. By **Giulio Ferrero**. 7x4½in., 353 pp. Paris, 1899. Stock. Fr. 3.50.

REPRINTS, France and England in North America, Part VII. 2 vols. By **Francis Parkman**. 8x5½in., 529+562 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 17s. n.

The Works of William Shakespeare, Kiversley Ed. Vol. V. Ed. by **C. F. Hersford**. Litt. D. 7x5in., 542 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 5s.

The Fair Maid of Perth, By **Sir Walter Scott**, Bt. (Border Ed.) 7x5½in., xxv.+709 pp. London, 1899. Nimmo. 3s. 6d.

Plutarch's Lives, Vols. V. & VI. (Temple Ed.) Englished by **Sir Thomas North**. 6x4in., 353+348 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 1s. 6d. n. each vol.

Scenes from Clerical Life, By **George Eliot**, Illustrated Ed. 8x5½in., 333 pp. London, 1899. Blackwood.

Adam Bede, By **George Eliot**. (6d. Ed.) 9x6in., 218 pp. London, 1899. Blackwood.

The Guilty River, By **Wilkie Collins**. 6x4in., 188 pp. Bristol, 1899. Arrowsmith. 6d.

Misunderstood, By **Florence Montgomery**, (6d. Series.) 8x5½in., 126 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan.

SOCIOLOGY, The Philosophical Theory of the State. By **Bernard Bosanquet**. 9x6in., xvii.+312 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 10s. n.

Socialisme et Problèmes Sociaux, By **Eugene d'Eichthal**. Paris, 1899. 7x4½in., 238 pp. Alcan. Fr. 2.50.

SPORT.

The Lawn Tennis Handbook, 1899. 6x4½in., 180 pp. London, 1899. H. Cox. 1s.

The Modern Chess Primer, By **Er. E. Cunningham**. 6x4½in., 356 pp. London, 1899. Routledge. 2s.

Pleasure and Leisure Boating, By **Sydney Crossley**. 7x5½in., 256 pp. London, 1899. Innes. 3s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

The Exile's Book of Consolation, By **K. König**, M.A., D.D. Translated by the Rev. **J. A. Selbie**. 7x5½in., 218 pp. Edinburgh, 1899. T. & T. Clark. 2s. 6d.

The Trial of Jesus Christ, A Legal Monograph. By **A. Taylor Innes**. 8x5½in., 123 pp. Edinburgh, 1899. T. & T. Clark. 2s. 6d.

Ecclesiastes, An Introduction to the Book. By **Thomas Tyler**, M.A. New Ed. 8x5½in., x.+185 pp. London, 1899. Nutt. 6s. n.

Sacred Songs of the East, Translated from 120 Languages. Ed. by **Henry C. Leonard**, M.A. 8x5½in., xx.+225 pp. London, 1899. Stock. 6s.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Records of the Borough of Leicester, Being a Series of Extracts from the Archives of the Corporation of Leicester, 1103-1327. Ed. by **Mary Bateson**. With a Preface by the Lord Bishop of London. 8x6½in., lxviii.+448 pp. London, 1899. Clay. 25s. n.

In Quaint East Anglia, By **T. W. Carr**. 7x5½in., 113 pp. London, 1899. Greening. 1s.

Sidney Sussex College, (Cambridge College Histories.) By **G. M. Edwards**, M.A. 7x5½in., 234 pp. London, 1899. Robinson. 5s.

Ward, Lock's Guides to Cromer, Eastbourne, Inverness, Penzance, Teignmouth, and North Wales. 6x4½in. London, 1899. Ward, Lock. 1s. each.

Where Shall We Go? Ed. by **A. R. Hope Moncrieff**. 6x4½in., 336 pp. London, 1899. Black. 3s. 6d.

Guide to Harrogate, Ed. by **A. R. Hope Moncrieff**. 6x4½in., 88 pp. London, 1899. Black. 1s.

TRAVEL.

China and the Chinese, By **Edmund Planchet**. Translated by Mrs. Arthur Bell. 7x5in., xiv.+257 pp. London, 1899. Hurst & Blackett. 2s. 6d.

An Idler in Old France, By **Tighe Hopkins**. 7x5in., xii.+330 pp. London, 1899. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

In the Forbidden Land, New Ed. By **A. H. Savage Landor**. 9x6½in., xxvii.+508 pp. London, 1899. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. n.

America Abroad, A Handbook for the American Traveller. 9th Year. Ed. by **J. W. Cundell**. 7x5in., 99 pp. London, 1899. Greening. 6d.

Hours of Exercise in the Alps, By **John Tyndall**, LL.D. F.R.S. New Ed. 8x5½in., 481 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 6s. 6d. n.

Literature

Edited by H. D. Traill.

Published by The Times.

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THE OVER-PRODUCTION OF BOOKS.

Though there is plenty to criticize, and here and there something to contest, in Mr. John Murray's Presidential Address to the Publishers' International Congress, he is to be cordially congratulated on its general tone and tenor. One of its reporters has summarized it as having been to a large extent occupied with "the moral aspect of the publisher's calling"—that is to say, with the publisher considered "not merely as a man of business, but as a worker in literature for its own sake, as a propagator of intellectual light, a public servant in the noblest of causes." This is a substantially accurate description of the spirit of Mr. Murray's discourse—a spirit which, of course, is worthy of all commendation. We are inclined, indeed, to regret that the President turned aside even for a moment from the contem-

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plation of the higher functions of the publisher to deliver a side-blow at the "quasi-authors" who periodically attack him—surely no very apt description of the best-known and most persistent of his assailants. On an occasion like that of the recent Congress, it would have been well to avoid all contentious questions, and, with that object in view, to have confined the attention of the audience to what the commentator above quoted calls the "moral aspect of the publisher's calling," as distinct from its business side, where, unhappily, the only moral issues which arise are those connected with certain highly acrimonious controversies on points of commercial ethics.

A publisher, however, who confines himself to a survey of his spiritual ministry, so to speak, and who wishes to render an account to himself and others of the manner in which in the pursuit of his calling he has assisted in the enlightenment and elevation of mankind, is pretty sure at the present juncture of affairs to drift into a train of somewhat despondent reflections. "Over-production" and the consequent vulgarization of literature becomes almost inevitably the burden of his song. It certainly became that of Mr. Murray's Presidential Address at the opening meeting of the Congress, as it became that of Mr. Lecky's and M. Ferdinand Brunetiere's after-dinner speeches the same evening. The only difference between them is that whereas the two latter lament the over-production specifically of books, the former seems disposed to attribute the mischief originally to the baneful influence of the modern newspaper. "The gradual encroachment of journalism on the domain of books is," he thinks, "a danger which cannot be disregarded." He dwells mournfully on the fact, which many another has lamented before him, that, after having by "a colossal expenditure of money" taught the multitude to read, and supplied them with an enormously increased amount of printed matter on which to exercise their newly acquired powers, we have not yet taught a very large proportion of them "how to read or what to read." The sentences that follow are so inevitable at this point that many a man could cover the report with his hand and recite them in substance out of his own head. The new readers "revel in pages of snippets and scraps—always trivial, often worthless, not infrequently pernicious." They demand their reading served up to them day by day and week by week "like hot cakes"—a demand which, met at first by the lower class of journalism, has since extended to the sphere of the magazine, and has now alas! infected the book world, thereby producing throughout "an ephemeral character which is much to be deplored." Worst of all, the mischief does not stop even here: for the excessive demand has not only lowered the quality of the product, but has blunted the artistic conscience of the producer. "The moment a young author has made a mark, he is beset by tempting appeals from a dozen quarters at once to throw off articles, short stories—

anything which bears his name, to the detriment of more solid and worthy work."

We shall certainly not be suspected of any lack of sympathy with these complaints, or any doubt as to the strength of their foundation. It is but a few weeks since in an article on "The Reading Public" we analyzed the nature of the immense modern demand for books, with results not very unlike those at which Mr. Murray has arrived, though we noted one or two consolatory considerations to which he does not refer; and it is not many more weeks since we said our say in language of which he can hardly have failed to approve on "The Decadence of the Magazines." Our review columns moreover have, we are justified in declaring, borne witness—not only by speech, but by silence—to our recognition of the lamentable increase in the number of published books possessing no right whatever to the ink, paper, and labour which have been wasted on them. But when we find a large and influential body of publishers invited to associate themselves with our regret for this state of things, we must confess to a certain feeling of embarrassment. For if the excessive demand for cheap and inferior reading has led to a deterioration in the quality of the product, and if the increasing output of the depreciated article is to be regarded as a matter of reproach to the producer, we hardly see how the distributor, who indeed is sometimes also the purveyor, is to escape blame. If the production of a worthless book is to be reckoned an offence against literature on the part of its writer we cannot rid ourselves of the conviction that its publisher must be considered as an accessory both before and after the fact. It has, of course, to be admitted that some members of the "trade" are more deeply implicated than others; and it is only just to allow that the house of which the President is the head has had as little to do with the dissemination of the depreciated product as any that could be named. But even Mr. Murray has to recognize the fact that the publishing trade could, no more than another, maintain its existence by any means save that of supplying the public with what the public want, even at the cost of seeing the commodity supplied by them undergoing a progressive decline in quality. "If public opinion, public taste, in short, popularity, could ever," he observed, "be analyzed by a scientific process, your work and mine would become at once an easy task, and a vast mass of what is worthless would never see the light." What is this but to admit that the decision of the publisher as to the acceptance or refusal of an offered book cannot be based—or cannot be wholly based—on his view of its intrinsic worth, but must ultimately be determined by his estimate of its probable popularity—an estimate which, in the absence of any means of subjecting public taste to a "scientific process of analysis," will often be incorrect.

If, then, the President of the Congress has to admit the potency of "business considerations" in determining the acceptance or refusal of a work submitted to him, how much more decisively must they weigh with his hearers, the large majority of whom have nothing like such a "literary tradition" to live up to as he has himself.

To suppose that it would be possible for them to do anything to arrest, or even to withstand, a depravation of popular taste, however sincerely they might agree with their President in deploring it, is a Utopian imagination. Publishers, of course, have often ere this declined books which it would have been commercially advantageous to them to accept. They have refused such books on religious or moral, sometimes possibly on political, grounds; but to expect them to do so habitually and in large numbers, on purely critical grounds, would be chimerical. Nor, indeed, would it have much effect on the situation if they did, since the publishing business is, of course, subject to the same economical laws as all other productive industries, and if we could conceive the whole body of existing publishers combining to boycott all would-be authors whose writing did not attain a certain literary level, the immediate result would be to bring in an influx of new competitors with less severe standards into the publishing trade. Publishers, therefore, though we may do them the justice to believe that, other things being equal, they would rather publish good stuff than bad, are the very last class of persons who could assist in improving the general quality of published work. Indeed, they are not only as helpless as the rest of us in this respect, but the mere conditions of their industry must condemn the vast majority of them for a time, at any rate, to aggravate as traders the very evil which, as critics, they may deplore. They are left, like the rest of us, to console themselves with the hope that the enormous multiplication of readers, though for the present it proportionately increases the production of inferior books, may in process of time add proportionately also to the number of persons who are capable of appreciating and encouraging the better class of literary work.

Canadian Copyright was one of the subjects discussed at the International Congress of Publishers. The proposal there supported was the same as that now favoured by the Canadian Society of Authors—viz., that, when a Canadian publisher has acquired a licence to publish a book, the importation into the colony of copies printed elsewhere shall be forbidden. This, as we have already pointed out, is a regulation of which no one in England can reasonably complain. The real sufferer from it would be the Canadian book-buyer, who would often find himself obliged to put up with a cheap reprint of a work of which he would prefer to possess a library edition. The Canadian book-buyer, however, has a vote, and may, no doubt, be trusted to use it in self-defence if necessary.

Another thorny topic touched upon by the publishers was the wrong-doing of those reviewers who substitute elegant extracts for criticism. The general opinion seemed to be that such reviews have not, as a rule, the effect so often attributed to them by authors, of interfering with the sale of a book. If they satisfy the curiosity of some readers, they stimulate that of others. At any rate the publishers, we think rightly, deprecate legislation on the subject on the ground that hard cases would make bad law. A Parliamentary draftsman could hardly define, to the satisfaction of every one, the limits within which quotation should be legitimate; whereas the individual publisher has various means of persuading the individual editor to respect his wishes.

A request that not more than a certain number of words shall be quoted in a review often, as a matter of fact, has the desired effect, and in cases in which it does not an action would generally lie.

On Monday night the Authors' Club honoured American humour, and we may add American character, at its best, in the person of Mark Twain; and on Tuesday the University of Cambridge showed its respect for American scholarship by conferring the honorary degree of Doctor in Letters on Mr. Horace Howard Furness. This is a useful reminder, and acknowledgment of, the fact that America has done pretty nearly as much Shakespearian work as England. "Variorum" Shakespeares were published here in 1803, 1813, and 1821. Then, after an interval of fifty years, appeared Mr. Furness' first volume, "Romeo and Juliet," the beginning of a modern "Variorum" entailing immense research, in which eleven plays have now appeared. But, as Dr. Sandys, the Public Orator, reminds us, Mr. Furness is not only "poetæ nostri summi interpres indefessus," but "e fratribus nostris transmarinis rerum divinarum interpretis humanissimi, Afrorum libertatis per vitam longam vindicis acerrimi, filius"—which, being interpreted, means that his father, who only died three years ago, was a man of high intellectual attainments, a well-known Unitarian minister in Philadelphia, and a keen champion of freedom for the slave.

Reviews.

Authority and Archæology. Sacred and Profane. Essays on the Relation of Monuments to Biblical and Classical Literature. Edited by David G. Hogarth. 9½ x 6 in., xv. + 440 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 16/-

This extremely interesting volume is in some sense a protest against a recent tendency to exalt unduly the value of archæological as compared with literary evidence. This tendency is the natural result of the extraordinary developments of monumental discovery within recent years in Egypt, Babylonia, and Greece, which have led archæologists on the one hand to depreciate all evidence that is not monumental, and on the other to strain archæological evidence in order to "confirm" the statements of literary authority. In particular, the first part of the book, Dr. Driver's admirable examination of the monumental evidence bearing upon the Biblical narrative of the Pentateuch, may be regarded as a direct reply to Professor Sayce's various works in which the testimony of archæology is employed to controvert the so-called "higher criticism" founded upon literary tests. The object of all the writers is to examine soberly the results of monumental discovery, and to compare them with the "authority" of literature, whether sacred or classical. It was a task which needed doing, since there is a vast amount of misconception on the subject; and it would be difficult to collect a more competent group of scholars to perform the work. Canon Driver deals with the relations of Hebrew authority and the monuments. Mr. F. Ll. Griffith takes the subject of Herodotus and the other classical authorities on Egypt and Assyria. The editor, Mr. Hogarth, working on the lines of Mr. Arthur Evans, describes the discoveries of the remains of prehistoric Greece and their relation to the Homeric Epics. Professor Ernest Gardner follows with Historic Greece; and Mr. Haverfield treats briefly of the Roman World and its monuments. Christian Authority is the subject of the last three chapters, by the Rev. A. C. Headlam.

The editor strikes the keynote of the whole series of essays in his preface, when he points out that, while archæology, in the limited sense, defined as "the science of the treatment of the material remains of the human past," stops short of any possibility of truly reconstituting the picture of that past, literary documents alone are able to fulfil that end. In spite of the amazing wealth of material objects discovered in Egypt, for instance, the real life of the ancient Egyptian is still obscure. Putting the case perhaps too strongly, Mr. Hogarth (whose classical prepossessions have never allowed him thoroughly to appreciate Egypt) says:

Unaided by any record of contemporary human intelligence which may inform him, not so much of what was, but of what seemed [to contemporaries], the student of antiquity occupies a position not less external to the object of his studies than an astronomer observing a star.

On the other hand, in Greece,

With a wealth of literary documents at command, he can take almost the position of a contemporary in regard to the past. Though he need depend less than the student of any ancient society on material documents, no one can make more or better use of these; for they fall into their places as soon as they are duly examined. Being almost inevitably related in some way to our knowledge, they can seldom or never long remain enigmas, stimulating those rank growths of speculation that cumber the ground of prehistoric archæology. It is hardly too much to say that there are very few material remains of classic Hellas that are not as intelligible now as when they expressed an existing civilization.

It is curious, however, that Mr. Hogarth's own contribution, on prehistoric Greece, while it is on the whole the most interesting and suggestive chapter in the volume, contains more of what some critics would term "rank growths of speculation" than any of the more cautious essays of his collaborators.

In the same vein he concludes:—

The continual reference to literary documents, which will be noted in the essays that follow, is designed to keep in view the great fact that archæology, understood thus as the science of the treatment of the material documents of the human past, is concerned with only one, and (if comparison need be instituted) not the most important class of documents from which the life of past society is to be reconstituted. If all the material documents of antiquity had vanished off the earth, we could still construct a living and just, though imperfect, picture of antiquity. But were it, on the other hand, literature that had perished utterly, while the material remains of all past civilizations survived everywhere in soils as fecund and as preservative as the sands of Egypt, nothing of that picture could be drawn beyond the most nebulous outline. As things stand at this day, material monuments take a place, important or unimportant, in the historian's reconstruction of the past, according as they can be interpreted, well or ill, by comparison of the monuments of letters.

Mr. Hogarth himself deprecates this pitting of one class of evidence against another, but no doubt the archæologists have to a certain extent invited the attack. On the other hand, it may be doubted whether all the essays contained in this volume fully bear out the editor's very sweeping introduction. Especially in regard to Egypt and Assyria, Mr. Griffith is unable to make out a case for literature: at the most he finds in the classical writers a stimulus to interest, an increase in the prestige of the study of the past; and even in Mr. Hogarth's special contribution one cannot fail to observe that the loss to the student of prehistoric Greece would have been tremendous if the archæologist had not discovered the remains of "Ægean" civilization.

It is quite otherwise with Hebrew authority and the monuments. Here we have a great literature and also an extraordinary wealth of archæological documents side by side—documents from Egypt and Assyria as well as those in Canaan itself—above all the wonderful correspondence

known as the Tell el-Amarna find, which has thrown so brilliant a light upon ancient Syria and Palestine. There is thus an archæological literature of a sort, beside the "material remains," as well as the supreme literature of the Hebrew Scriptures. Canon Driver's summary of the results of all these discoveries is a masterpiece of sober analysis. He seems to leave nothing untouched, yet even this wealth of material does not tempt him for an instant to depart from his rôle as a calm critic, to whose purpose theories, speculations, and chance coincidences are wholly foreign. Nothing is more significant than his sound distinction between direct and indirect testimony :—

Where the testimony of archæology is direct, it is of the highest possible value, and as a rule determines a question decisively; even where it is indirect, if it is sufficiently circumstantial and precise, it may make a settlement highly probable: it often happens, however, that its testimony is indirect and at the same time not circumstantial, and then, especially if besides it should conflict with more direct evidence supplied from other sources, it possesses little or no cogency.

On some points, as in regard to the Books of Kings, archæology furnishes direct testimony, but as a rule its evidence is singularly indirect on most Biblical questions. Dr. Driver holds strongly, in opposition to Professor Sayce, that "the facts of archæology, so far as they are at present known, harmonize entirely with the positions generally adopted by critics," and believes that the contrary opinion maintained by some archæologists is due to a misapprehension of the views of critics, or to a confusion of indirect with direct testimony. In pointed contradiction of Professor Sayce, he holds that archæology nowhere *directly* confirms the patriarchal history :—

The truth is [he says] that none of the earlier Biblical narratives have been shown by archæology to be contemporaneous with the events to which they relate. The inherent nature of the events recorded, for instance, in the narrative of Genesis respecting Joseph, and in the account of the Exodus, makes it exceedingly difficult to believe that they do not rest upon a foundation of fact; but no tangible archæological evidence has yet been adduced showing that any of these narratives were the work of a contemporary hand. . . . The results proved by archæology have been greatly exaggerated. The question, be it observed, is not what archæology has established with regard to other ancient nations, but what it has established with regard to Israel and its ancestors. Mr. Tomkins and Professor Sayce, for example, have produced works on "The Age of Abraham," and "Patriarchal Palestine," full of interesting particulars, collected from the monuments, respecting the condition, political, social, and religious, of Babylonia, Palestine, and Egypt, in the centuries before the age of Moses: but neither of these volumes contains the smallest evidence that either Abraham or the other patriarchs ever existed.

What is proved is that there were people in Palestine before Moses' time, but there is not a tittle of monumental evidence to show that these were the patriarchs of the Bible. The monumental evidence shows a state of society consistent with the Biblical narrative, but that is all; the two do not touch. It is the same with regard to the Hebrews in Egypt. There is not a single monument that bears witness to their presence there (Meneptah's inscription refers to Israel *outside* Egypt), and nothing is attested earlier than Shishak's invasion of Judah at the time of Rehoboam. M. Naville unearthed Pithom, the store-city; but, though he identified the place, he found nothing to connect it with the Israelites. The general result arrived at by Dr. Driver is parallel with Mr. Hogarth's view :—

The fact is [he says], the antagonism which some writers have sought to establish between criticism and archæology is wholly factitious and unreal. Criticism and archæology deal with antiquity from different points of view, and mutually supplement each other. Each in turn supplies what the other lacks; and it is only by an entire misunderstanding of the scope and limits of both that they can be brought into antagonism with one

another. The "witness of the monuments" is often strangely misunderstood. The monuments witness to nothing which any reasonable critic has ever doubted.

These are strong words, and we fancy that the followers of Professor Sayce will have something to say in reply. A good deal turns on the definition of a "reasonable critic." But without wholly subscribing to all the vigorous opinions enounced in this very interesting work, we heartily congratulate the writers on the clear and impressive manner in which they have marshalled their arguments, and we are in no doubt whatever that the statement of these arguments is a very necessary correction to an exaggerated view of archæological evidence. Apart from this, too, the book is excellent reading, and contains a summary of important results up to the latest point of discovery such as every student of antiquity will value; and even the ordinary reader will be fascinated by the collection of fully attested facts and well-sifted evidence on most branches of European and Near-Eastern antiquities which is here presented with every guarantee of scholarly accuracy.

James Russell Lowell and His Friends. By Edward Everett Hale. With Portraits, Facsimiles, and other Illustrations. 9 x 6½ in., viii. + 303 pp. London, 1899.

Constable. 16/-

The biography of Mr. Lowell has yet to be written. As the life of a most interesting man, it should, in competent hands, be made an interesting book; but Mr. Everett Hale's volume, despite its undeniable merits, will hardly supply its place. Mr. Hale was invited to become Lowell's biographer, and, for good reasons, declined. "While there were certain periods of our lives," said he, in reply to the invitation, "when we met almost daily, for other periods we were parted, so that for many years I never saw him. I said that the materials for any life of him were in the hands of others who would probably use them at the proper time." In place, however, of the undertaking thus suggested, Mr. Hale consented to write "a review, as it were, of the last sixty years among literary and scientific people in Boston and its neighbourhood," and the result is here before us. Ostensibly a volume of general reminiscences, grouping themselves around Lowell as a centre, and readable enough in that character alone, its biographical value, though, as we have already intimated, not altogether adequate, exceeds nevertheless the modest pretensions of its author. Among its sketches and anecdotes of the many American literary celebrities of the last half century—of Emerson and Longfellow, of Hawthorne, and Ticknor, and Oliver Wendell Holmes—the portrait of Lowell stands out with more definiteness of outline and in greater finish of detail than any of the others. His early enthusiasm for letters, his curious Harvard record, with its combination of intellectual activity and academic unruliness, his abrupt plunge into journalistic and literary life, his steady professorial labours, and his subsequent and brilliant diplomatic career are among the incidents in Lowell's life and the traits in his character which Mr. Hale's book helpfully assists us to realize. What we miss, as was perhaps inevitable in the circumstances detailed in the Preface, is an opportunity of studying the development of Lowell's literary personality, the conditions under which some of his best known work was done, and the gradual broadening of the somewhat narrow and provincial Americanism of his views in later life. We can construct a fairly complete picture of the author of "A Fable for Critics" at the beginning of his career, and of the singer of the great Commemoration Ode in

middle life. What we should like to have got is a clearer conception of the author of the admirable "Biglow Papers," and of the changes which converted the writer of the brilliant but uneasy essay "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners" into the most popular of all of American Ministers—for the Legation was not raised to the rank of an Embassy in Lowell's time—a man jealous indeed for his country's claims, but jealous in a perfectly dignified and self-respecting way.

We are not sure, however, that despite his distinction and ability Mr. Hale is ideally well fitted to render us either of the two services in question. An American writer who makes the "Biglow Papers" a text for so absurdly inept as well as shockingly unfilial a fling at the spiritual mother of American humour as is to be found in the subjoined extract could scarcely have been expected to deal sympathetically with Lowell's gradual conversion from something which many Englishmen might reasonably have considered Anglophobia to something which many Americans, less reasonably but not without plausibility, declared to be Anglomania.

I have often heard said [writes Mr. Hale] that the "Biglow Papers," which followed soon after, introduced Lowell to England, and I suppose it was so. You never can tell what they will like in England or what they will not like. But this is clear, that, having little humor of their own, they are curiously alive for humor in others. And the dialect of the "Biglow Papers," which is no burlesque or exaggeration, but simply perfect New England talk, is in itself curious enough and suggestive enough to have introduced letters on any theme.

Sydney Smith drew an unfavourable distinction between Scotch "wut" and English wit, and perhaps the American variant on our spelling of the word humour indicates a difference in the intellectual product itself. But if "humor" means to Mr. Hale what with the addition of another letter it means to us, it is a curious commentary on this observation of his that at the time when the "Biglow Papers" were written two of the greatest humourists in all English literature, both destined to become immortals, were one of them in the full height of his fame and power, and the other just about to produce his masterpiece. Perhaps, however, the puzzle is to be explained by the closing sentence of the above extract, in which the "dialect" of the "Biglow Papers" appears to be regarded as the prime cause of their popularity in England. Of this species of "humor" we certainly had little or none at the time; but then we can assure Mr. Hale that Hosea's "New England talk," as distinct from his shrewd common-sense, his homely gnomie wisdom, and his mastery of terse and telling epigram, had no more to do with his acceptance in this country, at least among the judicious, than the misspellings of Artemus Ward—not nearly so funny in themselves, by the way, as the heterography of Thackeray's Jeames—had to do with our appreciation of that later and lighter American humourist.

The chapter on "Lowell as Minister to England" is more pleasantly written, and is disfigured by no such gratuitous flouts of the country to which he was accredited as that which has been quoted above. The American Minister's period of diplomatic service in England coincided with one of the frequent and prolonged crises of the Irish question, and Mr. Hale does no more than justice to the admirable tact with which Mr. Lowell steered his way through the many difficulties in which his Irish fellow-citizens involved him, and which are neatly summarized in the following extract from one of his despatches to Washington:—

Naturalized Irishmen seem entirely to misconceive the process through which they have passed in assuming American

citizenship, looking upon themselves as Irishmen who have acquired a right to American protection, rather than as Americans who have renounced a claim to Irish nationality.

And of the personal charm by which the American Minister ingratiated himself with Englishmen of all classes, we get a very pleasing illustration in the following extremely pretty anecdote:—

In 1882 somebody told me in London the story of an invitation which Lord Granville, the Foreign Minister, had sent him. Lord Granville in a friendly note asked him to dinner, saying, at the same time, that he knew how foolish it was to give such short notice "to the most engaged man in London." Lowell replied that "the most engaged man is glad to dine with the most engaging."

We get, however, no adequate insight into the "psychology" of the accomplished *littérateur* and diplomatist whose mental history during these years was really a most interesting study. Proud of his British-Scandinavian ancestry—his maternal grandmother was one of the Traills of Westness, in Orkney, quaintly described by Mr. Hale as being "of the same family to which Minna Troil," the daughter of a Shetland Udaller, "belonged," and as mysteriously transmitting, "some of us like to think," poetic second sight to Lowell, along with "the blood and traditions of Norna of the Fitful Head"—he was at the same time nervously apprehensive of being deemed disloyal to his American nationality. One consequence of this was that he was continually doing remorseful penance for some display of undue Anglophilia by assuming an air of more sternly patriotic Americanism than ever. When he came home (says his biographer)—

He would take pleasure in snubbing the Anglomaniacs who are sometimes found in New England who want to show by their pronunciation or the choice of their words that they have crossed the ocean. I think that every one who is still living of the little dinner party where he tortured one of these younger men will remember the fun of his attacks. This was one of the men whom you run against every now and then, who thought he must say "Brummagem" because Englishmen said so a hundred years ago; and on this occasion he was taking pains to pronounce the word "clerk," as if it rhymed with lark—"as she is spoken in England you know." Lowell just pounced upon him as an eagle might pounce on a lark to ask why, if it were our fashion to pronounce the word as "she is spelled" we might not do so, whether, on the whole, this were not the old pronunciation, and so on, and so on.

It was of course a weakness, this too great haste to defy the charge of "provincialism" before it was made, and, indeed, when nobody thought of making it; but it was a very human weakness and no doubt it was related to the excessive sensibility of Lowell's temperament, as one of "the defects of his qualities."

ANOTHER FAMOUS SCOT.

James Frederick Ferrier. By H. S. Haldane. (Famous Scots Series.) 7½ x 5 in., 158 pp. Edinburgh and London, 1899. Oliphant. 1/6

This latest addition to the biographical memoirs of "Famous Scots" has no doubt its claims to inclusion in the series. Indeed, as a monograph of Thomas Reid has preceded it, a place could hardly be denied to the acute metaphysician who devoted his life to an elaborate and successful refutation of the school of which Reid was the founder. But, on the other hand, it seems somewhat strange that memoirs of either the originator or the critic of the "common-sense" philosophy should precede that of the thinker who, besides being the first to subject that theory of cognition to an acute analysis, bore also by far the most distinguished name in the history of Scotch metaphysics. If for Ferrier, and, we should have said, before Ferrier, a place should certainly have been found in any properly compiled roll of famous Scots for Sir William Hamilton. Perhaps, however, as

no list of monographs "in preparation" is given, we may yet look for the early appearance of some memoir of the author of the "Philosophy of the Unconditioned." There will certainly be a grievous gap in the series of Scots famous for their intellectual achievements until this omission is made good.

As regards the volume before us we must, with all respect to the writer, who has creditably executed the purely biographical part of her task, express our regret that it was not intrusted to other hands. Miss Haldane, though no doubt a conscientious student not only of the metaphysical system which she sets herself to expound to her readers, but of the general history of philosophy of which it forms a part, is lacking in the expository faculty. Her highly condensed summary of the doctrines of Locke, Berkeley, Hume, and Kant is in every case inadequate, and though she succeeds a little better, as might have been expected, with those of Reid and the Scottish School generally, she altogether fails to exhibit the true relation between the system of Ferrier and that which he sought to substitute for it; which of course is the crucial test of her competence for her undertaking. The biographer of a philosopher who does not succeed in "placing" his philosophy, and in explaining what additions to or rectifications of preceding philosophies he is to be credited with, of course leaves the reader with no clear conception of his life's work. It is a pity, therefore, that these necessary chapters of Miss Haldane's memoirs were not contributed by some more fully equipped exponent of metaphysical ideas: since she herself, if unable to cope with the philosopher, is by no means wanting in ability to portray the man. And Ferrier was distinctly a man who repays portrayal. The charm of his personality and address, the brightness and versatility of his intellectual powers, his genuine kindness of heart, the humorous and sympathetic quality of his conversation attracted all with whom he came into contact and endeared him to the pupils of his class. A descendant in the female line from the same stock as Christopher North, whose daughter, a cousin of his own, he married, and sprung in the male line from a common ancestor with Miss Ferrier—the "Jane Anstey" of Scotland—he inherited literary ability and humour from both sides of the house: and he enjoyed from early youth the advantage of mixing with the intellectual élite, both Scotch and English, of his time. Not many lads of seventeen could boast of having been at the same time in the company of four such men as Scott, Wordsworth, Lockhart, and Canning—to say nothing of his host and future father-in-law, Wilson—as happened to young Ferrier, at Ellersay, in 1825. Throughout his life, indeed, he showed a variety of gifts which lifts him out of the ranks of those whom, without disparagement, we may describe as "mere" metaphysicians: and there is plenty of evidence to show that, had he not chosen to court so jealous and exacting a mistress as philosophy, he might easily have won a distinguished position in the world of letters.

WAGNER.

A Swiss wit who, tradition says, lived on the top of a mountain and passed his time in cracking jokes was once asked his opinion of Wagner. "A supreme genius," he replied, "in music far superior to Goethe, and in poetry to Beethoven." This wicked wit left Wagner's controversial writings untouched by his sarcasm. But, as Mr. Ernest Newman shows in his thoughtful *Study of Wagner* (Dobell), it is upon his controversial side that the master is most vulnerable. Wagner's theory that the ideal of the true artist can only be realized by the merging of all arts in the "music drama" is treated by Mr. Newman with just contempt.

To say that sculpture must pass over into the person of the actor—thus being "redeemed" from stone into living flesh; that when man learns to portray himself vitally upon the musical stage painting will begin to disappear; that architecture can have no nobler function than that of designing theatres for the "purely human" drama; and that the landscape painter, instead of painting small canvases for the private house, can employ his powers to the finest purpose

by painting scenes for the theatre: all this is to exhibit the most ludicrous ignorance of what these arts can do, and of the undying elements in human nature, to which they appeal.

But the most important part of the book is Mr. Newman's able attack upon the favourite thesis of the Wagnerians, that in the "music drama" the poet must dominate over the musician, that—to use Wagner's own words—"the error in the art genre of opera consists herein—that a means of expression (music) has been made the end, while the end of expression (the drama) has been made a means." Mr. Newman admits that in much of the pre-Wagnerian opera the poet was too much the slave of the composer, but he contends that a musical drama in which, "according to Wagner, the drama should be the end, would be as inartistic a monstrosity as the older opera in which the musician was dominant."

Everything [he says] which goes to make a drama is so modified by the introduction of music that the term drama, with its former connotations, is no longer applicable. . . . The use of music has introduced quite a new factor, a new and very important element of æsthetic pleasure of a quite different kind, which cannot be looked upon as subordinate to the "poetical idea."

To all this the Wagnerian would no doubt answer that the success of Wagner's works, now so universally popular, justifies his theory of the domination of the poet over the musician. But, as Mr. Newman points out, the theories expounded in "Opera and Drama" were never fully carried out by the writer in his own works. In them the poet so far from being the habitual master of the composer constantly falls short of the poetic ideal under the pressure of his purely musical ideas. To illustrate his point Mr. Newman refers to one of the most celebrated passages in the "music dramas," the love duet in *Tristan und Isolde*, in which, as he puts it, the poet is dragged along at the heels of the musician. Similar passages are quoted from the *Meistersinger* to the same purpose.

The importance of Mr. Newman's point of view with regard to this great "crux" which all writers for the musical stage must face—the proper relation between music and poetry—cannot be over-estimated. The Wagnerian theory of the complete domination of the poet—though, fortunately, not completely carried out by Wagner himself—has had such an influence upon his successors and upon the musical thought of our day that we are glad to welcome a fearless exponent of the opposite theory. Go where he will the music lover will find, at Paris even or upon the shores of the Mediterranean, the magic influence of Wagnerian formulas alluring composers from their own natural paths, turning Frenchmen and Italians into Germans. Composers such as Verdi and Massenet, once possessed of a striking individuality, have, as it were, faltered in their native utterance under the occult dictates of a Teutonic theorist. It is certainly time to face the truth that a great part of the prose writings of Wagner has been taken too seriously, both by critics and composers.

Mr. William Ashton Ellis has reached the seventh volume in his translation of *RICHARD WAGNER'S PROSE WORKS* (Kegan Paul, 12s. 6d. n.). Owing to the plan adopted by the translator, that of beginning in the first volume with the prose that succeeds the Dresden period, "the works that mark the great climacteric in Richard Wagner's life," it is only now that we come to the earlier essays, including those written in Paris for the *Gazette Musicale*. The translator—who in his previous volumes has succeeded in rendering the cloudy text of the original into as clear English as possible—had an easier task before him in this last volume. As it were with a sigh of relief, he is here, able to credit Wagner as naturally gifted "with a sparkling literary style . . . however much it may have become obscured as years rolled on." The volume contains the celebrated German censure on French taste which Wagner wrote in connexion with the hopelessly anachronistic performance of *Der Freischütz* at Paris. Here, in his poetical description of the old forest legend, the author of Siegfried is at his very best as an essayist. The *Wibelungen* is, on the other hand, an example of Wagner's essays in philosophy. It is written in his earlier lucid style, in the

days when he used to revise his works, a course which, as Mr. Ellis says, "he was afterwards too arduously occupied to find time or inclination to adopt."

While it would be difficult to quarrel with Mr. Ashton Ellis' lucid translation, his commentary in the preface on the relation between Wagner, when in Paris, and Meyerbeer, then at the full height of his fame, is a little blinded by his devotion to the German. He is refining a little too much when he says that Meyerbeer introduced Wagner to the proprietor of the *Gazette Musicale* with the "*arrière pensée*" that the young musician would feel it his duty to speak in flattering terms of his introducer. Whatever the motive of the introduction, it was at the time a godsend to Wagner. In this very volume we have the touching story entitled "How a poor musician died in Paris," giving, as Mr. Ellis says, "an almost literal account of Wagner's own struggles and experiences in Paris." It is surely absurd to expect a man like Meyerbeer, then in a great position in the musical world, to be so conscientious as to withhold his bounty from a "poor musician," because the latter might be likely to give him well-merited praise in the *Gazette Musicale*. Again, Mr. Ellis says, "after Wagner had despatched his *Rienzi* to Dresden, at his petition [the italics are ours] Meyerbeer sent a letter to the Dresden management advocating its acceptance—the surest way of removing a dangerous rival from Paris." This is surely cynical. If this action was likely to be in any way prejudicial to Wagner's interests, it would have been more reasonable to call Wagner a fool for asking Meyerbeer to write the letter than to cavil at the Frenchman for writing it. It is ungenerous to assign this ulterior motive for an action of immediate service to Wagner, for which Wagner had himself petitioned. Moreover, the article on *Der Freischütz*, to which we have alluded, is good evidence that the French people were altogether out of sympathy with German music. It is hardly conceivable that Meyerbeer can really have regarded Wagner as a serious rival.

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY.

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles.
 Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. Germano—Glasscloth,
 by Henry Bradley (2/6). Hod—Horizontal (2/6). Oxford,
 1899. Clarendon Press.

In these two sections are contained nearly two thousand "main words," with a proportionate number of others. Several of these are words which do duty in scores of idioms and with manifold meanings; such as "get" (21 columns), "give" (20 columns), "hold" (15 columns). These words appear to be growing commoner as time goes on. As in political life the big nations are swallowing up the little ones, so the word "get" in particular is absorbing turns of phrase which used to be expressed in other ways. For instance, people do not seem to have "got on" in the world before 1785. It is a pity, surely, and the language is like to lose most of its colour if the tendency continues. The great mass of words in both these sections is Teutonic; but there are a large number of Indian and Chinese words, and many readers will be surprised to see that several of them go back to the sixteenth century. It is noteworthy how many words there are whose origin cannot be traced; these, for example—"gibe," "giblet," "gig," "girl," "gingerly," "hog." The protean transformations of forms are interesting to trace. Who would expect such diverse words as "engine" and "Geneva" both to become "gin"? Who, again, could dream that "glamour," with its hints of magic and mystery, is nothing but glorified "grammar"? We shall never feel the same about glamour any more. Popular etymology, as usual, plays many a prank. Thus "gingerbread" looks a good homespun word; yet it has nothing to do with "bread," but stands for "gingebrat," or preserved ginger. So, too, the "gilefer" becomes "gileflour," and then "July flower." Some words, such as "gift-rope" (for "guest-rope"), like "viz" and "citizen," seem to have come into being by mistaking of one written letter for another. There are stores of curious information in these pages.

We confess the history of "hog" is new to us. A hog is a lamb, it seems; or, rather, the creature is called "lamb" in its first year, in the second "lambhog" or "teg" (t.), in the third "hoggril"; a boar of the second year is a "hogget," of the third a "hogsteer" or "hoggaster." There is the stamp of immemorial antiquity on these animal names; they point to a time before the general term was invented—that is to say, when there were names for a sheep of one, two, or three years, but no general name for sheep at all. Under H is a whole brood of ugly modern hybrids, beginning with "hulo-" and "homo-." The one thing we envy the German language is its living power of making new compounds. Yet we feel sure the capacity of the English for this is not used to the full. Here is a capital word for a lift from the United States, "hoistaway," quite a modern make; "hold-all," again, is not old, nor is "Home Rule." And if we only go to the fountain-head, and revive what once was living, we have infinite store of strong compounds. "Gift-greedy," for one, is a word that ought not to have dropped out of use. How many ways there used to be to call your enemy a fool! "Hoddy-noddy" and "hoddypeck" give a pleasant variety for idiot. Plant-names and animal-names, too, are quaint in our English speech; "honey-blob" for gooseberry, "hoddidod" for "snail" are good. Next time we see a will-o'-the-wisp we shall try whether he still answers to the name of "gill-burnt-tail"; a flirt would hardly know herself now, we fear, as a "giglot wench," but that she is. Trackers out of folk-lore and old law will find food here under "Hogmanay," "homage," and others. The cynic will note with glee that the "honey-moon" is "applied to those persons which love well at first and decline in affection afterwards; it is honey now, but it will change as the moon." It is remarkable how much of our most vigorous speech is preserved in old translations of the classics. Holland, North, Golding, L'Estrange give authority for one word after another. But Dr. Murray's taste is catholic; he includes the journalist and the poetaster, Jerome K. Jerome and Quida cheek by jowl with Queen Victoria. We think this is really carried too far, when such a word as "girlfully" is included; there is no real authority for it; it was only invented as an attempt at humour by a recent writer.

The character of this dictionary is known now well enough, and needs no praise from us. Its completeness is extraordinary, and so is the ease of finding what you want in it. But there seem to be one or two small omissions. Surely "to get the better" is not obsolete as used absolutely. "Honey," as a term of endearment, is as common in Wales as in Ireland, and we have heard it elsewhere. The quotation for "Gill," p. 163, col. 2, from Holinshed, 1577-87, Vol. III., is copied word for word, with the story in which it occurs, from Foxe, "Acts and Monuments," 1570, ii., p. 2,296, who is therefore the real authority for it. In conclusion, we beg to congratulate Dr. Murray on his speed. In another ten years or so we may look to see this great work complete.

THE PASSING OF ROMANCE.

The Story of Nuremberg. By Cecil Headlam. With Illustrations by Miss H. M. James. (Medieval Towns.) 7×4½ in., xvi.+303 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 3/6 n.

Few German cities are more attractive to the English traveller, or more frequently visited by the pilgrim to Baireuth than ancient Nuremberg, that "quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song." Certainly none has a more glorious record to look back upon or contains grander monuments of medieval days. Once, alas! Nuremberg was even more than this. Thirty, nay, twenty years ago there was no more picturesque and romantic city than this home of Albrecht Dürer and Hans Sachs, with its girdle of ancient walls and towers, its red-tiled roofs and high-peaked gables, rising from the river side, crowned by the lofty Kaiserburg. But modern civilization has done its worst for this home of poets and painters, and has shorn the fair city of much of its beauty. To-day a hundred smoking chimneys remind us that Nuremberg has

become a vast manufacturing centre, while the frequent gaps in the old walls and the mushroom growth of whole streets of new houses bear witness to the large increase of a population that has doubled itself within the last few years. Fortunately there are some things which are still unchanged. The Imperial Burg still dominates the fragments of the old town, and the great churches of St. Sebald and St. Lorenz "command our worship and admiration" as much as they did that of Æneas Sylvius, when, 450 years ago, the future Pope visited the German city and gazed in wonder at its splendours. And it is still pleasant to stroll on a summer evening through the ancient streets, with their projecting balconies and richly-carved oriels, their steep roofs and quaint reliefs, or to muse, as we linger by the Beautiful Fountain and the Bridal Gate of Our Lady's Church, on the memories of the mighty past. All the precious associations which belong to the history of Nuremberg, all the wonders of art and architecture which the medieval city still contains, are gathered up and skilfully woven together in Mr. Headlam's admirable little volume. His "Story of Nuremberg" is a model guide-book, brief, accurate, and adorned with charming wood-cuts of the most picturesque houses and noblest churches. He takes us back to the early days of the imperial city, eight hundred years ago, and describes its rapid growth and increasing wealth and glory until it reached the height of splendour under that most interesting of medieval princes, Kaiser Maximilian. The author has much that is new and valuable to tell us of the ancient fortifications, of the Minnesanger and Meistersanger, and of the different arts and crafts that flourished at Nuremberg in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Adam Krafft and Veit Stoss, Peter Vischer and Albrecht Dürer, Melchior Pfinzing and Hans Sachs all find a place in his story. His account of St. Sebald's legends and miracles will be appreciated by every one who has studied the details of Vischer's marvellous shrine, that finest expression of Renaissance feeling in the whole range of German art. And we are grateful to him for calling attention to the noble and pathetic statue of the Praying Virgin, which, although sadly defaced by its coating of drab paint, is none the less a work of the rarest beauty. He does not, however, mention the fact that Adam Krafft's fine stations on the way to the old cemetery of St. John have now been removed into the court of the Germanic Museum, and replaced by modern copies. During the last year or two the restorer's hand has dealt rudely with many of our favourite corners. Several grand old houses have been scraped and redecored out of all recognition, and last autumn both the Schöner Brunnen and the lovely fourteenth century oriel window of St. Sebald's parsonage were undergoing a thorough restoration. Under these circumstances we can only advise those of our readers who have not yet visited Nuremberg to lose no time, and to provide themselves before they start on their journey with Mr. Headlam's useful and excellent hand-book.

"THE RUSSIAN BYRON."

Translations from Poushkin. By Charles Edward Turner. 7½ x 5½ in., 328 pp. London and St. Petersburg, 1899. Sampson Low.

Readers of Mr. Turner's translations from Poushkin, published "in memory of the hundredth anniversary of the poet's birthday," will, no doubt, wonder why the poet's birthday should ever have been remembered outside his family at all. They will gather that he was a minor poet, distinguished from his brethren only by his inability to rhyme. Passages like

And in his house are treasures rare,
Satins, furs, and dishes silver
Exposed to view or safely locked ;

and

The soldier's pride is in his sword,
The restive steed is his dear pet ;
But dearer still is his fur cap,

will make the centenary seem absurd. The public will be more astonished than delighted by heroines such as Marie, that lady

of extraordinary stature, "as Kieff poplar, tall and stately," or Doña Anna, who fears Don Juan's "whirring words."

Poushkin was above all things a master of expression. He first revealed to his countrymen the capacity of their language as a literary vehicle ; his every line is a delicate mosaic, a close and brilliant combination of the units of sound and sense. It is needless to add that he had the large view and bright imagination of the poet behind his power of expression ; for by a fortunate decree of Providence these qualities are seldom divorced — except in a translation. None but a poet can translate a poet, because none but a poet can render the music and the implications of the line ; your prosaist will substitute his own music, and let the implications "go hang." Poushkin could translate English poetry—his "Twa Corbies" is as nervous as the original—but Mr. Turner, with the best will in the world, cannot translate Poushkin's lyrics. The rendering of the tragedy *Boris Godunov* is the best thing in the book, and serves to give some idea of Poushkin's power ; but, putting the play aside, there are five hundred men in England who could make a book of original verse as good as Mr. Turner's book of translations.

Mr. Turner does not always understand the original. The lines—

"To think that these my children are"
Stern as a judge, he 'gan to question ;
Alas ! the truth I ne'er shall know,

in the poem "Drowned," besides having no meaning, are as gross a mistranslation as could well be made. Poushkin made the fisherman say :—"What a plague children are !" (Uzh eti mné rebjata !) "The magistrates will come, and I'll be answerable. I shall never make the matter clear with them."

MESMERISM.

BRAID ON HYPNOTISM, by Arthur Edward Waite (Redway, 10s. 6d.), is a republication of Braid's "Neurypnology," with an introduction, notes, and bibliography by the editor. The *Neurypnology* originally appeared in 1843, but it was never reprinted, though translations have been made into French and German. Mr. Waite has, therefore, done a good turn to students of mesmerism, as well as to Braid's memory, by placing within their reach a famous book which constitutes a landmark in the history of the subject. He has also taken great pains to make a complete collection of the author's minor writings, of which he gives a list with brief indications of their contents. We are not sure that they are worth so much trouble ; but the principal treatise possesses real interest and is indeed indispensable to a proper grasp of the whole subject.

It is only by studying the earlier literature that we can gauge the claims of modern hypnotism to novelty and practical utility. Braid came about half way in the history of mesmerism. It may have been practised in the East from time immemorial, but in the West it was discovered accidentally by Mesmer about the year 1774. He was a Viennese physician, but failing to get a hearing in Vienna, he moved to Paris, where the thing caught hold and enjoyed a great vogue among the laity, if not among medical practitioners, until the French Revolution dispersed his followers. At that time it was known as animal magnetism, the name given to it by Mesmer in accordance with a theory of his. In the early part of this century it was revived, and then received far more attention from medical men than previously, being practised in some of the Paris hospitals by leading physicians. After some years, however, it again fell into disrepute. Then Braid appeared on the scene and did a great thing. He invented a new name which saved the face of the profession by looking scientific, and to which medical mesmerists have tenaciously clung ever since. Hence "hypnotism," which is identical with mesmerism, except in theory. In point of fact Braid, who was a Manchester surgeon, learnt the trick from a travelling mesmerist, as Heidenhain, the eminent physiologist, did about forty years later. However, Braid did more than change the name. He studied the phenomena systematically

from a physiological point of view, and put them on a sort of scientific basis; whereas previous practitioners, from Mesmer onwards, had been chiefly occupied with therapeutic results and purely speculative theories. How far Braid carried it may be seen from the "Neurypnology." This uncouth term fairly indicates his intellectual standard; for the less educated a medical man is, the greater delight he takes in pseudo-Greek words. Braid translated it "rationale of nervous sleep," as if all sleep were not nervous. Mr. Waite writes temperately and with knowledge of Braid's achievements, which it has lately been the fashion to extol, but he appears to underrate the earlier men, and particularly Mesmer. Not only was Mesmer acquainted with the somnambulant (hypnotic) state, but he wrote a treatise to explain it, in which he asked this question:—"How is it that *l'homme endormi* is able to receive the impression of another's will?" Here is the essence of hypnotism and suggestion too. Neither Braid nor any one else has "discovered" much beyond this: the real advance made since Mesmer has been in working out the phenomena in a more scientific manner, and Braid's distinction is that he led the way.

"THE CONTENTINGS OF THE APOSTLES."

The Contendings of the Apostles: the Ethiopic Texts now first Edited from Manuscripts in the British Museum, with an English Translation. By E. A. Wallis Budge, M.A., Litt.D. Vol. I. The Ethiopic Text. 11½ x 7½ in., xxii. + 602 pp. London, 1899. (Printed in Germany.) Frowde. 21/-

This Ethiopic version of the apocryphal book of the martyrdoms or "conflicts" of the Apostles is best known to English students in the translation published by the late Dr. S. C. Malan in 1871. That translation, however, was based upon a very imperfect manuscript, and it was certainly desirable that a full text and translation, founded upon the better materials now accessible, should be published. With his usual industry and daring Mr. Budge, of the British Museum, has taken up the task, and we have now before us a large and handsome volume purporting to represent "the Ethiopic texts from manuscripts in the British Museum." There are nine manuscripts in the Museum from which this "publication of the complete texts" might be supposed to be derived: but, as a matter of fact, Mr. Budge has only used two of them (Or. 678 and Or. 683), which he distinguishes as A and B, and of these he has apparently collated B only for the first ten folios, for he has only printed the variants so far. "More," he observes, "seemed to be unnecessary."

We confess we do not understand the principle of editing. If we are to have "complete texts" from several manuscripts they must, of course, be collated and their variants noted. It may be true, in very exceptional cases, that such collation "results in little except a collection of unimportant readings, which rarely contribute towards the improvement of the text"; but even in such cases it is the habit of scholars to perform this irksome labour in the hope of discovering some variants which are not "unimportant." In any case, it is necessary to be convinced that the editor is a competent judge of what is "important" and what is not. The present text unfortunately shows such singular errors that we must altogether decline to accept Mr. Budge as an authority on the subject. The first point that must strike any Ethiopic scholar is the frequent recurrence of a misspelling of one of the commonest words in the language. The word for "all," which occurs probably on every page, is wrongly spelt. It was a relief to us to find in the preface that Mr. Budge had observed the blunder, but extremely surprising to see that he attributes it to an error of the "scribe." The copy of an Ethiopic MS. would be very unlikely to make so palpable a slip in one of the commonest words, and to repeat it consistently. The matter fortunately can be tested by the photographic facsimile of fol. 111a of Or. 678, which Mr. Budge has somewhat incautiously prefixed to the text. Here the little word in question is perfectly accurately written, though, as usual, inaccurately printed in the corresponding text. The

"scribe" evidently knew better than his editor. This may seem a trifle, but to those who are conversant with the scholarly editing of manuscripts it will be convincing. Indeed, it is difficult to write with moderation of the manner in which the work has been performed. At the very beginning (p. 3)—in the first six lines—we find an ungrammatical and impossible sentence, and this is (avowedly) in the MS. A, which Mr. Budge regards as the best at his disposal. This passage fortunately belongs to the few folios of which the editor has given the variants from B, and here (instead of "unimportant readings") we find the passage correctly given, a superfluous word omitted, and an absurd transposition restored to the proper order. So much for the value of a collation of manuscripts. But the most extraordinary fact follows: Mr. Budge reprints this passage on p. xiv. of the contents, and gives a translation; but though he prints the text of A with all its errors, as on p. 3, the translation he gives of it is obviously (though, perhaps, unconsciously) taken from B. An editor who does not know which text he is translating can hardly be held a qualified judge as to the relative value of the various readings of the manuscripts. We have taken the little word "all" merely as an example of Mr. Budge's inaccuracy: it is hardly necessary to say that it does not stand alone. If we compare the photographic facsimile of the MS. with the text, p. 247, we find two other serious errors in lines 7 and 10; the first, which changes an indicative into an imperative, makes the passage untranslatable; and the second, by turning a subjunctive into an indicative, renders it ungrammatical. On p. 3, again, line 7, appears the impossible form "ya'aqabna"—and this on what constitutes the very title-page of the manuscript!

In this criticism we have confined our attention to some twenty-six lines of the text, where we are able to compare it with the facsimile. *Ab uno disce omnes.* If some scholar were to compare Mr. Budge's text with the manuscript A, the results would be somewhat surprising. Indeed, even without such collation, we find such astonishing forms of words and untranslatable clauses, outside the limited area we have selected for criticism, that we can only marvel at the boldness of an editor who could presume thus to trifle with scholars. The Marquis of Bute, we are informed in the preface, "has undertaken to defray the expenses connected with the printing and publication of this work." Whilst cordially admiring the zeal for learning, and especially for the study of early Christian documents, which inspired this munificent support, one must regret that it has produced so unsatisfactory a result.

PHILOSOPHY.

The Human Machine. By J. F. Nisbet. 7½ x 5½ in., xi. + 297 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 6/-

The famous or notorious Lamettrie wrote a book called "*L'Homme Machine*," in which he propounded the crudest form of materialism with an audacity which startled even his contemporaries, who were not squeamish. The late Mr. Nisbet gave a similar title to a work altogether free from Lamettrie's faults of taste, but permeated by a philosophy very much the same as that of the friend of Frederick and Maupertuis. The motto of the volume is taken from Pascal's "*Nous sommes automate autant qu'esprit*." Mr. Nisbet's argument goes far beyond the saying; if his view be right—and it is a very old one—we are automata and nothing else, not much superior in point of complexity to the machine used at the Bank of England for detecting light sovereigns, to Vaucanson's flute-player, or to the calculating machine. Our supposed free will is a delusion and figment of the imagination. Physically and mentally, morally and intellectually, all is determined for us. Education can do nothing for us. The virtuous man is born, not made; crime comes much as length or shortness of stature; and even as to longevity, there are no means of attaining it except to be born with the requisite constitution. In these days, when philosophic writers are all for eclecticism, and take pains to pare off sharp edges from their opinions, it

is a surprise to meet with a writer who uses the confident, decided language of Helvetius or Lamettrie about problems which puzzle the majority of men. This group of essays—for "The Human Machine" is not a connected treatise—does not, however, give any new grounds for this tone of confidence. They state only familiar arguments, and as contributions to philosophy they are worth little. It is scarcely accurate to treat them as an inquiry into the human faculties. The strength of the volume is not on the speculative side. The object of Mr. Nisbet, who was a clever essayist and incisive writer, was to "place mind and morals, as well as all physical faculty, upon a purely materialistic basis," or, as he also expresses it, "as for materialism, it is a theory which seems to me to fit in better with the known facts than any other." But he does not once face the difficulties in the way of such a theory; he does not advert to arguments which have convinced some of the scientific authorities whom he reverently cites that the materialistic theory is a faulty explanation of the world.

We prefer to look at the volume as a series of essays recording the impressions of a singularly acute and observant mind, with few prepossessions, disposed to look at the dark side of life, and not afraid to state his impressions. It is not exactly pleasant reading, but it is bracing; it tells unpleasant truths plainly: it is an excellent antidote to much highly-popular twaddle; and it must deepen regret at the premature death of the writer.

One of the first of the essays incidentally deals with Shakespeare's early retirement from active life and the cause of his death. On a slender basis of fact Mr. Nisbet builds up a theory that Shakespeare, though writing for posterity, neglected to collect and publish his work, and retired from London at the age of 48 because he was in ill-health. "He must have wished to be at home and be nursed by his wife. . . . Shakespeare did not belong to a healthy stock. . . . Shakespeare, I feel justified in inferring, was a martyr to ill-health." In another clear, paradoxical paper, marked by assumptions as bold and reasoning equally loose, it is argued that punishment is absolutely futile as a deterrent of crime; the born criminal must go his appointed way; "we can no longer shut our eyes to the fact that criminality is as innate as the poetic faculty or the financial faculty." In an essay on dreams Mr. Nisbet shows himself very sceptical as to other people's wonderful stories; but he himself records curious facts within the experience of himself and others which are not entirely explained by "some unconscious mental action." The evidence is more than once forced and strained in order to be brought under the explanation, almost as mysterious as the facts to be explained, that, "whenever there is a proved connexion between a dream and its fulfilment, there has to be some unconscious perception of the will of the dreamer beforehand." Mr. Nisbet's own experiences travel outside his theory. He tells how, having to write, as dramatic critic, a notice of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's *Hamlet*, he dreamed the night before that he had seen the actor and was writing the article. The following night, after seeing the actual performance at the Haymarket, "I was able to write my notice with unusual ease, because I was really in a large measure drawing upon the memory of my dream. . . . Perhaps the most extraordinary circumstance of the case was that at this time I had not seen Mr. Tree's *Hamlet*. . . . Complicated as the article was, it was elaborated in cloisters of the brain to which I, the ego, had no access. Some of the phraseology was a little too bold and incisive for reproducing in the staid columns of a daily paper, but as much of it as I recollected I used subsequently in another publication. I had something to say, for instance, about 'engine-turned' Hamlets, of which, it is needless to say, Mr. Tree's was not a specimen." What is the value of the explanation offered of this marvellous story? Do we know more about it by using the phrase "sub-conscious intelligence"? What aid do we get by assuming a "materialistic basis of mind"? There is a characteristic essay on bull-fighting, in which the writer argues that that sport is not more cruel than fox-hunting. "I do not say that bull-fighting is right or that grouse-shooting is right. All I venture to affirm is that they stand or fall together. With the smug

insularism that affirms our sport to be right and other people's wrong I have no patience." Under such heads as "hanging" and "guillotining" are to be found many acute observations, all tinged with a certain bitterness and contempt of popular opinions: all expressed brightly, but with exaggeration, and without the delicate shading which truth demands. The book is clear but unconvincing; it establishes nothing very definite. But it is an excellent tonic for readers whose palates have been spoiled by too much soft, saccharine matter. They will find commonplaces questioned, a spirit of freedom and courage in the examination of opinions, customs, and institutions, an attitude of defiance towards the dominant opinions of the hour. "The Human Machine" leaves an impression deeper and more durable than that produced by works much more ambitious.

Professor Robert Mackintosh's *FROM COMTE TO BENJAMIN KIDD* (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. n.) is a critical study of the views of the various thinkers who, whether before or after the introduction of evolution as expounded first by Darwin, then by Spencer, have tried to build a sociology on a biological basis. It explains itself as a discussion on "The Appeal to Biology or Evolution for Human Guidance." Such a book may be designed either to give a history of sociological thought for the instruction of students, or to make a solid contribution to the question which yearly seems to grow both more difficult and more important as to what, for the biologist, morality means, and on what it can be based. Professor Mackintosh seems to have met neither of these requirements. He is well read and he is an acute thinker, but an inquiring student will have some difficulty in gaining from him a clear idea of the progress of thought. His style is apt to be algebraic; he is fond of formulas and brackets, and reminds one of the manner of a teacher at the blackboard. And he is given rather to ingenious talking round a subject than to a clear exposition of it. On the other hand, for those who seek not so much instruction as practical guidance he has very little to offer in the way of enlightenment, for the simple reason that he assumes what, after all, is the one point at issue, "the trustworthiness of the moral consciousness or the reality of the distinction between right and wrong." He is apparently on the side of Christianity, but we have no definitions, no discussion of what "moral progress" means, or of the motive which may induce the individual to promote it. We may apply to the author the remark which he himself makes in criticizing Mr. Benjamin Kidd—"How Christianity or any other religion captures the wills of human beings, of that we have no explanation." The value of the book is that it contains a good many clever reflections on the details of the method of evolution, and on the nature and limitations of it when applied to human society.

Those who are not concerned with the academic discussion of theories will read with far more profit Mr. John Fiske's *THROUGH NATURE TO GOD* (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.). He has a definite and consistent account of the development of the moral sense—that, namely, which founds it on the family and maternal instinct. Adopting Mr. A. R. Wallace's suggestion that "along with the general development of mammalian intelligence a point must have been reached in the history of one of the primates when variations of intelligence were more profitable to him than variations in body," he points out that the most decisive result which followed from this momentous change was the prolongation of the period of infancy. From the demand then made on maternal affection and on the power of the male to protect the female has sprung an altruistic ethic. The third and last section of the book deals with the Everlasting Reality of Religion. Mr. Fiske writes forcibly and often finely, with a rhetorical power which seldom degenerates into the hazy eloquence of so many American philosophers.

On the question of evil in the universe, which Mr. Mackintosh necessarily deals with—or the place of pain and struggle in any interpretation of Nature which includes moral ideas—much light is thrown by a little pamphlet written by Mr. T. Crowther Hirst, called *IS NATURE CRUEL?* (J. Clarke, 1s.). That human

beings who have been attacked by wild beasts have not felt any acute pain or fear is a well-known fact; but Mr. Hirst has collected much evidence on the point, and adduces this, with other reasons, to prove that Nature, though "red in tooth and claw," has nevertheless so arranged that no great misery or pain falls to the lot of the animal world. Mr. Hirst writes with no philosophical purpose; but the bearing of his remarks on the moral aspect of evolution is clearly of great importance.

CLASSICAL.

Suetonius: History of Twelve Cæsars. Translated into English by Philemon Holland, Anno 1606. With an Introduction by Charles Whibley. 8½ x 6½ in., xxxviii. + 283 + 311 pp. London, 1899. Nutt.

This is a welcome addition to the well-known series of Tudor Translations, edited by Mr. W. E. Henley. Of all the Elizabethan translators of the ancient classics Philemon Holland was the most voluminous and indefatigable. In 1600 he published an English version of the whole of Livy. This was followed, a year after, by a translation of Pliny's "Natural History." In 1603 he supplemented North's version of Plutarch's "Lives" by a version of the "Morals." To this succeeded in less than three years the present version of Suetonius. Then came his versions of Ammianus Marcellinus, of Camden's "Britannia," and of Xenophon's "Cyropædia." Well might Fuller call him "the translator-general in his age." One of these gigantic translations, the Plutarch's *Morals* according to some, the Livy according to others, was written with the same quill which, having been honourably "embellished with silver," was long preserved as a curiosity. This venerable translator's life is soon told. Born at Chelmsford in 1552, he was educated at the grammar school of that town and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He afterwards studied medicine, and, graduating M.D. in 1595, settled at Coventry and began to practise. "Upon him smiled as they still smile"—we are borrowing Mr. Whibley's eloquent language—"the lofty steeples of Trinity and St. Michael's." But the smiles of these steeples were a sorry substitute for the smiles of fortune which were withheld from the young doctor. Then he took to school-mastering. "The building in which he worked and taught"—we again quote Mr. Whibley—"now echoes to the raucous sound of popular psalmody," by which we gather that it is changed either into a church or a church school. Many years were passed by poor Philemon in this obscure drudgery before his claims to respect and honour were publicly recognized. But recognition came at last. In 1612 he received the freedom of the city, and at seventy years of age was promoted to the headmastership of the Coventry Grammar School. But advancing age incapacitated him for his duties, and then the good people of Coventry, and subsequently the University of Oxford, came to his rescue with a small pension. At last, in 1637, this eminent translator was, in Fuller's phrase, "translated to a better life."

Few more interesting works have come down to us from antiquity than the *Memoirs* which Philemon Holland was the first to present in an English dress. Suetonius is the prince of gossips. He belongs to that class whom the present Pope has so happily designated "the bees of history." Plutarch has observed that it is through trifles that great men are best known. "Very often," he observes, "an action of small note, a short saying or a jest shall distinguish a person's real character more than the greatest sieges or the most important battles." And it is in these trifles that Suetonius revels, and these trifles which he has so accurately preserved. Without him we should never have known what some of the most remarkable human beings who have figured on the stage of history were really like. But for him Augustus Cæsar would have been little more than a colossal statue. It is not easy to realize the Julius Cæsar of Plutarch, it is impossible to realize the Tiberius of Tacitus. But no man, however sluggish his imagination, could lay down the *Memoirs* of Suetonius without feeling that if he did not know these famous men he had been brought very near to them, and had, at least, seen them in undress.

It was in the spirit of no hack-writer that Holland essayed the task of translation. It was to serve his country according to the measure of his ability. "All men," he says in the preface to his Pliny, "cannot *aut facere scribenda, aut scribere legenda*," and he must, therefore, content himself, so to speak, with the third best. And he did his work well. All the Elizabethan translations of the ancient prose classics have a common character. Those from the Greek are seldom or never from the original. Nicoll's Thucydides, North's Plutarch, and J. D.'s Aristotle's Politics are from the French; Lodge's Josephus, Smyth's Herodian, Hooker's Diodorus Siculus, and Underdowne's Heliodorus from the Latin, and "W. B.'s" Appian "out of diverse languages." These have no pretence to fidelity. But the versions from the Latin are of a much higher order regarded, that is to say, as translations. The work before us is typical of them. Holland makes no attempt to recall the style of Suetonius. The curt, terse, vigorous phraseology of the original disappears in the rounded and diffuse eloquence, the senatorial decor of such prose as Hooker's or Raleigh's; periphrasis is largely employed; archaisms are affected, and clauses with nothing to correspond to them in the original are occasionally inserted for the sake of clearness. But for all this the version is, on the whole, faithful; the sense is rarely missed, and the renderings are sometimes very felicitous. Holland succeeds best, as might be expected, in the comparatively few passages in which Suetonius rises to impressive description, such as in the accounts of the death of Julius Cæsar and the death of Nero. In turning light anecdotes, *faciæ*, ludicrous incidents, and the grotesque personal traits in which Suetonius delights, Holland's grave, staid, and massive style is so ridiculously incongruous that he affords amusement quite other than he intended. Mr. Whibley's introduction would have been much better had he indulged a little less in fine writing and in ambitious but questionable criticisms. He speaks, for instance, of "the cold phrase of Plutarch," and describes Tacitus as occupying "the cold and splendid altitudes of thought" with "a god-like understanding." Plutarch, as a matter of fact, is a florid Boswell, and Tacitus the very incarnation of narrow intensity. Nor are "translations" which "are brilliant with purple patches" any indication that their author "with leisure and opportunity might have been a Montaigne."

Longinus on the Sublime. The Greek Text edited after the Paris Manuscript. With Introduction, &c., by W. Rhys Roberts, M.A. 9 x 6 in., 288 pp. Cambridge, 1899. University Press. 9/-

Two generations have passed since the last English edition of Longinus appeared. Considering the merits of the book, and the almost idolatrous reverence shown to it during the seventeenth century, it is strange, indeed, that it should have fallen into the shade; and English scholars owe Mr. Roberts a sincere gratitude for editing it again. A good deal of work has been spent on it by continental scholars in the last few years, and Mr. Roberts has made use of this; but he has advanced a step further. Text, notes, and translation are his own; and in critical questions he shows a sober judgment which some foreign scholars would do well to imitate. Mr. Roberts has based his edition on Cod. Par. 2036, which he is inclined to regard as the archetype of the ten other existing MSS.; and he keeps closer to his manuscript than previous editors. In this we have no manner of doubt he is right. Recent discoveries have proved that the texts of classical authors are much more correct than was formerly believed. As far as it goes, the new evidence makes for conservatism: and, apart from a certain kind of errors, easily detected and as easily corrected, it is unsafe to alter the text of a good manuscript save as a last resort. In many places Mr. Roberts successfully vindicates the Paris MS. against those who attack it: he catalogues all its errors, and shows that these are natural slips; and that there is no gratuitous attempt to improve the text. All variations from this MS. are recorded in foot-notes, but most of the emendations which load the modern edition of Vahlen are wisely left out. The notes are arranged on a new plan, by subjects not by places. That is to say, all the textual

notes are grouped in one appendix; another is an essay on the language of the author; a third deals with literary allusions; and then follow a bibliography and full indices.

Mr. Roberts reluctantly finds himself forced to pronounce the author unknown. Longinus would be a most suitable person to have written the book, but there is no real evidence to prove that he did. On the other hand, Mr. Roberts thinks there are internal hints, which are best explained if we suppose the author to have belonged to the first century rather than the third. We are inclined to agree with him here, though the third century is certainly not impossible. He disposes of the suggestion that Plutarch wrote it by supposing (reasonably enough) that both authors lived about the same time, and were alike influenced by Plato. If this part of Mr. Roberts' work is negative, that is better than being positive without good grounds; and in the linguistic appendix future editors may find the way made plainer for a further step in advance. But, after all, the question of authorship is of small moment; we should like to know who the author was, but, whoever he was, he has conferred a boon on mankind. For, in truth, the book is extraordinarily interesting, and, besides, it preserves for us a number of poetical fragments not known elsewhere, among them an ode of Sappho.

One word as to the translation. It is consistently sound and vigorous, often neat, and always readable. The general reader will be able to enjoy the book without having to trouble about text or notes. Mr. Roberts, however, has not quite learnt the lesson of his own book; for he is too fond of lumbering words, and we may venture to recommend that "brevity which goes straight to the mark" (chap. 42). Why say "at a date anterior to," when you can say "before"? We would suggest a few small alterations. "Gold" and "silver" on p. 117 should certainly be "golden" and "silvern"; we had to read this sentence twice in the English before seeing the point. In the quotation from Homer on p. 115 (line 5), "their" should surely be read for "your." Is not ψυχῆ rather "life" than "heart" (p. 73)? "Longinus" did not think such details too petty for his care, nor (we are sure) does Mr. Roberts.

The author of this essay in literary criticism (for such the book is—not a treatise on the sublime in a narrow sense) is remarkable alike for his delicate feeling and for the aptness of his judgment. He does not analyse his subject with the stern exactness of Aristotle, but he plays upon it with a light touch, in such a way as to illuminate and convince. "Till now," says Gibbon, in an interesting passage quoted by Mr. Roberts, "I was acquainted only with two ways of criticizing a beautiful passage; the one, to show, by an exact anatomy of it, the distinct beauties of it, and whence they spring; the other, an idle exclamation or a general encomium, which leaves nothing behind it. Longinus has shown me there is a third. He tells me his own feelings upon reading it, and tells them with such energy that he communicates them." The writer's praise is discriminating; he boldly declares a fault when he sees it, but in no carping spirit. He understands that great men have the defects of their qualities (a thought which appears here for the first time in literature), and he has a wholesome contempt for the cant of form for form's sake. "It may be," he says, "that low and average natures must needs remain free from falling, and in greater safety, because they run no risk and seek to scale no heights." But could any one in his senses not see that the "Œdipus," faults and all, is worth all the works of Ion together?

The matters discussed are five—Nobility of Conception, Passion, Figures of Speech, Nobility of Expression, and Composition. The first he justly maintains to be the foundation of all great literary works: if they are to "please all and always," as he puts it, the thought must not be local, temporary, or trivial. He traces the effect of passion as shown in the arrangement of thoughts and in their expression, and shows how passion alone can carry off a metaphor or simile and make them seem natural. Here he utters the notable thought, since become a commonplace, that the art must be concealed. His remarks on the choice of words are equally judicious; he points out how

easy it is to sink into bombast, and on the other hand how strong may be often the effect of a homely word. Scattered everywhere are criticisms of writers and practical maxims, which are full of insight. Demosthenes and Cicero are happily compared; the one showing a "sublimity which is for the most part rugged," the other "profusion." Euripides is "by nature anything but elevated," but he "forces his own genius in many places to tragic heights," like the lion in Homer that "lashes himself to a frenzy, and spurth him on to the fight." The critic has no mercy for affectations; "all these ugly and parasitical growths," he says, "arise from a single cause, that pursuit of novelty in expression which is the fashionable craze of the day." If our modern novelists and playwrights would take the words of this old Greek to heart what a blessing it would be. At one sweep we should be well rid of the photographic-trivial, the wilful-obscure, and the cult of the loathsome and hideous.

Like Bekker's "Gallus," Professor Emile Thomas' *ROMAN LIFE UNDER THE CÆSARS* (Unwin, 7s. 6d.) is an attempt to reconstruct, in an entertaining fashion, the social life of a dead civilization. Though Bekker's book was a work of fiction, and Professor Thomas' is a volume of essays, the net result in the two cases is very similar. Yet, curiously enough, the essays more nearly fulfil the ideal of "learning put lightly like powder in jam." Professor Thomas takes us to the games, to the baths, to the forum, to the Sabine farm, and never fails to prove himself an entertaining *cicerone*. A certain frankness in dealing with the vices of the ancient Romans makes his book more suitable, perhaps, for undergraduates than for schoolboys. On one point we join issue with Professor Thomas; and that is in his account of the Roman attitude towards the beauties of nature. He tells us that "the Alps and the Apennines with their snowy peaks, which are so attractive and imposing to our eyes, made them feel melancholy and uncomfortable." This may seem a fair inference from the fact that

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte

only leads up to

benignius
Deprome quadrimum Sabina
O Thalarche merum diota.

Still, there are exceptions to this attitude towards the mountains that should have been noted. Seneca belongs to Professor Thomas' period, and Seneca recommended the ascent of Ætna. "Si haec mihi præscripseris," he wrote in one of his letters, "tunc tibi audebo mandare ut in honorem meum Aetnam quoque ascendas." Emperor Hadrian, too, ascended Ætna, quite in the modern manner—"ut solis ortum videret arcus specie, ut dicitur, varium." This omission, however, is but a trifling fault to note in a book that in other respects is admirable.

In *DIALECTORUM ITALICARUM EXEMPLA SELECTA*, by R. S. Conway (Cambridge University Press, 2s. 6d.), thirty or so dialect inscriptions are reprinted from Professor Conway's "Italic Dialects (1898)," annotated, and translated into Latin. The merits of the original work have been recognized by all scholars. This selection will undoubtedly prove useful for beginners, or such as wish to get some knowledge of Umbrian and Oscan for grammatical purposes without becoming specialists. There is an index of important words, and one of matters.

Professor Blass' *GRAMMAR OF NEW TESTAMENT GREEK* was only published in Germany two years before the appearance of a translation carefully executed by Mr. H. St. J. Thackeray under the supervision of the author himself (Macmillan, 14s.). The book is on a smaller scale than the work of Winer, which it is scarcely likely to supersede; but for ordinary use it will be found most handy and valuable. The author allows himself some freedom in illustrating New Testament Greek, and occasionally cites passages from the so-called Apostolic Fathers, the Clementine Homilies, &c. Mr. Thackeray is to be congratulated on the completion of a very laborious and careful piece of work.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

We have seldom read a more charming book of its kind than Mr. Tighe Hopkins' *AN IDLER IN OLD FRANCE* (Hurst and Blackett, 7s. 6d.). The author has rambled in the by-ways of old French history, and in a series of essays, written in a smooth and picturesque style, has drawn a series of graphic pictures of old French life which will be equally interesting to the ignorant and the well-informed. One of the papers, that on "Two 'Civilities,'" has already appeared in *Literature*; others are reprinted from various magazines; they are magazine articles of a sort that gets rarer and rarer as the spread of education widens the circle of readers whose chief interest is in the noses, the soles of the feet, and the visiting cards of celebrities. All the articles are so good that it is only a mere accident of caprice or taste that can cause the reviewer to call attention to one of them in preference to the others; but the paper that pleased us best was that entitled "An Episode in the History of the Comédie Française." The episode is the imprisonment of the players in the Reign of Terror. It is a dramatic story, and one not, in its details, particularly well known. Mr. Tighe Hopkins tells it with all a novelist's gift of vivid presentation. In a very graphic passage he tells us how the lives of these prisoners were saved:—

"You will bring them before the Tribunal," wrote Collot to Fouquier-Tinville, "on the thirteenth Messidor."

But the thirteenth Messidor passed and the players had not appeared at Tinville's Bar. Had Collot d'Herbois relented? No; but a very singular thing was happening at the Bureau des Pièces Accusatives, the office through which all proofs of Royalist guilt had to pass before being delivered to the public prosecutor. At the daily risk of his life the clerk in charge of these documents was destroying them wholesale. The name of this forgotten hero of the Terror was Charles Labussière, once low comedian of the obscure Théâtre Mareux, who was using his position of trust under the bloody masters of the Revolution to save the lives of hundreds of innocent creatures. Shift the scene a moment and watch at his stealthy task of salvation the one time humble player of the humble Mareux Theatre, the favourite butt of the grisettes and shop-girls in the pit. There was not in all France at this hour a traver man than he.

Other chapters are devoted to "Old Paris at Table," "The French Medieval Inn," "The Surgeons, the Barbers, and the Faculty of Medicine," "A Medieval Pulpit," "The Chase," and "The Bagne." No contemporary writer does this kind of work better than Mr. Tighe Hopkins.

If *THREE PLEASANT SPRINGS IN PORTUGAL*, by Commander the Hon. H. N. Shore, R.N. (Sampson Low, 12s. 6d.), is rather too big a book considering its chatty character, it has certainly more merits than most travel records of its kind, and few who are interested in Portugal but will manage to finish the volume. It is, perhaps, curious that English people, even those most given to travelling, know so little about this historic portion of the Peninsula, although, if we except Prussia, it is the European country with which England has had the largest and most continuous connexion, both in the world of politics and war. Spain has a hundred travellers for Portugal's one, and yet Portugal in many ways is the pleasanter country to travel in. For the Portuguese are mostly bright and cheerful, and (great recommendation to travelling Englishwomen) are not unkind to animals. They are not sombre or haughty, and they do not stand aloof from strangers, but are always ready to mangle an odd language or two with any one who does not understand the tongue of Camoens. Nowadays Portugal is more ready for travellers with over-sensitive olfactory nerves than she was a quarter of a century ago, and Lisbon has been almost entirely regenerated in this important respect. Commander Shore is very severe, for such a travelled man, on the manners and customs of the Portuguese at table. How long is it since we English became, as a body, patterns for the dining universe? In private houses and hotels of the better class there is really nothing

to complain of, and the more aristocratic Portuguese (if indeed, they are not Brazilians, a very different thing) have as good manners as can be found anywhere in Europe. But Commander Shore does well to remind us that Portugal does not consist of Oporto, Lisbon, and Cintra only. He visited not only Northern Portugal but also the southern province of the Algarve, which is practically unknown to the Portuguese themselves, for, curiously enough, seeing what this nation has done in the way of ocean discovery and colonization, the Portuguese at home never travel if they can help it, just as they never hurry and never take exercise—that is, the well-to-do classes never do. For though the lower classes are supposed to be lazy, no people work harder; indeed, they often work hard because they are too lazy to alter ancient habits and make hard work light. The loads a Portuguese will carry on his head would tire an ordinary Irishman to wheel in a barrow, and yet no one wheels anything if it can be carried, with frequent rests, at the lively rate of the most solemn funeral procession.

Some of the glimpses given in this book of the work done or attempted by Pombal in his almost vain attempt to regenerate his priest-ridden and financially rotten country are of especial interest. But when the author quotes Lord Carnarvon's estimate of this great Portuguese with apparent approbation, he does Portugal's one reformer wrong. Neither the priests nor the nobility were attacked unjustly. But when any despotic Minister attempts to reform finance he must expect to be treated as an enemy of mankind by those who are content with abuses which put money in their pocket. The deprivation of privilege might have been borne with, even though Pombal's obvious end was to concentrate all the power in the King's hands and his own, but when he touched the nobles' pockets they were as angry as the priests. Had Pombal not fallen when King Joseph died, the monarchy in Portugal might not have been so near its end as it now is.

In the absence of any such distinctive epithet as Poe's suggested "Appalachian," we are accustomed to mean by "American" an inhabitant of the United States of North America. It is well, however, to remember that the word has a wider sense, in which it is used by the anonymous author of *THE HISTORY OF SOUTH AMERICA FROM ITS DISCOVERY TO THE PRESENT TIME* (Sonnen-schein, 10s. 6d.), written by "an American" and adequately translated from his Spanish by Miss Adnah D. Jones. It is refreshing to find in such a book a just appreciation, which is not easily to be found across the Atlantic just now, of the share taken by Spain in opening the New World to the approach of civilization. In spite of all the crimes and errors of Spain, "it cannot be denied," as this Spanish-American observes, "that it was our mother-country which transformed or converted the Indians, almost all uncivilized, and many of them cannibals, into civilized men." As M. Chevalier says, it was, after all, Spain which put America "on the high-road of European civilization," although the relative condition of North and South America at present shows that other guidance was needed for progress along that road. The book fills rather a useful place as a summary, on the whole accurate and clear, of the history of the South American States since they started on their independent careers in the beginning of the present century. Thanks to the glowing pages of Prescott, we are all familiar with the work of Columbus and Cortez and Pizarro, but the modern history of Peru and Chili, the Republic of Ecuador and the Argentine Confederation is not by any means at our fingers' ends. We have here a broad, if somewhat wooden, picture of the vicissitudes of the various South American States, which will be useful to such as desire to understand future developments in that continent. We think that the author is somewhat too enthusiastic about his "free and rising America," and intending emigrants had better, perhaps, verify his account in the light of Consular reports. But we give him credit for a warm fund of patriotism, and hope with him that the future of South America may be, as one of her own poets has said, "immense as her mountains and her seas, brilliant as her skies and her resplendent stars."

REPRINTS.

The steady flow of reprints from English classics continues without abatement. Messrs. Dent claim first notice with their "Temple Scott," of which *WOODSTOCK*, *THE BETROTHEN*, and *THE TALISMAN* have reached us; their new Dickens—*DOMBEY AND SON*, *OLIVER TWIST*, and *BARNABY RUDGE*, which have bibliographical introductions by Mr. Walter Jerrold; and more "Temple Classics," which will soon become a library of a "Hundred Best Books." The most recent are *EPICURETTS*, translated and edited, with notes and introduction, by Miss Elizabeth Carter; *NORTH'S PLUTARCH*, Vols. 3, 4, 5, and 6; *THE ENGLISH OPIUM EATER*, edited by Mr. Walter Jerrold; *SHELLEY'S POEMS, NARRATIVE, ELEGIAC, AND VISIONARY*, edited by Mr. Buxton Forman; and *TRISTRAM SHANDY* edited by Mr. Walter Jerrold. Is it too radical a suggestion to make, with the utmost diffidence, that some one would try the experiment of printing Sterne like other books? Thus:—

But, indeed, to speak of my father as he was; he was certainly irresistible, both in his orations and disputations. He was a born orator—*Θεοδιδάκτος*. Persuasion hung upon his lips, and the elements of Logick and Rhetorick were so blended up in him, and withal, he had so shrewd a guess at the weaknesses and passions of his respondent, that nature might have stood up and said, "This man is eloquent." In short, whether he was on the weak or the strong side of the question, 'twas hazardous in either case to attack him. And yet, 'tis strange, he had never read Cicero, &c.

What exactly did Sterne think, what do his faithful editors think, is gained (besides annoyance to the reader) by printing this passage thus:—

But, indeed, to speak of my father as he was;—he was certainly irresistible:—both in his orations and disputations;—he was born an orator:—*Θεοδιδάκτος*.—Persuasion hung upon his lips, and the elements of Logick and Rhetorick were so blended up in him,—and, withal, he had so shrewd a guess at the weaknesses and passions of his respondent,—that Nature might have stood up and said,—"This man is eloquent."—In short, whether he was on the weak or the strong side of the question, 'twas hazardous in either case to attack him.—And yet, 'tis strange, he had never read Cicero, &c.

All these books are priced at 1s. 6d. n. each. Messrs. Isbister are publishing a very delightful edition in five volumes, slightly larger in size than the "Temple Books," of "Dean Plumptre's Dante." The first two volumes, *HELL* and *PURGATORY* (2s. 6d. n. each), have reached us, and, so far as their get-up is concerned, are all that could be desired both for handiness and elegance.

Mr. Nimmo's large type Border "Waverley" now includes *WOODSTOCK*, *THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH*, *REDGAUNTLET*, *THE BETROTHEN*, *THE TALISMAN*, and *ANNE OF GELENSTEIN* (5s. 6d. each), with Mr. Lang's introductions and illustrations by a great variety of artists, which in these volumes, although one or two of the figure subjects are very crude, show a higher average of merit than did those of some earlier volumes.

A third "Lover" in Messrs. Constable's admirably printed edition of that novelist's works is *TREASURE TROVE* (6s.), a novel, readable like all of Lover's, but not worthy of its subject, the exploits of the Irish Brigade in the service of France.

More recent works of fiction now reprinted are George Eliot's *SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE* (Blackwood, 2s. 6d.), which Mr. H. R. Millar illustrates, it need hardly be said, admirably, and a large 2s. edition of Kingsley's *WESTWARD HO!* (Warne). Messrs. Ward, Lock's edition of Whyte Melville's novels has now reached its ninth volume with *ROY'S WIFE* (3s. 6d.), illustrated by G. P. Jacob Hood. Messrs. Longmans' "Silver Library," which helps to prevent comparatively recent works of value from being overwhelmed in the ocean of new publications, now contains Mr. Lang's *MYTH, RITUAL, AND RELIGION* (7s.).

We are glad to see a reprint in octavo of the Bishop of London's excellent *QUEEN ELIZABETH* (Longmans, 6s.), which was first published with illustrations as one of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon's "De Luxe" Biographies in 1896. The present issue has a portrait of the Queen as frontispiece.

Mr. Elliot Stock's Antiquary's Library now includes a reissue of Mr. Fairman Ordish's learned *EARLY LONDON THEATRES* (3s. 6d. n.). It deals with the Theatres "in the Fields," and is to be followed, we believe, by a supplementary volume on Theatres "in the Town."

A welcome is due to the new edition—the fourth—of Professor Tyndall's *HOURS OF EXERCISE IN THE ALPS* (Longmans, 6s. 6d. n.), which has been out of print since 1873. The illustrations—characteristic wood engravings by Mr. Edward Whymper—are far more pleasing to the eye than the photogravures with which it is the modern fashion to illustrate Alpine books. The occasion is a proper one for asking, once more, when we are to have new editions of Mr. King's "Italian Valleys," and Mr. Girdlestone's "High Alps Without Guides."

MONTCALEM AND WOLFE, in two volumes (Macmillan, 17s. n.), is now added to the library addition of the works of Francis Parkman. In evidence of the industry which went to the making of the book we may cite the statement in the author's preface that the papers copied for it in France alone "exceed six thousand folio pages of manuscript." These include all the letters written by Montcalm, when in America, to members of his family in France.

Messrs. Service and Paton's "Little Masterpieces" now contain a selection from Washington Irving's sketches, which remind us how seldom it is either in England or America that we find prose writing to compare with Irving's in its lucid, unaffected charm.

The June number of the Eversley Shakespeare contains the three parts of *Henry VI.*, and *Richard III.*

The "Athenaeum Press" Series, published by Messrs. Ginn, of Boston and London, carries on its work of introducing English literature to students with *SELECTIONS FROM COWPER* (4s. 6d.), edited by Professor Murray, of Princeton University, and *SELECTIONS FROM SHELLEY* (5s.), by Professor Alexander, of Toronto. The notes are terse and sensible.

GUIDE BOOKS.

As usual at this season of the year, the editorial table groans beneath a load of guide-books. The most interesting of those in front of us is the fourteenth, and very much enlarged, edition of *WHERE SHALL WE GO?* (Black, 2s. 6d.), edited by Mr. A. R. Hope Moncrieff. It is a gazetteer of health and holiday resorts from Aldeburgh to Yarmouth; written in a pleasant style, and full of useful information. Places omitted, which a fifteenth edition might advantageously include, are Oxford, Windsor, Henley, Maidenhead, and other Thames Valley centres. The same publishers send us their guide to *HARROGATE* (11th edition, 1s.), which tells the tourist what he needs to know about the neighbourhood as well as about the town. From Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Co. come a whole batch of guides to *PENZANCE*, to *TEIGNMOUTH*, to *INVERNESS*, to *EASTBOURNE*, to *CROMER*, and to *NORTH WALES* (1s. each). They are all well written, well mapped, and well illustrated. The North Wales volume carries thoroughness to the point of presenting hints for the pronunciation of Welsh; but the space might perhaps be more usefully occupied by a list of lodging-houses such as one gets, nowadays, from so many of the railway companies. Finally, we have *IN QUIANT EAST ANGLIA*, by T. West Carmie (Greening, 1s.). It is an æsthetic volume, with a picture cover and turn-down edges, resembling the novels which Mr. Coulson Kernahan writes about children, and aunts, and wise men, and devils. It is as pleasant to read as to look at, though the hard bedrock of fact about hotel tariffs and railway time-tables must be sought elsewhere.

In the "Children's Study" Series Mr. Leonard Williams writes of *SPAIN* (Unwin, 2s. 6d.). The book is good enough of its kind, though we question whether the schoolroom felt any pressing need for it. A children's edition of "Don Quixote" would give young people more information of the sort that they are likely to retain. As a handy work of reference for their elders, however, the volume may be of utility.

THE SONGS OF DAMON AND ALPHESIBÆUS.

[A PARAPHRASE FROM VIRGIL'S EIGHTH ECLOGUE
(PHARMACEUTRIA), ll. 17-61 and 64-109.]

DAMON.

Lucifer, star of the morn, oh, speed the fair day that ye herald,
Rise, as I mourn for the love of a bride, most faithless of maidens,
Chanting a dirge to the Gods—though ever they turn from my
pleading.

Dying, and singing the last sad song of a life that is waning.
Blend thy strains, my flute, with sweet Mænalian verses.

Mænalus boasts of a grove that is sweet with its pines and its
song-birds.

Mænalus lists to the voices of shepherds who carol their love-
songs,

Lists to the lays of the God who drew from the rushes their
music.

Blend thy strains, my flute, with sweet Mænalian verses.

Mopsus wedded to Nisa! Ah, then there are hopes for all lovers,
Griffins with mares shall mate, and the sons of following ages
View the rough hound pace side by side with the fawn to their
drinking.

Trim thy torches, oh Mopsus, to thee they are leading the maiden,
Scatter the nuts, happy bridegroom, for thee is the star of the
evening.

Blend thy strains, my flute, with sweet Mænalian verses.

Worthy of thee, false girl, is the hero with whom thou art mated,
Worthy of one who despises the pipe and the flocks of a shepherd,
Worthy the fanciful maid who scorns my beard and my eyebrows,
Gives not a thought to my woes, nor thinks that the Gods will
regard them.

Blend thy strains, my flute, with sweet Mænalian verses.

Well I remember the first dear sight of thee, slender in child-
hood,

Plucking our dew-fresh apples—for thee and thy mother I found
them.

Scarce had my birthday dawned in the year that follows eleven,
Scarce could I snap the frail branches, on tip-toe eagerly standing,
Yet how I gazed and was lost, for the madness of passion was
o'er me.

Blend thy strains, my flute, with sweet Mænalian verses.

Sudden my knowledge of Cupid, a boy most hardly begotten,
Cradled in crags of Epirus or Thrace or an African desert,
Not of our race is Cupid, from none of our stock descended.

Blend thy strains, my flute, with sweet Mænalian verses.

Fierce and strong, it was he who filled with his passion the
mother,

Taught her to stain and defile her hands with the blood of her
offspring.

Fierce and cruel wert thou, oh mother, as he who constrained
thee.

Who shall adjudge that guiltiness? Surely thy tempter was
evil.

Cruel the mother and wanton the passion, both evil together.
Blend thy strains, my flute, with sweet Mænalian verses.

Now let the wild wolf flee from the lamb, let oaks in abundance
Ghitter with golden apples, let daffodils spring from the alder,
Now let the tamarisk drip with a swift-flowing river of amber,
Now let cygnets and owls contest, be Tityrus Orpheus,
Orpheus sweet in the woods, or Arion who sports with his
dolphins.

Blend thy strains, my flute, with sweet Mænalian verses.

Earth herself may soon be whelmed in a chaos of waters,
Swift from the dizziest height I rush to the bosom of Ocean;
Glades of the forest, farewell! Ah! Nisa, to thee I am singing!
Catch the last wail of my song as I die; ye are ended, my verses.
Cease thy strains, my flute, and cease Mænalian verses.

ALPHESIBÆUS.

Carry the water, now quick with the wreath that must circle the
altar,

Burn fresh branches and burden the air with a savour of incense;
Thus may my passion arouse the slumbering passion of Daphnis;
Ah! he is cold, yet sure 'tis only a charm that is wanting,
Magical melody, lure from the city my lingering Daphnis.

Swift at the sound of a charm the pale moon drops from the
heavens,

Swiftly at Circe's charm were the friends of Ulysses enchanted,
Soon is the cold snake charmed of his skin as he lies in the
meadow—

Magical melody, lure from the city my lingering Daphnis.

First round his image I bind three threads of different colours,
Winding the three thrice round—odd numbers please the
immortals,

Three times pace with the image around the base of the altar;
Bind, Amaryllis, the colours in three fair knots,—'tis a love-
charm,

Say as ye bind, "Thine, Goddess of love, is the chain I am
weaving,"

Magical melody, lure from the city my lingering Daphnis.

See! though this clay is hardened, this wax is speedily melted,
One and the same is the flame; may such be the passion of
Daphnis:

Scatter the cakes; now smear those laurels with pitch and
consume them,

Kindle, ye laurels, a flame in the boy for whom I am pining;
Magical melody, lure from the city my lingering Daphnis.

Ay! may a love burn Daphnis as that of a wandering heifer
Seeking her long-lost mate; who, mazed in the groves of the
woodland,

Sinks by the sedge-covered bank of a murmuring, rippling river;
Wearied and careless of Night who is blending the shadows around
her,—

Such be the passion of Daphnis, and then will I scornfully use
him;

Magical melody, lure from the city my lingering Daphnis.

Here is a cloak that he left, the troth of a fanciful lover,
Now to the earth I entrust it and bury it under the threshold,
Once it was his, now mine, to secure the sweet coming of Daphnis.
Magical melody, lure from the city my lingering Daphnis.

Poisonous juices and berries are mine, old Mæris the giver,
Culled on Pontian shores, they flourish there in abundance,
Mæris with these hath power to howl as a wolf in the forest.
Oft have I seen the mage lure spirits from under the tombstones,
Scatter the crops of a field to plant them again in another.

Magical melody, lure from the city my lingering Daphnis.

Haste to the stream, Amaryllis, and carry a vessel of ashes,
Scatter them light o'er the stream, but turn thy gaze from its
waters;

Vain, ah! vain are my charms to speed the return of the boy,
who

Gives not a thought to the Gods, nor recks of the spells of a
maiden.

Magical melody, lure from the city my lingering Daphnis.

Stay ere we try the last charm; See! Surely the ashes are
kindling.

Hylax barks at the gate; a flame shoots up from the altar;
Grant that the omen be good, for a doubt of the truth over-
comes me.

'Tis but a vision, yet hark! 'tis he, 'tis he that is coming!
Magical melody cease, ye have lured my lingering Daphnis.

W. J. LANCASTER.

Among my Books.

AN EMPEROR'S MEMOIRS.

No one, we presume, dreams of reading the Memoirs of the Emperor Babar nowadays. It is getting scarce, that fine quarto of 1826, which contains the vigorous translation begun by John Leyden—Scott's Leyden, the contributor to the "Border Minstrelsy"—and finished, with all elaboration of notes and introductions, by a learned scholar and admirable writer, William Erskine. It is worse than scarce, it is Oriental; and no Oriental author—save the importunately belauded Omar, who threatens to become the bore of the end of the century—has the chance of a hearing from a generation that drugs its "intellectuals" with a periodical anodyne as sure as ever the mad moon comes round. Yet Babar's autobiography has had warm admirers. It has been compared from time to time with the Confessions of St. Augustine—and of Rousseau; with the Memoirs of St. Simon and Gibbon; with the History of Clarendon; and, strange as it may appear, it does in its way present points of resemblance to each of these various classics. The great quality which it holds in common with at least some of them is its amazing frankness and simplicity—amazing because unique in Eastern literature. Your Oriental scribe never feels that he has done justice to himself or to his subject until he has wrapped it up in an impenetrable disguise of tropes and metaphors and elaborate verbosity. The more exuberant and periphrastic, the more tortuous and ambiguous he is, the greater is his reputation for style. The "Arab Classic" I noticed some time ago is a case in point: Hariri's merit lies mainly in delicate hair-splitting and refinement of preciousity. An Arab letter-writer, a certain famous Abu-l-Ala, has lately been edited with extraordinary learning by Mr. Margoliouth, who worthily occupies Archbishop Laud's Chair of Arabic in our University of Oxford; and despite the astonishing literary skill and fertility of complicated and obscure allusion displayed in these "Letters," there is no more wearisome stuff even in the wilderness of Oriental Euphuism.

The Emperor Babar has nothing of this finicking delight in mere verbiage. When he wanted a despatch written in the proper bombastic style beloved of Eastern critics, he got his chancellor, Sheykh Zeyn, to indite it for him; and, to do him justice, there was nothing in the way of turgid rhetoric that the Sheykh could not compass. The Emperor himself had a purer taste. Writing to his eldest son, afterwards the Great Mogul Humayun, who seems to have combined the bad habit of fine-writing with imperfect spelling—as others have done since his day—Babar entreats him to "write without affectation, be clear, use plain words, which save trouble to both writer and reader." The words must be plain in sense and plain in caligraphy, for Babar disliked a crabbed "fist" almost as much as a crabbed sentence, and prided himself on the invention of a new style of handwriting. Moreover, he will have his son read his letter over before posting it—*O' si sic omnes!*—and defies him to decipher his latest

epistle. His own style, like his penmanship, was distinct and yet distinguished.

It may sound a little absurd to talk of style and literary skill in reference to a man who was born in 1483 on the banks of the Iaxartes, in what most people imagine to be the wilds of Central Asia. But the descendants of those twin Scourges of God, Chingiz and Tamerlane, when they settled on the borders of Persia, and in the country of the Oxus and Iaxartes, became no mere barbarians. The Turco-Mongol princes of that time took a pride in literary polish, and loved to turn out a good sonnet or copy a beautiful manuscript, almost as well as to brain a man with a mace or chop off his head. Babar was a soldier of fortune, but he was not less a fine critic, a fastidious judge of verse, and an admirable writer in several languages. In Persian, the tongue of culture, the Latin of the East, he was an accomplished poet; as a staunch Muslim he read Arabic, and in his native Turki dialect he was master of a pure, lucid, and unaffected style both in prose and verse. In the efficacy of poetry he had a simple faith; it diverted him from drinking, he says, and when he was prostrate with fever in India he took to turning a holy Divine's reflections into metrical shape, with a view to depressing his temperature; but the "faith-cure" did not work. Even sermons may depress without doing much good. In his worst misfortunes, in the toils and hardships of a campaign among the Afghan mountains, when his army was murmuring and dropping with fatigue, when the tents were knee-deep in water and mud, Babar found consolation in composing a *ghazal*. He was perhaps a little touchy about these productions, for once when he fled for refuge to an uncle and presented him with an ode on the miseries of exile, the old man declined to commit himself to any opinion on its merits, whereat Babar remarked with more mortification than logic that "it was pretty evident that the Khan had no great skill in poetic diction!"

This combination of genuine poetic feeling with the sterner qualities of a soldier and man of action make Babar a singularly interesting personality. This Central Asian knight-errant, who loved to turn from the stricken field and its ghastly scenes to write a love-song to his own music; who could spend a night in reckless wine-bibbing, and rise before the sun to stand in unaffected delight before a tree whose falling autumn leaves showed him "such colours as no painter could copy"; who used to mark his road in an enemy's country, like his great ancestor Timur, by human milestones, "minarets of heads," and yet could shed tears of homesickness as he opened a musk-melon that recalled the orchards and gardens of his lost native land—this strange compound of tenderness and ferocity, culture and barbarity, self-restraint and reckless abandonment, is perhaps without a parallel in the world. His amazing indiscretions in wine, arrack, *bhung*, and opium would have killed an ordinary man in a year, but Babar drank steadily, regularly, deliberately, *à outrance*, for fifteen years, and yet swam every river he came to in India, including the mighty Ganges (which he tells us he crossed in thirty-three strokes, and then took breath and swam back again), often rode a hundred miles a day till within a year or so of his

death, and met and disposed of five champions in single combat in one day's fighting. He had an iron constitution and immense strength. In his prime he could pick up a man under each arm and run with them round the battlements of a castle, leaping the embrasures. He could starve as well as tope, tramp with the common soldiers as well as sup with kings, and he knew when to deny himself. After a course of systematic debauchery, of which his Memoirs present some extraordinary Rabelaisian pictures, he could free himself from the habit when work was to be done; and when he stood face to face with the mighty Rajput army at Sikri, he had the courage to send for all his golden beakers and smash them in presence of the army—to send for all the jars and skins of choice Kabul vintages and pour the red juice on to the thirsty earth—and solemnly renounce wine for ever, for himself and for his empire. And what is more, he kept his word.

All these things, and a thousand others, are related with the most engaging candour in these wonderful Memoirs. Desultory and discursive as they are, unequal in style and arrangement, degenerating into a bald diary towards the close, and not free from arid wastes (and worse still, wide gaps) in their progress, to anybody who has the patience to read a book which is wholly unsuitable for magazine consumption they must possess a penetrating flavour. Babar takes one utterly into his confidence, makes one his intimate, his familiar, and tells one all his hopes and ambitions, reveals his weaknesses, asks us to join in his unholy revels, his innocent joys, his supreme triumphs. It is an honour to be welcomed to the intimacy of such a man. His nature is so fresh and buoyant, so utterly free from convention and cant, so full of chivalrous honour, so rich in hope, courage, resolve, and at the same time so warm and friendly, so intensely human, that it conquers one's affectionate admiration. It all happened four hundred years ago, yet one feels that Babar still lives, a breathing human being, of the like passions with ourselves, immortal in the vivid realism of his self-revelation.

Death makes no conquest of this Conqueror,
For now he lives in Fame.

Babar was indeed a conqueror of heroic proportions. He came to his throne in Ferghana before he was twelve, fought a dozen pitched battles, and twice conquered the great city of Samarkand before he was twenty, and after a series of hair-breadth escapes and adventures seized the kingdom of Kabul, fought with Afghans and Hazaras, Yusufzais, Orakzais, Uzbeks, Gakkars; and at last, descending by the immemorial road into India, in three great battles, at Panipat, Kanwa, and Chapra, set Hindustan under his feet. His empire stretched from the Oxus to the Gogra, from the Himalayas to the mountains of Rajputana, from Kandahar to Benares. Extraordinary rapidity of action, joined to consummate generalship acquired in thirty years of perpetual warfare with the hardy races of the north, explains to some extent his military successes. But his personality counted for more. One feels that his soldiers recognized in him the born leader, the man who must be followed. Not his courage

and strategy alone, but his friendly comradeship, his insistence on sharing every hardship and facing every danger, made him the idol of his men. When he sat half-frozen in the snow of the Paropamisus, sooner than enter a cave and warm himself at a fire, because he thought there was no room for his soldiers, and would not enjoy what they could not share, he won a victory over their hearts such as no mere leading in the field could give him. He never forgot a friend, and when his friends forgot him he forgave them. In spite of his minarets of heads and frequent severity, he was constantly pardoning traitors and receiving back to his affection the brothers and kinsfolk who deceived him. He was the strangest compound of virtues and vices, but whichever they were they were always of the generous kind; at his best he is to be revered, and at his worst he must still be loved.

But Babar himself is far from being the sole subject of interest in the Memoirs. They abound in delicious portraits of his contemporaries. He takes off the whole Court in thumb-nail sketches. There is Khwaja Hoseyn, a good-tempered, easy-going fellow, who sang a capital song when the wine was going round; and his genial comrade, Yakub Beg, the prime-minister, he it observed, who could reel off an ode, was inimitable at leap-frog, played a capital game of polo, and was a clever, useful sort of man in every way. Ali Mejid, unfortunately, was "a vicious, treacherous, good-for-nothing hypocrite," and the Grand Huntsman, who dabbled in the black art, was "a disagreeable, sour-faced, conceited boor"; but the Great Seal was "a most witty and humorous personage, but reckless in debauch." Kambur Ali "talked a great deal, and very idly—he had a muddy brain." There is an excellent portrait of one of Babar's uncles, the King of Samarkand, a true Turk, "tall, ruddy, corpulent," bearded only on the chin, and particular about the lie of his turban. Scrupulously devout, never omitting the regulation prayers, even between the decanters, he would not dare even to uncross his legs in the presence of his spiritual director, in spite of all the cramp and "pins and needles" that he suffered. Once indeed he broke this rule, but it was then discovered that he had been sitting on a bone—some relic of a royal banquet—in extreme agony, and the excuse served. He was not indeed intellectual, and "did not read any"—which was rather a disgrace in a town-bred Turk—but he had his virtues; he was a man of few words, but what he said he meant; he was faithful to his treaty and scrupulously just and true in all his dealings. He was also a first-rate sportsman, great at hawking, and a famous marksman with the arrow or at the Mongol popinjay. So modest was he and discreet in his manners that he was never known to let his bare foot peep out from under his robes even in private—yet "he would drink day and night without a break for twenty or thirty days on end." *Vrayment, voilà un plaisant exercice!* as old Brantôme would say.

The Memoirs are also full of curiously minute descriptions of the natural history of the various regions in which their author spent his life. He had a wonderful love of nature, and a keenly observant eye, and he possessed the rare merit of distinguishing between what

he observed himself and what he recorded from hearsay. He gives an elaborate description of Hindustan—the best known part of the Memoirs—and another section deals minutely with Afghanistan. He knows every animal and flower around Kabul; he counts thirty-three species of tulips, and can tell where the rarest varieties are to be found. He knows the habits of bird and beast, and how they are to be caught. He can lasso herons with a line, and intoxicate fish and take them in shoals. He loves gardens—he is never happy in a new place till he has laid out a pleasure ground—and one of his favourite resorts was “The Garden of Good Faith,” where orange trees and pomegranates clustered round a lake, and the ground was soft with clover—“the very eye of beauty.” He used to make seats and fountains under the trees in pleasant spots, with spacious views, and there he would sit with his friends, and see the girls dance, and listen to the musicians singing the songs he composed, and drink “Ruby from the Vine,” which he had learned to love too well. On the brow of a hill near Kabul he set up a little granite cistern, which he used to fill with red wine, and on its sides were chiselled these lines:—

Sweet is the New Year's coming,
Sweet the smiling spring;
Sweet is the juice of the mellow grape,
Sweeter far the voice of Love.
O Babar, seize life's pleasures
Which, once gone, can never, alas! return.

STANLEY LANE-POOLE.

Notes.

In next week's *Literature* “Among My Books” will be written by Professor Courthope, C.B.

Sir Henry Irving, speaking at the prize-giving at the City of London School, reminded the boys that Shakespeare was not only a dramatist but an actor, nay, even an actor-manager, and contended that this accounted for the happy combination in the plays of tragedy and comedy. There is, no doubt, some truth in this, but it is stretching the point to account for the comic scenes by saying that Shakespeare had to “please to live”—to write down to the ‘prentices; still more so to regard the mixed nature of his audiences as a useful corrective to his naturally over-subjective habit of mind. The comic scenes are just as natural to Shakespeare's own genius as the tragic. Scenes which flow inevitably from the poet's brain, which form an integral part of his view of life, cannot be called concessions to the popular taste. Contrast and relief, such as we get in the gravediggers' scene, are a necessary element in a work of art, quite apart from their function in pleasing apprentices.

Sir Henry was less open to criticism in calling Shakespeare a “supreme master of the humanities”—a description of him well illustrated by an interesting discovery reported by Mr. Sidney Lee in his review in the *Nineteenth Century* of M. Jusserand's “Shakespeare in France.” It is a contribution to French Shakespeariana unknown to M. Jusserand, which Mr. Lee purchased by chance at Sotheby's, and consists of aphorisms extracted from Shakespeare by one Charles Nodier, and translated into French under the title “Pensées de Shakespeare, Extraites de ses Ouvrages” (1801). “From Shakespeare's works,” says the writer, “one can draw forth a philosophy, but from no systems of philosophy could one construct one page of Shakespeare.”

The “humanities” were also the subject of Professor Jebb's Romanes Lecture; and in the report before us the name of Shakespeare is not so much as mentioned, an omission which cannot fail to strike the reader. When the lecture is read side by side with Sir Henry Irving's speech (delivered almost simultaneously), we see the difference between the academic and the modern point of view. Fortunately they are not mutually exclusive, but Professor Jebb's method includes Sir Henry Irving's, as the greater includes the less. It is better to come to the study of Shakespeare with a mind stored with the wisdom of the ancients. But, on the other hand, to study Shakespeare without the equipment is very much better than not studying him at all, and should, as Sir Henry suggests, do a great deal towards softening the particular manners which a purely commercial curriculum is likely to engender.

The novelist as playwright is not so new a development as the novelist who dramatizes another writer's book. Dr. Conan Doyle has done this, and produced in *Holmes* a comedy of sentiment which should please those who shun the gaieties of *Lord Quex* and the wit of *Wheels Within Wheels*. Those well-worn characters, the rich brother who comes home more or less in the guise of a beggar, and “tests” the honour of his relations with an obvious strategy; the other brother, who is true to a youthful compact to share his all with the wanderer; the wife who has grown hard in the struggle to save a few thousand pounds; the young girl in love with her father's penniless assistant—they were all welcomed for the sake of a simple, hearty, wholesome story, much assisted by the acting of Mr. James Welch, Mr. Brandon Thomas, and Miss Geraldine Oliffe.

We mentioned at the beginning of May that a Society of Dramatic Authors was contemplated, either with a separate constitution of its own, or as part of the Society of Authors. The latter alternative, it seems, has been adopted. The “Dramatic Sub-committee” of the society (Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Edward Rose, and Mr. A. W. à Beckett) invited dramatic authors to a meeting, the outcome of which is that Mr. Pinero and Mr. Sidney Grundy have joined the sub-committee, and the Authors' Society, to which many playwrights, especially those who are also novelists, already belonged, now includes among its members most of the leading dramatists of the day.

The Italian Ambassador, speaking last week on “Dante as a business man,” paradoxically explained that what he meant to convey was that Dante was *not* a business man, since in Dante's day “business men,” in the modern sense of the term, did not exist. Did his Excellency forget the great Florentine banking houses, several of which were of European celebrity, in Dante's own lifetime? The house of the Bardi and that of the Peruzzi, who were also Florentines, had extensive relations with Edward III., through whose default they both failed for huge sums not much more than twenty years after Dante's death. To the Bardi Edward owed nearly a million gold florins, to the Peruzzi more than half a million; and the stoppage of these two great houses caused the ruin of many smaller ones, and brought widespread misery upon Florence, as the Florentine chronicler, Giovanni Villani, graphically relates.

The name of the Bardi is closely associated with that of Dante, for it was to Simon de' Bardi, a member of this family, that his early love, Beatrice Portinari, was married, the Beatrice of the “Vita Nuova” and of the “Divina Commedia.” Curiously enough, too, the father of Boccaccio, Dante's future biographer, was agent for the house of Bardi in Paris, and it was during his residence there, according to the most trustworthy accounts, that Boccaccio was born—out of wedlock, it must be added, his mother having been a young Parisian lady of the middle classes and of easy virtue, from whom the author of “The Decameron” is supposed to have derived his lively fancy and his mercurial disposition.

Mr. Alfred Austin, who followed the Italian Ambassador, was, no doubt, right in the main in contending that poets are, generally, level-headed, practical men. Exceptions to the rule can, of course easily be cited: one thinks, at once, of Cowper, Shelley, and Leigh Hunt. Still not only have the majority of poets been sufficiently sane for all practical purposes, but their fellow-citizens, far from expecting them to be lunatics, have constantly thrust them into responsible positions in which sobriety of judgment was eminently needed. Mr. Austin mentioned that the poet Chaucer was an ambassador. So was "Owen Meredith"; so was at least one English poet of the age of Anne, while another was a Secretary of State; so were, and are, various American poets of the present century. Poets, too, have been bankers, like Samuel Rogers, and solicitors and stock-brokers, like the authors of "Rejected Addresses." Dante himself played an important part in the government of Florence, and acted more than once as ambassador. In 1301 he was intrusted with the superintendence of the works on one of the streets of Florence with a view to facilitating the passage of troops. "Dante as a business man," therefore, is not such an inappropriate title for an address as might at first sight appear.

"Dr. Johnson as Representative of the Character of the Eighteenth Century" is a much better—in the sense of a more fruitful and suggestive—theme for an academic exercitation than Universities sometimes propose; and Mr. W. R. Barker, B.A., the winner of the Chancellor's English Essay Prize for the present year, has made the most of it. His Prize Essay (F. E. Robinson, 6d.) is a very clever and promising piece of work—occasionally, it is true, a little fanciful, as where he detects Macaulay's debt to Johnson in, among other things, a "passionate love of the genitive case"—and though more than a little "cocksure" in tone and statement, not more so, perhaps, than is natural and even engaging in the young. For if we come to consider it, there are few complaints more unreasonable than that which is provoked by the association of this quality with youth. Why, it is surely among the almost invariable results of increasing years and enlarged experience to dilute superlatives, to limit rules by exceptions, to reduce the noble magnitude of generalizations, and to reveal the disconcerting fact that nearly every question is encumbered with the nuisance of "another side." It is only a Macaulay now and then who can resist these paralyzing influences and maintain the tone of confident dogmatism, triumphant and unabated, to the end. If, therefore, a writer wishes to enjoy the pleasure of "cocksureness" at any period, it is absurd to blame him for indulging it during youth. Should he allow that golden opportunity to slip past him, he will never have another chance.

We regret, however, that Mr. Barker should have felt it his duty to criticize the despised art of journalism. He is right, no doubt, in holding that "it is at all times a dangerous occupation to a man who wishes to leave a lasting name to posterity," but, in spite of this objection, it is a branch of literature, or so-called literature, to which many a man who started with posterity in view has ultimately had to devote himself. Reluctantly abandoning his hopes of immortality, he has found himself in middle life, or even later, practising "the necessary journalistic accomplishment of writing about a book before he knows what it contains," and displaying "the power of saying nothing with portentous gravity," happy if at the close of his career it can be said of him, as Mr. Barker kindly says of Johnson, that, "unlike most journalists, he deceived himself as well as the public." We know not, what the future may hold for any of us; and there is a certain anecdote of the actor Bannister which contains a moral not unworthy of Mr. Barker's consideration. "Bill," said a man of the people, in his hearing, to a friend, "look at that there chap; he's a hactor." "Hush, Joe," replied his more considerate companion. "He'll hear you. You shouldn't talk in that way. How do you know what you may come to yourself?"

M. Baranger's plea, at the Publishers' Congress, for the formation of a Professional School of Booksellers might be justified by an analogy between the case of the bookseller and that of the pharmaceutical chemist. Any man, of course, is competent to sell both books and proprietary medicines; but the bookseller with a diploma might rise to the dignity of dispensing, and even informally prescribing, literature, just as the qualified chemist dispenses and informally prescribes drugs. Daring imagination pictures the confiding student staring into his shop and asking timidly if he can let him have something for insomnia, something for disappointment in love, or something to expel religious doubt. One also pictures an occasional bookseller accused of "professional negligence," and sued and mulcted in damages for selling Law's "Serious Call" to a victim of religious mania, or "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" to a sufferer from sleeplessness. But, in the present state of public opinion, this is the idlest of idle dreams. According to Herr van den Velde, a school of the kind proposed by M. Baranger was lately opened in Brussels, and the booksellers' clerks refused to attend it, alleging that they knew their business and required no further instruction.

The number of men who are convinced that nothing but lack of leisure prevents them from producing works of genius is known to be enormous. A way of surmounting the obstacle is suggested by one of the stories told in the Meissonier number of *Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Painters* (Putnam, 10 cents). Six young men, it seems, of whom Meissonier was one, found themselves in this quandary. They fell into each other's arms and swore eternal brotherhood, agreeing that they would draw lots, and that the man who drew the lucky number should be provided with a painting outfit and supported by his friends for a month, while he set to work to produce a masterpiece. The experiment was not wholly successful, none of the masterpieces produced under these conditions finding a ready market. But it might succeed better if it were tried again; and the idea is just as applicable to literature as to art. A society of struggling men of letters, formed somewhat on the lines of a building society, designed to provide six months' clear holiday for any poor man who had a work of genius in his head and only wanted the time to work it out, untroubled by sordid cares, would surely find subscribers in these practical days.

A recent article in the *Manchester Quarterly*, recording the conversations of James Northcote, R.A., and James Ward, artist, is reprinted in a pamphlet by Messrs. Sherratt and Hughes. The most interesting passage is that in which the Academician expresses his contempt for authority in matters of art, and his opinion that artists (including literary artists) would do better if they had no traditions to follow, but were obliged to go as they pleased:—

Being with Northcote one day when the allied armies were approaching Paris, I expressed to him my apprehensions for the safety of the Louvre Gallery. He rejoined that if all the fine paintings existing were destroyed, and if there were a demand for pictures, much finer pictures would rise up than we should otherwise have. The old pictures kept us in trammels, whereas if they were done away with, every painter would follow the bent of his feelings, and we should then have more novelty and variety than we have at present. The Ancients, for instance, were held up to us as unquestionable authorities, because, he supposed, they were the first in point of time. . . . Had Shakespeare been bound down by the laws of the ancient drama, he would have done nothing.

Here is an even better reason for burning books than was given by the Mahomedan in the library of Alexandria.

The most interesting feature of the "Library Association Year Book" (Horace Marshall, 1s. n.) is a collection of examination papers lately set to candidates for the Association's certificates. The librarian is asked, for example, to "give some account of the Chanson de Roland," to "distinguish between Dynamics, Statics, Kinematics," and to "state and discuss the estimates of Boswell's character and capacity given respectively

by Macaulay and Carlyle." It is well, of course, that he should be able to do these things, if called upon; but in the practical course of his duties we imagine that he is generally enough of a diplomatist to evade the obligation. Among the questions which we should not ourselves feel confident of answering correctly is this:—"In a library having a staff composed of both sexes, what ordinary routine work would you apportion to the female members?" They might allure the young men of the parish within reach of the civilizing influences of the one hundred best books; but perhaps such a reply would be too flippant to deserve high marks. Another poser is:—"What steps would you take to prevent a public reading room from being abused by a dirty loafer?" The answer might depend upon the dirty loafer's fighting weight. Probably, however, the solution of the problem expected by the examiners is:—"Have the latest sporting intelligence punctually posted up on a board outside the reading room." The "dirty loafer" will hardly pass these announcements by for the purpose of improving his mind by the perusal of the "high-class reviews."

The Year Book also contains a fairly complete list of British Libraries, with a statement of the number of books in each. The British Museum is an easy first, with 1,950,000 volumes; the Bodleian comes second with 585,000, and the Cambridge University Library third with 500,000, and the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh fourth, with 365,000. A fact which strikes us, when we come to look into the figures, is the immense superiority of the libraries of Scotland over those of Ireland. Let us take the figures for the best ten libraries in each country, and set them out in parallel columns. We get this result:—

SCOTLAND.		IRELAND.	
Edinburgh, Advocates' ..	365,000	Dublin, Trinity College ..	245,000
Edinburgh, University ..	200,000	Dublin, National Library of ..	200,000
Glasgow University ..	200,000	Ireland ..	120,000
St. Andrews, University ..	118,000	Dublin, Irish Academy ..	70,000
Aberdeen, University ..	100,000	Dublin, King's Inns ..	60,000
Edinburgh, Public ..	100,000	Belfast, Queen's College ..	46,000
Edinburgh, Signet ..	89,000	Belfast, Linen Hall ..	42,000
Dundee, Public ..	68,000	Belfast, Public ..	37,500
Aberdeen, Public ..	50,000	Maynooth, St. Patrick's ..	35,000
Edinburgh, New College ..	43,000	Cork, Queen's College ..	31,000
		Cork, Public ..	30,000
Total ..	1,333,000	Total ..	716,500

Scotland, we see, wins easily; and it is only thanks to Dublin that Ireland makes any show at all. Knock out the four Dublin Libraries, on the one hand, and four Edinburgh Libraries on the other, and the score is:—

Scotland	579,000
Ireland	321,000
Majority	258,000

The revival of learning in Ireland, of which we have heard a good deal of late, has still plenty of leeway to make up. All interested in the spread of culture will be pleased to learn that, in London alone, there are no fewer than 193 public libraries.

The formation of a "Rousseau Library and Museum" in Montmorency is, it is hoped, to be accomplished within the next few months. A large number of literary relics have already been obtained. Owing to the original hermitage having been demolished by the present owner, it has been determined to house the library and museum in the town itself.

One of the most important decisions taken at the recent International Press Congress at Rome was to agitate for the reduction of the foreign postal rate for journals. A reform in this direction would certainly be a boon to English residents on the Continent. At present they cannot anywhere (unless it be at Boulogne) buy a penny English paper for less than twopence half-penny, while threepence is a frequent charge. Consequently they seldom buy them at all unless they are actually obliged to do so. If the charge were lowered there is every reason to suppose that journals would circulate in sufficient numbers to

recoup the Post Office Department, if not actually to augment its profits; while the widening of the circulation would benefit British trade by scattering abroad advertisements of British wares.

Better prices were realized during the last four days of the sale of the Philipps Manuscripts held last week by Messrs. Sotheby. The "Cronicon Forestariorum de Flandria," finely written on vellum during the fifteenth century, brought £15, and a copy of the "De Gestis Alexandri Magni" of Quintus Curtius, £22. A curious collection of rare works by early English authors, among them Adam Balsamensis and Alexander de Hales, fourteenth century, on vellum, sold for £106; a "Vita Beati Gregorii," thirteenth century, vellum, for £28; while a MS. of the beginning of the fifteenth century, on vellum, with painted capitals, the "De Confessione Amantis" of John Gower, brought £60. Many other scarce or interesting MSS. were also sold, the most noticeable being Hampole's "Pricke of Conscience," fifteenth century, vellum, £26; "Liber Grammaticalis," by Serlo, Abbot of Fountains, fourteenth century, on paper, £36; the Original Official Despatches from the French Army in Italy, 1800-1804, on paper, £31; a collection of original MSS. by Roger Dodsworth, folio, on paper, £23; "Decreta et Epistolæ Paparum," twelfth century, vellum, £25; and Higden's "Polychronicon," fourteenth century, vellum, £15 5s.

The valuable series of manuscripts collected by Cardinal Giuseppe Renato Imperiali, in twenty-two folio volumes, was not sold, the entry in the catalogue being marked "Passed" by the auctioneers. A splendid Cartulary of the Benedictine Monastery of Liessies in Hainault brought, however, £307, the highest individual amount realized during the sale. It was beautifully written on 344 vellum pages and dated from the thirteenth century. "Macrobius in Somnium Scipionis," eleventh century, vellum, realized £34; a Missal of the eleventh century, vellum, £33; the "Epistolæ" of Ovid, twelfth century, vellum, £40; a fine MS. on vellum of the works of John of Salisbury, written in the twelfth century, by Odo, Prior of Canterbury, £54 10s.; a curious collection of Poems, Songs, &c., by Elizabethan poets, with Basse's Epitaph on Shakespeare, Temp. Jac. I., £51; a MS. account of the Visions of Tundale, fifteenth century, vellum, £12 10s.; and the "Vitæ, Passiones, et Miracula Sanctorum," two vols., folio, thirteenth century, vellum, £70. The total amount realized for the 1,258 lots which comprised this instalment of the Philipps MSS. was very nearly £3,800.

A week or two ago we drew attention to the valuable Dickensiana which were to be sold among the Wright collection at Sotheby's. Last Tuesday was the great Dickens day in the sale, and some very remarkable prices were secured. We gave some account of the chief items the other day. The highest—£500—was given by Messrs. Sotheran for the edition of Forster's "Life." Next came a complete MS. of "The Battle of Life," secured by the same purchasers for £400. Other prices were—"The Strange Gentleman" (a comic burletta, first performed in 1836), £84; "The Village Coquettes," £36 10s.; the opening scene of the "Travesty of Othello," in MS., with a note by John Dickens, the father, £35; the little cash book, £95; "Mrs. Gamp and the Strolling Players," an account of a trip to Manchester made by Dickens and other friends in connexion with a theatrical performance for Leigh Hunt's Benefit, £78 15s.; "The Chimes," with an unpublished drawing by Leech, £66. Many "presentation copies" were sold—especially parts of "Pickwick," in the original numbers, inscribed "To Mary Hogarth," who died before the book was completed, 100 guineas; another similar "Pickwick," £85; a bound first edition, inscribed to Mr. E. Chapman, with an extract from "Oliver Twist," 60 guineas; the presentation copy of "Nicholas Nickleby," with the letter about Smike, £69; a first edition of the "Christmas Carol," £71; "American Notes," with Carlyle's autograph, £61.

American Letter.

PROBLEMS OF EXISTENCE IN FICTION.

A cry for "expansion" is no new thing in the voices from the West of these States. It is mainly in that section that the longing for our territorial enlargement beyond seas is felt; and from the cry which has lately made itself heard there, it seems that a sense of restriction is shared with the politician by the novelist. Apparently the present bounds of American fiction are not wide enough, or, rather, they are too strictly patrolled by the spirit of the "young girl"; and there are those who would give our fiction a Latin latitude, or free it from any sort of surveillance by the anxieties. The cry is a protest as well as a demand, and it is only a little more incoherent in the one quality than in the other. The sum of it is the expression of a vehement belief, not to call it conviction, that "American novels are too expunged to be true to life. They are novels of clever details, of witty conversations, and delicate touches which give your brain little tinges of delight when you read them. But the great things of life, the problems of existence, which are tearing like wolves at your hearts and mine, are never grasped and handled firmly. They are staggered round and hinted at, and the author stutters and coughs behind his hand until his readers are blushing for what he has purposely avoided."

This expression may owe something of its headlong character to the impetuosity of the reporter, but in the absence of any other statement, it must be accepted as representative of the feeling, if not the thought, of the clever young writer who is said to have addressed it to a Chicago audience. In any case, however, the most interesting question arising from it is whether it is true. It looks like the sort of hasty conclusion from the book last read which disables so very much trenchant criticism, and makes the reader wish that the critic had acquainted himself a little better with the subject generally. If one considers the facts for one's self, they do not seem in this case to bear the construction put upon them. One may very well allow that American novels are full of clever details, witty conversations, and delicate touches, without at all allowing that the wolfish problems of existence are never grasped and handled firmly in them. One can at once recall a great number of the greatest of them which handle these problems without staggering around or stuttering. There are, for example, the two Chicago books of Mr. Henry B. Fuller, "The Cliff Dwellers" and "With the Procession"; and there is "The Money Captain," of Mr. William Payne in all its palpitant actuality. There is Mr. Herrick's "Gospel of Freedom." There are the books of Mr. Stephen Crane and the books of Mr. Harold Frederic, especially "The Damnation of Theron Ware." There is such a book as Miss Wilkins' "Jane Field." There is "The Grandissimes" of Mr. Cable. There are "What Maisie Knew" and "The Awkward Age," by Mr. James, and almost any of his fine strong studies of life. To go farther back, there is "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; there is "The Scarlet Letter," "The Blithedale Romance." In all these the literary expansionist would find the problems of existence grasped and handled firmly; and are not their writers the chief of those who make American novels and give them standing in the literary world?

There can be less question of this than of the real nature of the problems of existence, especially the sort that tear like wolves at our hearts. As to their nature, the critic of our faltering fiction shows something of its own disposition to stagger and stutter; and it is mainly by inference from some other possible impetuosities of the reporter that this critic may be understood to mean some of the more darkling affairs of the heart. But it would be so easy to work injustice by such an inference that a generous criticism of the critic would not press it; and I, for my part, should like to break altogether away from it and ask what the real problems of existence are? They are, it seems to me, very largely economical. With those who have no money they are the question of a job, and the pay they

shall get for it. This is of a far more vital significance and heart-rending consequence than the critic or the novelist, even, could often be persuaded to believe. With those who have money it is the question of losing it, and the anguish and squalor of coming down to narrower things; or it is the secret remorse for wasting it, the corroding shame for spending it selfishly while many hunger and freeze in sight of the riot. Then, for a real, wolfish, tearing problem, a mortgage is not a bad thing; and a note falling due at the bank and no money to pay it is very well. The problems are often social, as, whom shall one ask to dinner, or shall one be asked one's self to this or that house where one wishes to be seen. Whether a girl who has not a partner engaged for the german will have a good time at a ball is a problem involving the keenest pathos. Such problems are really agonizing, as people would own if they were honest. The domestic problems are not alone those bound up in the behaviour of the cook and the housemaid, but are also such crucial questions as to how one shall get on with a nagging wife or a brutal husband, and wear life out with the patience that brings peace at last. There are other domestic problems, such as a daughter's wish in her innocent heart to marry a fool or a drunkard, and how to prevent it, or a son's determination to bring a goose or a cat into the family circle, and how to keep him from doing it. Questions like these rob the nights of sleep, and turn the watcher's hair grey and age the soul itself. Or there is a lingering, hopeless sickness, which must be borne by the sufferer, and by those who love the sufferer; how to bear this nobly is often a problem which, if not wolfish, is inexpressibly lacerating. There are civic and moral and religious problems, from which no life is exempt, though they may not spectacularly tear at the heart like wolves. You are sometimes tempted against your conscience to side with your country when your country is wrong, or to vote for your party when your party is false to your country. You are tempted to tell a lie which shall profit you, to profess openly a creed which secretly you deny.

Such are a few of the real problems of existence. They beset ninety-nine hundredths of us, and the other hundredth may be safely left to his question of conduct in matters which fiction, our American fiction, our Anglo-Saxon fiction, staggers round and coughs at behind its hand. The books which deal with the problems noted and with kindred questions are as powerful and as important as any which treat the emotional, or hysterical, or even the equivocal questions; and they may be openly read by young people together and in all families. This is not saying that the hundredth man's or woman's case may not be freely looked after also; it is perhaps important, too, though not so important as he or she thinks; and any one may treat it who chooses. But if one chooses to treat it, one cannot do it with open doors. If one does it, one shuts one's book to nine-tenths of those who read Anglo-Saxon novels unashamed; and if our novelists were generally to do it, their novels would be kept out of the hands of the young and inexperienced, as novels are in those Latin countries where novelists habitually grasp and handle problems of that sort. There is not, and there never has been, anything to prevent the freest expansion in that direction, which our critic supposes forbidden. The young girl is not on guard there, but young girls may be very fitly guarded from looking for their knowledge of life to books that deal with the more darkling problems, because, for one thing, such books do not present a true picture of life, as a whole or in any large part.

VENGEANCE OF THE FEMALE.

Mr. Marston Wilcox is of a generation of writers whose value is not merely in their rarity, though they have always been rather rare in all languages; and his obligation to tangibility of any sort is so slight that he would probably not hold himself accountable to criticism for any want of the obvious in his work. He calls the delightful little book which Messrs. Herbert S. Stone and Company have just published for him "Vengeance of the Female" for no reason that he assigns; but as I find myself very much its friend, I do not mind the trouble of confiding to the reader that the title embodies the sense of a quite episodic

allegory in a series of chapters from the life of a young American couple marrying in New York and going to live in Spain, England, and Italy. The episodic allegory is a passage in the life of the race : that interesting passage which relates to the subjection of the primitive woman by the primitive man, and the subjection of the civilized man by the civilized woman. Like the rest of the book, it is charmingly done, and the humour which plays through it is always sweet, though this is not so much to my mind as the humour that falls with a glancing light on the figures and facts of the young couple's acquaintance and experience. When its capricious gleam touches one of these in the agreeable vague where most of the story moves, it does the work of voluminous documents, and anxious study, and scientific analysis ; and seems to accomplish something even beyond these.

The way is now quite Mr. Wilcox's own way, whether he found it or not by walking with Sterne, or Heine, or de Maistre, or all three, or neither. In its fleeting touch his delicate art is more like that of the last than of the others, but it is not so much like de Maistre's as not to be distinctively Mr. Wilcox's, who is on ground indisputably his property in the *personnel* of his slightly caught together sketches. He gave proof, a good many years ago, of unique knowledge of a world little known to our dense Anglo-Saxon indifference, but full of grace, picturesqueness, and a somewhat fantastic ideality based upon persistent tradition. This world was that of the Spanish and Spanish-Americans who live among us here in New York almost as little recognized as the disembodied spirits whom they do not otherwise resemble. His "Real People," in an earlier book of that name, were all from such a world, and in the present book he revisits it with his hero, who finds a Spanish-American wife in it, among types already endeared to Mr. Wilcox's readers, in a social atmosphere as alien to ours as that of another planet. The story lingers here only long enough to throw its types into relief with a tender and caressing pleasantry ; and then it passes to Seville, where the married lovers go to live for a while, and where the reader finds himself at home with them, if he is worthy, among a race which has at least as much to teach ours as to learn from it. There is no seeking for traits to praise ; there is no blinking facts : and in the airy fantasticality of the mood there is a final realism which gives us the effect of instantaneous photography. At the end, when the young couple go for a brief sojourn to England, one feels that one has personally met the friends whom they leave behind basking in the Summer heat of Seville. It is saying everything to say of Mr. Wilcox's Seville that it is the Seville of Valdés, as one may know it in "La Hermana de San Sulpizio ;" and it is interesting to have the Spanish naturalist bear witness to the American observer's truth. When this observer brings his keen eye and his delicate hand to the portrayal of other Latin types among the Italians at San Remo the work has fine shades of difference that testify no less convincingly of his insight and his accuracy. His Ligurians corroborate his Andalusians by the variance which he discovers so unerringly in them. Both are Southern, both are Catholic, both are Latin, and both are delightful, but they are not alike, and they are united mainly in confirming the reader's impression of truth in the artist who has loved them well enough to know them so well.

The lesson his book teaches, in the pleasure it gives, is that there are some virtues which other civilizations possess and ours does not ; and that in order to value these one must approach an alien race with an open mind. They will not reveal themselves to prejudice, they will withhold themselves from a well-founded conviction of superiority ; we cannot get at the knowledge of Spanish and Italian virtues even by the study of their vices. Mr. Wilcox fancies these peoples different from ourselves in being more childlike, frank, and simple in their emotions, however old and complex and reticent they may be in their theories ; and this is quite the notion that their own modern novelists give of them. But it would be a pity to leave the reader with the heavy sense of a moral from the butterfly flights and poisonings of the fancy in this most winning little book. It entreats you to

enjoy it, and it would not have you learn anything from it unless that is part of your pleasure. Doubtless it is because this is inveterately part of my pleasure that I have found a lesson in it ; but I assure the lighter-minded reader that he can go safely through it and come out unburdened by any sort of instruction if he prefers. I should be truly sorry, however, if he carried his ignorance so far as not to know that its charm was the effect of a talent as uncommon as it is genial, and of a skill which is never more present than when he is least conscious of it.

W. D. HOWELLS.

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THE PUBLISHERS' CONGRESS.

The Publishers' Congress held last week in London was a very practical and business-like gathering, which accomplished much really excellent work. The *Publishers' Circular* has published a report of the proceedings, to which we refer those of our readers who are interested in the questions discussed. The following is a brief summary of a few of the most important papers read before the Congress.

National Bibliographies.—Herr W. Muller, of Vienna, read a paper on the foundation of periodical national bibliographies, to be published in uniform manner. Progress has already been made by the "English Catalogue of Books" and the "American Catalogue of Books," which constitute an Anglo-American bibliography, and as a result of the discussion upon this paper the formation of national bibliographies on a uniform plan will, in all probability, be successfully carried out.

The Protection of New Ideas in Form and Get-up.—M. Joseph Bourdel opened up a burning question in this paper, but he failed to offer any solution of the problem other than an appeal to legislation.

The Exclusive Right in Titles.—Mr. E. Bell suggested that some method should be adopted for the registration of all distinctive titles, carrying with it the exclusive right of use during the term of copyright. There would be a separate registry of titles at Stationers' Hall, and the registrar would have a certain amount of discretion as to whether a title could be appropriated or not.

A Uniform Custom with regard to "Overs" in Printing.—Mr. S. Pawlings' paper evoked much discussion, for "overs" in printing have always been regarded with suspicion by the Society of Authors. It was eventually resolved, "That it is advisable to adopt some custom with regard to 'overs' on printing to provide for the inevitable loss (through disappearance and soilage of copies) that must fall upon the publisher in the handling of large quantities of books under a royalty agreement."

The International Protection of Publishing Rights.—Under this head there were several interesting discussions on the present state of international copyright. Mr. Putnam reviewed the position of the United States, but was not very hopeful with regard to any immediate change in the American law. Adhesion to the Berne Convention would be dependent on an absolute change in the national policy, which was committed to the doctrines of protection. The Typographical Union blocked the way of progress, for that union had greater influence than authors and publishers combined. The Italian society of booksellers had memorialized the Government to conclude treaties with the different States of South America for the rights of authors.

Agreements between Authors and Publishers.—M. Leclerc read the text of an agreement arrived at in France during 1898 by a mixed commission of representatives of publishers and representatives of authors. Mr. John Murray pointed out that a similar attempt had been made in this country, but had resulted in a complete misunderstanding. It was decided to refer to an international convention the task of studying all the customary regulations in each country between authors and publishers. This convention would report with a systematic summary at the next Congress, when it is hoped some definite agreements may be drawn up.

Canadian Copyright.—Mr. F. R. Daldy contributed a review of the present state of copyright in Canada, with which *Literature*

had lately dealt more than once. He was of opinion that the Canadian Copyright Bill would eventually be passed.

The Length of Quotations in Reviews.—Mr. Arthur Waugh read a paper on this subject, and there was a lengthy discussion. Mr. Longman thought the English law was strong enough now to deal with the question if quotation were carried to excess, and it was generally agreed that it would be better not to attempt any further legal provision against the grievance.

The Convention of Berne.—It was decided to make special efforts to induce the United States, Russia, Holland, Sweden, and Denmark to adhere to the Convention, and a memorial is to be prepared, which will be sent round to the several Governments of these countries.

A Professional School for Booksellers.—A plan of a school for booksellers was put forward by M. Baranger, but the motion was withdrawn, as it was stated that the school had already been tried in Brussels and had proved a total failure.

Methods of Distribution.—Mr. Frederick Macmillan read a valuable paper on the various methods of distributing books, through the booksellers, canvassers, Press, &c.; and Mr. Heinemann and Mr. Nutt described the German system of book-selling, but no resolutions on the vexed subject of English book-selling were put to the meeting.

The Presentation of Books to National Libraries.—Mr. Edward Marston protested against the system of presenting five copies of each book published to National Libraries, but Mr. Murray stated that the Government remained firm on the question. Nevertheless, a resolution suggesting that the number of presentation copies should be restricted was carried.

"THE RUSSIAN BYRON."

When Peter the Great's Ambassador to the Porte stole the little nigger-boy Hannibal from a Turkish harem and sent him as a "curio" to his Royal master he little knew the value of his gift to Russia. The nigger-boy grew up to be a famous general; his son was a famous sea-captain; and his great-grandson was Alexander Pushkin, Russia's greatest poet. The centenary of Pushkin's birth (by the Russian calendar) has just been celebrated, and Africa may rejoice to-day with Russia in the greatness of the world's most famous octoroon: for—in spite of the belief that a man who is "darkly complected" cannot at the same time be "highly connected" and "greatly respected"—we should miss the explanation of Pushkin's extraordinary character if we forgot his extraordinary pedigree. Pushkin's thick lips, dark complexion, and woolly hair were not more characteristic features of the resurgent negro type in him than the fiery temperament which raised his ready Russian wit to the level of genius.

Pushkin was born in the very heat of the revolution in European literature. The literary hegemony of the Latin races was at an end; the Teutonic genius was beginning to assert itself in the intellectual centres of Europe. Shakespeare had been rediscovered; Karamzin had declared his greatness to the Russians. Richardson had been translated in all his bulk, and imitated by lesser men. Lomonosov and Derzhavin had sung their last classic odes, and the affectations of the French had sunk into disrepute. Pushkin was a schoolboy when the fall of Napoleon let national feeling loose all over the Continent.

The time was ripe in Russia for a national literature. It is strange that the three great founders of the new national school were all of foreign extraction: Pushkin the octoroon, Zhukovski, son of a Turkish slave, and Lermontov, sprung from the Lowland Lermonts. Strange, also, that they led to nationalism by the way of imitation. But they imitated new masters; they sought models suited to the Russian temperament. Pushkin found his models chiefly in English literature. But he was no servile imitator: he assimilated what he read, and reproduced it with a full flavour of his own personality. It is fortunate for Russian literature that Pushkin fell upon the hard times of Russian history; that his volatile nature was kept within bounds by the strictness of autocratic rule; else we

should have had little from this most dissipated of *fâneurs*. Distracted, when at liberty, by the lower pleasures of the capital, Pushkin had three periods of literary fertility—twice in exile, and once in quarantine.

At the age of twenty-one, in return for revolutionary candour, Pushkin was exiled to the south of Russia, under the guise of official reporter on the devastations of the locust. Officially, the expedition was a failure; the report resolved itself into a nursery rhyme. Unofficially, it was the making of Pushkin as a poet. Away from the distractions of St. Petersburg he learned English and studied Byron. The result was "The Fountain of Bakhchisarai"—which the curious may study in an American translation by William Lewis—together with the "Caucasian Captive," and the opening stanzas of his masterpiece, "Eugene Onegin," which are in open imitation of "Don Juan." In 1824, he was in trouble again, and the authorities banished him to his native village of Mikhailovskoye, the village which the enthusiastic Russians have now bought and consecrated to his memory. Here he spent many industrious months, with no companion in the house but his old nurse, who made up the deficiencies of his education by drafts on her inexhaustible treasury of peasant poems and stories. She little knew what a power she was destined to be in Russian literature; she taught its greatest master the best that he ever learned of his native tongue and his country's traditional lore.

At Mikhailovskoye he cured himself of Byronism by the study of Shakespeare, and came to the sound conclusion that the "democratic laws of the Shakespearian drama are better suited to the Russian stage than the social conventions of Racine's tragedies." The grand result of this second exile was his tragedy "Boris Godunov"—which he always regarded as his *chef d'œuvre*—the story of the ousting of the usurper Boris by that other usurper, the false Demetrius. In 1826, as ill luck would have it, Pushkin came into Imperial favour once more, and the voice of the muse was once more drowned in the uproar of the capital. Nicholas, newly-seated on the throne, summoned him to Court, and declared that, for the future, he himself would be censor of his poems. Pushkin spared the Emperor's modest cheek the blushes which many of his minor poems were calculated to call forth; but, even so, he could not wholly please. He resolutely refused to convert his Shakespearian tragedy on Godunov into "a novel like Kenilworth," as the Emperor desired.

The pleasures of Petersburg were too much for Pushkin. The octoroon broke out in him, and he gave himself up to dissipation. He took to gambling, drinking, and writing prose; he thought of repentance and of death. The only poetic gleam in this period of liberty was "Poltava," a rather turgid piece, setting forth the teachery of Mazeppa in the war with Charles XII. In 1830, Pushkin fell into a double captivity. He became engaged to be married; and on his way to fetch his bride stumbled on the cholera-cordon and found himself shut up in long quarantine in the village of Boldino. At the end of his resources for entertainment, he read Coleridge, and wrote with feverish activity, producing three dramatic sketches, five stories, and a number of lyrics. The best production of this period is "The Covetous Knight," a set of tragic scenes from the middle ages, containing, perhaps, the best monologue in all dramatic literature—the monologue of the miser-knight gloating over his hoard.

His release from captivity was the end of his poetic career. During the last seven years of his life he produced nothing but a tedious account of Pugachov's rebellion, and a story founded on it. His life ended miserably, when he was only thirty-eight. Galled by the persecutions of a fashionable miscreant named Dantès, he provoked him to a duel. They met in the suburbs of St. Petersburg. Mortally wounded at the first discharge, Pushkin rolled over on his side, summoned Dantès to the barrier, and shot him—not fatally, but, let us hope, painfully—in the chest. "Bravo!" cried the dying Pushkin, as he saw his adversary fall. Pushkin was carried home. All Petersburg crowded round his house to hear the bulletins, and all Russia was plunged into mourning when he died.

MADAME BERNHARDT'S HAMLET.

In point of originality, Madame Sarah Bernhardt's Hamlet is decidedly the most surprising this generation (one might almost say any generation) has seen. And it is this originality which makes it so interesting. An English actor approaching Shakespeare's masterpiece must be to a very great extent fettered and moulded by tradition. He may determine to be as unconventional as possible, to think everything out anew for himself, but unconsciously he comes under the subtle influence of the past; without his realizing it, perhaps, his reading must run for the most part upon familiar lines. With Madame Bernhardt the case is altered. Hers is a conception of the character and of the play which has been worked out by a mind coming to the consideration of them fresh and unprejudiced. She begins at the beginning and, having formed her view, she carries it out consistently and with a keen activity of intelligence that cannot but have its effect. We have seen all kinds of Hamlets—the gloomy, the rhetorical, the middle-aged, the bombastic; but we have never before had a cheerful Hamlet. The Hamlet we are accustomed to would be a moody, melancholy creature, whatever his circumstances. If he had not his uncle's crime to brood over, he would have some other trouble. He could never have been an ordinarily happy prince, even though his father had lived and there had been no murder for him to revenge. He would always have felt the times to be out of joint and would still have cherished a sad pride in believing himself to be the most miserable person in the world. Madame Bernhardt will have none of this view. One feels that, until his father's death, her Hamlet has probably never known a care or an unhappy moment. An elegant, fair-haired youth, vigorous, active, high-spirited—he really thinks himself badly treated by fate which sets him so hard a task as the discovery and the purge of the “something rotten” which afflicts the State.

This may not be the Hamlet Shakespeare intended—I do not myself think it is—but so unconventional a reading has a great deal of interest, and Madame Bernhardt certainly makes the play “go” with irresistible energy and vigour. Her stage-management of the great scenes of the drama would win her a series of triumphs apart from her own acting altogether. All through, one sees evidence of the most careful thought and of a keen eye for every possible effect. And when to this is added the fascination of a magnetic personality, the beauty of a finished and rare art, one cannot wonder that audiences are carried away. After the precise monotony of traditional renderings, such a performance has an electrifying effect. It is magnificent, even though it be not Shakespeare as we in England read him.

It is highly probable, however, that if we in England had only the French translation to go by, we should read it in very much the same way as Madame Bernhardt. Of course, the poetry is banished altogether. This is inevitable in so literal a version as MM. Morand and Marcel Schwob have made. Merely the drama is left—but what a drama it is! The philosophy, the music, the penetrating power of the language, these are entirely gone. On the other hand, the humanity, the tragic elements, the poignant dramatic interest—these remain; and, interpreted as Madame Bernhardt interprets them, they make her production one that no student of the drama, no one who appreciates originality of conception and wonderful cleverness of execution, ought to miss. It is interesting, too, to see how the lesser characters present themselves to the French mind. Polonius becomes an altogether comic character, who quite justifies the “free and easy” manner in which Hamlet treats him. Laertes is played (with very little effect, to my mind) merely in the robustious method of the *jeune premier*. The gravediggers are frankly intolerable. Ophelia, on the contrary, is acted with a girlish charm and, in the mad scenes, with a haunting, innocent pathos that is infinitely pitiful and touching; and, for the rest, the play is efficiently and intelligently rendered. It is not by any means the best thing Madame Sarah Bernhardt has done, but to an English audience it is an exceedingly interesting experi-

ment. Hers is, at any rate, a Hamlet that one will remember, and will be glad to remember, when the recollection of most Hamlets has faded like the memory of a vision and left not a wrack behind.

H. H. F.

FICTION.

Mr. Samuel Gordon's *LESSER DESTINIES* (Murray, 6s.) is a story of the lower orders in general. The characters include factory hands, music-hall artistes, burglars, ladies who keep coffee-stalls, and ladies who have known better days, and for whom there is money in Chancery; and, curiously enough, the burglar is the only one of them whom the author seems to know through and through. Bertie Bunker, at all events, is an amusing ruffian drawn with the sympathetic hand of a conscientious artist; and his daughter, Nancy, with her volcanic, but unrequited, passions is also, at intervals, a convincing figure. On the other hand, the atmosphere of the music-hall is not rendered so as to persuade us that the author is at all familiar with it. His work invites comparison with that of Mr. Arthur Morrison; but the differences are as striking as the resemblances. Where Mr. Morrison gives us drama, Mr. Gordon gives us melodrama. His story also resembles an epic poem in that it leaves off instead of coming to an end. A murder, a suicide, and a violent natural death dispose of three of the lesser destinies; but others, of equal interest and importance, are left unsettled. “*Lesser Destinies*,” though it will not stand serious criticism, is reasonably readable, and might even be popular if the atmosphere were somewhat less sordid.

MORE METHODIST IDYLLS, by Harry Lindsay (Bowden, 6s.), has all the quiet, restful charm of the first series. There is not much in the way of plot in these “short and simple annals of the poor,” but they have some literary merit, and Mr. Lindsay adopts the device, which always makes a collection of short stories more attractive, of placing them all among the folk of one village. In this respect, as in the mixture of pathos and hopefulness which pervades them, they may be classed with Miss Carey's tales, but they differ from hers in being confined to a poorer class and one for whom religion forms a large part of life. They give, we are afraid, the best side only of the lives of these Welsh miners, but they serve as one among many answers to the complaint that Puritanism does not receive sympathetic treatment in modern fiction.

THE FARM IN THE HILLS, by Florence Warden (Sands, 3s. 6d.), gives us one or two gruesome scenes in which the author has recaptured something of her early manner of “making people's flesh creep,” by which she made a certain reputation for herself at the time of “*The House on the Marsh*.”

ON GOD'S LINES, by Ramsay Guthrie (the Christian Commonwealth Publishing Co., 3s. 6d.), is a pleasing, if not strikingly vigorous, book of sketches of pit-villagers in Durham, from the point of view of their Methodist pastor. “*Thrashed by the Lord*” is one of the best tales.

DIDUMS, by Jean Macpherson (John Long, 3s. 6d.), in spite of its title, is not about a small boy or a puppy-dog, but a soulful young woman, enamoured of her brother-in-law. Her adventures and early death are described with occasional sprightliness to relieve the prevailing sentimentality.

VIRTUE'S TRAGEDY, by Eff Kaye (Macqueen, 6s.), is a cleverly-written book, dealing with society people and an unusual and interesting situation. If it is a first novel—and the pseudonym is new to us—Eff Kaye is to be congratulated on it. It displays a great deal of talent.

MEG, by Maude Crawford (Macqueen, 6s.), is a quiet story for girls, fairly well suited to the audience for which it has been written. The narrative and style lack distinction, but the conversations are natural.

A GENTLEMAN FROM THE RANKS (A. and C. Black, 6s.) is a kind of expurgated inversion of the “*Hippolytus*” legend.

There is much clever delineation of character, but the feature of the book is the Sophoclean irony of the situations and the dialogues.

Mr. Henry Fletcher's *NORTH SHORE MYSTERY* (Swan Sonnenschein, 6s.) is crude, but not lacking in sensation and "go." It will be pleasing, doubtless, to those who hanker after beautiful barmaids, bountiful bookmakers, and mysterious murders.

Mr. Alexander Vaughan has written a fairly good detective story in *THE MYSTERY OF THE MEDRA* (Pearson, 3s. 6d.). There is ingenuity in the plot—that sort of ingenuity that contrives to keep a secret hidden from the reader until the last chapter—and there is here and there a welcome touch of humour. Mr. Vaughan employs the time-honoured method, brought into favour first by Wilkie Collins, of dividing his story up into sections, told by different actors in the drama.

Obituary.

Professor WILLIAM GARDEN BLAIKIE, who for nearly thirty years held the chair of pastoral theology in the Free Church College, Edinburgh, was a voluminous author. Among his books are included "Preachers of Scotland from the Sixth to the Nineteenth Century," a "Personal Life of Dr. Livingstone," and "Better Days for Working People." Of this last work no fewer than 80,000 copies were sold. Dr. Blaikie also edited the *Free Church Magazine*, the *North British Review*, the *Sunday Magazine*, and the *Catholic Presbyterian*, and was a frequent contributor to periodicals. He died at the age of seventy-nine.

Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY was best known to fame as the theatrical manager who discovered Miss Ada Rehan; but he was also a playwright. He began, about thirty years ago, with a melodrama, "Under the Gaslight," in which a railway train was, for the first time, introduced upon the stage. Most of his later work consisted of adaptations. He adapted Mosenthal's "Deborah," Charles Reade's "Griffith Gaunt," and various French and German plays known to English play-goers as "Casting the Boomerang," "Dollars and Sense," "Needles and Pins," "The Great Unknown," "The Last Word," &c. His Shakespearian and other classical productions brought him a good deal of criticism for his unnecessary tampering with the text. A recent article by Mr. Norman Hapgood in the *Atlantic Monthly* commented severely on his treatment of the text of "The School for Scandal," pointing out that he had transferred important lines from the part of Charles Surface to that enacted by Miss Ada Rehan. The vogue of the Daly Combination had, of late years, somewhat declined; and it was generally felt that the company of Mr. Frohman was managed on more artistic lines. Mr. Daly died, quite suddenly, of heart failure, at the Continental Hotel in Paris.

Mr. AUGUSTIN BERNARD KELLY, who died last week, was a correspondent of *The Times* during the Franco-Prussian war, and in the fighting between the Turks and Servians in 1876. He was also a barrister, practising at the North London and Middlesex Sessions.

Correspondence.

ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I am very pleased to see that you are opening your columns to a discussion on the so-called English hexameter.

One cannot help quoting in this connexion Lowell's fable for critics:—

They talk like a book of iambs and pentameters
In a way to make people of common sense damn metres.

No one has any wish to see

Mary, Mary, quite contrary

chopped up into trochees and iambs, and I hope you will lend your powerful aid to stop these attempts to imitate, as Guest expresses it, "in accentual verse the temporal rhythms of the classical poets." It is true it can be done, but only by masters of English rhythm like Longfellow and Swinburne. The genius, so to speak, of the two forms of poetry is different. The great power of the English language is its simplicity, and the great power of English verse is also its simplicity.

I have during the last ten years from time to time explored in intervals of leisure this particular desert of English literature, "white with the bones of distinguished metrists," from Bæda Venerabilis de Metrica Ratione downwards, and I truly believe that the whitest and homiest part of that desert is that particular part of it where the "quantitative" metrists have wandered.

Even Mr. Omond, whose work on English verse structure is, as *The Times* said, "lucid and scholarly," does not reach satisfactory conclusions, though he admits that the attempt to find accurate spondee, dactyls, and iambs in our accentually-governed verse borders on the chimerical. Why should it be necessary for writers of English verse to borrow from the Greeks the names of their rhythms, the iambic pentameter and the dactylic hexameter, when it is quite intelligible and much more English to call the respective rhythms the common five-foot and the triple six-foot rhythms? Many of the early English metres were undoubtedly derived from the old Latin hymns brought into England by the Norman monks—e.g., the rhythm of Walter Map and the rhythm of Bernard of Cluny.

Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus!

Ecce minaciter innamnet Arbiter ille supremus—

which may be scanned exactly like two beautiful lines in *Evangeline*.

Yé who believe in affliction that hópes and endúres and is pátient,
Yé who believe in the beauty and stréngth of a wóman's devótion.

Mr. Rose's quotation from the Three Sheiks is very different from this, and one is inclined to exclaim with Tennyson:—

These lame hexameters, the strong winged music of Homer!

No, but a most burlesque, barbarous experiment.

The final sentence of Mr. Tarelli's letter in your issue of the 10th instant seems to hit the conclusion of the whole matter, but, as for those who want to take us back to "quantitative analysis," to them I would apply the quotation in your columns from the Psalmist, "So may we make their image to vanish out of the city."

Yours truly,

H. D. BATESON.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir.—In my remarks respecting hexameters, which you were so good as to include in your issue of May 20, the question of length of lines in English verse was but lightly touched upon, so as to keep within the limits of a letter.

No doubt we have well-known poems of more than seven feet—"The Raven" and "Locksley Hall," for instance. But these, as well as others of not quite so long a measure, such as "Lenore," "The May Queen," "The Armada," "Hymn to Proserpine," &c., have not become popular through their metre, but because their distinguished authors command attention. All of them could be broken up and printed as stanzas; indeed, the first and last-named, even by their rhyme-system, would specially lend themselves to such treatment. But to recur to the hexameter. Had Longfellow written nothing but "*Evangeline*" and "*The Courtship of Miles Standish*," would those poems have been so widely read?

Your correspondent, who quotes many interesting examples from Scripture, omits the beginning of Psalm 2—"Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?"—which is not unfrequently given as a sample of a pure English hexameter. If the word "heathen" were a true spondee the verse would be perfect. Probably many would pronounce it "near enough"; but this touches the root of the whole matter, and necessitates a definition of what constitutes a correct hexameter verse. The first line of Mr. Swinburne's "*Hesperia*" is a perfect one:—

Out of the golden remote wild west where the sea
without shore is;

And in the following five lines, from Kingsley's "*Andromeda*," the second and fifth are quite correct, and possibly many would so consider the third:—

Inland the floods came yearly; and after the waters a
monster,

Bred of the slime, like the worms which are bred from
the slime of the Nile-bank,

Shapeless, a terror to see ; and by night it swam out to the seaward.
Daily returning to feed with the dawn, and devoured of the fairest,
Cattle, and children, and maids, till the terrified people fled inland.

It is evident, therefore, that this metre can be readily written in English, but will it ever become popular? That is, will readers in general be attracted by it? If, according to the usually received rule, the fifth foot should be a dactyl and the sixth a spondee, while the four earlier ones may be either, it follows that any variety must be introduced before the penultimate foot. Then, are such changes merely to consist of variations of spondees and dactyls, or can further admixtures be allowed? In iambic lines all sorts of feet are admitted, frequently with fine effect, but then the monotony of one rhythm only would be insupportable. Is the hexameter, being possessed of two different kinds, to rely on these alone, or are others to be permitted? And, if so, to what extent?

To return to the question of length of lines: it may be remarked that poems in verse containing more than five feet are but minor ones. A short composition in any measure might find readers; but with so stately a form as the hexameter it is natural to associate a work of importance and bulk.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

HENRY ROSE.

Dalebury, Elmborne-road, Tooting Bec-common, S.W.

THE PEMBROKE THEORY IN SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your interesting footnote to my letter in your issue of the 3rd invites a rejoinder, if you can spare me the space. Your reviewer declared that the Pembroke theory was "moribund." This will annoy Mr. Tyler, and I am surprised he has not replied. Only a few months ago he was writing letters in the Press to support his favourite idea. For my part, I should be glad if your reviewer's words were true, and my object has been to give the theory its death-blow. But I have waged battle with giants, and my modesty will not permit me to say that I have succeeded. I named for you three persons who were supporting, or had supported, Mr. Tyler's theory. In regard to Dr. Brandes, you very ingeniously argue that had he read Lady Newdegate's volume "Gossip from a Muniment Room" he would most likely have changed his mind. Allow me to point out that, unfortunately, this is *not* the effect which Lady Newdegate's book has had upon the Pembroke theorists. It no sooner appeared than Mr. William Archer wrote a two-column article in a London paper declaring that the documents from the Muniment Room in question "enormously strengthen the case." "Let me attempt to show," added Mr. Archer, "how the letters not only remove an objection to the Mary Fytton theory, but supply a missing link in the chain of evidence." And he proceeds, to the extent of a column and a half, to show it. How, then, can it be argued that this volume would have converted Dr. Brandes from the error of his ways, when, as a matter of fact, it "enormously strengthened" Mr. Archer in his belief in the Tyler theory of Mary Fytton and Lord Pembroke?

Your reviewer next quotes a passage from Mr. Wyndham's volume to prove that that able writer on Shakespeare's poems has no particular faith in the Pembroke idea. Mr. Wyndham has played a very peculiar part in this controversy, and I was perfectly well aware of the sentence you have quoted in which he appeared not to have much affection for Mr. Tyler's views. But what are the facts? Allow me to quote a leading literary journal, of April 30, 1898, which says:—

In spite of Mr. Wyndham's early protestations of neutrality on page ix., he throws the whole weight of his opinion into the scale of the Herbert-Fytton theory.

Was I not justified, then, in saying that Mr. Wyndham was a supporter of Mr. Tyler, and that the Pembroke theory was not "moribund" in his pages?

Mr. Sidney Lee has also played a peculiar part in this controversy. In 1891, in Vol. XXVI. of the "Dictionary of National Biography," he expressed the opinion that William Herbert was in all probability the "onlie begetter" of the Sonnets. You are quite right in saying that Mr. Lee repudiated this theory in Vol. LI. of the same Dictionary published in 1897. But how did he do it? In his own letter to the *Daily News*, October 19, 1897, in reply to Dr. Blake Odgers (who, by the way, is also a "vigorous" supporter of the "moribund" theory), he said:—"My article merely summarizes, in the briefest possible way, conclusions which will be set forth in detail in my forthcoming 'Life of Shakespeare.'" This formal repudiation, without evidence, of the Pembroke theory in 1897 was scarcely a matter to be observed with such seriousness as the convincing arguments in the volume which followed. I therefore claim that Mr. Lee was only a definite anti-Tylerian from the time that his volume was published last November—after my own articles were written.

May I add one word on the danger, if not the folly, of reading into an author's works personal confessions? Shakespeare is condemned as a libertine on the strength of the Sonnets, Lamb as a drunkard on the strength of an essay, Tennyson as a woman-hater on the strength of some passages in "The Princess," and so on. I thought Byron's sarcasm on Wordsworth had killed this sort of thing—

They who all view the "idiot in his glory"
Conceive the bard the hero of the story.

I have ventured to raise my protest against conceiving the bards the inevitable heroes of their story. I can only believe that Shakespeare beslavered a handsome man, and shared a mistress with him, when other evidence than the supposed "confession" in the Sonnets is forthcoming.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

CUMING WALTERS.

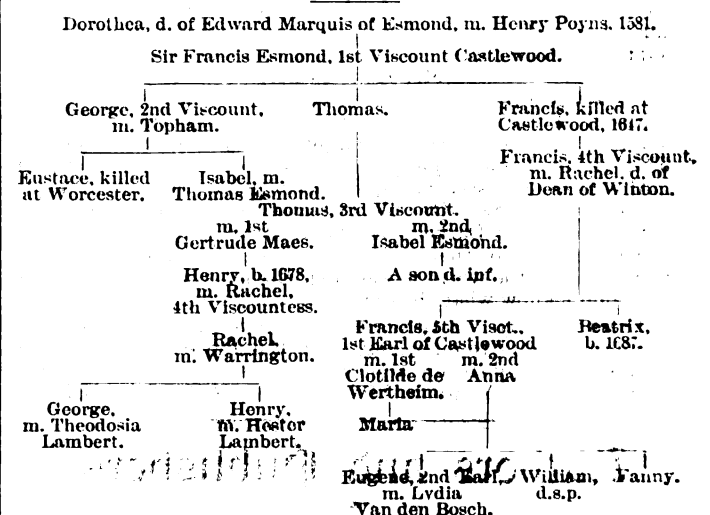
ESMOND AND THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Perhaps some of your readers may like to see the Esmond pedigree in tabular form.

Your obedient servant,

B.



UNDETECTED PLAGIARISMS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The daring individual who affirmed that plagiarism had always been the plague of literature certainly punned neither wisely nor too well. But the veracity of the statement would be difficult to impugn. Every day brings to light fresh instances of literary theft, and practised, too, by well-known authors. For example, how often we hear poor Lisbeth Bede's faith in the saying, "God helps those who help themselves," as forming part of Holy Writ, referred to in illustration of George Eliot's

singular insight into such minds as that of Lisbeth. Yet, as a matter of fact, we find this classical misquotation recorded about 100 years before "Adam Bede" was written. It occurs not in any work of fiction, but in a grave, not to say dismal, set of memoirs entitled "*Vies intéressantes et édifiantes des religieuses de Port Royal*," and published in 1752.

The context is as follows:—M. de Sacy, a prominent member of the Jansenist party, and closely connected with Port Royal, was undergoing imprisonment in the Bastille on account of his theological views. The governor felt, or affected to feel, some concern for his prisoner, and in a friendly manner reproached him with making no effort to obtain freedom through the intercession of influential friends, concluding his admonition with the pious reminder, "Does not God say in the Gospel, 'Help yourself and I will help you'?"

"M. l'Abbé (de Sacy)," continues the biographer, "and M. Desloges (a fellow-prisoner) looked at each other on hearing this new quotation from the Gospel, and, seeing them smile, he asked, 'What! isn't that in the Gospel?'"

Compare this with the passage in "Adam Bede":—

I can understand the text as he's allays a sayin', 'God helps them as helps theirsens'. . . . Well, how'm I to know? It sounds like a text?"

Another and more audacious instance of the same sort, hitherto, we believe, unnoticed, occurs in a work of much later date—namely, "The Christian." In Lord Robert Ure's account of the panic which John Storm had produced by predicting the destruction of London Mr. Hall Caine has drawn largely upon Swift's little-known "True and Faithful Narrative of What Passed in London During the General Consternation." The "general consternation" here referred to was produced, we may observe, by the announcement of that eccentric divine William Whiston—that on a given day and at a given hour the world was to come to an end. I give the original passages from Swift along with Mr. Hall Caine's version of them:—

(Swift.)

I . . . counted at least seventeen who were upon their knees and seemed in actual devotion. Eleven of them, indeed, appeared to be old women of about four score; the six others were men in advanced life, but (as I could guess) two of them might be under seventy. . . . It was remarkable that several of our very richest tradesmen of the city in common charity gave away shillings and sixpences to the beggars who plied about the church doors. . . . Three great ladies, a valet-de-chambre, two lords, a Custom-house officer, five half-pay captains, and a baronet (all noted gamblers) came publicly into a church at Westminster, and deposited a very considerable sum of money in the minister's hands. . . . I forbear mentioning the private confessions of particular ladies to their husbands. (The rest of this passage we find it necessary to suppress altogether.)

(Mr. Hall Caine.)

I counted seventeen people on their knees in the streets—'pon my soul, I did! Eleven old women of eighty, two or three of seventy, and one or two that might be as young as sixty-nine. Then the epidemic of piety in high life too! Several of our millionaires gave sixpence apiece to beggars—were seen to do it, don't you know. One old girl gave up playing baccarat and subscribed to "Darkest England." No end of sweet little women confessed their pretty weaknesses to their husbands, and now that the world is wagging along as merrily as before they don't know what the devil they are to do.

There is always a satisfaction in discovering the weaknesses of persons superior to ourselves, and the above extracts may be of interest to many sincere admirers of the authors whom they concern.

Yours faithfully,

CAMILLA JEBB.

Authors and Publishers.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have completed arrangements for the publication of an entirely new edition of the prose writings of Rudyard Kipling. The edition will consist of ten volumes large crown 8vo., which will appear one at a time at short intervals, at the uniform price of 6s. each. The first to make its appearance will be "Plain Tales from the Hills," which may be looked for almost immediately.

The Life of Sir William White is to be written by Mr. Sutherland Edwards, who would be glad to hear from those who possess letters or other documents connected with the subject. Messrs. Cassell and Co. will publish the volume.

A number of conflicting statements have been made about the books on which the late Mr. Wallace, M.P., was engaged at the time of his death. As a matter of fact he had nearly completed his volume on Buchanan for the Famous Scots Series, and had written a good portion of his Reminiscences. Both these books will be taken in hand by Dr. William Wallace, of Glasgow, brother of the late member for East Edinburgh, and will be published in due course.

An interesting volume on English country life of the last century will shortly be published by Messrs. Longmans, called "Passages from the Diaries of Mr. Philip Lybbe Powys, of Hardwick-house, Oxon, 1756-1808." It will be edited by Miss Emily F. Climençon. The same publishers have in the press "A Memoir of the Episcopate of Acton Windeyer Sillitoe, D.D., D.C.L., First Bishop of New Westminster, 1879-1894," by the Rev. Herbert H. Gowan, F.R.G.S., the author of "The Paradise of the Pacific," and other works; and Dean Farrar's new book, of which we have already spoken, entitled "Texts Explained."

Mr. Budgett Meakin is still at work on the proofs of "The Moorish Empire," advertised by Messrs. Sonnenschein for April last. Parts of the book, indeed, have been almost re-written since they were originally set up. It is now hoped that the volume will appear before July. Among its special features are chapters on the origin and growth of diplomatic intercourse between Morocco and Europe, and of the peculiar privileges enjoyed by the "most favoured nations" in the Moorish Empire. Mr. Meakin intends to postpone the appearance of his account of "The Moors" till he has been out again to check some of the details in Fez; but "The Land of the Moors" is announced for the autumn.

An attractive addition to sporting literature is promised by Messrs. Constable, tracing "The History of the Belvoir Hunt" from the year 1720. The author is Mr. T. F. Dale. The story of this hunt is to a large extent the history of the house of Manners, of which the Duke of Rutland is the head. Besides the pedigrees of celebrated hounds, there will be maps showing all the regular meets, the great historic runs, and the country hunted in the year 1841. The illustrations will contain copies from the collections of the Duke of Rutland, Mr. John Welby, and Sir George Whichcote, as well as of rare prints in the British Museum. There will be two editions—one a popular one and another a large-paper one printed on English hand-made paper, and limited to seventy-five copies.

Messrs. Bell have in hand a volume by Lady Dilke dealing with the "French Painters of the Eighteenth Century," a subject of which the authoress has made a special study for some years. It will contain upwards of seventy specimens reproduced in photogravures, half tone and collotype, selected from the works of Watteau, Fragonard, Boucher, Lancret, Pater, and other masters of the time. Several pictures will be included which have never been exhibited in public and have not before been reproduced. The book will be printed at the Chiswick Press, and will be ready in the autumn.

Mr. Grant Richards will publish on June 20 a book of verses by Mr. Harold Begbie, and drawings by Mr. F. Carruthers Gould, to be entitled "The Political Struwwelpeter," an exact copy of the original in the verses, in the drawings, in the printing, and in the binding, in which politics are so simplified that a child may understand them. The ordinary edition is issued at 3s. 6d., but there will be an edition de luxe on Japanese vellum, limited to 250 copies at a guinea net each.

Another book by Dean Farrar of Canterbury, entitled "True Religion," is announced by Mr. S. T. Freemantle. In the preface Dean Farrar will state briefly his views on the present ritual crisis.

Captain Winston Spencer Churchill's book on the recovery of the Sudan, "The River War," will be in two volumes, with thirty-five maps and sixty illustrations from drawings by Lieutenant Angus McNeil. It will not be published until October and will be edited by Colonel Frank Rhodes.

Miss Margaret Thomas, the Australian artist and author, has completed the record of her recent sojourn in the East, under the title "Two Years in the Holy Land and Syria," for which she has made a number of sketches in oils, which are to be reproduced in "three colour work." The book will be published by Mr. Nimmo.

Lord Tennyson is already paying the penalty of his rash eulogy on the local bards of South Australia, in his eloquent inaugural address in Adelaide. Every morning, it is said, he receives numberless fresh odes and sonnets in his honour from as yet unrecognized and unrecorded local songsters. So that he now realizes the horror his father had in opening his morning mail and finding "numberless volumes of fresh verse and never a wholesome line in prose."

We understand that the copy of the Kilmarnock (1786) edition of Burns which belonged to Mr. A. C. Lamb, of Dundee, and which brought such a remarkably high price in Edinburgh last year, is now in the market. An effort, it is said, is being made to dispose of it in America.

Among the prizes which are to be given in the literary section of the National Eisteddfod, to be held at Cardiff during the third week in July, £50 may be claimed by the writer of the best serial story descriptive of Welsh social life or Welsh history. The story is to be written in English, and will appear in the *Cardiff Times and South Wales Weekly News*. Mr. W. Edwards-Tirebuck and Mr. Ernest Rhys are the adjudicators.

The University of Glasgow possesses a collection of Greek coins unequalled outside of three or four of the great European capitals. In 1781 Dr. William Hunter, the physician, bequeathed to his Alma Mater his cabinet of ancient coins, chiefly Greek, to be used in the manner "most conducive to the improvement of the students" of Glasgow University. For nearly a century this magnificent bequest was comparatively neglected. Thirteen years ago, however, Mr. James Stevenson, of Hailie, near Largs, offered to bear the whole expense of publishing a proper catalogue of the Greek coins in the Hunterian collection: and during the past five years Mr. George Macdonald, M.A., the University Lecturer in Greek, has devoted himself to the task of preparing it. He has completed the first of the three volumes to which the catalogue of the Greek portion is expected to extend. The total number of coins in the Hunterian collection is about 30,000; and about 12,000 are dealt with in this first volume. Mr. Macdonald has adopted the geographical arrangement of Eckhel, as improved and extended by Barclay Head in his "Historia Nummorum." There is an introduction giving an account of the formation of the cabinet by Dr. William Hunter: and Professor James Young, the keeper of the Hunterian Museum, contributes a preface.

Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish Mr. Francis Gribble's "The Early Mountaineers" on Monday.

Messrs. Greening and Co. have in preparation, for their "English Writers of To-day" Series, monographs on "George Meredith," "Thomas Hardy," and "Arthur Wing Pinero," as well as the volumes on "Algernon Charles Swinburne" and "Richard Le Gallienne" already promised.

Further works on Dante, besides those recently mentioned in our columns, will be the "Life," by the Rev. T. F. Hogan, of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth (Methuen), and the second series of Dr. Edward Moore's "Studies in Dante" from the Oxford University Press.

A new and cheaper edition of Mr. Ulick Ralph Burke's "A History of Spain from Earliest Times to the Death of Ferdinand the Catholic" is shortly to be published in two volumes, edited by Major Martin A. S. Hume.

Messrs. Newnes have nearly ready "The Adventures of Louis de Rougemont" in volume form. It will contain forty-six illustrations by Mr. A. Pearce. The next comes in the same firm's 6d. series will be "She," by Mr. Rider Haggard, with a drawing by Mr. Greiffenhagen, and a portrait of the author. This will be followed by Maxwell Gray's "Silence of Dean Maitland."

The New Century Press, Limited, will shortly be issuing a brochure on the subject of "Free-will and Determinism in Relation to Progress" from the pen of Mr. C. J. Melrose, who undertakes to show that determinism is far from being destructive of responsibility.

The Rev. C. Dudley Lampen, whose book "The Queen of the Extinct Volcano" was published last October by the S.P.C.K., has written another story of adventure, entitled "The Stranding of the *White Rose*," which will be published by the same society in the autumn. The story deals with the wild and desolate north-west coast of Australia.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.

Royal Academy Pictures, 1899. 12½ x 9½ in. London, 1899. Cassell, 7s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

Letters of Benjamin Jowett. Arranged and Ed. by Evelyn Abbott, LL.D., and Lewis Campbell, LL.D. 9 x 5½ in., 262 pp. London, 1899. Murray, 16s.

Lady Louisa Stuart. Selections from her Manuscripts. Ed. by the Hon. J. A. Home. 7½ x 5½ in., 308 pp. Edinburgh, 1899. Douglas, 7s. 6d.

Life and Letters of Sir Joseph Prestwich, D.C.L. F.R.S. By His Wife. 9 x 6 in., xiv + 444 pp. London, 1899. Blackwood, 21s.

EDUCATIONAL.

The Odes of Horace. Book II. (Latin Series.) Ed. by Stephen Gwynn. 7½ x 4½ in., 111 pp. London, 1899. Blackie, 1s. 6d.

The Orations of Cicero against Catiline. (Latin Series.) Ed. by C. H. Keene. 7½ x 4½ in., xvi + 204 pp. London, 1899. Blackie, 2s. 6d.

Le Trésor de Monte-Cristo. (Modern Language Series.) Ed. by R. Proper. 7½ x 5 in., 116 pp. London, 1899. Blackie, 1s. 6d.

Matriculation Model Answers Heat and Light. (The University Tutorial Series.) Cr. 8vo., 130 pp. London, 1899. Clive, 2s.

Cæsar de Bello Gallico. Book IV. A Translation. By A. A. Irwin Nesbitt, M.A. (The University Tutorial Series.) Cr. 8vo., 22 pp. London, 1899. Clive, 1s.

Cæsar: Gallic War. Book IV. A Vocabulary and Test Papers. (The University Tutorial Series.) Cr. 8vo., 32 pp. (Interleaved.) London, 1899. Clive, 1s.

A Handbook of Translations. Latin, Part II. 7 x 4½ in., 96 pp. London, 1899. Stanford, 2s.

FICTION.

At a Winter's Fire. By Bernard Capes. 8 x 5½ in., 303 pp. London, 1899. Pearson, 6s.

Orientalism. By William S. Maugham. 8½ x 5½ in., 278 pp. London, 1899. Unwin, 6s.

Florizel's Folly. By John Ashton. Illustrated. 7½ x 5½ in., xii + 308 pp. London, 1899. Chatto & Windus, 6s.

Rosalba. The Story of Her Development. By Olive Pratt Rayner. 8 x 5½ in., 312 pp. London, 1899. Pearson, 6s.

Philip Bennion's Death. By Richard Marsh. 7½ x 5½ in., 240 pp. London, 1899. Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.

A Marital Liability. By Elizabeth P. Train. 7½ x 5½ in., 375 pp. London, 1899. Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.

The Experience of Dorothy Leigh. By Frances Home. 8½ x 5½ in., 261 pp. London, 1899. Routledge, 6s.

Both Great and Small. By Arthur E. J. Legge. 8 x 5½ in., 409 pp. London, 1899. Lane, 6s.

Rupert, by the Grace of God. Ed. and Rev. By Dora G. McChesney. 7½ x 5½ in., 355 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan, 6s.

Willowwood. By Esther Miller. 7½ x 5½ in., 293 pp. London, 1899. Harper, 6s.

Stuff o' the Conscience. By Lily Thicknesse. 7½ x 5½ in., 316 pp. London, 1899. Harper, 6s.

The Diary of a Condemned Man. By Alfred H. Fried. Translated from the German by S. Van Straalen. 7½ x 5½ in., 177 pp. London, 1899. Heinemann, 2s. 6d.

A Short Line War. By Merwin Webster. 7 x 4½ in., 334 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan, 6s.

Jesus Delaney. By J. G. Donnelly. 7½ x 5 in., 331 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan, 6s.

In Guiana Wilds. By James Rodway. (Overseas Library.) 7½ x 4½ in., 271 pp. London, 1899. Unwin, 2s.

The Stolen Story. and other Newspaper Stories. By J. L. Williams. 7½ x 5 in., 291 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low.

Hunger. By Knut Hamsun. Translated by George Egerton. 7½ x 5½ in., x + 312 pp. London, 1899. Smithers, 4s. n.

Henrietta's Wish. 2nd Ed. By Charlotte M. Yonge. 7½ x 5½ in., 300 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.

HISTORY.

Alfred the Great. Chapters on his Life and Times. Ed. by Alfred Bowker. 8 x 5½ in., xii + 260 pp. London, 1899. Black, 5s.

LITERARY.

Matthew Arnold. (Modern English Writers.) By Prof. Saintsbury. 7½ x 5 in., 232 pp. London, 1899. Blackwood, 2s. 6d.

Literary Ideals in Ireland. By J. Eglinton and Others. 9 x 5 in., 88 pp. London, 1899. Unwin, 1s.

A History of Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century. By H. A. Beers. 8 x 6½ in., 455 pp. London, 1899. Kegan Paul, 9s. n.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Practical Handbook of Elocution. By Rose I. Patry. 7½ x 5 in., 98 pp. London, 1899. Sonnenschein.

The Library Association Year Book for 1899. 9½ x 6 in., 102 pp. London, 1899. H. Marshall, 1s. n.

Book Sales of 1897-98. By Temple Scott. 8½ x 6½ in., 158 pp. London, 1899. G. Bell, 3s. 6d. n.

The Art of Advertising. By W. Stead, Jr. 9 x 5½ in., 151 pp. London, 1899. T. B. Browne, 3s. 6d.

MUSIC.

A Wagnerian Midsummer Madness. By David Irvine. 7½ x 5 in., 343 pp. London, 1899. Grevel, 4s. n.

NAVAL.

Despatches and Letters Relating to the Blockade of Brest, 1803-1805. Vol. I. By John Leyland. 9½ x 6½ in., lxxvi + 369 pp. 1899. Navy Record Society. Subscribers only.

POETRY.

Persephone in Hades, and other Poems. By Tinsley Pratt. 7 x 4½ in., 75 pp. London, 1899. Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d. n.

The Open Road. A Little Book for Wayfarers. By E. V. Lucas. 6½ x 4 in., xiv + 310 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards, 5s.

POLITICAL.

The Colonies and the Century. By the Hon. Sir J. Robinson, K.C.M.G. 7½ x 5½ in., 128 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan, 3s. n.

The British West Indies and the Sugar Industry. By J. W. Root. 7½ x 5 in., xvii + 168 pp. Liverpool, 1899. Root, 3s. 6d. n.

REPRINTS.

King Henry the Eighth. (The Warwick Shakespeare.) Ed. by D. N. Smith. 6½ x 4½ in., 167 pp. London, 1899. Blackie, 1s. 6d.

The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton. By William Black. (6d. Series.) 8½ x 5½ in., 153 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low.

Adam and Eve. By Mrs. Parr. 7½ x 5 in., 520 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.

SCIENCE.

Evolution by Atrophy in Biology and Sociology. (The International Scientific Series.) By Jean Demour and others. Translated by Mrs. C. Mitchell. 7½ x 5 in., 322 pp. London, 1899. Kegan Paul, 5s.

THEOLOGY.

The Book of Judges. (The Book of the Bible.) Ed. by the Rev. H. P. Stewart. 6½ x 4½ in., xxviii + 107 pp. London, 1899. Rivington, 1s. 6d.

Sermons. By Charles Parsons Reichel, D.D., D.Litt. With a Memoir by his Son, H. R. Reichel. 7½ x 5 in., xcvi + 421 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan, 6s.

Conferences on the Holy Spirit. Translated from the French of Mgr. Landriot by the Rev. T. T. Carter. 6½ x 4½ in., 253 pp. London, 1899. Mowbray.

What Shall We Think of Christianity? By W. A. Clarke, D.D. 7½ x 5 in., 157 pp. Edinburgh, 1899. T. & T. Clark, 2s. 6d.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Ripon Cathedral. By the Ven. W. Danks, M.A. Illustrated. 7 x 4½ in., 68 pp. London, 1899. Isbister, 1s. n.

Lichfield Cathedral. By the Rev. Canon Bodington. Illustrated. 7 x 4½ in., 66 pp. London, 1899. Isbister, 1s. n.

TRAVEL.

On the South African Frontier. By W. H. Brown. 8½ x 6 in., xxii + 430 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low, 12s. 6d. n.

Japan in Transition. By Stafford Hansome. 9 x 6 in., xix + 330 pp. London, 1899. Harper, 15s.

Literature

Edited by H. D. Traill.

Published by The Times.

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YOUNG LIVES.

It may seem singular, if not outrageous, for a literary paper to exclaim against literary men for taking themselves and each other, and their own work and each other's work, too seriously. The case, however, is one of those in which excess of virtue tends to become a vice; and the tendency has seldom been more apparent than it is, in certain quarters, at the present time. And, of course, human nature being what it always has been, it is in the case of the younger men of letters that the symptoms are exhibited in their most aggravated form. Instead of going on diligently with their own work, dreaming their own dreams, and completing their own education, some of them seem to have fallen into the habit of writing each other's lives, composing elaborate monographs on each other's works, and anticipating posterity's estimate of each other's genius. A few weeks since, we noticed a

biographical eulogy of Mr. Kipling which would hardly have been inadequate if it had been presented as a biographical eulogy of Shakespeare. It has been announced that a second monograph on the works of Mr. Kipling is being prepared by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne. A life of Mr. Le Gallienne himself by a writer whose name we do not recollect has been advertised; and other lives of other young writers have been promised by the publishers. The facts, taken together, may be said to constitute a "new situation" in literary affairs; and we confess that it is a situation that we do not like the look of, and one to which we should like to see men of taste oppose a policy of "continuous pressure."

Perhaps the most reassuring feature of the situation is the scornful tone taken towards his flatterer by Mr. Kipling himself. He said, in effect, in a note to the author which the author printed in the book, that "this sort of thing" was better left unprinted until after the man to whom it referred was dead. We shall look, with some interest, to see whether Mr. Le Gallienne, when his turn comes, will be equally blunt and disdainful. If he is, the policy of "continuous pressure" will be in full swing, and we may soon see the "new situation" modified. Otherwise things are likely to go from bad to worse, with the result that a number of respectable writers, who are doing good enough work in their way, will be made ridiculous by extravagant laudation. For, of course, in books of this kind, laudation is bound to predominate, not merely because the courtesies of log-rolling require it, but also in order to justify the existence of the books. It is part of the rules of the game; and, however well the praise may be justified, it is clear that little illumination is to be expected from a critic who is pledged to it from the start.

Nor is the implied contract to flatter the only thing which impairs the value of these biographies. The very proximity of the object drawn is almost certain to derange the perspective of the drawing. Mr. Chamberlain once observed that great men are like mountains—one must see them from a distance in order to realize how great they are. It is also true that one must see hills, and little men, from a distance in order to realize how small they are; while in the case of the literary man (great or little) of thirty or thereabouts the metaphor is capable of a further development. If the man of letters of that age is to be compared to any sort of eminence, it should be to a mountain of volcanic origin which the internal fires are still engaged in throwing up. It is the destiny of some volcanoes to remain, like Etna, permanent features of the landscape; while it is the doom of others to disappear, like that Ferdinanda Island, which sprang up in the Mediterranean in 1831 and had declined into a sand-bank by 1832. So with literary men. Some of them whose names are not very often in the papers will go on from strength to strength; others—

including, perhaps, some of the noisiest—will find that their true level, like that of Ferdinanda Island, is beneath the waters of oblivion. At any rate, it seems wiser to wait till the period of active eruption is over before undertaking to measure their height and determine their stability.

It is not only because these biographies of our junior men of genius are so apt to be misleading that objection should be taken to them. So far as that goes, *Populus vult decipi*. A more serious consideration is that of the probable effect of these pompous panegyrics, and this grave recording of the most commonplace events of their lives, upon the junior men of genius themselves. It can hardly be a happy or a healthy one. It is not merely that it may tempt them to pose—a man often poses for the fun of the thing and goes on doing good work all the same—nor that it makes them think too much of themselves. So long as good work is done, one can forgive the workman from being keenly alive to its merits. The real danger is that it will engender that self-consciousness which is so destructive of a man's capacity for doing good work. The true artist has no interest in his personality that is comparable with his interest in his art. It is the beauty of the work of art, and not the applause that he may get for it, that attracts him; and so long as he can continue in this frame of mind, he is also likely to continue to improve. But to write books about him when he is just at the beginning of his life's work, drawing his attention to the fact that his personality and his beautiful soul are the things that really interest the public, is the surest way to prevent him from ever coming to any good. It arrests growth, much as you arrest the growth of a flower by constantly pulling it up by the roots to see how it is getting on.

Fortunately, however, this last analogy is not complete. The flower is entirely at the mercy of the gardener, whereas, as Mr. Kipling has proved, it is within the power of a junior man of genius to snub a premature biographer. We heartily commend his admirable example to others. If they follow it, their biographers will be comparatively powerless to harm them. If, on the other hand, they allow themselves to be persuaded to take their "young lives" too seriously, we are convinced that the artistic output of their later lives will suffer—a result for which the temporary satisfaction of their vanity will hardly be a sufficient compensation.

Mr. Justice Cozens Hardy, in deciding last week the case of the Clarendon Press *v.* Messrs. Marshall and Messrs. Gill, probably did not anticipate the storm which his decision has since aroused, or realize that he would be accused of putting the study of the New Testament into the hands of an exclusive and privileged body. The defendants' manual quoted largely from the Revised Version so as to show the changes made by the Revisers. All that the University Press complained about was that they had not first obtained the necessary licence to quote. No new or unfamiliar point of law was involved. The Revisers' translation of the Scriptures enjoys copyright under the same statute which bestows copyright upon

Mr. Gladstone's translation of Horace and Messrs. Butcher and Lang's translation of Homer. The only difference is that the copyright in the Revised Version is perpetual because it happens to be the property of the University of Oxford. All that the University has done, however, has been to suppress a cram book for the compilation of which their property had been employed without their leave. This is hardly to be accounted an irreparable wrong to scholarship or to the study of divinity, and students will not suffer very much if they have to look at the Revised Version itself and find out the differences for themselves.

The *School World*, Messrs. Macmillan's excellent new monthly educational magazine, is devoting a series of articles to "The Schools of Public Men," and in its June issue it arrives at men of letters. The list can hardly be called complete—the Eton list, for instance, omits Mr. Balfour, Sir Frederick Pollock, and Mr. Robert Bridges—but it is accurate enough for general purposes. The data supplied do not, it must be confessed, give a very high place to the best known public schools, and certainly lend support to the complaint that they turn out boys too much on a pattern and cramp the imagination. The poets and novelists, as well as the critics, come as a rule from the smaller schools; a great number, too, hail from the Scotch universities, and many have studied on the Continent. We should like to see the *School World* follow up its lists with a classification of different branches of literary work and departments of public life, and the numbers of successful men the different schools have supplied to each. This would be a useful undertaking in these days of educational controversy.

In his address at the Women's Institute on "Modern American Writers," Mr. Hamlin Garland declared that the habits of the people made it impossible for the decadent novel to have any vogue in the United States. Though it is true that, in the days of the *Chap Book*, Chicago tried hard to make culture hum decadent tunes, the lecturer was probably right upon the whole. The decadent novel, as we know it in England, is, in the main, the bitter cry of women clamouring for something which they think they ought to have and do not see their way to get; and, if what one hears is correct, such women do not flourish on American soil. The American woman knows what she wants, and also knows how to get it. What she wants is "a good time," and if her husband does not provide it for her at any sacrifice of his personal convenience, he is guilty of "mental cruelty," and can be divorced amid the applause of the community. Consequently it is too much to expect the long-drawn wail of stories of the decadent school to awake any answering echo in her bosom.

Reviews.

Letters of Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College. Arranged and Edited by **Evelyn Abbott, M.A., LL.D.,** and **Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D.** 9 x 5½ in., 202 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 16/-

It was objected in some quarters to the "Life and Letters of Jowett," published two years ago by Mr. Evelyn Abbott and Mr. Lewis Campbell, that it was overweighted by its correspondence. From their present volume, which they describe as "merely a supplement" to the biography, we are able to form some idea of the mass of valuable

epistolary matter from which they had to select. These "Letters of Benjamin Jowett" number several hundred and very few of them could be spared. We are inclined to think, indeed, that they surpass in interest the collection included in the former volume. This applies in especial to the correspondence classified under the head of "European Politics" and consisting mainly of letters addressed by the late Master of Balliol during a period of many years to his old pupil Sir Robert Morier, who, after having filled many minor posts in the diplomatic service, successively represented this country, as Minister or Ambassador, at Lisbon, Madrid, and St. Petersburg. This correspondence forms, in the words of the editors, "the record of a watchful, unwearying friendship, outspoken yet sympathetic, to which it would be difficult to find a parallel." We may add that it discloses a side of Jowett's character and a range of his intellectual interests which will for most readers possess the charm of complete novelty, and without which their previous conception of him would have been signally incomplete. In these letters he discourses of high international politics with a confidence of speculation and prediction which few probably save his intimates suspected him of entertaining, and on which events, it must be admitted, have in many instances supplied a somewhat pathetic comment. That in some respects they are calculated to heighten one's estimate of the writer's general ability is not to be denied. They are full of shrewd and sound reflections on the European situation—just such reflections, in fact, as we might expect from one who had studied the relations of States in the school of Thucydides; and here and there, as in the remarks made as long ago as 1877 on a British annexation of Egypt, they display flashes of real political prescience. But on the whole the final impression left by them is that of the dangers which beset the academic intellect theorizing *in vacuo* on a science so desperately inexact as that of international politics. It is rather disconcerting for instance to come across a piece of prophecy like the following delivered about the time of the Eastern Question in the autumn of 1876:

Russia may be bankrupt and scattered now, but ten years hence with a railroad and a fleet on the Black Sea she will be immensely increased; she will have her seat of Empire at Constantinople and will be mistress of the Mediterranean east of Italy. . . . Whether Bismarck will move or not is the question of the moment. Bismarck is master of the situation because he is able and probably willing to act.

The action or inaction of Bismarck was, as we all now know, predetermined by the fact that Russia had been guaranteed the neutrality, if not the support, of the other two empires up to a certain point in her anti-Turkish adventure, and that beyond that point she was to be left to get what she could out of England. This of course Jowett could not know; but then, without "knowing," why "prophecy"? Sir Robert Morier's correspondent, however, in spite of his hazardous guesses at the future, is really better worth listening to when, as above, he is simply indulging his natural taste for political speculation. Much else in these letters is, in fact, only "common form" of the party to which he belonged, and it is curious to trace in it all the pseudo-democratic Whiggery at home and superstitious belief in military Cæsarism abroad which characterized that singular political product, the Palmerstonian Liberal of the middle century. Jowett describes himself as "much struck" with the Napoleonic "Idées" and thus writes of their author:—

He is not scrupulous, and perhaps his Court may be a mass of immorality and his Ministers dishonest jobbers, but he is the

only man who sees the end many moves on [as far as Sedan?] and understands not only France, but Europe and the times. His programme seems to me to be a Kingdom of Italy, an Empire of Germany, probably an extension to Belgium and the Rhine (if at any juncture it can be done without the risk of a European war), free trade, influence in the Mediterranean, with more distant visions of resettling Hungary and Spain.

The Kingdom of Italy was almost in sight when this was written (Sept., 1860), but of all the rest of the ambitious programme, the "extension to Belgium and the Rhine" in all probability summed up the whole Napoleonic policy, and in the former of these enterprises the history of the Benedetti Treaty was to exhibit the object of Jowett's admiration as the easy dupe of Bismarck.

In 1877 he writes:—

It is certain France will go to war with him [Bismarck] in two or three years' time, and therefore he is perhaps justified in anticipating, or rather would be so if there were not a way out of war by giving up Lorraine.

But a little later on he adds:—

It is possible also that the pride of France will be satisfied with nothing but retaliation on the Rhine. War is more and more an affair of money, and France is yearly becoming richer and Germany poorer perhaps.

If Bismarck engages in war with France "he will probably fail." But in any case Jowett "is inclined to think that England, whether it be prudent or not, will be forced into the war"; and he goes on to commit himself to the simply amazing proposition that not only Ireland but, of all nations in the world, "Scotland" would be "ready to join as one man for France, and the High Church party, and the upper classes have also a strong sympathy with the French." And here again is a strange echo of the talk so often heard at that day about England and the English spirit:—

John Bull is old and very fat, fonder of talking than of moving about. . . . He has no clear idea of what he would do, nor ever can have, for his brain is full of cross currents—love of money, national vanity, a speech of Gladstone or Bright. The monied classes, and those who fear political change, are generally for peace; the newspapers, like the Army and Navy, upon the whole for war, because it is for their own interest.

It would be kinder, perhaps, to Jowett's memory to discontinue these extracts. One piece of unwritten "ancient history," however, is too interesting not to be cited:—

A friend of mine, Mr. Keene of Swyncombe, has the papers of his great uncle, Sir Benjamin Keene, who was the English Ambassador in Spain in the reigns of George I. and George II. Among these papers is a letter from Lord Chatham offering to give up Gibraltar if the Spaniards would make war on France and assist in retaking Minorca. The Spanish Ambassador was an Irishman named Wall: the negotiation went off; but the fact of Chatham having offered it is very curious. I read the letter and the answer, marked "Most Secret."

The "miscellaneous" letters are full of the characteristic attraction of Jowett's epistolary style, which, indeed, possessed many of the merits of the best letter-writers—ease, naturalness, and a happy mixture of the literary and colloquial. The letters which have aroused most interest and been most frequently quoted are those in which with singular penetration and breadth of sympathy he discusses the character of the first Lord Westbury. One side of the ex-Chancellor—his weakness—is, no doubt, well observed: though it has certainly escaped the notice of the superficial observer in general:—

What an extraordinary man: he is gifted with the greatest power of speech I have ever known. He is one of the kindest of men, and one of the weakest, very sensitive and always wanting sympathy. But this the world will never understand, nor should I mention it except to a person who understands human character. A weak man of extraordinary abilities is always misrepresented, especially if he has, like Lord Westbury, uncommon

courage and self-reliance. (Is not this partly the story of Louis Napoleon?) I believe that if he had ever had a real friend in life he might have been one of the greatest men of his time.

The mutual liking of Jowett and Lord Westbury is, on the "two-of-a-trade" principle, a little surprising, since both were masters in their various ways of a peculiarly incisive and sententious form of sarcasm, though no doubt the lawyer used it considerably more often than the divine. One would like to have been present at a conversation between them when both men were on their mettle.

DR. BRANDES ON IBSEN.

Henrik Ibsen. Björnstjerne Björnson. Critical Studies. By **George Brandes.** 9 x 6 in., xvi. + 171 pp. London, 1899. **Heinemann.** 10/- n.

This volume is not merely interesting in itself, but it is valuable as an indication of the advance of Ibsen's reputation among cultivated persons throughout Europe. After a youth of struggle and misapprehension, after an early middle life only partly appreciated even in his native country, the Norwegian playwright has lived on to see himself extremely distinguished in every division of the globe. Observed from this point of view only, the career of Ibsen is a romance of literary life, and it is this progressive element in the development of his fame which is particularly insisted upon in the work before us. Three times—in 1866, in 1882, in 1898—Dr. George Brandes, the most authoritative critic of North-Eastern Europe, concentrated his attention on the work of Ibsen as it had at that time revealed itself. The present volume is made up of these three successive appreciations. We recollect no critical study, of equal gravity and importance, which has come into existence in like conditions. The triple essay is, as Mr. Archer justly points out in his introduction, "not a focussed appreciation of the whole of Ibsen by the whole of Brandes . . . but a contemporaneously-noted record of the ever-developing relation, throughout more than thirty years, of these two remarkable minds." These words suggest another consideration of value—namely, that the book is as important as a revelation of the methods of Dr. Brandes as of those of Ibsen himself.

The translation of this book has been performed by Mr. William Archer, whose competence is confessed. He has prefixed an introduction, from which we have already quoted a few words; this aims at providing a brief guide to the successive publications of Ibsen, which it divides into three lists, those issued before 1867, those between that date and 1881, and those since 1882. These lists, and Mr. Archer's remarks upon them, will be found very useful; but we do not know why, except by a pardonable inadvertence, Mr. Archer has omitted from the second of them the *Digte* ("Poems") of 1871, which should come between "The League of Youth" (1869) and "Emperor and Galilean" (1873). This volume of occasional lyrics holds a place in the development of Ibsen's mind with regard to art and man, which Mr. Archer, we are sure, would be the last to underrate. We are glad that Mr. Archer refers to the poems of Dr. Brandes himself, which were first collected last year, and which deserve attention from all his admirers, although they reveal no strictly poetic endowment in the illustrious critic.

We commend Dr. Brandes' triple study of Ibsen to all those who have preserved an open mind in presence of the great Norwegian dramatist. There is no question that the appreciation of Ibsen in this country, if it was at one

time furthered, has long since been merely disturbed and bewildered by the way in which a certain class of his English admirers have made him a pretext for the furtherance of their own fads. Women's rights and vegetarianism, anti-vivisection and free love, and heaven knows what else that is revolutionary and tiresome, have been marshalled behind the passive figure of this unfortunate old gentleman. All this must have had the advantage of making him talked about, and therefore of securing him readers, but it has brought him serious and unmerited discredit. Those who have read Ibsen himself, while neglecting what Mr. Punch once called "the Ibscene," know how entirely the sectarian treatment of his works misrepresents them. Dr. Brandes, at all three stages of his inquiry, wrote in entire unconsciousness of the English propaganda, the striving and crying of the Ibsenite axe-grinders. What we receive from him, therefore, is a purely literary, and therefore exclusively legitimate, examination of the works themselves, in relation to one another and to the masterpieces of previous literature. We do not always find ourselves in unison with Dr. Brandes in his judgments, which are never those of a blind admirer, but we must acknowledge them to be always luminous and always sane.

Perhaps in order to eke out the book in its English form, there has been added to the critical triad of studies on Ibsen an essay on Björnson, published by Dr. Brandes in 1882. Mr. Archer excuses the disproportion between the treatment of the one poet and of the other by saying that the last seventeen years of Björnson's life have been less interesting to the student of literature than to the politician. Yet we cannot help recollecting that they have produced in drama "Over Ævne" and "A Gauntlet" and "Geography and Love," and in prose fiction "Flags are Flying" and "In God's Way," "Mother's Hands," and "Dust," to name no others. It seems difficult to form a general idea of the work of Björnson if we are to ignore all this his latest activity. Hence, although Dr. Brandes' remarks, especially on the effect produced on early readers by the peasant romances, have considerable value, we are not able to think this study quite worthy to rank with the extremely masterly and complete triple appreciation of Ibsen.

POET AND CRITIC.

Matthew Arnold. By **George Saintsbury.** (Modern English Writers). 7½ x 5½ in., vi. + 232 pp. London, 1899. **Blackwood.** 2/6

"Modern English Writers," the series just commenced by Messrs. Blackwood with the monograph before us, is the latest of that numerous family which was founded some twenty years ago by the "English Men of Letters." Professor Saintsbury's volume on Matthew Arnold ushers it into the world under the fairest auspices. Acting on the undeniably sound principle which he lays down in his preface, and which is peculiarly applicable to his special subject, he has given the reader what is much more of a critical study than a biography of the distinguished poet-essayist; and this although he anticipates the objection that he may seem to have discussed Arnold's works and "things literary" in general "too minutely." We can only say that we hope his successors in this series will follow the example which he has set. Now that we have got from "Men of Letters" in general down to "Modern Writers," the methods of the trained critic are more and more needful, and the services of the biographer are less and less in request. We have only to run the eye over the list of promised volumes,

which includes the names of Stevenson, Tennyson, Ruskin, George Eliot, Browning, Froude, Thackeray, and Dickens—writers on most of whom we have had memoirs and biographical studies in abundance—in order to recognize the wisdom of the rule which Professor Saintsbury has prescribed to himself. Some of these classics—Tennyson, for example, and Dickens—have already been the subject of elaborate biographies; and of the inward and spiritual lives of nearly all of them we know as much already as we are ever likely to know. The most industrious and fortunate of biographers could do little more than add a few *personalities* of the “mainly-about-people” kind, and we hardly want a “Modern Writers Series” to do that.

Professor Saintsbury is excellently well suited with the subject he has chosen. A hearty admirer of the poet, yet well “on this side idolatry,” and a genuine appreciator of the merits, despite his often profound dissent from the theories, of the critic, he enjoys also the melancholy but inestimable advantage, shared by only too many of us, of being of an age coeval, so to speak, with that of Arnold’s Muse, so that her earliest utterances appealed to his nascent poetic sensibilities, and his critical faculty matured *paulo passu* with the development of the poet’s powers. These conditions are, of course, ideally favourable to the attainment, in the fulness of time, of a perfectly judicial attitude of mind; and Professor Saintsbury’s judgment on Arnold’s work as a whole, both in prose and poetry, is eminently sane and well-balanced. On the prose in particular, which is the harder of the two for him to judge quite fairly, he seldom fails to hold the balance with a steady hand. No impartial critic, for instance, can object, we think, to the chapter entitled “In the Wilderness,” with its occasionally severe but always measured animadversions on Arnold’s unfortunate adventures in Biblical exegesis and polemical theology in general; while on the other hand no such critic could complain of any lack of generosity in his recognition of the eminent services rendered by the literary essayist to English letters.

It is in his dealings with the poetry, however, that Professor Saintsbury is most characteristically himself—that is to say, as acute and penetrating in his analysis, as irritating in his occasional moods of dogmatism or flippancy, as interesting and stimulating always, whether we agree with him or not, as his many previous exercises in criticism have taught us to expect. On one page we meet with a really admirable appreciation of the qualities of “Empedocles on Etna,” or an unsparing but conspicuously unprejudiced exposure of the essential weaknesses of “Merope”; on another the jaunty dismissal of “Despondency” as “a pretty piece of melancholy,” which “with a comfortable stool will suit a man well.” But, on the whole, there are fewer flings of this description than sometimes disconcert us in work from the same accomplished but somewhat wayward hand; and the general estimate of the first series of Poems, high as it is, keeps well clear of exaggeration. It is certain, at any rate, that a volume which contained such gems of the purest poetry as “The Scholar Gipsy,” “Mycerinus,” “Sohrab and Rustum,” with its unequalled close, “Isolation,” “A Summer Night,” the “Shakespeare sonnet,” “In Utrumque Paratus,” and the third part of the “Church of Brou”—to name but these—would in any but a period of utter critical decadence have at once raised its author to a place in the first rank of poets; and the age in which such a volume could pass almost unnoticed deserves all the hard things that Professor Saintsbury says of it. To the second series of Poems,

published two years later, it is impossible to accord quite such high praise; but they, too, were deserving of a much better fate than they met with, and their reception completed the discouragement which was no doubt the secret of Arnold’s addicting himself for the next twelve years—that is to say, from his thirty-third to his forty-fifth year, an age when the poetic impulse in most men is usually waning, if not altogether extinct—exclusively to prose. We sometimes console ourselves by saying that to this intermission we owe the incomparable “Essays in Criticism,” but our right to that consolation is doubtful. Arnold’s critical work could hardly have lost any of its value by being postponed for another decade, and indeed might possibly during that time have rid itself of some of the whim and “will-worship,” to borrow his biographer’s word, which at present disfigure it; whereas the lyrical Muse, as we all know, declines to “wait.” And it is painful to reflect that a poet of such power and charm should have been deterred by contemporary lack of appreciation from attempting, until it was too late, to add to his too scanty bequest of exquisite verse.

A FRIEND OF SIR WALTER’S.

Lady Louisa Stuart. Selections from her Manuscripts. Edited by Hon. James A. Home. 7½×5¼in., 308 pp. Edinburgh, 1899. Douglas. 7/6

Lady Louisa Stuart has been hitherto known as the granddaughter and, in some sense, the biographer, of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; and as a friend of Scott’s, one of the few to whom he told the secret of the Waverley Novels. We are not sure that the present volume will increase her reputation. The fact is that she was really nothing more than a very cultivated and intelligent old lady who happened to be daughter of George the Third’s first Prime Minister Bute, the most unpopular Minister of the eighteenth century, and granddaughter of its most remarkable woman, as well as an intimate friend of the most popular author of the nineteenth. She also lived to a very unusual age, which always give people who retain their faculties a rather unreal importance. But with all the desire that every one must feel to think pleasant things of a charming old lady, who presents herself to us armed with such powerful introductions, we must in mere honesty face the plain truth about her. And there is no doubt about what that is. Lady Louisa Stuart is not a figure that can stand alone. It is due to her memory to mention that she seems to have felt this herself, for the only thing she ever consented to publish was the sketch of her grandmother, and to that she consented very unwillingly. One is glad that she yielded on that point; but, for the rest, it is proof of her good sense that she steadily resisted the flatterers who are always ready to persuade “persons of quality” that the compliments of society may be taken as a foretaste of the serious judgment of the public at large. The present volume consists of a memoir of John, Duke of Argyll, and his family, written by Lady Louisa for her friend Lady Scott (wife of Admiral Scott, not of the poet), a few new letters to and from Sir Walter, and a couple of tales in verse, called the “Fairies’ Frolic” and the “Diamond Robe,” each of which is accompanied by a somewhat lengthy and very discursive introductory note. The Argyll Memoir, which occupies about half the book, is sufficient proof of what we were saying just now. Lady Louisa interests us when she is writing to Scott or gossiping about her grandmother, because anything at first hand about Scott or Lady Mary is secure of our interest. But she has not got the gift which made her grandmother one of the great company through whose casual touch the most uninteresting personages are given an interest which is not their own. And so there will not be very many outside the descendants of these ladies who will care for so many details about the nursery affairs

or the love affairs of Jane, Duchess of Argyll, and her daughters. The Duke is, indeed, in a different position; but of him we do not get so much, and, indeed, would gladly have had more. He is the Duke of the incomparable scenes in "The Heart of Midlothian"; and how more than gratefully would we give all that we are told here about the dull "Jane," whom he so strangely made his Duchess, for one more half-hour between him and "Jeanie." Of the daughters, the only one of any interest is Lady Mary Coke, and she is of interest only for her curious matrimonial adventure, and for the amazing vanity which made her imagine Maria Theresa's main occupation was to bribe servants to poison her and postboys to drown her! By far the most amusing page in the book is Lady Louisa's delightful account of the story, as told by Horace Walpole to Lady Bute, of his being called out of bed at five in the morning to receive Lady Mary, who came to consult him under the terrible misfortune of losing her courier, who had been seduced from her service by the Empress in order that she might be conveniently assassinated on the road between Paris and Calais!

Lady Louisa was no poetess, and her verses are of no importance. The note to the "Fairies' Frolic" gives a curious picture of Mrs. Montagu and the famous bluestocking assemblies. What is of most real value in the book is the new letters, four of Scott's and eight or ten of Lady Louisa's. Sir Walter's are delightful, of course, with the old ring of humour and manliness and simplicity about them, and, here and there, a touchingly beautiful allusion to the sorrows of his old age; and Lady Louisa's are pleasant, interesting, excellent letters. Of them we could not easily have too many; nor ever enough of Sir Walter's. So that this part, at least, of Mr. Home's volume needs no justification.

FRENCH ART.

A History of French Art. By Rose G. Kingsley
9x5½ in., 517 pp. London, New York, and Bombay, 1899.
Longmans. 12/6 n.

Miss Kingsley is already favourably known both in Paris and London as a brilliant lecturer on the French pictures and painters of the nineteenth century. In the present volume she treats a larger subject matter, including in her survey French architecture and sculpture as well as French painting, while its time area, compendiously expressed on the title page, is from 1000 to 1899 A.D. She tells us that the scheme of the book is due to the suggestion of M. Antoine Barthélemy, who has contributed to two of its most interesting chapters, particularly that entitled "The French race and soil." Here we have a careful and minute analysis of the racial elements which enter into the composition of the modern Frenchman. The Roman, the Gaul, the Frank, the Burgundian, the Norman, the Goth—each has contributed some element to the French character, but the resultant note is given as the keen artistic sense which manifests itself in every part of France. To every factor in the problem full justice is done, except to one, and that one, as we cannot but think, counts for a good deal in the artistic life of France of to-day. There is no mention of the considerable tincture of Jewish blood which, since the days of Louis XIV., has passed into the national life.

Of course, in a book dealing with so many and such large subjects, a certain inequality of treatment must be expected. The architecture of France cannot be adequately treated of within the limits the writer has prescribed for herself, and, in consequence, the architecture prior to the Renaissance has to be dealt with summarily in some dozen pages. But Miss Kingsley has managed to collect for us the names of most of the earlier architectural sculptors, mostly Flemings, who, when sculpture ceased to be anonymous—that is, at the beginning of the fourteenth century—executed those superb monuments of which the Philippe le Hardi and the Puits de Moise, at Dijon, are the most universally famous. It is interesting to remember that when Sluter executed these noble works Donatello was in his cradle.

Miss Kingsley rightly protests against the theory that the French Renaissance was a movement due to the invasion of Italian artists and workmen, but we cannot but think that, in her natural desire to insist on French originality, she underrates the influence of Italian ideas in sending medieval France "to seek after the springs of sweetness in the Hellenic world."

The chapter in which she discusses the effect of the Revolution is most interesting, and her verdict is that it conferred on Art a fourfold benefit. It gave liberty to artists—liberty for the free exercise of their profession. It created the Museum of the Louvre, and art galleries and schools in the provinces. It inaugurated, by the hand of Lenoir, a museum of the History of French Architecture and Sculpture. Lastly, it

Laid the foundations on which the admirable administration of Fine Arts in France to-day has been developed—a system so perfectly organized, so public spirited, so wisely generous, as to serve for a model which other nations might copy with enormous advantage both to artists and the public at large.

We have no space to follow Miss Kingsley in her elaborate sketch of the art production of France since the Revolution. She passes in review all the great names of the various schools. David and the Classics, Géricault and the Romantics, the old landscape painters, Millet and the peasant painters, the military, the *genre*, and the portrait painters, the religious and decorative painters, and the impressionists. Of course, with such a method, it was inevitable that some of the *grands silencieux* should have too little attention, and some of the *tapageurs* should receive too much. Some ten lines to Pointelin, twenty to Degas, and five pages to Courbet seem hardly to meet the justice of the case. But, as Miss Kingsley says in her preface, "life is short," and she has written a useful and compendious treatise on a truly gigantic subject.

A RELIGIOUS ANTHOLOGY.

Sacred Songs of the World. Translated from One Hundred and Twenty Languages. Edited by H. C. Leonard,
M.A. 8x5½ in., xx.+223 pp. London, 1899. Stock. 6/-

Yet another anthology, and of a new kind. The editor here aims not at collecting the finest religious poems of all languages, nor those which most closely resemble Christian thought, but at choosing one or two characteristic pieces in each case. He hopes in this way to give a general view of the religious aspirations of men, though some of the verse may be poor poetry: so at least we understand from his preface, and the book, as a whole, answers to his conception. It has, however, some obvious failings. The finest religious poems in the world are the Psalms and parts of the Prophets of Israel; yet we find ancient Israel represented only by one passage from "Isaiah the Younger," which Mr. Leonard has put into blank verse. He might fairly answer that the Old Testament is in every hand; yet no selection of religious verse can be complete without it. Mr. Leonard would have done better to omit the Old Testament frankly, because it is impossible to point to any one passage as being the best of all when there are so many of the best. It is impossible to deny that he has spoiled the passage of Isaiah, which might just as well have been given in the majestic version we know. Mr. Leonard cannot even plead a consistent plan, for a few pages on we find a prose prayer from the Hebrew of Gamaliel II. The hymns from Hebrew other than Biblical, however, are quite in place; they are not easily accessible, and will be new to most readers.

The difficulty of compiling such a selection, and yet keeping it within bounds, is so great that we fear it is impossible. If only the great literary languages were included, the thing might be done; and then we might hope for a more adequate selection from Greek and Latin. But Mr. Leonard gives hymns from a number of obscure Indian tribes, frankly materialistic and of small interest in themselves; and there are many similar tribes, Asiatic, African, and American, which are unrepresented. The classical languages are represented only by a Greek hymn to the

Barth, and a passage from Seneca. But if Seneca, why not Aratus? Seneca, too, most certainly does not represent the average Roman beliefs and aspirations; the religious piety of Rome is seen more truly (such as it was) in those old scraps of hymns in Varro, or the Song of the Arval Brethren. These would have made an interesting parallel with the Toda and his cow or the Khond and his plow. If a Spanish epitaph, or elegy, is admitted, why not a few of the pathetic epitaphs of the Greek Anthology? Take German, again: a character sketch of a good Bishop and the Archangels' song from *Faust* are alone selected. Might we not expect something of Luther's, say *Ein feste Burg*? Goethe can hardly be said to give voice to the religious aspirations of the German race. From literary English we have none but Chaucer's Good Parson and Pope's Universal Prayer. The former ought, we think, to have been ruled out, together with the German Good Bishop; Pope's hymn is welcome, but why not Whittier's hymn of tolerance, and the splendid opening to *In Memoriam*? Many other criticisms of the like sort might be added. And finally, references should have been given to the printed source of each hymn.

The book, then, is by no means an ideal anthology; but it is distinctly interesting. Its faults, after all, are chiefly faults of omission, and we have already acknowledged the difficulty of the task which Mr. Leonard set before him. There are some really fine hymns in this volume. The hymn of St. Columba is beautiful, and rendered in pretty rippling verse. Another charming piece is the Penitential Cry of Ephraem the Syrian. The Soul's Anchor, a seventeenth-century hymn from the Manx, is strong and dignified. Fine, striking thoughts are to be found in plenty, not only in Europe and Asia but sometimes among the uncivilized tribes of the earth. Such is the touching Dirge for a Child which Gill brought from Polynesia. There are many pieces in the collection which ought to be in our hymn-books, instead of the sentimental trash we so often see there. We recommend it to the notice of compilers.

CRISPI.

Francesco Crispi. By W. J. Stillman, L.H.D.
8½ x 5½ in., 287 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 7/6

In his opening chapter Mr. W. J. Stillman is careful to explain that he has never been admitted to the intimacy of the Italian statesman. Hence it happens that this biography is devoid of those personal touches which make biographies live; but it is impartial, judicious, and well-informed. One may read the volume from cover to cover without completely realizing what sort of man Crispi was—or, at all events, without realizing more than that he seldom puts himself out in order to make himself agreeable; but one cannot read any of it without gathering valuable information as to Italian politics. Crispi's alleged megalomania, for example, is well summed up. It

Has only the basis, that he always insisted that Italy should take her position amongst the Powers as a nation of thirty millions of people ought, and that the position which Cavour placed her in should be maintained, as one of the active Powers of Europe, with rights and obligations as to the general condition, under the alternative of declining with Spain and Portugal. The result of the last ten years is to show even him that his was an idle dream. Italy is incapable of any foreign policy but that of a protected Power. Civic virtue is at too low an ebb for the nation to have any active policy. The corruption of personal ambitions has eaten up the general ambition of its Government. . . . Crispi's dream was an idle one, and perhaps his greatest sorrow is to see its disillusion.

This, of course, is just what would have been said of Bismarck, if Bismarck had failed to make a success of his United Germany. How the course of modern history would have been affected if Crispi had been a German and Bismarck an Italian is an interesting speculation. Two points about which the mind of the general reader is somewhat of a blank are lucidly expounded by Mr. Stillman. One of these is Crispi's connexion with the financial crisis, and the other is Crispi's alleged divorce.

The former story is rather a complicated one, but the essence of it is set forth in the following sentences:—

He spoke against the Parliamentary Commission to examine the state of the banks, which led to the *Banca Romana* crash, not, as the report of the Commission showed conclusively, because he had any personal or corrupt interests involved, but because he saw, as did most others who had no interest or passion in the matter, that the promoters of the step were those who cared more for the weakening of the Monarchy or their personal interests than for the purity of Italian politics, and hoped more from scandal than from reform. Crispi opposed it as likely to produce a scandal which would discredit the country, and proposed in preference the legal reform of the system of banking, and the subsequent unsensational rectification of the condition of the banks.

As regards the alleged divorce, which has also been explained by Mr. W. L. Alden in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Stillman is equally explicit and informing. The first Madame Crispi was a laundrymaid, to whom the statesman became attached when he was a prisoner in Turin—a circumstance which throws a curious light upon the internal economy of the Italian prisons. She followed him with the Thousand to Sicily in the ambulance service, and he went through a form of marriage with her at Malta. But the ceremony was invalid, even by Maltese law, though Crispi did not know it at the time. So, relations being strained between them, Crispi married another lady who had already borne him a daughter. Mr. Stillman justifies his conduct thus:—

Crispi, like most public men in Italy and the East in general, had only the Eastern idea of sexual morality. To him woman was a mere accessory to existence, for his life was so absorbed by his political passions that they left him practically indifferent to everything else. The only person who, after his early romance, has called out his real affection was his daughter, to whom he has been ready to sacrifice his life and everything in it. To legitimize this daughter he married civilly her mother.

The book is interesting, though its style does not always reach perfection.

SCHOOL HISTORIES.

A HISTORY OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE, by A. F. Leach, F.S.A. (Duckworth's Public School Series, 6s.). Mr. Leach is, at the outset, almost as unsparing of established beliefs as in his book on the state of education in England under Edward VI. The old Wykehamist will be not a little disconcerted to read that William of Wykeham was not the architect of Winchester College, and that only in a modified sense can he be termed the "inventor of public schools." Winchester College, we are told, was no novelty "either in being a collegiate church with a grammar school attached, or in being a preparatory school for a University college, or in the admission of commoners." It was only by virtue of its combination of all these characteristics on a grander scale than had yet been seen that it may be called the first of public schools. In coming to this conclusion Mr. Leach brings to light many points of interest in the history of English educational institutions. He assigns the introduction of grammar schools to Augustine, the apostle of the English, and shows how such a school existed at Canterbury in the year 631 and another at York in 734.

But, whatever Winchester and New College may have owed to earlier foundations, the influence of Wykeham's model upon the schools and colleges of a later date exhibits one of the most striking features in the history of English education. The guiding spirit of Wykeham, which can be traced in almost all the educational institutions of the later Middle Ages, found its noblest expression in the work of Chichele and Waynflete; in the foundation of All Souls' and Magdalen School and College; and in the traditions which Waynflete carried with him from Winchester to Eton. But it was not only in its buildings, establishment, and statutes that Winchester was a model to other foundations. "There can hardly be a doubt," says Mr.

Leach, "that the school of Grocyn, Chandler, Warham took the lead in the introduction of Greek into the curriculum of schools." The records consulted by the indefatigable author are equally favourable to the high example in learning set by the sons of Wykeham in the succeeding centuries. Legend, too, is in agreeable accord with fact. The State visit of Elizabeth to Winchester in 1570 gave rise to the story, "how seeing the picture of the Bibling rod on the school walls she asked one of the boys whether he had experienced its charms, when he replied, like Æneas to Dido in Virgil's second Æneid" :—

Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Winchester plays an equally important part in the modern development of public schools. Thomas Arnold himself was a Wykehamist, nurtured under the genial and inspiring influence of Dr. Goddard. That Goddard was comparable to Arnold may be gathered from the following touching story :—

The future editor of Thucydides was one day set on to construe a difficult passage in his favourite author, and gave a rendering to which Goddard objected. Arnold ventured to advance one or two arguments in support of his rendering. "I see what you have been reading, Arnold; but you mistake the meaning of the authorities whom you quote." "I don't think I do," returned Arnold sturdily. "Very well," said the headmaster quietly, "then go to your place and we will hear some one who can construe it my way." When school broke up the Doctor retired to his library, and was relating what passed there to a friend when there came a rap, and Arnold entered, looking very crestfallen. "I have come to tell you, sir, that I have found out that I was wrong." "Ay, Arnold," said Goddard, holding out his hand, "I knew you would come."

At no other school are there so many relics still existing to bind the present with the past as at Winchester.

The secret of England's success as a political body lies in its gradual development of the old to meet the ends of the new, instead of making a clean sweep of the ancient to clear the field for the modern. In no sphere of life, in no institution, is this more pronouncedly shown than in this school.

This characteristic of Winchester is best illustrated in the vocabulary known to Wykehamists as "notions." These Mr. Leach has used here and there where they rise naturally from his text, but he has lost one or two opportunities of giving local colour to his narrative by means of them. Thus in writing of the Roundhead occupation of Winchester—which he shows to have been less serious in its results than is commonly believed—he might have shown the significance of the clump of trees overlooking the town from the south-west, known as "Oliver's Battery." In his learned researches into the endowments of the college he mentions "Non Licet Gate" without explaining its picturesque history. Through this gate, which leads from the college meads to the outer world, the unfortunate Wykehamist was "furked" or expelled. Over the gate, according to tradition, his clothes were disdainfully handed to him upon the end of a fork. Hence the term "furk," which is also overlooked by Mr. Leach. In the author's frequent allusions to the Bishop's Palace and the college precincts, the old Wykehamist will look in vain for some mention of "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," "Arcadia," "Sicily," "Logie," "Salve Diva Potens Corner," "Og, Gog, and Magog." A chapter on "Notions" might even have been introduced to take the place of that entitled a "School of Poets," which serves no purpose but to reveal the nakedness of the land. But if in burrowing in the records of bygone history, Mr. Leach has occasionally overlooked some of the still existing remnants of the past preserved in Winchester "notions," it is, after all, a slight defect in a book which is little less than a treasure-house of important facts, marshalled with impartial acumen and almost unerring accuracy. There is one mistake, however, for which few old Wykehamists will easily forgive Mr. Leach. It is unpardonable to say that the Wykehamists have never been victorious in the Public Schools Racquets Competition, which was won by Winchester in 1889.

ANNALS OF SHREWSBURY SCHOOL, by G. W. Fisher (Methuen, 10s. 6d.).—It has been said that the history of a great public school is the history of its headmasters. This is particularly the case with Shrewsbury, owing to the long tenure of office of many of its headmasters and to the peculiar triple government under which the school was placed by the revised charter of 1877. A system of checks and balances was adopted; St. John's College, Cambridge, appointed the head and second masters, while the Bailiffs of the Town had the power to veto the election on "reasonable grounds," and exercised a joint control with the headmaster over the school property and expenditure. And so it was that the prosperity of the school depended on the strength of the headmaster to hold in check the pretensions of the Bailiffs. In the time of Meighen (headmaster 1583-1635) the Bailiffs resorted to physical force in order to eject the second master, whom they "misliked," but the women of Shrewsbury, who cannot have "misliked" him so much, held the school house for four days and three nights, "effectually resisting all attempts on the part of the Bailiffs to force an entry." Under Challoner (1636-1644) the school numbered as many as 600 boys, but when Shrewsbury fell to the Parliamentary forces Challoner was ejected *bonis omnibus exutus*, and many of the boys followed him in his subsequent scholastic wanderings. Both the numbers and the reputation of the school now steadily declined, with some assistance from the Bailiffs, who absorbed the school funds in law suits against the school ordinances, until, with Atcherley (1771-1798), the state of things is described as deplorable. Then new ordinances were made and a new governing body appointed by Act of Parliament, and the school received a new lease of life and prosperity with Dr. Butler.

Dr. Butler (1798-1836) ranks with Busby, Keate, and Arnold as a headmaster; by his "example in remodelling our public education" he gave a stimulus "which has since acted on almost all the public schools of the country." He raised the school to its highest pitch of scholarship. His successor, Dr. Kennedy (1836-1866), fully upheld the high reputation of the school, despite a fall in numbers in 1841 owing to the foundations of Cheltenham, Marlborough, and Rossall. Shrewsbury came under the Public School Act of 1868, and three years later received a new governing body. In 1862 the picturesque but dilapidated buildings in the town were deserted, and the school migrated to its present beautiful site at Kingsland. Mr. Fisher gives an interesting account of the school library, which, in 1819, was spoken of as second only to that of Eton. Towards the close of the eighteenth century many books disappeared, and others were mutilated for the sake of the illuminations. Such excursions in *libraria* by the boys seem to have been frequent; even in Kennedy's time it happened. The illustrious headmaster found a small boy lying in the library surrounded by weighty tomes, with the library ladder on the top of him. "Good God, the poor boy's dead," cried the headmaster; but the boy moved and opened his eyes; "Boy, I'll flog you." Mr. Fisher is at his best in writing of Dr. Butler and Dr. Kennedy, but we regret that he does not give us any of the "Kennedy" legends, for what Jowett was to Balliol Kennedy was to Shrewsbury. The chapter on "School Athletics" is sketchy and is not as good as the rest. Otherwise, the volume is most interestingly written, and, thanks to careful study of all the existing documents relating to school and town, is most exhaustive. All Salopians, past, present, and future, owe Mr. Fisher a large debt of gratitude.

SHAKESPEARIANA.

The character of THE RELIGION OF SHAKESPEARE, chiefly from the Writings of the late Mr. Richard Simpson, M.A., by Henry Sebastian Bowden (Burns and Oates, 7s. 6d.), is sufficiently indicated by Cardinal Vaughan's *imprimatur*. Like Mr. Pym Yeatman's recent "The Gentle Shakespeare," which made an amusing appearance in the Law Courts, it is a polemical treatise designed to claim the dramatist as a Catholic sympathizer in the religious disputes of his day. The controversy is barren and not

a new one; the rehandling of it by Mr. Bowden is due, we suppose, to Mr. Carter's "Shakespeare, Puritan and Protestant." Competent and impartial students have long ago come to the conclusion that Shakespeare is not fairly to be put down as either Catholic or Protestant. As was the case with more than one of the acute Elizabethan thinkers, his speculations ran on lines quite other than those of theological polemic. He takes neither side; if you will, he transcends them both. Nor do we find anything in Mr. Bowden's book or in Mr. Carter's which should reasonably lead to a modification of this opinion. We do not, therefore, propose to follow Mr. Bowden in detail through his attempts to read Catholic philosophy and Catholic ethics into sonnets and plays. Part of the book is his own; the rest is based upon published and unpublished writings of the late Mr. Richard Simpson. Mr. Simpson, as Mr. Bowden says, was an unwearied investigator of Elizabethan literary material. Unfortunately his judgment and his reasoning powers were by no means on a level with his industry. It is with some amusement that we find his editor confessing that "occasionally his interpretations may seem strained and far-fetched, but even then they are interesting as proofs of his ingenuity and research"; for obviously it is not proofs of Mr. Simpson's ingenuity but proofs of the correctness of the thesis which he puts forward that alone could serve Mr. Bowden's purpose. Indeed, the whole argument of the book is vitiated by the constant exercise of an "ingenuity" which consists in saddling Shakespeare *in propria persona* with opinions put dramatically by him in the mouths of his characters. The diplomatic arguments of Pandolph before King John, the Bishop of Carlisle's fanatical defence of the "divine right" of Richard II., the sentiments of Coriolanus upon the unwashed multitude—what are you to think of a critic who deliberately produces these as containing Shakespeare's own views upon the questions at issue? In the chapter on "External Evidence" we think that Mr. Bowden succeeds in showing the absurdity of Mr. Carter's contention that the list of Warwickshire residents in which John Shakespeare's name occurs contains the findings of a Commission aimed not at Papists but at Puritans. He does not, however, show any reason for doubting the statement of the Commissioners themselves that John Shakespeare's absence from church was due, not to his religious opinions at all, but to the fear of process for debt. With his defence of the forged "spiritual will" of John Shakespeare we cannot agree. He produces no evidence which is independent of the *bona fides* of the supposed forger himself, John Jordan. Either Mr. Bowden's own scholarship or his printer has served him ill, for we find in the book a number of somewhat amazing verbal errors. "Godstone" appears for "Godstowe," "Symond" for "Symonds," "Factotemi" for "Factotum," "melicent" for "Melicert," "Braun" for "Brandes."

For the Shakespeare Society of New York, always indefatigable in hunting out illustrative material for its publications, Mrs. Eleanor Grant Vickery has translated Rénan's "philosophical drama" of CALIBAN. Prospero takes Caliban with him to Milan, where the monster heads a democratic revolution and deposes his benefactor once more from the Dukedom. The play is interesting as a somewhat cynical pendant to *The Tempest*, but we should have thought it hardly necessary to translate it.

SHAKESPEARE'S HANDWRITING (Asher) is a pamphlet by Mr. A. Hall, of Highbury, containing facsimiles of two fragments from the manuscript of the play of *Sir Thomas More*. This manuscript is a theatre copy of the play. Certain passages in it are written upon separate scraps of paper and pasted over some of the original matter which had come under the disapproval of the Master of the Revels. Mr. Hall, following the late Mr. Simpson, thinks that Shakespeare may have been the author of these alterations, and he publishes the facsimile for comparison with Shakespeare's acknowledged handwriting. Mr. Simpson's "ingenious" conjecture does not, however, find favour with the best critics.

The Rev. John Webb's TRANSLATION OF A FRENCH METRICAL HISTORY OF THE DEPOSITION OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND (Bell)

was originally published in the "Archæologia for 1823," and is now reprinted by Miss Beale, of the Cheltenham Ladies' College for the benefit of students of Shakespeare's *Richard II.* The chronicle does not throw much light on the play, for there is no reason to suppose that Shakespeare knew it, but it is, as Miss Beale says, "a very lively and circumstantial account of the period."

In STORIES FROM SHAKESPEARE, written and illustrated by M. Surtees Townesend (Warne, 6s.), the best things are the pictures. These are numerous and good; but one is not much impressed by reading:—

"Methinks it is like a weasel," said Hamlet, with a twinkle in his eye.

"It is backed like a weasel," said Polonius, smiling feebly.

"Or like a whale?" said Hamlet.

"Very like a whale," said Polonius.

"Then I will come to my mother by and by," said Hamlet.

"I will say so," said Polonius, getting away from Hamlet as fast as he could.

SCIENCE.

The Science of Life. An Outline of the History of Biology and its Modern Advances. By J. Arthur Thomson, M.A. (Victorian Era Series.) 7½ × 5 in., x. + 246 pp. London, 1899. Blackie. 2/6

Every student of science is, on the very threshold of his subject, struck with the amazing modernity of it. Chemistry, as we now understand it, dates back only 125 years to the time when Lavoisier laid its foundations in the overthrow of the phlogiston theory and the introduction of empirical methods; modern physics may be said to have grown up since the days of Newton, half a century earlier; astronomy may claim a slightly more venerable age by reckoning Galileo as its true founder; mathematics alone can boast antiquity, reaching back to the days of Euclid. When one comes to those branches of natural philosophy which are more particularly concerned with the animate section of creation, the crude modernity of them all is, at first, almost incredible, and it is difficult to realize that biology has only just emerged from its darkest age. Every science, of course, has had its precursor in some form of study—a wild mixture of superstitious belief and fallacious deductions, with here and there a spark of real truth. Geber, we are taught, founded chemistry in the early Christian era, and Paracelsus, the fifteenth century charlatan, was sufficiently advanced in his views to think him out of date, whilst Boyle exposed Paracelsus and did good work in the sixteenth century. Becher, Stahl, and their immediate contemporaries assisted the introduction of modern ideas as far back as the latter half of the seventeenth century. But the chemistry of those days, the chemistry even of Priestly, Black, Scheele, and Cavendish, was not the same science as that of Berthollet, Dalton, Humphry Davy, Dulong and Pettit, Gay Lussac, Mitscherlich, Wohler, and Liebig—the chemistry of to-day, the exact science founded on inductive methods and accurate experiment.

It was, in fact, the supersession of deductive reasoning from faulty premises, by cautious induction from close observation, that marks the birth of modern science—a change which, in the cases of most forms of science, occurred during that fertile period from the close of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth centuries. In biology, however, this transition was even longer deferred. The superstitions which clustered round the sanctity of life, blinded all inquiry and frustrated every endeavour at real research, and it was not until the chemist had paved the way that the biologist was evolved. Though Aristotle may have been aware of the nutritive functions of the blood, Galen's jargon about the vital spirit and the animal spirit still hampered even that stern inquirer after physiological truths, of comparatively recent times, Haller, and only received its death-blow at the hands of nineteenth century physiological chemists, such as Wohler. The history of a science whose rise has been so closely associated with the "memory of living man," whose

study is so intimately connected with our every-day life, is of itself an interesting and a fascinating subject. It is of this theme that Mr. J. A. Thomson's latest book treats. It is, as he admits, a venturesome undertaking to try to deal with it in some 240 pages of crown octavo in fairly large print. But we are now sufficiently acquainted with the author's lucidity and conciseness, two characteristics unfortunately but rarely met with in scientific writers, to expect the little book to set out its facts in a clear and comprehensive fashion. This it certainly does. If, however, the reader expects to find in it a popular sketch of the rise of modern biology, he will undoubtedly be disappointed. It is a sternly technical hand-book of dates and names, and, as such, will prove of much service to the scientific student, especially as, despite its smallness, it is singularly complete, and traces in a clear and business-like manner an outline of the whole history of every branch of the subject. It is, in fact, a connected dictionary of dates in brief, of great service to the thoroughly grounded student, but unintelligible, probably, to the layman or the dabbler. This may or may not be a fault according as it is the intention of the series to which it belongs to cater for the one class or to the other. It has the merit of making no attempt to cater to both.

Where the author expresses his opinions, he is invariably interesting, and his estimate of Huxley is particularly noticeable, both for the vigour with which it is expressed and for the fact that it represents what will, in all probability, be the ultimate verdict of scientific posterity on his position as a biologist. Huxley was a teacher, not a discoverer; he was gifted with a master-mind—a combination of the scientific with the practical order of intellect. Accurate in his reasoning, fearless in his opinions, a close observer, capable of the widest range of perception, keenly alive to the value of practical research—in short, a teacher who revolutionized study by his insistence on the necessity for original work as an essential part of even the beginner's curriculum—he, yet, has left no monument, has made no mark on the trend of the development of biology, with which his name can be associated. As Mr. Thomson puts it:—

Although an inspiring teacher, he founded no school; although the cutting-edge of evolution doctrine, he added nothing directly to its content: although most keenly interested in physiology, he made no physiological discoveries; although he systematized the teaching of biology, he added very little to its capital of ideas.

It is curious, by the way, that Mr. Thomson takes exception to the classification of Huxley as a morphologist. It seems to us that he was first and last a morphologist, and that his physiology was inseparable from his work as a morphologist. The author's final conclusion about him has the double merit of accuracy and humour.

If he had worked less for fisheries, he might have worked more at fishes; if he had paid less heed to the Bishops, he might have done more for biology; but such reflections are gratuitous.

The most interesting chapters in the book are certainly those on "The Physiology of Animals," "The Conditions of Life and Death," and "Cell and Protoplasm," all dealing with the foundations of the healer's art, and all bringing home to one how little we still know of the science of life, and how near we are in this respect to the darkest ages in knowledge. The ancients prescribed crushed lion's heart for cowardice; the most modern physician gives pig's gastric juice for indigestion, or injects thyroid extract to cure myxoedema. We laugh at the one, but we chronicle the other as the very latest development of an enlightened science, worthy of all men to be received, and meriting for its discoverer that he be acclaimed great and wonderful by a grateful public.

The remarkable advances made by astronomy in the present century are perhaps nowhere more strikingly visible than in the department of our knowledge of the so-called "fixed stars." The very name shows how far we have gone beyond our forefathers, for every one is now well aware that many of the "fixed stars" have proper motions in comparison with which a falling meteor

crawls across the sky, and the flight of the earth in its orbit at seventeen miles per second is a mere dawdle. Mr. W. H. S. Monck's *INTRODUCTION TO STELLAR ASTRONOMY* (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) is valuable as elucidating a branch of research which is scantily treated in the text-books, and as setting forth the main outlines of our present conception of the stellar universe. The book begins with a brief historical retrospect, followed by an account of the ways in which the relative light of the stars—on which alone our study of them can be based—is measured, with some pertinent criticism of the existing photometrical methods. The unit which astronomers customarily use to measure these gigantic interspaces between world and world is the distance which light travels in a year. Mr. Monck suggests with reason that it would be more convenient to take as unit the distance from the earth of a star whose parallax is one second, which is about $8\frac{1}{2}$ "light-years," and has the advantage of giving the distance of any star, whose parallax has been found, with a rather less laborious calculation than is now necessary. He then deals with the proper motion of the sun and the fixed stars—to accept an inevitable bull—and then goes on to the work of the spectroscope, which has done as much for stellar astronomy as the telescope did in clearing up the mysteries of the Solar System. The latter half of the book describes what has been learnt of the constitution of the various types of stars by the wireless messages brought by the ether and interpreted by the prism or the grating, and blends suggestion with exposition in a fashion which gives this excellent little book an interest both for the student and the general reader.

The Natural Science Manuals issued by the Cambridge University Press have lately received an addition in the shape of *THE PRINCIPLES OF STRATIGRAPHICAL GEOLOGY*, by J. E. Marr, M.A., F.R.S., University Lecturer (Cambridge University Press, 6s.). When the elements of geology have been grasped, and the study of a treatise is the next platform to which the student must aspire, Mr. Marr's book may be taken up with advantage, as it stands upon an intermediate level. All geologists will welcome its appearance, more especially those who are about to take up field work.

Professor Lapworth's *INTERMEDIATE TEXT-BOOK OF GEOLOGY* (Blackwood, 5s.) has had a history not unlike that of recent species of shellfish. It first saw the light so far back in the Quaternary period as 1854, when it left the hands of the late David Page. At intervals varying from one to four years it is met with in successive editions, occupying different strata, as it were, until 1888, when the present editor came upon the scene. He has now once more added considerably to the size and value of the book, and made it occupy about the same relation to the modern science as Page's work did to that of half a century ago. Though the struggle for existence among science manuals is now only exceeded by that of living organisms, the present volume is well equipped at all points, and will continue to thrive as in the past.

ANECDOTA OXONIENSIA.

The Dialogues of Athanasius and Zaccchæus, and of Timothy and Aquila. Edited with Prolegomena and Facsimiles, by F. C. Conybeare, M.A. 9x8in., 11x. + 104 pp. Oxford, 1898. Clarendon Press. 7/6

These two curious anti-Jewish dialogues are here edited for the first time in the original Greek, as Part VIII. of the classical series of "Anecdota Oxoniensia." Their interest lies, not so much in their subject-matter, as in their citations of the New Testament, and in the light thrown (by the latter of them especially) upon the history of Aquila and the sources of Epiphanius' treatise "De Mensuris et Ponderibus." We will follow the editor in denoting the two dialogues, for brevity's sake, by the symbols AZ and TA. In preparing the Greek text of AZ he has collated a version in the Armenian ("Paralipomena" of Athanasius now being printed at Venice, the title prefixed to which is "Questions and Answers; or a give-and-take of arguments between Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria, and

Zacchæus, a Jew," the general subject of discussion being the Divinity of Christ. From certain dogmatic phrases employed in AZ, this dialogue in its present form cannot well be older than A.D. 300-320; while the title of TA, and certain allusions in it to the doctrine of the Trinity, refer that dialogue to the time of Cyril, Bishop of Alexandria—i.e., 420-430 A.D. But from the archaic character of the gospel texts imbedded in TA, from the many traces of affinity between the two dialogues, and from signs of the influence of AZ in early Christian literature, Mr. Conybeare concludes that both go back to some much earlier source; and that this lost documentary basis may have been the dialogue of Papias and Jason in the second century, mentioned by Celsus the Epicurean and by Origen, and possibly used (either itself or a document similar to it) by Tertullian in his anti-Jewish writings. This is only a surmise; but Mr. Conybeare works it out with much learning and ingenuity, and claims to have made good his point so far as this: that the lost documentary basis of these two dialogues, whatever it was, was known to Tertullian; that it influenced Cyprian; and that it was in the hands of Origen, and possibly of Irenæus and Justin Martyr. So far as we can here estimate Mr. Conybeare's discussion of an obscure question, his contention has reasonable probability.

An interesting chapter in Mr. Conybeare's introduction is his discussion of the New Testament citations in TA. These, he shows, are not altogether explicable from the text of the canonical gospels or from any attempted harmony of them; for they contain original matter not found in the canonical gospels, and certain sayings of Jesus are found in a different context from that in which the gospels present them. Thus, the last verse of genealogy in Matthew i., v. 16, is at one part of the dialogue cited by the Jew with the additional words, *καὶ ἰωσήφ ἐγέννησεν τὸν ἰησοῦν τὸν λεγόμενον χριστόν*. The Christian has rallied him with ignorance of the pedigree of Jesus; and the Jew apparently tries to confute his assertion of our Lord's divinity by appealing to a passage which implies that He was the earthly son of Joseph. This, Mr. Conybeare argues, must have been the form in which the original author of the dialogue read this verse in his copy of St. Matthew's Gospel, for unless copies of St. Matthew had actually contained it, no Christian writer would have made the Jewish interlocutor appeal to it. It is, of course, possible (as Mr. Conybeare seems to imply) that the passage was tampered with by the early Church by the omission of the words in question. But, ingenious as Mr. Conybeare's argument is, we should hardly be prepared to set aside the unanimous evidence of the Greek codices of the New Testament on the authority of this obscure dialogue, in which, it may be remarked, the verse in question appears in three different forms. Nor, assuming the genuineness of this particular form, need the phrase *ἐγέννησεν*, occurring in such a genealogy, carry all the force that the Jewish interlocutor is supposed to give to it. In the human genealogy of our Lord, Joseph may be spoken of as what some of the early Fathers call His *σαρκικός πατήρ* without implying denial of His Divine Sonship. Among other points discussed is the question whether the expression *τα ἔκγονα* ("seed" or "descendants") *τῶν ἀποστόλων* is to be understood literally of their physical descendants or figuratively of "apostolical succession." Throughout the work Mr. Conybeare has supplemented a wide acquaintance with early Christian literature by a familiarity with Armenian sacred writings not always at the command of theologians.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

THE OPEN ROAD (Grant Richards, 5s.) is a little volume, very prettily and neatly bound, of extracts, in prose and verse, from the best authors, compiled by Mr. E. V. Lucas for the purpose of "providing companionship on the road for city-dwellers who make holiday." The editor adds, perhaps a little superfluously, that it "has no claims to completeness of any kind." It would, indeed, be disgrace to our literature if this boast could be made for any anthology of three hundred pages. It is a charming volume, however, and strikes a note of modernity

which will not fail to please readers who complain that the compilers of anthologies are too fond of following a beaten track. It contains something from Shakespeare, and something from Milton, but also something from writers who have won their laurels as recently as Mr. John Davidson, Mr. Bliss Carman, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Miss Nora Hopper, and the Rev. H. C. Beeching.

The new volume of Mr. Temple Scott's annual summary of BOOK SALES (Bell, 15s.) embraces the principal sales of books held between July, 1897, and the same month in the following year. Lower priced books are in this new volume generally omitted. This is, we think, an improvement, it being simply impracticable to crowd into a reasonable number of pages a really full report of the second-hand book market, which would necessitate notices of thousands of works of little interest or value. The most that can be done is to make a judicious selection, and in this the compiler has attained a good measure of success. The experience of several years has shown that although "Book Sales" cannot be said to have ousted "Book Prices Current" from its position, it yet forms a good record at a cheaper price and will appeal, no doubt, to a public of its own. The entries number nearly 4,000, and are evidently indexed with great care. Mr. Scott's Introduction too is well worth reading by collectors with an eye to future operations, and the tabular analyses of the prices realized at different periods by the works of Stevenson and Kipling as well as the Kelmscott Press publications are original and interesting. These analyses were printed in our issue of June 3rd last, and should be compared with the present year's statistics when they are available.

Two volumes of MISCELLANIES (7s. 6d. n. each) conclude Messrs. Constable's Library Edition of Fielding, which consists of twelve volumes in all. It is not claimed that the "Miscellanies" are complete, but only that they are representative. As Fielding wrote twenty-five plays, and a large number of fugitive pamphlets on matters of ephemeral interest, several more volumes would have been needed to include them all, and the enterprise of printing them in this costly format would hardly have been profitable. The selections made by the editor include "Tom Thumb the Great," "The Apology for the Clergy," "A Journey from this World to the Next," "A Clear State of the Case of Elizabeth Canning," "The Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon," and some essays.

THE POLITICAL STRUWWELPETER (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.), will not, perhaps, figure largely in a future history of political caricature because its subjects—the very amusing "Story of the Duke of Bunnygorst" for example—are, for the most part, rather ephemeral; but Mr. F. C. Gould (whose drawings are now on view at the Continental Gallery in Bond Street), recasts the familiar pictures in his best vein of genial humour, and Mr. Harold Begbie is often happy in his verse, as in "The Story of the Protestant who wouldn't":—

Sir William was a brawny Rad,
A wealth of cheek Sir William had;

But one day, one twin-letter day,
He said, "I will not join the fray:
I don't care what the papers say,
No party will I lead to-day!"

Or,

Let me see if little Tanner
Can assume a suaver manner:
Let me see if he is able
To look pretty at the table.

Of the pictures, perhaps, "Johnny Head in the Air" wins the palm—"with tilted nose, Johnny, Member for Montrose." But the most serious politician will hardly maintain his gravity wherever he may open the book.

THE COLONIES AND THE CENTURY, by the Hon. Sir J. Robinson, K.C.M.G., late Premier of Natal (Macmillan, 3s. n.), is a revised and expanded version of a paper read by the author, a year ago, before the Royal Colonial Institute. The sentiments

are admirable, though the style is somewhat too suggestive of the University prize essay in its rhetorical insistence upon the obvious. By way of appendix Sir J. Robinson reprints a paper which he contributed to the *Westminster Review* in July, 1871, on "The Future of the British Empire." This shows that, thirty years ago, there were those who doubted the desirability of retaining the colonies as part of the Empire. "The Empire," Sir J. Robinson then wrote, "cannot be dismembered piecemeal. If the vast and glorious structure, raised through so many ages by so much toil and sacrifice, is to fall to pieces, the collapse will be sudden and complete rather than partial and gradual."

The sub-title, "Archæological Walks in Algeria and Tunis," sufficiently explains the purport of ROMAN AFRICA, by Gaston Boissier, translated into English by Arabella Ward (Putnam, 7s. 6d.). It is history written with special reference to "remains," and ranges from the time of Dido to the time of the schools of rhetoric. In discussing the former subject, M. Boissier not only gives us a psychological analysis of Dido's passion for Aeneas, but also professes to identify the cave in which the event occurred which sent Rumour on its pilgrimage through the Carthaginian cities. His comments are luminous and suggestive: but he is, at times, too anxious to squeeze information out of the classical passages which he quotes. For example, on Juvenal's "*De conducendo loquitur jam rhetore Thule*" he remarks, "Thule, the island at the end of the world, spoke of providing itself with a professor of Rhetoric." This, surely, is interpreting a satirist too literally. As well might the author allege, on the same poet's authority, that Hannibal crossed the Alps in order to please the boys, and become a fit subject for a rhetorical exercise. On the whole, however, the book is well worthy of M. Boissier's reputation as a lucid exponent of classical archæology, and the translation is good, though the use of the word "employées" for civil servants not of the feminine gender will fail to satisfy the purist.

We suspect that had it not been for a pardonable desire to repeat the story of Manila Bay as a colophon, AN AMERICAN CRUISER IN THE EAST, by John D. Ford, Fleet Engineer U.S. Navy (Allenson, 12s.), would not have been furnished up for publication, and that it might have been better so. Four hundred and forty pages are devoted to reciting established or familiar facts concerning the countries and ports touched at in the ordinary course of a three years' commission on the China station, to which are tacked on four short appendices in a strained effort to bring the volume up to date with reports of the Chino-Japanese war and the earlier American hostilities in the Philippines. Thus the tail is made to wag the dog. Between the mass of extraneous instruction and the cruiser there exists about as slender a connexion as that of the Cornishman's pasty "with the course of meat all through." Of incident the voyage was, agreeably perhaps for the narrator, less so for the listener, prosperously free. It was not necessary to tell us that "the Chinese belong to the Mongolian race"; that "tea is universally used," and so on; though when we learn that "the Chinese are a progressive people" we certainly have something new. The incursions inland into the domains of history are, on the whole, correct summaries, though the writer is in error in stating that "the Chinese of Formosa acknowledged the Emperor of China in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and since that time Formosa has formed part of the Chinese Empire." It was in 1682 that the fugitives of the Ming dynasty gave their adherence to the Emperor, after having expelled the Dutch from Fort Zelandia. And in dealing with the Constitution and Government of Japan the author makes the common slip of speaking of the "dual system of government"; the Shōgumate was never more than an investiture and devolution of military power from the Emperor, who remained supreme. The abrupt concluding pages treat of more recent times, and contain a vigorous description of the naval engagement off Cavite. The book closes with the fall of the curtain on the first, or Spanish, act of the Philippine drama.

A high degree of excellence is gained for A RUSSIAN PROVINCE OF THE NORTH, by a P. Englehardt, Governor of the Archangel, translated from the Russian by Henry Cooke (Constable, 18s.), by the qualifications of the author and the efficiency of the translator. As the account by a Governor of his own province it deserves attention, while the able treatment of the subject saves it from any *ex parte* character or the dryness of an official report. The works of Mr. Trevor-Battye and Mr. F. G. Jackson have already contributed to a better knowledge of Northern Russia among Englishmen, and the present volume will further dispel the haze which may be said, for many, still to hang over the remote coasts of the Arctic Ocean. The pro-consulate described is a large one, even for Russia, and embraces the islands of Novaya Zemlia, Vaigach, and Kolgueff, the vast Samoyede tundra, the great Petchora district, the whole of the White Sea littoral, including the Holy Islands, the Monastery of Solovetski, the Kola Peninsula, and the Murman, or Lapland, coast up to the confines of Norway. To each of these we are taken in the tour of inspection, and the author interweaves past history with present development and incidents of travel in a very skilful manner. That the conditions of life among the dwellers on these rugged shores remain both arduous and primitive is undeniable, but the Governor is sanguine as to the era of prosperity about to dawn with the establishment of telegraphs and railroads. Important among the undertakings of his administration is the choice of a harbour at Ekaterina, in the Gulf of Kola, which he extols as about to give Russia "an open window, looking out not only towards Europe, but on the whole wide world beyond. . . . In the never freezing waters of the Murman our fleet will find secure and convenient anchorages, whence it will be able at any season of the year to steam forth into open sea." This port will be connected with St. Petersburg by rail, and the whole of Western Russia will be opened to a new and direct route for foreign trade.

But, while eagerly forecasting the future, the author is no less capable of reanimating the past. His description of the old races offers abundant ethnographic as well as current interest. Of them the Ziriāns, belonging to the Permian branch of the Finns, still constitute sixty per cent. of the population of the Petchora district. Their name would seem not to be known to Nestor, but several of their customs are shared with the tribes of the Volga, of whom a study by M. Smirnov was recently noticed in *Literature*. Inferior to them in all respects are the Samoyedes, those roving, thriftless children of the tundras, among whom yet lurks a furtive Shamanism, and who may, perhaps, represent the transition stage between Mongol and Finn. But for all, Ziriān, Samoyede, and Lapp, their protector predicts complete absorption, a racial extinction more thorough than the fiercer methods of the old Novgorodian freebooters ever could effect.

The appendices furnish industrial statistics, and maps and illustrations are in accord with the rest of this admirable work, upon which Mr. Cooke is to be congratulated.

M. Leopold de Saussure, in this book just published by M. Alcan, PSYCHOLOGIE DE LA COLONISATION FRANÇAISE DANS SES RAPPORTS AVEC LES SOCIÉTÉS INDIGÈNES (3f.50c.), says a number of things which have hitherto been left to foreigners to say. The colonial methods of the various nations, he points out, differ according to the psychological differences between them, and it is unjust to hold this or that Governor or administrator responsible for failures which are inherent in the very psychology of peoples.

The thesis when thus stated is not merely plausible but indisputable, and it is no doubt fertile in suggestion. M. de Saussure's object in this book, however, is not to illustrate it in an exhaustive study of the whole problem of French colonization, but only with reference to one portion. France, he says, does not know how to deal with the natives in countries in which the conqueror is in the minority. She always adopts a solution just the opposite of that aimed at by the great colonizing peoples, the Romans, the English, and the Dutch.

And the French system is not the fault of the governing classes but of the blend of sentiments, beliefs, and notions which constitute French national character. Just as Louis IX., when he wished to obtain the support of the grand Khan to conquer Syria, thought that the best way was to convert him to Christianity, and sent out monks to show him *comment il devrait croire*, so Paul Bert immediately upon his arrival in Tonkin posted up at Hanoi the *Droits de l'Homme*. The two acts are, in M. de Saussure's opinion, typical. The blunders of the French colonial crusade, he thinks, do not differ essentially from those of the middle-age crusades.

Just as [says he] the old Spanish conquerors saw in the curious civilizations of Central America diabolical practices, unworthy of respect, which it behoved them to destroy, so, in the civilizations of Indo-China, in these monuments of the traditions and wisdom of refined peoples, we see only civilizations hostile to our domination, which we endeavour to undermine so as to transform them to our own image.

Even the history of the French Canadians and the visit to Paris of Sir Wilfrid Laurier did not seem to teach Frenchmen the obvious moral. M. de Saussure tells the truth bluntly:—

If we delay changing the system, the possessions which have cost us so much blood and money will fall into the power of the Anglo-Saxon.

He finds the remedy in a diagnosis of French national dogmas which fatally condition the policy of France with native races. His book belongs to "historic psychology," and he follows in the wake of M. Gustave Le Bon. The book is an admirable example of luminous French thought.

THE ANGLICAN CONTROVERSY.

The Bishop of London said last year that the main characteristic of the Church of England is "the method of sound learning"; and the Church Historical Society (whose pamphlets are published by the S.P.C.K.) is certainly true to the principles of Dr. Creighton, its president. It has issued, since its inception two or three years ago, fifty-six publications, ranging in price from 2d. to 4s., which may be taken as representing the *mind* of the English Church (to use the word with a double emphasis) at this time upon many disputed questions. Professor W. E. Collins' "Four Recent Pronouncements" (No. 56, 3d.) is a typical production. It deals with the statement of the English Church Union of February 27, with the Memorial of the "Churchmen's Union" of March 3, with the reply of the Church Association of March 9, and with the reply of the National Protestant Church Union of March 24. Proceeding purely from the historical standpoint, and without taking sides, it points out the various inaccuracies—sometimes of the most glaring description—which these societies were led into by the excitement of party warfare. The contemplation of the hasty misstatements which Mr. Collins has pilloried remind us irresistibly of the answer of a schoolboy, who, not hearing aright his teacher's explanation of the word "Hell" in the Creed, wrote in his paper, "Hell is the place of party spirit." Mr. W. H. Hutton contributes a very short *aperçu* of "The English Reformation" (No. 53, 1d.), which gives the opinion of an able and candid historian as to what led to the Reformation, what really resulted from it, and what inferences may be drawn from it at the present day. His conclusion is a very curious comment on recent Parliamentary utterances:—

Modern politics have familiarized us with the opinion that laws with which we disagree must be disobeyed, and that if there is enough disobedience there will be a change of law. This view has high authority, but it is essentially immoral. We must obey the laws and formularies of the English Church.

Mr. W. J. Birkbeck's translation of Professor Bulgakoff's "The Question of Anglican Orders" (No. 55, 6d.) is less for the general public than are the two former pamphlets. The Russian theologian's essay owes its interest to the fact that it is a critical examination of Cardinal Vaughan's "Vindication" of the Pope's Bull on this subject. It regards the defence of the Anglican Archbishops as conclusive against the Roman objections, though it does not depart from the rigid orthodox

position as to the *filioque* clause and other matters. We have treated these publications of the Church Historical Society at greater length than we can usually devote to pamphlets, because both their matter and the eminent persons concerned in them give them a high value. They supply just the necessary corrective to the slovenly misunderstandings of many books and more newspapers.

OTHER PAMPHLETS.—Dean Church's weighty article "On the Relations between Church and State" (Longmans, 1899, 1s.) has been again reprinted from the "Christian Remembrancer" of 1850. The lapse of fifty years has not made it old-fashioned or abated its reasonable force. Mr. Morris Fuller has given the same title to a letter addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury (Skeffington, 1899, 1s.). It is a learned and temperate appeal for a properly constituted Archbishops' Court, in which the spiritual and temporal authorities shall be found. Mr. Fuller wishes, also, for an appeal from this Court, not to the Privy Council, but to a National Synod, that is, to "the Archbishops and Bishops of the whole Anglican Church." Both these pamphlets are valuable at this time when a scheme for the reasonable self-government of the Church is probably in the making. Canon Teignmouth Shore's "Auricular Confession and the Church of England" (Cassell, 1899) is a reprint from an article in the *Nineteenth Century* some years back. It is an able attempt to minimize the teaching of the Prayer-book upon this subject, but the danger of such an exercise is that it encourages others to undertake the maximizing process. Dr. F. G. Lee criticises "The Ecclesiastical Situation in 1899" (T. Baker, 1899) from his own standpoint, which he describes as "Tractarian." He left the English Church Union because "Liberals alone had secured the management of its affairs," and he regards the recent Benefices Bill as having abolished "stability and security."

The latest Cathedral books are LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL, by Canon Bodington, and RIPON CATHEDRAL, by Archdeacon Danks (Isbister, 1s. n. each). The former volume is illustrated by Mr. Holland Tringham, and the latter by Mr. Herbert Railton. Canon Bodington, in particular, writes in a lively style, and with a sense of the humorous as well as of the picturesque. He knows what to quote, as witness this charming excerpt concerning a seventeenth-century Bishop of the diocese:—

Judge Jones never went to the Bench at the beginning of a Term but he fasted and prayed the day before, and oftentimes got Dr. Hackett to come and pray with him. . . . Sir Julius Caesar never heard him preach but he would send him a broad piece, and he would often send a Bishop or a Dean a pair of gloves, because he would not hear God's word gratis.

OUR DAILY FARE (Ward, Lock, 1d.) contains some good recipes, and will be useful to housekeepers of small means and smaller experience.

Mr. J. A. Wanklyn, the author, with Mr. William John Cooper, of SEWAGE ANALYSIS (Kegan Paul) has long enjoyed a high standing in the sanitary world as the author of the valuable "ammonia method" in water and sewer analysis. At the present moment, when there is a tendency to discard all chemical purification of sewage and to trust both treatment and disposal to the digestive capacity of bacteria, the unbiased experience of a chemical analyst of thirty years' standing forms a refreshing counter-blast. Packed away in an attractive form for a somewhat repulsive subject will be found much valuable matter for the sanitarian and the perplexed municipal councillor. In regard to the important question of sewage treatment, disposal, and utilization, Mr. Wanklyn's view is that

Oxidation may be effected without the aid of bacteria and by simple aëration. . . . Settlement [in tanks] and decantation of the supernatant liquid combined with aëration and the action of oxygen carriers are the processes by the aid of which sewage may be converted into a comparatively clean water fit to be run into the river.

Mr. Wanklyn favours the utilization of the solid products of precipitation as guano, and of the liquid effluent, where possible, over a farm. What he says will certainly make town authorities pause before they hand over their tanks and works to be converted into so-called "bacteria beds" by the biological faddist.

Among my Books.

"LITERÆ HUMANIORES."

Perhaps I may be allowed, under the heading "Among my Books," to offer a few remarks about the present position of books which are not mine in particular, but which, while they ought to be everybody's, are yet, I fear, coming more and more to be nobody's. The question is one which seems to be occupying the minds of many persons who have a right to speak on it with authority. Within the last few weeks we have had an address on Classical Education from the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University, a *Romanes Lecture on Humanism in Education* from Professor Jebb, and, lastly, a very suggestive speech on cheap literature by Mr. John Murray to the International Congress of Publishers. I have been so much struck by the contrasted lights thrown on the subject by these eminent authorities that it has occurred to me that something might be gained by bringing together their different views in a single paper.

Mr. Murray—and no one can speak on the subject with more knowledge—describes the governing facts of the situation forcibly and picturesquely. He is reported to have said :—

The gradual encroachment of journalism into the domain of books was a danger which could not be disregarded. Readers in these days were numbered by millions where in the times of their grandfathers they were numbered by thousands. By a colossal expenditure of money they had taught them how to read; by modern discoveries in printing and illustration they had placed within their reach an enormous mass of printed matter—he could not apply the word literature to it as a whole—but they had not yet taught them how to read or what to read. They revelled in pages of snippets and scraps, which were always trivial, often worthless, not unfrequently pernicious. They demanded their reading served up to them day by day and week by week, as their American friends would say, "like hot cakes."

Thirty years ago Mr. Lowe said in the House of Commons that we must educate those who were our masters in the sphere of politics. The "millions," as Mr. Murray says, are now our highest Court of Appeal in the sphere of taste; but something is apparently still wanting in the education of our æsthetic judges. So at least thinks the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, who begins his address with an axiom on which *Literature* has commented with pleasant irony, but which, in view of Mr. Murray's facts, it seems not quite unnecessary to enunciate.

The first object of the student was the cultivation of intellectual taste, the formation of sound judgment which would enable him to discriminate between what was deserving and what ought to be condemned, what was best worth knowing and what might be left in the division of the unknown.

By what kind of education is this result to be secured? A generation ago the answer would certainly have been by a ground work of scientific, rather than of what is known as classical, education; and I imagine that the Vice-Chancellor himself would have been then of that opinion. Now he says frankly that—for reasons which I need not repeat as they have been discussed in *Literature*—he is not. He falls back on the necessity of classical education, and all the defenders of *literæ humaniores* will

welcome the support of so vigorous an ally. Some of us, however, are a little startled at the somewhat remarkable reservations with which this aid is to be granted. The classics, we are told, are no longer to be regarded as a school of taste in the old sense of the word.

Milton, Pope, Johnson, Addison, and Macaulay—these were the masters of form. The highest eulogium on a man of letters then was to say, "He is a scholar." The reverence in which we held classic learning still led to idol worship; pictures were prayed to and not saints; books, rather than the ideas of the author, were studied; grammar instead of speech. It need to be argued that the classics had set the standard in style. It was so no longer. At the Universities, however, one would still hear criticisms of Stevenson or Kipling. "He is a clever writer," they would say, "but no scholar." But would any one read him if he were? Fancy "*Treasure Island*" or "*Plain Tales from the Hills*" done into Johnsonese. The end of this century had developed a style of its own which bore very little relation to that of Demosthenes or Cicero.

I am afraid it must be recognized that the cultivation of taste is here confused with, what is a very different thing, the cultivation of style for its own sake. The confusion is, indeed, as old as the Revival of Letters. Style for its own sake, the imitation of the mere manner and diction of the ancient authors, was the aim of that section of the Italian Humanists, headed by Bembo, who used to be called the Apes of Cicero. But the aims of these men were ridiculed by Erasmus, the real founder of classical education in England; and, with all deference to the Vice-Chancellor, they have been equally repudiated at all periods by those Englishmen who have most ardently insisted on the value of classical education. We have studied the classical authors as our masters in the art of expression, knowing that the Greeks and Latins were the first to teach men how to say accurately what they had thought justly; the manner in which a subject should be conceived as a whole, and its parts properly arranged; the reason why one word is better fitted than another to convey a writer's meaning. But we have never taken them as models for imitation in the spirit of those who, in the cant of our day, call themselves "stylists"—as if a good style could ever be formed apart from the subject matter. If Milton, Johnson, and others happened to imitate the superficial manner of the ancient writers in any particular, it was only because they found in their modes of expression something analogous to their own thought and their own time. And herein, in my judgment, lies perhaps the main use of the study of the classics on the Erasmian principle. The Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, like many others, has noticed how rapidly, in the higher regions of science, those whose training has been exclusively scientific are overtaken by those whose education has hitherto been only classical. The reason is plain: the former have learned only facts; the latter have learned the right way to use the imagination and judgment in interpreting facts.

The study of the classics is scarcely less useful as showing us the points in which the standard of taste is, and must be, permanent. The Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, holding the view that he does about style, naturally believes that there is no permanent standard of taste. Two of his sentences show this :—"Milton, Pope, Johnson,

Addison, and Macaulay—these were the masters of form"; and, "The end of the century has developed a style of its own, which bears very little relation to that of Demosthenes and Cicero." I will not labour this point, but will put in opposition to Dr. Hill's opinion that which has lately been said on the subject in the best possible way by Professor Jebb in the Romanes lecture:—

Classical studies help to preserve sound standards of literature; they develop a literary conscience. We have no Academy of Letters in England, and, for my part, I am with those who hope that we shall never have one. But no doubt we must desire to have what Mr. Matthew Arnold called "a public force of correct literary opinion, possessing within certain limits a clear sense of what is right and wrong, sound and unsound." In concluding this lecture I would venture to say that such a force of correct literary opinion is just what an intelligent humanism should contribute to supply; not as an academy does, in a public corporate form, but through the influence and example of individuals.

To every word of this I subscribe; but, at the same time, I feel that unless the advice of Mr. Jebb be read in connexion with, and be qualified by, what has been said by Mr. Murray, it will be a *vax clamantis*. He himself, indeed, is well aware of the danger ahead. He says in his lecture:—

It is not difficult to lose such standards, even for a nation with the highest material civilization, with abounding mental activity, and with a great literature of its own. It is particularly easy to do so in days when the lighter and more ephemeral kinds of writing form for many people the staple of daily reading. The fashions of the hour may start a movement, not in the best direction, which may go on until the path is difficult to retrace.

Yet taken by themselves, his words might be interpreted as a recommendation to leave Humanism to advance itself on the principle of *laissez faire*. With some sort of tastes this would be the best course to pursue. For the satisfaction of the natural instincts of the "millions" the money market and the rule of demand and supply may safely be left to operate. The taste of those who desire above all things intellectual novelty can also be trusted to find its own level. The æsthetic Epicureans will discover their man; a coterie with all the money, the machinery, the enthusiasm, and cleverness at its disposal, will impose him on the public; and, as far as nature allows, such qualities will deservedly succeed. In the one case a certain spontaneous movement of atoms, in the other a number of educated sympathies, working with a recognized aim, push the public taste in a particular direction. But no inward vital energy of this kind will act on behalf of an ancient tradition like Humanism. At present, no doubt, the Universities keep up the old standard of classical education, and those who are educated in them help, in a scattered way, to diffuse what they have learned over the surface of society. But these isolated units can no more make head against a great body of instinctive taste, such as that described by Mr. Murray, than men in a crowd can direct its movements by reason and argument. What I should like to press on the consideration of both Mr. Murray and Mr. Jebb is that, if the cause of Humanism and sound literature is to be advanced, if, indeed, it is to be preserved, it must be by the *organization* of intellectual forces. As Mr. Jebb says, we do not want an

Academy of Letters in England; but we do want the influence and example of individuals who will uphold a standard of correct taste, and we want these individuals to act together on public opinion. Literature, in the old sense of the word, needs a public made up of authors, publishers, readers, and critics, all co-operating for the promotion of a recognised interest. We require some common centre for writers who, while they wish for fame and money, are ready to acknowledge that money is not everything, and that, for true literary success, opinions must be weighed as well as counted; for publishers so proud of their traditions as to be content, in the cause of Humanism, with moderate gains; for critics sufficiently instructed and sufficiently courageous to dare to tell the truth to the author and the public. That all these elements are in existence, I know very well; that they can be brought together—at least, to a much greater extent than at present—by co-operation in the Universities, in the professions, in the publishing world, and in the Press, I do not doubt; that if such a nucleus of opinion could be formed, it would gradually attract to itself an ever-growing amount of public sympathy, I hold as absolutely certain. But unless some such organized effort be made by those who are really interested in the matter, I confess I should feel a difficulty in sharing Mr. Jebb's confidence that "the position of humanism in this country at the close of the century is much stronger than it was at the beginning."

W. J. COURTHOPE.

PARODIES.

I.

Of what, asks M. Joseph Texte, in his recent book on Rousseau, does the history of literature consist but of imitation and borrowing? The question is of the nature of a paradox, and it contains just that modicum of truth which endows a paradox with life. The history of literature shows a series of unconscious imitations and of conscious plagiarisms, and the products thus begotten develop just like the species of the evolutionist. If they are only sterile repetitions of a pattern they die; if they renew the prototype with a fresh and useful quality of their own they live and fructify. But imitation of this kind is still "the sincerest flattery." The imitator may outshine his original, but he does not otherwise re-act upon him; still less does he turn and rend him. That parricidal yet often highly useful work is reserved for the parodist. The poet who, in the last century, clothed the husks of metaphysics in heroic verse, and showed with so much satisfaction to himself and his readers that everything had its due place in the universe, might have prolonged a foolish life but for that special imitator the parodist. His end came when Canning (or one of his collaborators) wrote, in the *Anti-Jacobin*, "The Progress of Man," a didactic poem. Payne Knight and his school could not survive this:—

Oh, who hath seen the mailed lobster rise,
Clap her broad wings, and, soaring, claim the skies?

The dramatic burlesques of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are the best instance of parody being used to castigate extravagance or futility. It is seldom, perhaps too seldom, used for this purpose nowadays. Hayward's imitation of Macaulay, which has been often quoted, is a piece of pure criticism. "Whether Whigs or Tories, Protestants or Jesuits were uppermost," said Macaulay, "the grazier drove his beasts to market; the grocer weighed out his currants; the draper measured out his broadcloth," and so on through a host of trades. As Hayward said, there need be no limit to this until

every occupation has been particularized. In the Browningsque of Calverley it

Might, odds-bobs Sir, in judicious hands
Extend from here to Mesopotamy.

Hayward's "The apothecary vended his drugs as usual; the poulterer crammed his turkeys," &c., is certainly a parody, though it does not fulfil the requirement which some authorities have laid down of being different either in subject or in treatment from its original. One such modern imitation is worth extracting from Mr. Quiller Couch's "Adventures in Criticism," in which he exposes the not infrequent ineptitude of Richard Jefferies and his school, and of the trivialities of country lore with which they delighted cockney readers. It is a pretty exact application of Jefferies' method to the Brompton Road instead of to a country lane.

Here and there along the street, grocery stores and shops of Italian warehousemen may be observed, opened here as branches of bigger establishments in the City. Three gilt balls may occasionally be seen hanging out under the first floor windows of a "pawnbroker's" residence. House agents, too, are not uncommon along the line of route. The appearance of a wrinkle, when extracted from its shell with the aid of a pin, is extremely curious. There is a wrinkle stall by the South Kensington Station of the Underground Railway. Underneath the stall the pavement is strewn with shells, where they have fallen and continue to lie. Close to the stall is a cab-stand, paved with a few cobbles, lest the road be worn overmuch by the restless tramping of cab-horses, who stand here because it is a cab-stand. The thick woollen goods which appear in the haberdashers' windows through the winter—generally inside the plate glass—give way to garments of a lighter texture as the summer advances, and are put away, or exhibited at decreased prices. But collars continue to be shown, quite white and circular in form; they will probably remain, turning grey as the dust settles on them, until they are sold.

This is, however, a special class of parody—for parody does not always play the part of critic—but that class is, perhaps, the highest, and it suggests the remark that parody of whatever kind, however you may define it, must always have one quality—humour. It may not always ridicule, but (though Barrow does not include it in his analysis of wit) it must amuse. It must be something more than imitation, it must be burlesque. This is what Jeffrey forgot in the rather too solemn disquisition on the nature of parody with which he prefaced his review of the "Rejected Addresses." The highest kind he thought to be not only an imitation of an author's style, but a representation of the actual thoughts which he would think on a given subject. This omits the essence of parody—the spirit of contrast, the "sudden glory" of laughter with which we are surprised into a new enjoyment of the serious and the familiar—the magic touch by which the parodist reminds us, in the words of Shaftesbury, that "ridicule is the test of truth," and shows how easy is the leap from the sublime to the ridiculous. There are so-called parodies that do not amuse. The interminable verbal parodies of particular poems which form part of the business of comic papers often make us "tired."

My heart leaps up when I behold
A bailiff in the street,

or Barham's

Not a sou had he got, not a guinea or note—

these and their like too often induce nothing but depression. But this is the lowest form of parody. It is only a verbal contortion and does not provoke merriment like the conscious and successful imitation of an author's manner, nor does it pay him the compliment of satire. What it is in imitation (where the object is satire and not flattery) that makes so irresistible an appeal it would be curious to inquire. Is any attack upon our gravity so sure or direct as when we see a well-known actor's or a friend's gestures or manner of speech "taken off"—at any rate, when we see it for the first time and well done? Perhaps it is the spice of malice from which humour can never be quite emancipated in our defective nature. The parodist has a wider field than the actor, for he can satirize without "bad form," a natural defect—e.g., stupidity, which in literary matters should have the grace not to give an opportunity to the scoffer.

Parody has played its part, and an honourable one, from the dawn of letters, and it is strange that no comprehensive history of it exists in the English language. There is, of course, a classical collection made by Mr. Walter Hamilton, a work of immense industry, and forming, with its copious notes, a mine of information on the subject. But, though it by no means leaves other ages or other countries untouched, it is concerned chiefly with modern English and American productions. A learned ecclesiastic of the last century, the Abbé Sallier, wrote a "Mémoire sur l'Origine de la Parodie," and a French student of a more recent date, M. Octave Delepierre, has made a beginning on the history of parody in all ages in his "La Parodie chez les Grecs chez les Romains et chez les Modernes." But he by no means exhausted the subject, and on the history of English parody in particular he leaves much to be desired. Such a history would, if it embraced all countries and all times, be a mighty volume containing much matter of the greatest moment not only to the history of letters but to the study of the human mind.

No sooner does the Muse of Poetry make her first entry upon the stage than we see her followed by an impish mannikin ready to travesty her too inflated utterances and mimic her too expansive gestures. Homer, it is well known, did not escape. The "Batrachomyomachia" or the "Battle of the Frogs and Mice" is the first instance recorded of the kind of parody affected in later times by Boileau in his "Lutrin," by Pope in his "Rape of the Lock," and by Philips in his "Spendid Shilling"—viz., the mock epic which clothes a petty theme with the dignity of heroic verse. The type became much in vogue among the Greeks, who delighted in parody, but the date of the "Batrachomyomachia" is hard to fix. Some scholars have asserted that Homer was himself responsible for it. Perhaps—like Corney Grain imitating Mr. George Grossmith's imitation of himself—Homer had the notion of satirizing his own less successful disciples. But the rhapsodist who recited epic poems was generally followed by some one who gave a comic version of his performance. Many names have come down to us of the Greek parodists of the sixth and fifth centuries before Christ, such as Hegemon and Hipponax, for both of whom the claim has been made that they were the founders of the art. One, Eubœus of Paros, in the time of Philip of Macedon, wrote four books of parodies—surely a somewhat dreary performance. Aristophanes made some fun out of the great Athenian tragedians, and so did Lucian, but they have never been dealt with quite as they deserved. Sir Theodore Martin said no man should parody a poet unless he loves him, just as Heine said "Let no man ridicule mankind unless he loves them." The beauties of the Attic drama do not suffer from a recognition of their defects. We have a very different idea of stage requirements, and hence it has resulted that we find a new virtue in some of the verbiages of the Athenian dramatists. They rise, for us, into absurdities. I do not know, I regret to say, who is that unrecognized benefactor of mankind who wrote a "Fragment of a Greek Tragedy"—a masterpiece I have never seen in print. I would not willingly put it into the hands of a schoolboy, but I cannot refrain from a brief quotation of which even those who only know the original through a verse translation such as Plumptre's will recognize the beauty:—

CHORUS—O gracefully enveloped-in-a-cloak

Head of a stranger, wherefore, seeking what,
Whence, by what way, how purposed, are you come
To this well-nightingaled vicinity?
My cause of asking is, I wish to know.

Alcæon's reply is followed by a dialogue in which, according to the usual style, each question and each answer has to be fitted into a single iambic line, and is duly padded out for the purpose. At length the Chorus comes nearer to the point, and asks the stranger's name:—

CHORUS—Your name I not unwillingly would learn.

ALCÆON. Not all that men desire do they obtain.

CHO. Might I then know at what your presence aims?

ALC. A shepherd's questioned tongue informed me that—

CHO. What? For I know not yet what you will say.

ALC. This house was Eriphyle's, no one's else.

Presently the chorus breaks into a "strophe."

In speculation
I would not willingly acquire a name
For ill-digested thought.
But, after pondering much,
To this conclusion I at last have come
"Life is uncertain."
This have I written deep
In my reflective midriff,
On tablets not of wax.
Nor with a stylus did I write it there
For obvious reasons—Life, I say, is not
Divested of uncertainty.

And, lastly, here is the crisis :—

ERIPH. (within). O, I am smitten with a hatchet's jaw.
In deed, I mean, and not in word alone.
CHO. Methings I heard a sound within the house
Unlike the accent of festivity.
ERIPH. He cracks my skull, not in a friendly way.
It seems he purposes to kill me dead.
CHO. I would not be considered rash, but yet
I doubt if all be well within the house.
ERIPH. Oh! oh! another blow! This makes the third.
He stabs my heart, a harsh, unkindly act.
CHO. Indeed, if that be so, ill-fated one,
I fear we scarce can hope thou wilt survive.

The Romans knew parody, but after the conquest of Rome by Greece the indigenous wit of the Latins was never replaced by the rollicking humour of their conquerors. Cicero discusses parody; Virgil suffered at its hands, and Catullus, especially his "*Phaëlus ille quem videtis hospites*," inspired countless versifiers down to the Middle Ages. Parody undoubtedly flourished under the later Empire—the walls of Pompeii show its spirit in abundance. One Imperial parody has come down to us—that, namely, on the verses written by Florus, the historian, at the Court of Hadrian, beginning

Ego nolo Cæsar esse
Ambulare per Britannos
Scythicas pati pruinas, &c.

The good-humoured Emperor replied :—

Ego nolo Florus esse,
Ambulare per tabernas
Latitare per popinas, &c.

The scholars of the Middle Ages were always fingering the classics with a view to twisting all awry their words or their matter. Their Centones or patchwork compositions made up of odd lines from a classical poet suggested parody; but they did not confine themselves to the classics. The Bible, the Mass and other ecclesiastical offices, and the poems of chivalry, all came ready to their hand when they were in the mood to sing the joys of the bottle or the sins of the Pope. Or they pressed the old Pagans into the service of the Church, and the writer of the "Art of Love" taught the truths of the Gospel under the title of "Ovidius Christianus." Parody, it may be said, played during the Renaissance a distinct part in the struggle for freedom. But with the dawn of modern literature the parodist found a new field for action, into which we must glance in a second paper.

F. T. D.

Notes.

Not the least notable feature of the Charing-cross Hospital Bazaar, which has been held this week at the Albert-hall, was the "souvenir," edited by Mr. Beerholm Tree, with contributions from a great many men and women of letters, artists, and composers—all of distinction in their art. "Art for Love" was the legend which the cover bore, which meant that all Mr. Tree's collaborators had made the Hospital a present of their contributions. Mr. Tree's enterprise was rewarded with remarkable success. To get original poems from the Poet Laureate, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Henley, Mr. Davidson, Mr. Watson, Sir Lewis Morris, Mr. Watts-Dunton, and Mr. Stephen Phillips; essayettes from Mr. Birrell and Mr. Andrew Lang; stories and sketches

from Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Frankfort Moore, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Mr. Zangwill; playlets by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. Haddon Chambers—this was enough to make up a "souvenir" of great and lasting interest. But this does not nearly exhaust even the list of the literary contributors. We have not mentioned Mr. Anstey, Mr. William Archer, Sir Robert Ball, Sir Walter Besant, Mr. Burnand, Mr. W. L. Courtney, Miss Violet Hunt, Dean Hole, Mr. Sidney Lee—but the list is too long to give in full. As to the artists and the composers—one can only say that every name among them is well known, and that they have all sent good and interesting work. Portraits and specimens of handwriting add to the personal value of the "souvenir," which is well arranged and excellently produced by the Nassau Press.

Mr. Swinburne's poem, "At a Dog's Grave," seems to be a fervent plea for the recognition of animal-souls—

Shall friends born lower in life, though pure of sin,
Though clothed with love and faith to upward plight,
Perish and pass unbidden of us, their kin,
Good-night?

Mr. Henley's fragment of verse has that distinction, that sense of a large and vivid outlook upon life, which animates all his best work. It is so short that we may quote all its eight lines :—

A sigh sent wrong,
A kiss that goes astray,
A sorrow the years endlong—
So they say.

So let it be!
Come the sorrow, the kiss, the sigh!
They are life, dear life, all three—
And we die.

After this the Poet Laureate's eulogy of the *Stella* stewardess (in the manner of Mr. George R. Sims) sounds rhetorical rather than poetical.

Tell me the tale again, mother,
Tell me the tale again,
Of the cheery start and the joyous trip
And the folds of the fog and then—
How men may be heroes in their death
And women as brave as men.

Still, it is good enough rhetoric, and the subject is a fine one. Sir Walter Besant discourses pleasantly of Charing-cross. His article and Mr. Birrell's seem to be the only two which have any direct reference to the object of the bazaar, though Dean Hole pleads eloquently for "flowers for the sick" :—

I pray you to whom God gives gardens, lend
This happy solace which the flowers bestow,
Where pain oppresses, and where few befriend
To cheer the suffering and to soothe their woe.

Mr. Pett-Ridge, too, sketches the waiting crowd of visitors at a hospital's door on Sunday afternoon. But, whether the contributors refer directly to the charity they are to benefit or not, they are all attractive, and they make up a volume that is much more than the usual ephemeral souvenir.

One is interested to hear Mr. Hall Caine's view of those six-penny novels which are at present vexing the book trade. He gave it to the newsvendors of Liverpool on Tuesday, and it was favourable, his opinion being that the reduction of the price will result in enormously increased circulations, and that novelists will, in the main, produce the same sort of fiction for sixpence as they are now in the habit of producing for six shillings. His latter contention is probably right. One can no more imagine Mr. George Meredith imitating Mr. Hall Caine in order to please the multitude than one can imagine Mr. Hall Caine imitating Mr. George Meredith in order to please the elect. As regards the former point we have already given our reasons for doubting whether the conditions allow of such an extension of sales as would give writers in general any reason to rejoice; nor are we at all sure that such an extension of sales would be an unqualified advantage. Novel-reading is not the whole of life, and novels do not constitute the whole of literature; and if all the novels

that appear, or even any appreciable proportion of them, were to sell in the huge numbers which Mr. Hall Caine contemplates, one could only conclude that a considerable number of people must be wasting on fiction a considerable amount of time that might be more profitably employed.

After Fleet-street there is no place more sacred to the memory of Dr. Johnson than Bath; and the meeting of the Johnson Club last Saturday, at the Castle Hotel, led to the revival of the many reminiscences of the lexicographer and his circle of famous friends who visited the town. During the proceedings M. Gennadius, the prior of the club, unveiled a tablet erected to the memory of Mrs. Thrale, and Mr. J. F. Meehan, the well-known Bath archaeologist, read a paper on "Dr. Johnson and his Bath Circle." Reynolds, Gainsborough, Gibbon, and Garrick were all connected with Bath, but Mr. Meehan naturally dwelt more upon the inner circle of Johnson's friends—Boswell, Mrs. Thrale, and Fanny Burney. Catherine Macaulay, the heroine of one of Johnson's most incisive retorts, was also an inhabitant of Bath. Some one had facetiously called Johnson's attention to the fact that she was very fond of dress, and even put on rouge. "It is better," he replied, "that she should be reddening her own cheeks than blacking other people's characters." Miss Burney is associated with Bath not only through her residence in the town, but for the vivid picture of the society life there which she drew in "Evelina." The reading of Mr. Meehan's paper was prefaced by an appropriate menu, including Johnson's favourite pudding of rump steak, kidneys, larks, and mushrooms.

In the course of his address to the Bibliographical Society on Monday evening Sir E. Maunde Thompson gave a very lucid and interesting sketch of the history of handwriting in England between A.D. 800 and 1400. At the earlier date there were two styles in use in this country—the semi-uncial hand, known generally as that of the school of Lindisfarne, which was in use throughout the north of England, and the uncial hand, brought into the south by the Roman missionaries. The origin of the former can undoubtedly be traced to Ireland, and its use was introduced at Lindisfarne by some of the Irish Monks from Saint Columba's foundation at Iona. The graceful half-uncial hand which was used with such success in Ireland had a longer life than any of the national styles brought into use in Western Europe, and the Book of Kells is a magnificent survival of this beautiful form of handwriting.

But, as education spread, the half-uncial hand had to give place to lighter and more convenient forms of calligraphy. The new form brought into use was distinguished mainly by its pointed and elongated characters. The MS. of Bede's Ecclesiastical History is the best specimen extant of the Anglo-Saxon handwriting of this period. From the numerous Charters in the British Museum it is discovered that this new form of handwriting underwent various modifications in the different kingdoms of the Heptarchy. It obtained its most artistic form in Mercia, while in Wessex it was characterized by heavy and rugged outlines. In the tenth century, however, the different forms in use in England began to approximate to one general standard, the finest example of which is contained in the Charter of Athelstane, dated 931.

From the date of the Norman Conquest the Anglo-Saxon forms became extinct, and the history of English handwriting follows somewhat closely the history of handwriting in Western Europe. The official Norman hand then brought into use was a round minuscule form. An excellent example of this "charter" hand is to be found in the Domesday Book, though a more beautiful specimen is the Cartulary of St. Swithin, written at Winchester about half a century later. The necessity for retaining certain English letters to express particular English sounds marks a difference between the Norman system used in this country and that used abroad. In the thirteenth century

English handwriting attained its highest excellence. It was exact, round, firm, and uniform; but decadence set in in the fourteenth century by the introduction of a weak cursive hand.

Dr. George Ferdinand Shaw, who died last Monday, was a distinguished Irish scholar, and also a distinguished Irish journalist. He had been a Fellow of Trinity since 1848, and a Senior Fellow since 1890. It was expected that, if he had lived, he would have been elected to the Vice-Chancellorship, which is at present vacant. He began his connexion with journalism as a leader-writer on the *Nation*, had been joint editor of the *Irish Times*, editor of *Saunders' News Letter*, and principal leader-writer on the *Evening Mail*. Originally a Conservative, Dr. Shaw advocated Home Rule as a follower of Isaac Butt, but did not transfer his allegiance to the "forward" party subsequently organized by Mr. Parnell.

The publication of Prof. D. S. Margoliouth's pamphlet entitled "The Origin of the Original Hebrew of Ecclesiasticus" has had a startling effect on Biblical scholars, for the author of it aims at nothing less than the absolute overthrow of the almost universally received opinion that the Hebrew text found at Cairo represents the actual Hebrew composition of about B.C. 200. The controversy may possibly become very acute, but it is to be hoped that it will not assume the form of personal acrimony. We have authority for stating that the editors of the Cambridge and British Museum fragments respectively have as yet seen no cause whatever for a change of opinion. On the critical questions involved we will not touch here, but Mr. Israel Abraham's statement (in the *Jewish Chronicle* of June 16) that a great writer who died in 942 quotes the present text verbatim, would dispose of the theory that the Hebrew is a version made about A.D. 1000. This may lead Prof. Margoliouth to place the supposed translation a century earlier. But in any case the problem is a difficult one and demands the fairest consideration by each party of the arguments advanced on the other side.

In an article on "Parodies" to be found in another column reference is made to the curious "centones" made up of odd lines taken out of classical authors. In the Middle Ages it was the fashion to compile Bible stories in this manner out of Virgil or Homer. Nowadays students have, as a rule, better ways of spending their time; but a curious little book (Tyne, Stockport, 1s. n.) reached us the other day in which something of the kind is attempted, with the difference that a great number of authors are drawn upon, and the reference is given after each line, which rather interferes with the continuity of the sense, such as it is. "May" is the title of the book, and its author, Mr. I. D. Burton, describes it as a "poetic mosaic," which is said to consist of "one thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight lines from one thousand nine hundred and twelve authors." The quotations are arranged so as to make a new and original rhyming composition. As, for example:—

As the moon glitters coldly alone,
Marie Corelli : Song, "A Romance of Two Worlds."
A tired Queen with her State oppressed,
Jean Ingelow : "Divided."
Lying in the beauty of descended rest;
F. H. Trench : "Sonnet on Richard C. Trench."
From zones of deep heavens unknown,
M. Alinda Bonacci-Greene : "The Clock Tower."
The cloud-isles' rosy tips,
William Sawyer : "Painted Window."
Like phantom passenger ships.
J. T. Chapman : "In a Graveyard."

Do we not remember something of a similar kind, and rather more amusing, which began—

"I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls"
With "the dark girl dressed in blue"?

It is an ingenious exercise, and may have afforded the compiler an innocent pastime, which the contemplation of the printed and published result hardly succeeds in passing on to the reader.

A candid confession, interesting at once to authors and publishers, is contained in the latest report of the commissioners of the Chelsea Public Libraries :—

As the majority of books are somewhat expensive to purchase when new, it may be of interest to report that these books are usually bought in the second-hand market at a cheap rate : as, owing to the large part the reviewing of books now takes in the columns of the daily and weekly Press of all kinds, the "review copies" of new books soon come into the book-sellers' hands.

It is the sort of admission that makes authors and publishers angry ; but, if the practice educates the public up to insisting upon seeing new books as soon as they are published, it will do more good than harm. Free libraries are many, and free copies of expensive books are few, so that many free libraries will have, in the end, to go into the market and buy in the ordinary course.

One notices with satisfaction that the Library is acquiring a collection of prints and drawings illustrative of Chelsea topography, of which the commissioners speak with pride. In the absence of a municipal museum for London on the lines of the Musée Carnavalet at Paris, these local collections have a great interest and value, and the free libraries are at present the most convenient centres in which to accumulate them. The collection at Chelsea includes eighty-one drawings by Mr. W. W. Burgess, R.E., which are said to "afford a unique survey of the most historical and picturesque portions of the parish."

The Dean of Ely, in his sermon on Shakespeare, preached at Stratford-on-Avon on April 3rd in commemoration of his birth, and now published by Messrs. Cornish, of Birmingham, draws especial attention to the reverence for women shown by the poet. The theme is of course no new one. De Quincey even went to the extreme of calling Shakespeare "the absolute creator of female character." In comparing the heroines of Greek tragedy to those of Shakespeare, he says, "These are fine marble groups, but they are not the warm, breathing realities of Shakespeare ; there is no speculation in their cold marble eyes ; the breath of life is not in their nostrils ; the fine pulses of womanly sensibilities are not throbbing in their bosoms." With characteristic ingenuity De Quincey avoids all mention of the women of Homer and Virgil. To mention characters so lasting in their impression as Dido, Nausicaa, and Penelope was foreign to his object. He would have been on safer ground if he had confined himself to English literature. No English poet before Shakespeare gives us heroines of such genuine flesh and blood. Chaucer's "Prioress" presents a comely picture, but her character is subjected to no test. His Cressida is hardly more than the passive instrument of passion, the incarnation of physical beauty, mediæval, and not for all time. The Wife of Bath is a clever caricature. The women of Spenser are not so much individuals as the abstract impersonations of particular virtues or vices.

The book which Mr. William Stead, jun., has written on the "Art of Advertising" (T. B. Browne, 3s. 6d.) contains some interesting contributions to the history of that Publicity Department to which we devoted an article a fortnight since. Among other things Mr. Stead presents a facsimile of the earliest known Press advertisement, which was issued by William Caxton from the Almonry at Westminster. It ran thus :—

If it please any man, spiritual or temporal, to buy our pyes of two or three commemoratives of Salisbury use, emprinted after the form of this present letter, which been well and truly correct, let him come to Westminster into the Almonry at the red pole, and he shall have them good and cheap.

Some early examples of advertisements of books are also given. It will be seen that they differed, in many ways, from the announcements to be found in our own columns. Here is one from the *Mercurius Politicus* of October 4, 1648 :—

The Reader is desired to peruse A Sermon Entituled A Looking-glass for Lechers, preached at St. Peters, Pauls War,

on Sunday, Sept. 24, 1648, by Paul Knell, Mr of Arts. Another Tract called A Reflex upon our Reformers, with a Prayer for the Parliament.

Here is one from the *Mercurius Politicus* for January, 1652 :—

Trenodia Gratulatoria, an Heroick Poem : being a congratulatory panegyrick for my Lord General's late return, summing up his successes in an exquisite manner. To be sold by John Holden, in the New Exchange, London. Printed by Tho. Newcourt, 1652.

The multiplication of magazines is another subject on which Mr. Stead enlarges. He tells us that there were only 220 magazines in 1837, and that there are now 4,276 ; and he states his opinion that the cheapening of the price has been attended by a "marked improvement in the appearance and contents." Our readers are aware that our own views are less optimistic ; but we have pleasure in pointing out to the magazine editors of the new school where at least one intelligent and sympathetic admirer of the pudding-basin-full-of-gelatinous-matter policy is to be found.

The *Atlantic Monthly* thinks America has had a little too much of the British novelist—not as a visitor and a friend, of course, but as a public reader. For one thing, the audiences do not listen ; they only say "Is that the great man who wrote what's its name? Well! he is not much to look at, is he?" But this is partly due to the suspicion that these "advertising pilgrimages" are undertaken by writers who have exhausted the patience of their native country, and the *Atlantic Monthly* warns the intending pilgrim against "lecturing people who are lectured, without alien aid, to the full measure of endurance, and telling stories to people who need restraint rather than example in such practices."

The interest of the hour, in literary circles in Scandinavia, is centred in the animated controversy arising out of the suppression of Dr. Edward Brandes' novel, "Det Unge Blod" (Young Blood), on the score of impropriety. As is usual in Scandinavia, where it is difficult, at any time, to discuss any issue apart from the personalities connected with it, the controversy has become somewhat of a party question, and all sorts of irrelevant issues have been dragged in. Some of the Norwegian critics had the bad taste to draw the name of Dr. George Brandes, who has always been on the side of what is admirable and best in letters, into the discussion. Each school has its champion. The followers of the older and staid school, who hold that certain subjects are unfitted for artistic treatment in the novel pure and simple, are met by the propagandist school with a problem on the end of their spear on the one side, and by the free lances who have "Art for art's sake," emblazoned on their banner on the other ; and now the question has reached the pamphlet stage.

The works of two other Danish writers were involved in the original attack—"Studenter" (Students), the first book of a writer calling himself Sören Jyde, and "Troskabsprøven" (The Test of Faithfulness), of the well known Peter Nansen. Dr. E. Brandes, as the leading critic of the paper *Politiken*, was first attacked for giving both books an undeservedly favourable notice, merely because they were Tendensromaner, running on the same lines as his own book—in fact, of holding a brief for books of this nature and misleading readers who looked to him for guidance. The last addition to the dispute is a brochure by Dr. Alfred Ipsen, containing a violent attack on Dr. Brandes and his following, called "Dr. Edward Brandes and *Politiken*—an open letter to the readers of *Politiken*." It is honest and well meant, and no doubt expresses the opinion of the bulk of the reading public, but it leaves the question of what is legitimate matter for artistic treatment exactly where it was before.

The English read more than the people of other countries ; but, according to a German journalist, Dr. Bernhardt, this is no evidence of superior culture—quite the reverse. For what do the English read? What sort of literature is it they devour in tramcars, waiting-rooms, railway carriages, and even at concerts

and theatres in the intervals? Not literature at all, but fiction of the worst "backstage" type, which in Germany would be cast aside scornfully by any schoolgirl of thirteen. The doctor admits that a few good books are read by the minority. Biographies, if they are piquantly personal, and travels of an adventurous description are always in demand, but history (unless it relates to Imperialism and Empire-building) and philosophy are almost entirely neglected. Among the biographies and autobiographies which Dr. Bernhardt declares spring up in the English publishing market like mushrooms he singles out for praise Barry's "Life of Parnell," Mr. Sidney Lee's "Shakespeare," and Sir Duffy's (sic) "Life in Two Hemispheres."

At the fire at Penicuik-house, Midlothian, last week, many old and rare volumes were destroyed. The books burned included the "Breeches Bible." It was thought that the Bible which belonged to that redoubtable Scotswoman, famed in the annals of the Kirk of Scotland, Jenny Geddes, had also perished in the flames, but on an exhaustive search it was found among the *débris*.

The latest craze in the old-book world is for literature relating to the abolitionist movement, and high prices have recently been paid for mere pamphlets which a few months ago were thought little of. A demand is growing for anything relating to slavery as it existed in the United States from the time of Wilberforce to the War of Secession, the period thus covered being about the years 1789-1860. Proclamations announcing rewards for the recovery of runaway slaves, statutory enactments, books and pamphlets issued or published between the dates in question have increased enormously in value of late, and will soon be difficult to procure. Strangely enough, these old-time curiosities are being sought for principally in England, and some notable discoveries have recently been made. One was a pamphlet with a rude cut of a slave auction on the first page. It was bought at Lambeth Marshes for a few pence, and re-sold in New York for the equivalent of £5.

The sale by Messrs. Sotheby of the Wright collections of books, autographs, and prints which came to a conclusion last Monday was, of its kind, the most important that has occurred for some years. In many respects the collections were unique. The first three days were devoted to printed books, including the Dickens series to which reference was made last week, and the 838 lots fetched in the aggregate £8,690, a very high average; but, speaking generally, the prices obtained cannot be taken as general standards, for a large number of Mr. Wright's volumes possessed exceptional value, owing to the fact that they were presentation copies containing autograph notes, &c., from the authors. For instance, there is no second copy of Thackeray's "The Irish Sketch Book," first edition, presented, with an inscription, by the author to Mrs. Carlyle; and, therefore, the £61 paid for this book is not the market price of other copies of the same edition. But included in the sale were a few ordinary first editions of famous books, and for these high figures were obtained, especially for the works illustrated by Rowlandson and Cruikshank. The principal items in this class were:—Charles Lever, "Tale of the Trains," in the original parts, £18 10s.; W. Combe, "Dr. Syntax, Tours, &c.," the three series with coloured plates by Rowlandson, £33; Ackermann, "Microcosm of London," coloured plates by Rowlandson and Pugin, in perfect condition, and probably the finest copy ever sold at auction, £30; Thackeray, "The Second Funeral of Napoleon," the very scarce little book in drab paper covers, £29, "Vanity Fair," in original parts, £38 10s.; Grimm, "German Popular Stories," with etchings by Cruikshank, two vols., £68; "The Vicar of Wakefield," two vols., first edition in original calf, £63.

But the special feature of the collections was the "extra illustrated" books. A few fetched very high prices, but many were sold for less than they cost their owner to compile. Indeed, extra illustration is one of the most arduous and costly, and, at the same time, one of the least remunerative of hobbies. It has the effect too often of nearly destroying the value of a book as a

book, for in overloading the pages with illustrations, which, however fine in themselves, have frequently little relevancy to the text, it reduces a work to little more than a literary curiosity. A typical example of this was the "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds," two vols. extended to seven by the insertion of hundreds of splendid portraits and engravings and numerous autograph letters. This fetched £46, but a cursory glance at their contents showed that it must have cost very much more than that to make up the seven volumes which in their way formed one of the most interesting series in the whole of the sale. In the case of the "Life of Reynolds" every leaf—this is the practice of the thorough-going extra illustrator—had been taken out and separately inlaid, while every name of a person or place occurring in the letterpress was underlined with two lines in red ink, and on the opposite blank sheets were placed the illustrations bearing on the points underlined. Of the other notable "extra illustrated" volumes the principal were Morley's "Bartholomew Fair," one vol. extended to six, £101; "Life of Mrs. Jordan," two vols. extended to five, £190; "Life of Edmund Kean," two vols. extended to eight, £299 5s.; another copy, two vols. extended to four, £130; "Life of John Kemble," two vols. extended to eight, £170; Macready's "Reminiscences," two vols. extended to six, £77.

The final portion of the sale was taken up with the dispersal of a valuable series of autograph letters, the principal being a set of sixty-four letters of David Garrick in excellent condition which were offered at a reserve of £400, and were sold for £445. For letters of other theatrical celebrities the following were the highest prices paid: Mrs. Centlivre, a letter of 3 pp., £13 5s.; Colley Cibber, a letter of 2 pp., £17; Mrs. S. Cibber, a letter of 3 pp., £16 10s.; Kitty Clive, a letter of 2 pp., £26 10s.; G. F. Cooke, a letter of one page, £23; John Henderson, a letter of 3 pp., £25 10s. For the letters of literary men, for which the competition was keen, the best prices paid were: James Boswell, a letter of 4 pp., £18; Lord Byron, a letter of 4 pp., £17 10s.; Charles Churchill, a letter of 2 pp., £18; Goldsmith, a letter of 1 page, £20; Dr. Johnson, a letter of 2 pp., £26 10s.; Pope, a letter of one page, £2 6s.; Sir Joshua Reynolds, a letter of one page, £6 15s.; Richardson, a letter of one page, £6 15s.; Richelieu, a letter of one page, £4 17s. 6d.; Rousseau, a fine letter of 3 pp., £4 8s.; Scott, a letter of 4 pp., £10; Sheridan, a letter of 2 pp., £2; Mrs. Siddons, a long letter to Sheridan, £10 5s.; Smollett, a letter of one page, £6; Sterne, a letter of 2 pp., £10 5s.; Thackeray, a letter on two small octavo pp., £16; another of one page, addressed to Mark Lemon, with a rough sketch and eight lines of verse, £36. An octavo page of the MS. of "The Newcomes" went for £21 10s.; and "The Literary Club," list of the original members 1764, made out by Lord Stowell, first name on the list Sir Joshua Reynolds, £16 10s.

Another collection of books of a more special kind is in the market, consisting of 25,000 volumes and pamphlets on Political Economy belonging to Professor Foxwell. This library, which is the result of twenty years' assiduous collecting, and contains the work of many diametrically opposed thinkers in this most changeable of sciences, includes books from the libraries of Adam Smith, Arthur Young, and McCulloch. It would, as the *Economic Journal* suggests, "be an untold treasure for the new London University."

The copy of the third and last impression of Caxton's "Golden Legend," printed in 1493, most probably by Wynkyn de Worde, of which we gave some account in our issue of June 10, has been sold by Messrs. Hodgson, of Chancery-lane, for £99. The same firm have an item of interest to collectors of first editions of Mr. Kipling's works, which will be included in their sale to be held next week. It consists of thirty-five numbers of the *Week's News*—a periodical published at Allahabad between January 7 and September 15, 1888, each issue containing a contribution from Mr. Kipling, this being the earliest form in which many of his stories originally appeared. The paper is the first one which has been put up for sale by auction.

THE WIFE OF A POET.

The wife of a Poet, biographies show it, has happiness rich and rare ;

In rapturous revel he deigns to dishevel her carefully done back hair.

He calls her to listen, with glances that glisten, to songs of his sensitive soul,

While she is discerning by odours of burning, that Cook, with her fancies of penny romances, is finding a heaven with X 37, and dinner is done to a coal !

Oh, there's nothing that's weary or hard

In the life of the wife of a Bard ;

No maiden would choose to reject or refuse

The offer to marry a son of the Muse !

Her duty should bring her to cherish her singer with readiness prompt and gay

When nature beseeches for pines or for peaches, clear turtle or Crown Tokay ;

For him in a holder of jewels must smoulder cigars of a flavour unique,

And as for the payment for food and for raiment, if creditors claim it she never must name it, for if he should know it the sensitive poet would warble no more for a week !

For a singer's a flower in the sun,

And he shuts at the sight of a dun ;

The creditor storms and the creditor snees—

There's not any money in sons of the Muse !

A poet in passion must follow the fashion by choosing a love for life,

Some Beatrice, or a Petrarchian Laura, or somebody *not* his wife.

It's strictly *de règle* for her to inveigle the Bard into tropical rhyme ;

The wife, if neglected, must not be dejected or deeply affected, but try to be happy on prose that is scrappy and frequently snappy, and leave to her betters, the "onlie begetters," the sonnets and letters whose raptures and rages the subsequent ages will read in his pages, and weepingly wonder why destiny's blunder had torn him asunder from somebody fitted with him to be knitted if law had permitted and he could have fitted and quietly quitted the woman half-witted and not to be pitied who fettered his fancy sublime !

For the wife who would check or control

Such a beautiful union of soul,

Deserves to be slated in all the Reviews

For marring the life of a son of the Muse !

ADRIAN ROSS.

FICTION.

GERALD FITZGERALD THE CHEVALIER, by Charles Lever (Downey, 6s.), is a story of the days of the decline, and of the days when the decline had become a final fall, of the Young Pretender. The Pretender here pictured, however, is not the juvenile, handsome, and debonair Prince Charlie of the songs and tales of Hielan' lads and lasses ; but a Pretender whose bloated and drunken features spoke of the weak character that had failed to maintain the dignity of manhood as he had failed to uphold his cause. The son of this Pretender is the hero of the story—and no very striking hero either. One cannot help feeling a kind of pity for him ; but, truly, there is so much of fustian pride and melodramatic circumstance about his career that even this pity evaporates. Lever must have lost interest in him ; otherwise the fustian and the melodrama would have been given their artistic values. The Chevalier appears, disappears, and reappears in the course of the narrative in such curious wise, and often with

hardly a word of warning, that the reader wonders what on earth the author is intending to do with him. It turns out, after all, that he is to be but the means by which a couple of Jesuits may scheme a little plan for the benefit of the Church ; and even that ends in nothing through his weakness, and with the help of a loaded blunderbuss in the hands of a drunken Father Kelly. As a story "Gerald Fitzgerald" will add little to Lever's fame. Indeed, we are of opinion that Lever himself had no very great notion of it, which will perhaps explain why it is that the story was passed over by him when he prepared his collected novels for a new issue. But there are in it some excellent pieces of writing—notably, the description of young Fitzgerald's interviews with Alfieri, and the chapter entitled "A Salon under the Monarchy." The character with which Lever seems to have taken most pains is that of Gabriel Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau. If he be not the Mirabeau of history he ought to have been. "Gerald Fitzgerald" appeared serially in the *Dublin University Magazine*. The present is the first edition in book form in this country ; but we call to mind an American edition with, we believe, the imprint of the house of Harper Brothers.

IN VAIN, by Henryk Sienkiewicz, author of "Quo Vadis," translated by Jeremiah Curtin (Dent, 4s. 6d.), may be of interest to the admirers of Sienkiewicz as the first book of an author whose readers, the translator assures us, are counted by millions in the British Empire and America. He also adds that it is not included in the author's collected works—surely a poor reason for translating it. The astounding success of "Quo Vadis" as a book had its parallel in the success of the "Sign of the Cross" as a play ; and it is difficult to explain either, from any accepted standpoint of literary or dramatic criticism.

"In Vain" is in some ways a remarkable book for a youth of eighteen, but it is an *étude de mœurs*, too local in colour to be of general interest. It has none of the great scenic effects, none of the pageantry, the wealth of stirring incident of "Quo Vadis" or "With Fire and Sword." Those books were at least painted on large canvases with bold effects and brilliant colouring. In the present book, however, the characters of Augustinovich and Gustav are subtly depicted, and the life of the students, with the beauty of their dreams and the sordidness of their actual lives, is brought very vividly before us.

Whilst recognizing fully the difficulties of translation, one has a right to demand an English equivalent where a literal rendering is merely nonsense. To give an example : Augustinovich is telling Gustav of his meeting with a widow and daughter, the latter being a desirable match. He says :—

"I will advise them both to marry."

"The youngest thee?"

"What dost thou wish, my dear? A man grows old ; moreover, I think that we shall greet the soon with a hairy palm."

The italicized words explain our meaning—but will convey none to any of the million readers.

'POSTLE FARM, by George Ford (Blackwood, 6s.), has all the power of its predecessor, "The Larramys," without the latter's slightly overdone brutality. There are a few striking improbabilities in it, and a suspicion of insanity is a drawback to the most charming heroine. Moreover, rightful heiresses, concealed deaths and births, &c., belong to a feebler sensational school. But there is so much picturesqueness and force, and something so near originality without affectation about the style, that it is safe to class the book among those novels that will not die with the season.

AN OLD ROGUE'S TRAGEDY, by "Rita" (Hutchinson, 6s.), has much of the sprightliness and vivacity which we have come to associate with that lady's work. The novel, however, is of unequal merit. There are plenty of bright strokes in the book, occasional touches of pathos, and now and then a scrap of clever dialogue. The character of Molly Ronayne, the pure-minded and gentle *ingénue*, is sympathetically drawn—indeed, "Rita" is at her best when dealing with the more natural and simpler types

of womanhood—and Aunt Patricson is a sufficiently creditable creation. "Rita" can at times write so well that we find it the more difficult to forgive her for writing badly; for instance, such solecisms as "garments disported by their wearers," "dim-lighted," &c., are almost as unpardonable as the following sentence:—

Aunt Patricson's anecdotes of the aristocracy was in itself a privilege almost worthy to be placed as an extra in the weekly accounts especially to American visitors, and Mrs. Wetherly viewed herself with magnanimous eyes for resisting the temptation.

The test of a tragedy lies, of course, in the answer to the question, "Is it inevitable?" and the tragical romance which Mr. Cecil Headlam has published under the title of *THE SECRET OF SORROW* (Macquenn, 6s.) does not, in our opinion, stand that test; the reason of the failure lying in the superficiality of the characterization. The psychological conception on which the story turns is strong, and new to English fiction—though there is something like it in one of the novels of M. Henri Rabusson—and we are willing to believe that the tragic conclusion would, granted a particular temperament on the part of the hero and heroine, follow from the premises. The trouble is that those temperaments are not delineated—are hardly even hinted at. We never get to know the personages presented. We are left to guess at their temperament from their tragedy, instead of being made to see that the tragedy was the outcome of the temperament—an inversion of the proper order of things in fiction. The book, however, abounds with irrelevant cleverness, and is far better written than the average novel. Mr. Cecil Headlam is a writer who is sure to do good work in the future, though he has yet to prove that fiction is the medium most appropriate to his talents.

AMERICAN STORIES.

The work of Annie Eliot Trumbull has already gained for her some reputation in America, but, so far as we are aware, *MISTRESS CONTENT CRADDOCK* (Allenson, 5s.) is the first of her books published in this country. Many will consider it dull, for it is practically devoid of action, but it contains some quaint humour and gives a pleasant picture of the early settlers in Massachusetts. Fiercely puritanical, they were, at the same time, terribly long-winded, but the author's style adapts itself naturally to theirs. Thus she writes:—

The girl looked down at the awkward and immature organism which had ceased, some hours earlier, to fight against its environment.

The organism is a young frog in a child's hand. Still, this story is written with much insight into character and sympathetic feeling.

THE STOLEN STORY AND OTHER NEWSPAPER STORIES (Sampson Low, 5s.) is evidently the work of an American. The book provides plenty of entertaining reading and throws light on the differences between London and New York journalism. The case, for example, of the Princeton graduate who, as soon as he had ceased to be "the wondrous half-back of the best football team in the Western Hemisphere," went into a newspaper office and was deputed to spend all his working hours at the docks, writing up "stories" about the dead bodies fished up by the harbour police, would be difficult to parallel on this side of the Atlantic. The account, too, of an orgy and a bonfire at Princeton is worth reading.

A pleasant gallery of characters appear in Mr. Opie Read's Tennessee romance, which he has called *THE WATERS OF CANEY FORK* (Innes, 6s.). As in "David Harum"—a book which presents more than one point of resemblance to this—we are introduced to one of those little townships which seem, by contrast with the monster mushroom-cities of America, even more old-fashioned than a sleepy English village. This is fit ground for some of those whimsical types which are handled so admirably by the better sort of American novelist. Luke Radshaw is a worthy example of the combination of shrewdness and tenderness which made Mr. Westcott's hero so engaging a personage; and the other members of his household are little less excellently

drawn. Perhaps the doctor, who tells the story, is something too much of a prig; it is curious that the hero in "David Harum" was one of its least interesting characters. "The Waters of Caney Fork" is original, humorous, and true to life.

One is a little appalled by the preface which Mr. George W. Cable prefixes to his latest book, *STRONG HEARTS* (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.):—

Taking that great factor of life, which men, with countless lights, shades, narrownesses and breadths of meaning, call Religion, and taking it in the largest sense we can give it; in like manner taking Poetry in the largest sense possible; this cluster of tales is one, because from each of its parts, with no argument but the souls and fates they tell of, it illustrates the indivisible twinship of Poetry and Religion; a oneness of office and of culmination which, as they reach their highest plane, merges them into identity.

For two of the stories hung on the thread of this idea we care little. Their careful workmanship and faithful execution does not save them from being dull. On the other hand, "The Solitary" is a powerful study, containing passages of great beauty. It is the history of a man who, in a desperate struggle against drink, deliberately cuts himself off from civilization and, unaided, fights and vanquishes the enemy. The night before the passing steamer takes him from his self-chosen retreat, the solitary holds a vigil.

On the islet the night deepened. The moon had not risen, and the stars only glorified the dark, as it in turn revealed the unearthly beauties of a phosphorescent sea. It was one of those rare hours in which the deep confessed the amazing numbers of its own living and swarming constellations. Not a fish could leap or dart, not a sinuous thing could turn, but it became an animate torch. Every quick movement was a gleam of green fire. No drifting, flaccid life could pulse so softly but it betrayed itself in low bent outlines. Each throb of the water became a beam of light, and every ripple that widened over the strand, still whispering "I have gone astray," was edged with luminous pearls.

The merit of the short stories in *TATTLE TALES OF CUPID*, by Paul Leicester Ford (Constable, 6s.), is to be found rather in elaboration of detail than in grandeur of conception. They only narrate such simple incidents of courtship and married life as are suitable for the public which subscribes to the American magazines; but the dialogue is bright and pleasant, though it generally stops short of being epigrammatic. Occasionally one comes upon a passage which, if the observation be true, brings into clear relief certain striking differences between English and American manners. Mrs. Atherton argued, in a recent novel, at some length that the alleged American chivalry towards women does not exist. One is reminded of this by Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's accounts of conversations at fashionable New York clubs, as, for instance:—

"Hello Tyler!" said the man his wife had refused, "don't mean to say you've actually ceased to be one of the 'submerged tenth'?" How and where is your superior moiety?"

"When I left Mrs. Tyler before her fire, ten minutes ago, she was very well."

"By George! If I had as clever and pretty a wife I don't think I should dare to leave her alone. I should be afraid of the other men."

Harry turned away to hide his frown; but, as he went towards the door of the billiard room, rejoined:—"Perhaps it wouldn't be safe with your wife."

"But you are not afraid, I understand," called the man irritably, "so I take it you won't mind if I drop round there for a few minutes this evening, eh?"

"Certainly not," responded Harry suavely, but gritting his teeth.

In England one would say that this is a lady novelist's account of the proceedings at a men's club; but Mr. Paul Leicester Ford is not a lady novelist.

Mr. Arlo Bates's novel *THE PURITANS* (Constable, 6s.) gives an admirable and amusing picture of men and things—material and psychic—in modern Boston. The characters are sympathetic and the wit and humour not far to seek.

CASTLE CZVARGAS, by Archibald Birt (Longman, 6s.), is "a plain story of the romantic adventures of two brothers, told by

the younger of them." It is a nice little book, something after the "Lorna Doone" model without any too perilous likeness thereto. The style is easy and the sentiment fresh and wholesome.

THE FAILURE OF THE WANDERER, by Charles Denny (Constable, 6s.), seems intended for a mild variation of the "Sentimental Journey." It reminds us a little of "Then there came another locust and carried away another grain" in its succession of charming female puppets that take it in turns to dazzle the susceptible Wanderer. Occasionally there is a pretty and dainty episode, but more often the thing irritates. And Italian young women call their lovers "Carissima mia"—which is unusual.

Jean Delaire relates in A DREAM OF FAME (Long, 3s. 6d.) a simple and pretty story of a girl who dies because she is not allowed to live for painting; and G. E. Mitton's heroine in FIRE AND TOW (Hutchinson, 6s.) is blown up with dynamite on the last page for no other reason, obviously, than that a palmist had predicted she would never marry. However, she managed to crowd a good many experiences into her short hour of life, including that of driving a night hansom.

We are glad to see LALLY OF THE BRIGADE, by L. M'Manus, in Mr. Fisher Unwin's half-crown series of Popular Copyright Novels.

RECENT FRENCH FICTION.

At the present time no school of fiction predominates in France. While the idealistic novel, à la Sand, is quite out-of-date, the naturalistic school, the outcome of Flaubert's realism, is fast losing its hold upon the public, surviving merely in the *rosserie* of certain subjects. Historians of literature will, no doubt, call the last decade of the nineteenth century a period of transition. Yet what is most sought after appears to be a satirical representation of French society, with a curious elaborate psychology, almost pathology, as a background.

Foremost, of course, comes the picture of Paris life, *mœurs parisiennes*, as the phrase is, an excellent instance of which type of novel is found in M. Depardieu's "Anna." It is the love-story of a beautiful girl who rides a bicycle and is the daughter of an hotel-keeper somewhere near Ostend. She is also a swimmer and is rescued when in danger of drowning by young Roulers, the representative of an old family who have lost their money and retained their prejudices. Of course, the pair fall in love, to the consternation of old Roulers, who insults Anna's father and repents his rashness when he discovers that he has the title of Duke de Torrenuova and a large fortune. A curious character is that of Comte de Sarzac, a decadent poet, spiteful, vicious, talentless, with a mother in the pay of the secret police. Readers will exercise their sagacity in finding out the prototypes of these interesting wrecks of the old aristocracy.

The new aristocracy fares no better at the hands of M. Noë, the author of a fierce onslaught against the judges of the Third Republic. If we must believe him, the appointment of a judge is attended with very doubtful intrigues, in which the Protestants play the chief part, being the wire-pullers at the Ministry of Justice. Monsieur le Premier—i.e., the Presiding Judge—was once an attorney in an obscure provincial town; his marriage and his infamy secure him an appointment on the Bench. As he is unintelligent and vicious, he is involved in scandals, and saved only by the efforts of a Deputy, a financier,

and his wife. Though arrested one day as a burglar in a house to which he paid frequent calls in the master's absence, the maid remaining at home, he is finally chosen as a Councillor at the Court of Cassation. He probably sits at the *Chambre Criminelle*, for the author seems to have little confidence in any but the judges who, like Monsieur de Ribeyrat, remain faithful to past ideals of government.

M. Schuré's "Double" brings us down to the people and is at the same time an instance of the scientific preoccupations of contemporary fiction. "Le Double" is a story of double personality. The painter Marrias is the victim of this distressing peculiarity which hinders the progress of his art. Another and more serious danger soon arises in the shape of Tenebra, the nickname he gives a woman who is destined to become his evil angel. But the good angel is near in the shape of a Flemish artisan and his *piancée*, a work-girl who sits as model for a wonderful picture that Marrias intends for the Salon. After some difficulty, the artist manages to stop on the downward path, and, as Tenebra fades out of his memory, his "double" disappears also. *Ars vite salvatrix* is the motto of this weird and effective novel. It is the author's first attempt at fiction, and a fair promise for the future. There is, however, now and then, a little lack of that supreme lucidity at which all Frenchmen aim in their writing, and there are a few insignificant failures in the nice adjustment of the different parts of the book, like so many stones in a variegated mosaic. But these are slight defects in a work which has notable qualities; a careful style, an intricate interweaving of symbol and reality, and very delicate shading in the evolution of the capital scenes.

With Jeanne Mairat, we are introduced into the American colony in Paris, "a small city in a large one—rather a village, with its rivalries and cliques"—and to some pathetic love-stories, of which "Sybil" is one; while M. Maisonneuve once more describes his favourite provincial tragedies and *liaisons* with Madame Bovary's granddaughters as heroines; and a writer, new and unknown to Paris criticism and *reportage*, signing himself "Arnault," attempts a very subtle and carefully-written psychological study, in which he pleads for love against mere contracts sanctioned only by the traditions or laws of a country with an eloquence worthy of the Duke of Monmouth in the Tower defending against the Bishops his love for Lady Wentworth.

M. la Jeunesse's latest effort aims at horrifying the reader at a great expense of imagination and rather cheap trickery of style. The story, it must be owned, fails to move us. That a *littérateur* cannot reach notoriety in Paris because he has no talent has little interest in itself, and that he should cry over a cat, to whom no one will give shelter, tempts us to play the Philistine. However, there is some freshness in the character of a Salvation Army girl, whose ideal is cheerful self-sacrifice; unfortunately, the closing scene in the hotel-kitchen adjoining the burnt-down charity bazaar is simply ghastly in its studied mixture of sensuality and horror. It is a proof of a singular lack of natural sensibility.

M. la Jeunesse is not the only novelist whose heroes are men of letters. Daniel Lesueur's recent study of actors' ways and lives would be most interesting if the hero, Essnault, was not a playwright. There is no greater bore in fiction than the man of letters. If we are to believe certain authors, there are only *littérateurs* in France. The type is becoming dreadfully commonplace. By definition a *littérateur* is incapable of playing an important part in a work of fiction, as he generally lives like a respectable *bourgeois* in a third-floor flat near the Étoile or the Luxembourg, and his adventures, when he has any save those in an editor's office or in his own study, possess singularly little interest. One is almost inclined to admit that Mlle. de Bovet is in the right in making all officers tender heroes and all men of letters or University professors villains. The former are brave and win women on whom they have set their eyes, the latter instil their venomous scepticism drop by drop into the public mind, and in return are deceived by womankind, Jacques de Montdauphin and Pierre Larive being the best representatives

- * "Anna." By Félix Depardieu. Ollendorff. Fr. 3.50.
- "Monsieur le Premier." By Michel Noë. Plon. Fr. 3.50.
- "Le Double." By Ed. Schuré. Perrin. Fr. 3.50.
- "Sybil." By Jeanne Mairat. Ollendorff. Fr. 3.50.
- "Louissette." By Maisonneuve. Plon. Fr. 3.50.
- "Pour Remettre à Franck." By Arnault. Ollendorff. Fr. 3.50.
- "L'inimitable." By Ernest la Jeunesse. Fasquelle. Fr. 3.50.
- "Comédienne." By Daniel Lesueur. Lemerre. Fr. 3.50.
- "Pris sur le vif." By Marie Anne de Bovet. Lemerre. Fr. 3.50.
- "L'innocente de Rochebignon." By Edouard Dupré. Perrin. Fr. 3.50.
- "Roberte." By Léon Barracand. Colin. Fr. 3.50.
- "Les Messieurs de Sérillac." By J. des Ferrières. Ollendorff. Fr. 3.50.
- "L'aiguille d'or." By J. H. Roeny. Colin. Fr. 3.50.
- "Le Sang des races." By Louis Bertrand. Ollendorff. Fr. 3.50.
- "Histoire mirifique de Saint Dodon." By Maurice des Ombiaux. Ollendorff. Fr. 3.50.
- "La Mongautier." By Ernest Daudet. Plon. Fr. 3.50.

of these two tendencies of national energy and national decadence.

It is curious that in Mlle. de Bovet's "*Pris sur le vif*" should be included a short story almost similar to a very remarkable novel, "*L'Innocente de Rochebignon*." The story that M. Dupré has to tell us, with singular power of touch and felicity of expression, is about an idiot girl. The first lesson nature teaches her is cruelty, when she strikes dead with a well-aimed stone a passing rabbit. She grows up, feels within her, as an instinct, an inborn motherly love. She nurses her child, and takes no heed of her seducer's marriage, till they tear her child away from her. An obscure idea of revenge then rises in her mind. She escapes from the madhouse in which she has been confined, and on the seducer's wedding-day murders the bride. In a lengthy preface the author says he has endeavoured to trace the development of infant humanity in the instance of an idiot. The book does not need philosophy to give it value. The simple, powerful way in which the tragedy is unfolded is enough to recommend it.

There is a singular contrast between M. Barracand's story, "*Pour les Jeunes Filles*," and Jean des Ferrière's tragedy of love, yet they are both interesting, and the former contains a *bon mot* worth recording—"Le mariage, c'est le baccalauréat des jeunes filles."

The French novel has kept up with the movement of colonial expansion, M. J. H. Rosny going at one bound as far as South Africa and the Transvaal. The *boulevardier's* sole idea of that distant land is that evoked by gold mining companies which come to grief in the vicinity of the Rue Vivienne. To M. Rosny the same word means wild mountains, vast tracts of sand, and adventures. His hero is a young chemist who, having discovered in some family papers the proof that one of his ancestors emigrated to South Africa at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, carrying along with him enormous wealth, sets out with the intent of recovering it and baffling a certain "Mister Skill," a wicked Englishman who is also in pursuit of the treasure. The treasure has been buried in the mountains, but the chemist has found out the way of giving magnetic power to a gold needle. The needle will point out the spot where the treasure lies. After some delightful and varied adventures, and a glimpse at Oom Paul and General Joubert, the treasure is recovered and restored to the rightful heirs.

M. Bertrand writes on North Africa, and a very curious study he publishes about the Spanish element in Algiers. The novel, which appeared at first in the *Revue de Paris*, is the life of a waggoner on the road between Constantine and the interior. Rafael is a singular type of M. Drumont's constituents. His splendid violence, his brutality, his lack of elementary moral sense are in sharp contrast with the polished, almost effeminate, manners of the French settler. Rafael's love adventures are innumerable, and all of an equally unsavoury character. He could never bring himself to understand the Frenchwoman who kept the inn on the road; she had too nice a sense of a certain primitive honour quite foreign to his mind. Then he had the habit of knifing his rivals or hurling sharp flints at them. Finally, he married a Spanish girl. His astonishment at the contrast between the misery of Spain when he visited his native land and the opulence of the French colony is quite amusing. It is significant that he declined to be called a Frenchman. There is another unlooked-for scene when Rafael's fiancée's father invites together the Spanish priest and the Spanish exiled Protestant pastor. They discuss theology in the most courteous and most satisfactory way. But the pastor makes few proselytes. His countrymen are not of an Evangelical turn.

With M. des Ombiaux we are carried away to Flanders. Saint Dodon is a popular saint in M. des Ombiaux's country, although not acknowledged officially by the Church. He was a wealthy merchant's son, diligently studied the art of writing and illuminating manuscripts, but had a strange way of qualifying himself for beatification. His favourite resorts were the marketplace and the tavern. He would sing, discuss questions of art, and eat and drink copiously. In his own town he sat on the

Bench as a judge, and always acquitted the malefactors that were brought before him. One day he received an invitation to a banquet prepared in his honour, and he accepted. Dodon's conversion was charming; like the Abbé Prévost (whose adventures, by the way, M. Schroeder has just recounted afresh in an attractive little volume published by Hachette, which, even after M. Harrisse's work, throws much fresh light on the obscure career of the author of *Manon Lescaut*), he passed quite naturally from the tavern to the monastery, his jovial temper never forsaking him. Flanders is evidently not the proper soil for Puritan growth. M. des Ombiaux must be congratulated for sounding, amidst the general pessimism of the novel, a note of irony and gentle humour.

M. Ernest Daudet's work we have left for the end, because it takes us out of contemporary life and carries us as far back as the French Revolution. La Mongautier was an actress who married a Royalist officer, escaped from General Hauriot the *Montagnard*, and was beloved by the Girondin Dolissalde.

The whole period of the Terror centres, as it were, around her. M. Ernest Daudet turns to good account his considerable acquaintance with the period. Truth and fiction are continually interwoven. None but a well-informed student of the Revolution could have given so graphic a description of the debates in the Convention, the threatening aspect of the mob and soldiers, and the dramatic but futile *sortie* of Hérault de Séchelles, the President, with all the Deputies, trying to rouse the people against the factious soldiers. In the Pyrenees we have a glimpse of Deputy Cavaignac, an ancestor of M. Cavaignac, and his revolutionary fanaticism.

Such are the chief novels published recently in Paris. What seems to predominate in fiction is an anxious search for new subjects. The colonies will not yield many, and authors have no liking for the past. In spite of their efforts their horizon is generally narrowed down to dissolute and idle Parisian society. They appear, most of them, to ignore the existence of thousands of hard-working human beings, whose humanity is as intense as that of the tired *Boulevardier*, the *cocotte*, or the vain, affected *littérateur*. Over a hundred years ago, in the preface to the first interesting novel ever written in French, Marivaux said that "the most fastidious would not be displeased to see what man was in a coachman, and woman in an obscure haberdasher." Modern authors might follow this sound advice. Daudet has shown how the most homely subject can be made to yield pathos, and Maupassant proved that art is not incompatible with the study of *bourgeois* psychology. The story of Désirée Delobelle, and that of Pierre and Jean are worth the whole output, with very few exceptions, of contemporary fiction. Later, M. Bourget will be charged with having brought about a serious decadence of the novel. It may be laid down as a rule that the further a novelist departs from the observation of everyday life, the more he detracts from the artistic value of his work.

NOTES ON THE DICKENS SALE.

[By F. G. KITTON.]

Mr. Wright's famous Dickens collection, of which some account has already been given in *Literature*, numbered 222 lots, these comprising no less than 582 separate items, the whole of which realized the aggregate sum of £3,515. Certain copies of first editions were by no means immaculate, which seems strange in face of the asseveration (so emphatically stated in the catalogue) that Mr. Wright generally had the first offer of anything that was to be sold privately, and that no price ever frightened him—which is tantamount to saying that he had the pick of the market. A passing allusion must also be made to the sad want of taste displayed in some of the special bindings, and of the vulgarizing effect of crude attempts at paginal decoration, such superfluity being particularly noticeable in the case of Forster's enlarged "*Life of Dickens*." Among the unpublished autograph letters I detected one by George Cruikshank possessing a peculiar interest, inasmuch as he

there favourably alludes to his distinguished contemporary, "(H)ablot K. Brown(e)," the artistic "exponent-in-chief" of Dickens' writings. Replying to a query from a correspondent (July 9th, 1864), he says:—"The 'Pickwick Papers' are not illustrated by me—they are only clever imitations of my style of illustration; the first plates are by an artist of the name of Seymour, who committed suicide whilst the work was in progress, and the remaining plates were by that very clever artist, Abbot Brown ('Phiz')." There is also an unpublished letter from Dickens to Edward Chapman (1847) respecting the frontispiece to the first cheap edition of "Pickwick," where he states that the artist, C. R. Leslie, R.A., was unable to draw it himself upon the wood block, so that it would have to be "timbered" under his (Leslie's) direction. By a coincidence Mr. Wright succeeded in acquiring the identical painting by Leslie to which the foregoing letter refers—a small picture in monochrome, representing that memorable scene, the discovery of Mr. Pickwick holding in his embrace the half-fainting form of Mrs. Bardell; at the Dickens sale in 1870 this painting realized the sum of 131 guineas—more than eight times the amount at which it was knocked down last week. Another interesting item among the pictures is the sketch-portrait of Dickens by W. P. Frith, R.A., a study for the finished portrait executed by this artist in 1859 for John Forster, who bequeathed it to the South Kensington Museum. When preparing for publication my volume, "Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil," I desired Mr. Frith to favour me with some particulars concerning the production of this sketch, and, odd to relate, he declared that he never made any study for the completed portrait, but expressed himself willing to examine it and to sign it if he recognized his handiwork. The sketch was accordingly submitted and immediately identified by the artist, who, according to promise, appended his signature, thus authenticating the picture and enhancing its value.

John Leech was well represented, and of the characteristic examples of his skill here gathered together the most valuable were bound up in a copy of the first edition of "The Chimes." These consisted of four original designs for that work and an unpublished drawing; one of the four is the artist's first sketch for the illustration entitled "Richard and Margaret," where, in the lower portion of the design, he wrongly depicted Richard as a kind of dissipated Trotty Veck—an error happily detected in time for correction, although not until the block had been engraved; the unused drawing was intended to illustrate page 77 of the little book, where is described the meeting of Trotty Veck with Will Fern and Lillian.

The original MS. of "The Battle of Life" (which changed hands at £400) discloses the fact that the composition of the story caused the author much trouble, as indicated by the numerous alterations and interpolations; and no wonder, when it is remembered that he was simultaneously occupied with "Dombey and Son," amidst uncongenial surroundings. We are told in the catalogue that the MS. of "The Battle of Life" is one of three MSS. not at South Kensington, the other two being the "Christmas Carol" and "Our Mutual Friend." This, however, is not quite accurate, for there exists a fourth MS., that of "Great Expectations," which the author presented to the Rev. Chauncy Hare Townshend, who bequeathed it to the Museum at Wiesbaden. I have elsewhere recorded the mysterious disappearance of the original MS. of Dickens' last Christmas Book—"The Haunted Man; or, The Ghost's Bargain," which is believed to have been destroyed. It was my privilege to unearth the Petty Cash Book kept by the future novelist during the time he acted as an office lad in a lawyer's office—Messrs Ellis and Blackmore's—in 1827-8. Many of the names of clients and others recorded in the book afterwards appeared slightly altered in Dickens' stories. I also claim the discovery (in the same sense) of another interesting MS.—viz., that described as Dickens' Only Contribution to *Punch*, entitled "Dreadful Hardships endured by the Shipwrecked Crew of *The London*, chiefly for want of Water." This, I am enabled to say, was never published in *Punch*, but at about the date of its production (1849) there appeared in its pages several pictorial allusions dealing with the subject of Dickens'

MS.—viz. the deplorable condition of the water supply in various parts of the Metropolis.

The miscellaneous items included two copies of "The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman," with Cruikshank's illustrations. The authorship of this version of an ancient ballad and of the accompanying Notes has given rise to much controversy, and whether Dickens or Thackeray was responsible for them is still a matter of conjecture, although what little evidence there is seems to favour Thackeray. Respecting another little production entered in the catalogue under "Dickens," viz., "More Hints on Etiquette," 1838, I have already pointed out elsewhere that there is not sufficient justification for attributing the authorship to him. A few years ago Mr. Wright picked up an original manuscript in the autograph of George Cruikshank, containing the outlines of this very production, and with it were bound up several autograph letters and a page of MS. by Dickens, the latter purporting to be a portion of the work in question, but, after careful examination, I found that it formed no part of it, while the style of the letter-press in no way resembled that of Dickens. The authorship of a pamphlet entitled "A Curious Dance Round a Curious Tree," 1860, has also been attributed to Dickens, and, being scarce, has fetched a high price; the copy in the Wright collection realized but a few shillings, and rightly so, for the actual author of the little essay was W. H. Wills, notwithstanding the fact that the title-page bears the name of Charles Dickens, who doubtless had something to do with it in his editorial capacity when the paper first appeared in *Household Words*.

A curious document, which may be classed with the personal mementoes of Dickens, is a probably unique impression, on a broad sheet with gold borders, of the Articles of Agreement relating to "The Great International Walking Match," which took place in America on February 20, 1868, between George Dolby and J. R. Osgood. The description of the event, printed as above, was written by Dickens in a sporting style, and the document bears his signature as well as those of Dolby, Osgood, and J. T. Fields. This literary curiosity originally belonged (I believe) to Mr. Dolby.

Correspondence.

MME. BERNHARDT'S HAMLET.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—After thanking you for your interesting article on a great literary event of this month, Madame Bernhardt's performance of Hamlet, may I use a little of your space to clear up some doubts that seem to have arisen about the correctness of the traditional rendering of that character.

"H. H. F." accounts for much in the sentence, "It is highly probable that if we in England had only the French translation to go by, we should read it very much in the same way as Madame Bernhardt," but not only has the interpretation to be accounted for, but also its ready acceptance by some of our critics, and notably by one whom readers of the *Morning Post* have recognized before as a sincere and usually discerning admirer of Madame Bernhardt. I would go further than "H. H. F." to account for this, and say that, if a public puts its whole interest in acting versions, whether French or English (and we have lately been shown how much they differ from the real *Hamlet*), it might in time become acquainted with a Hamlet not differing much from Madame Bernhardt's. Few people read their *Hamlet* from first to last frequently; they read special scenes; but the whole is perhaps less read than many of the other popular plays on this very account, that acting versions of it are more frequently represented. And we know how acting versions are manufactured, how a manager loves to see the action roll on to the climax, how episodes disappear, how a play to be considered presentable must be made "brisk." And, if so, it seems likely that an acquaintance with these versions to the neglect of the long ramble of the book is the basis of an enthusiastic sympathy with what upsets a tradition undoubtedly tested by time and much critical acumen.

To strengthen our old and cherished ideas it is only necessary to read through the play, not omitting the additions of the "First Quarto." What action could be more rambling? What play less successfully fitted at the technical joints? How many fallings off from incepta, how many clearly and decisively expressed purposes forgotten even as the words die! Some critics, indeed, seem to think that if Hamlet expresses in words a firm purpose, e.g.,

Yea! from the tablet of my memory
I'll wipe away, &c. *Act I., Sc. v.,*

on that account he loses his character as "thinker" and becomes the "man of action." But the test lies in the action. And as he invariably fails to suit the action to the word, I would refuse him the "mind of perfect balance" one critic allows him. As my object has been rather to account for the acceptance of such a rendering than to prove its falsity, though I am unable to open my *Hamlet* without finding proof upon proof of the correctness of the old reading, I will only quote from an excellent letter of the Ghost of Hamlet's father, dated from Elysium, and published in the *Morning Post* of the 17th:—"Does Master Wilkinson mind him of this? 'This visitation,' I said, 'is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.' And my tardy son knew it well. 'Lapsed in time and passion' he described himself."

Yours sincerely,

Croydon.

JNO. J. McADAM.

ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I am glad to find this subject still excites correspondence. Mr. Tarelli may rest assured that I spoke after study of his *Persephone* volume, referring perhaps mainly to the *Song of Arrival and Departure*. I cannot suppose him equally familiar with my two pamphlets, but we seem to differ little in conception of metrical law, and I subscribe to nearly every word of his concluding paragraph. His ear tells him that quantity plays a part in English verse—a subordinate but still valuable part. He knows, therefore, that "taciturn" is rather a doubtful *dactyl*, though another critic is ready to defend it. This does not imply that there was anything wrong in using it where he did; the point is merely whether our scansion is adequate. My own view is that terms like *dactyl* and *trochee* may still be used for convenience' sake, but that they must be understood in a looser and wider sense in English, referring to time rather than to syllables or even accents.

This partly answers Mr. Stillman's question. Certainly the two cases should not be "confounded." But neither should they be artificially separated, as if accent were everything in English and quantity nothing. The boundary between reading and chanting verse varies with each person; Tennyson, for instance, more than half sang his lines. How is it possible to read Homer aloud, "always holding to the accents," and yet maintain the hexametrical rhythm at all? Did the "educated Greek" of Mr. Stillman's most apposite example not read Homer, as so many people do our blank verse, precisely as if it were prose? Such reading may be convenient for giving the sense of a passage, but, strictly considered, it is surely not *reading poetry* at all. The sound of the lines, as well as the sense of the words, must be represented in any adequate rendering of a poem.

As for spondees in English, is it not the truth that we have hardly any perfect accentual spondees at all? Words like *black-beaked*, *fair-haired*, &c., may have a spondaic sound when pronounced singly, but in a sentence they tend to become trochees. Southey pointed this out long ago, and it seems undeniable. The use to be made of this fact is a matter for poets rather than grammarians to settle. It does, however, seem to accentuate the hopelessness of really reproducing classical metres on an accentual basis.

All this discussion fails to throw light on the question with which we began. Is Mr. Stone justified in saying that Latin metre (leaving Greek aside as more difficult) was essentially based on a contrast of accent and quantity, a playing-off of

one against the other; and that this opposition can be detected in our own verse? This seems to me the foundation of his pamphlet, on its aggressive side at least. I should much like to know if scholars are prepared to admit these premises. For, if the premises be taken as true, it will apparently require no little ingenuity to escape the conclusions drawn.

I am, Sir, &c.,

T. S. OMOND.

P.S.—In your last issue Mr. Lancaster follows the more excellent way of practice, with verse which shows true natural regard for quantity as opposed to artificial exaltation of it into a dominant principle. But I agree with Mr. Tarelli that the plastic work of a great poet is required before this metre can be to us more than a scholarly exercise.

May I suggest to Mr. Rose that the *later* poems of both Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne might lead him to modify his unfavourable opinion of long lines; and to Mr. Bateson that "admits" is scarcely the word to describe my attack on the whole theory of strict feet (whether accentual or quantitative) in our elastic English verse? But I must not trespass further on your space.

"AND SHALL TRELAWNY DIE?"

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Here are Mr. Hawker's own statements about the ballad, anent which there is a somewhat misleading note in a recent issue of *Literature* :—

With the exception of the choral lines—

"And shall Trelawny die?"

Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!"

and which have been, ever since the imprisonment by James the Second of the seven Bishops—one of them Sir Jonathan Trelawny—a popular proverb throughout Cornwall; the whole of the song was composed by me in the year 1825. I wrote it under a stag-horned oak in Sir Beville's Walk, in Stowe Wood. It was sent by me anonymously to a Plymouth paper, and there it attracted the notice of Mr. Davies Gilbert, who reprinted it at his private press at Eastbourne under the avowed impression that it was the original ballad. It had the good fortune to win the eulogy of Sir Walter Scott, who also deemed it to be the ancient song. It was praised under the same persuasion by Lord Macaulay, and by Mr. Dickens, who inserted it at first as of genuine antiquity in his *Household Words*, but who afterwards acknowledged its actual paternity in the same publication.

The lines Macaulay quotes in his *History* are those which Mr. Hawker himself says have been popular in Cornwall since the imprisonment of the Bishops. "All over the country," Macaulay says, "the peasants chanted a ballad of which the burden is still remembered: the miners from their caverns re-echoed the song with a variation :—

Then twenty thousand under ground will know the
reason why."

And Macaulay adds a note :—

This fact was communicated to me in the most obliging manner by the Reverend R. S. Hawker, of Morwinstow in Cornwall.

In Mr. Baring Goult's memoir of Mr. Hawker he states :—

One of these, his "Song of the Western Men," was adapted to the really ancient burden—

And shall they scorn Tre, Pol and Pen?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why!"

These verses have so much of the antique flavour that Sir Walter Scott, in one of his prefaces to a later edition of the "Border Minstrelay," refers to them as a remarkable example of the lingering of the true ballad spirit in a remote district; and Mr. Hawker possessed a letter from Lord Macaulay in which he admitted that, until undeceived by the writer, he had always supposed the whole song to be of the time of the Bishops' trial.

It is so often stated that Macaulay was hoaxed into believing that "Shall Trelawny Die?" was an old ballad, and so often

positively asserted that Mr. Hawker wrote "Shall Trelawny Die?" that it seems worth while to state anew the actual facts.

I am, &c., I. STEPHEN.

DAVID, EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Re David, Earl of Huntingdon, the correction by "The Writer of the Note" in your issue of June 3rd calls my attention, albeit at a somewhat late date to his original letter to you in *Literature* of May 13th. As the publication of his last communication argues a desire for something approaching accuracy in this matter, I venture to suggest that he remodel his contribution so as to embody the following facts.

(I.) H.M. Queen Victoria is directly descended from this David, Earl of Huntingdon, through his second daughter Isabella, who married Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick. The great-grandson by this marriage was that Robert Bruce who became King of Scotland. This Robert married a second wife, Isabella of Mar, and the offspring of this union, a daughter, Marjory, married Walter Fitzalan, the Steward, and so became the ancestress of the royal line of Stuart and our present Sovereign.

(II.) William the Lion was succeeded by Alexander II., his son by Emma of Denmark, and not a younger brother of David as stated in the paragraph. David was uncle to Alexander II.

(III.) Alexander II. was succeeded by his son, Alexander III. This king married Margaret, daughter of Henry III. of England, and this alliance did not lead to the union of the two crowns. More than two centuries later, another Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. married James IV. of Scotland, and after his death, Archibald Douglas. James I. of England was the descendant of both these marriages, and heir, by right of his descent from Margaret, to the English Throne.

In conclusion, may I ask you to forward to your correspondent the accompanying genealogical chart, in which, as compiler, I may be pardoned for thinking, the whole matter is shown with some clearness?

With many apologies for the length of this letter,

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

JNO. KELLY BATHURST.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—It has been suggested that I might amplify the statements in my Note "from a correspondent" which appeared in *Literature* of May 13th, and my letter published in your issue of June 3rd, with reference to the position in history of the David, Earl of Huntingdon, who founded the Grammar School of Huntingdon. This David, it may be pointed out, must not be confounded with David I., King of Scotland. Sometimes they are confused; indeed, the error of the Grammar School Committee probably originated in such confusion. David I. was the grandfather of the founder of the Huntingdon School. He died in 1153, predeceased by his son Henry, who, however, had left three sons—Malcolm, William, and David. Malcolm (the Maiden) succeeded his grandfather, and on his death, in 1165, was succeeded in his turn by his brother William (the Lion). William, on his death in 1214, was succeeded by his son Alexander II. The latter married Joan of England, but the marriage was unfruitful. He subsequently married Mary, daughter of Enguerrand de Coucy, and on his death in 1249 was succeeded by his son Alexander III., who was born of this second marriage. Alexander III. married Margaret, daughter of Henry III. of England; but on the death of their granddaughter, the Maid of Norway, what has been called the Scotch-Norman House came to an end. Then came the famous contest by about a dozen competitors for the Scottish crown.

But to return to the founder of the Huntingdon School, who, it may be mentioned in passing, had a most romantic career. As I pointed out in previous communications Prince David never was King. Several of the competitors for the crown, however, and notably Baliol and Bruce, based their claims on their descent from him. David had married Matilda, daughter of Ranulph, Earl of Chester. Margaret, his eldest daughter,

married Allen of Galloway, and John de Baliol was a descendant of this union. David's second daughter, Isobel, was married to Robert de Brus or Bruce, and their descendant, Robert the Bruce, became King of Scotland. By the marriage of Marjory, daughter of King Robert, with Walter Fitzalan, the Steward, came the House of Stewart (the spelling Stuart was not adopted till the time of Mary, Queen of Scots).

The union of the crowns was due to the marriage in 1502 of James IV. of Scotland and the Princess Margaret of England, eldest daughter of Henry VII. A century after this marriage the great-grandson of James IV. became King of England.

I am, &c., THE WRITER OF THE NOTE.

THACKERAY'S ESMOND.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—"B.'s" pedigree of the Esmond family is not quite correct. Eugene, 2nd Earl of Castlewood, was the son of Frank's first wife (The Virginians, c. xvi.), and Harry Warrington never married Hester Lambert. He did marry Fanny Mountain, and when she died he was persuaded to propose for Hester, who refused him (Virginians, c. xlii.).

Your obedient servant, LEWIS BEARD.
7, Spencer-road, Coventry, June 18.

Authors and Publishers.

The catalogue of the library of the late Mr. Gleeson White is now ready, and will be forwarded on application to Mr. A. Lionel Isaacs, 16, Shaftesbury-avenue, W., where the books are now on sale in aid of the widow. A special limited edition of the catalogue has also been printed (2s.), containing a portrait, two views, and a memorial tribute by Professor York Powell.

Mr. Ashton, an ex-constable and a Welshman, has just been awarded a pension of £40 per annum from the Treasury on account of his services to literature. These have taken the shape of gaining several prizes at different Eisteddfod competitions, and of the authorship of a biography of Bishop Morgan. At the present moment he is engaged upon a bibliography of his native country.

The *Studio's* extra summer number will contain the text of the *Masque* entitled "Beauty's Awakening," to be given before the Lord Mayor at the Guildhall, and illustrations of many of the designs for the costumes, stage accessories, &c., which have been specially made for it by members of the Art Workers' Guild.

Mr. Richard Marsh writes from Hotel Quisisana, Wiesbaden, June 19:—

My story, "Philip Bennion's Death," now being announced by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. as a "new novel at 3s. 6d.," was issued by that firm some three years ago at 1s. Why they are reissuing it as a new novel in its present form I cannot say. The copyright not being mine, I have no voice in the matter.

I shall be obliged if you will let me add that no volume containing new work of mine has appeared since "The Beetle" in September, 1897, and that the first story I have written since then will be published by Messrs. H. V. White and Co. in September of this year.

A life of the Empress Josephine will appear this Autumn, written by Frédéric Masson and translated into English by Mrs. Cashel Hoey. The illustrations will contain many portraits of great interest. The book will be issued by Goupil and Simpson, Marshall, uniform with "Marie Antoinette," &c., as part of Messrs. Goupil's well-known English Historical Series.

In their series of Modern English Writers, of which we review the first volume—on Matthew Arnold—in another column, Messrs. Blackwood will shortly publish the second, on Stevenson, by Mr. L. Cope Cornford. The remaining volumes in the series will be issued as nearly as possible in the following order:—"Ruskin," by Mrs. Meynell; "George Eliot," by Mr. Sidney Lee; "Tennyson," by Mr. Andrew Lang; "Froude," by "John Oliver Hobbes"; "Huxley," by Mr. Edward Clodd; "Thackeray," by Mr. Charles Whibley; "Browning," by Mr. Augustine Birrell; and "Dickens," by Mr. W. E. Henley.

"Sea Dogs" is to be the title of a series of books edited by Mr. L. W. Lyde; and mainly composed of original documents dealing with the Age of Drake, of Blake, of Hawke, and Nelson. The Drake volume, which goes to press this week, contains extracts by John Fox, Richard Clarke (Sir Humphrey Gilbert's Captain on the Delight), Philip Jones, John Evesham, Raleigh, Thomas White, &c. The Blake will also shortly be in the press.

Mr. W. Lyde is also editing "Man and his Work"—an introduction to Human Geography—by Dr. Herberton the new Reader in Geography to the University of Oxford.

A book dealing with the history of the Scottish capital, its places, and its people, from the pen of an Edinburgh lady, Katharine F. Lockie, is to be published shortly under the title "Picturesque Edinburgh." It is to contain over five hundred illustrations.

The proprietor of Byron's birthplace at 24, Holles-street, Mr. John Lewis, is, we believe, about to affix to the exterior a memorial tablet, in the form of a bas-relief, in memory of the poet.

An edition de luxe of his letter "J'accuse," specially printed at the celebrated house of Christophe Plantin, and specially bound by M. Jacques Moisey, is to be presented to M. Zola by the journalists of Antwerp.

Among the manuscripts left by Theodor Fontane is a complete translation of *Hamlet*. It was probably made about 1850.

Mr. Adnah David Jones writes from Oxford:—

In the review of "The History of South America from its Discovery to the Present Time" in *Literature* of June 17 the translation is attributed to Miss Adnah D. Jones. It should be Mr. Will you kindly rectify this error? He is also the translator of Félix Cadet's "Port Royal Education" and of M. Gaston Boissier's "Cicero and his Friends," which he signed.

The publication by Mr. Grant Richards of Miss E. M. Clerke's "Fable and Song in Italy," announced for May, has been postponed until June 27th.

Mr. Horace Wyndham, whose book "The Queen's Service" we recently reviewed, is preparing a further volume of sketches of military life, to be called "Soldiers of the Queen."

Messrs. Methuen announce for September the biography of Sir John Millais.

The ninth volume of Miss Hetherington's useful "Annual Index to Periodicals," covering the year 1898, is now in the press.

In connexion with the Universal Exhibition of 1900 arrangements are being made for an international congress dealing with the history of religions. It will consist of eight sections, and almost all the religious beliefs of the known races of men past and present will be brought under review. Among the most interesting subjects are totemism, the function of sacrifice in the religion of savages, the historical evolution of Buddhism in China, funeral rites in ancient Egypt, the deities of the early Semites, the myths contained in the Homeric poems, and the origin of the principal Germanic deities. The eighth section deals with the history of Christianity, but discussions on dogma and the confessional are excluded. Circulars have been sent out early so as to secure the thorough preparation of papers by scholars and religious thinkers. Besides French the following languages may be used, Latin, German, English, and Italian.

Mr. Heinemann has nearly ready "The Market Place," the last novel written by the late Mr. Harold Frederic. "The Market Place," deals with the position of the Stock Exchange in the social life of the day, and is an elaborate study of the world of finance. Harold Frederic finished the story some months before his death when staying on the south-west coast of Ireland.

Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston are publishing in book form a selection from the "Interviews with Mr. Migs," which have appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The author is Mr. Alexander Stuart.

"The Craze of Christina" is the title of Mrs. Lovett Cameron's new novel, which Mr. John Long will publish at once. Mrs. Lovett Cameron has been writing steadily now for twenty years, and is engaged on another new novel for the same publisher. She is the wife of Mr. H. Lovett Cameron, elder brother of the late Commander Verney Lovett Cameron, R.N., C.B., who some twenty years ago traversed alone the whole continent of Africa from east to west. Her recent novel, "A Fair Fraud," published by Mr. John Long, is now in its fifth edition.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.
Portraiture in Recumbent Effigies and Ancient Schools of Monumental Sculpture in England. By *Albert Hartshorne*. 94 pp. 6s. 36 pp. Exeter, 1899. Pollard. 2s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.
Oliver Cromwell. By *Samuel Rawson Gardiner*. D.C.L., LL.D. 13x10in., 216 pp. London, 1899. Goupil. 48 p. and 25 3s. n.

Wordsworth and the Cole-ridges, and other Memoirs, Literary and Political. By *Ellis Yarnall*. 9x6in., 331 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 10s. n.

Reminiscences of the King of Roumania. Ed. from the Original Manuscript, With Introduction by *Sidney Whitman*. 9x6in., xxxi.+367 pp. London, 1899. Harper. 10s. 6d.

The Brave Sons of Skye. By *Lieut.-Col. J. MacInnes, V.D.* 10x8in., xxv.+230 pp. London, 1899. Eyre & Spottiswoode.

The Life of William Ewart Gladstone. 2 vols. Ed. by *Sir Wemyss Reid*. 9x6in., xv.+752 pp. London, 1899. Cassell. 9s.
Extracts from the Diary and Autobiography of the Rev. James Clegg. Ed. by *Henry Kirke*, M.A., B.C.L. 9x6in., 103 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low. 6s.

EDUCATIONAL.
Social Phases of Education in the School and the Home. By *Samuel T. Dutton*. 7x5in., 237 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 5s.

FICTION.
Silence Farm. By *William Sharp*. 8x5in., 233 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.
Thibaw's Queen. By *H. Fielding*. 7x5in., 294 pp. London, 1899. Harper. 6s.

Richard Carvel. By *Winston Churchill*. 8x5in., xlii.+538 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 6s.

Jason, and other Stories. By *R. M. Coker*. 7x5in., 256 pp. London, 1899. Chatto. 3s. 6d.

Jennie Baxter, Journalist. By *Robert Barr*. (The Novelist, No. 2) 8x5in., 128 pp. London, 1899. Methuen. 6d.

The Greater Inclination. By *Edith Wharton*. 7x5in., 254 pp. London, 1899. Lane. 6s.

Willow the King. The Story of a Cricket Match. By *J. C. Sraith*. 8x5in., 313 pp. London, 1899. Ward Lock. 6s.

The Wings of Silence. An Australian Tale. By *George Cosans*. 7x5in., 233 pp. London, 1899. Gay & Bird. 6s.

War to the Knife; or, Tangata Maori. By *Rolf Boldrewood*. 7x5in., 420 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 6s.

A Faulty Courtship. By *Edith G. Hoare*. 7x5in., 318 pp. London, 1899. Warner. 3s. 6d.

An Obstinate Parish. By *L. Lord* ("Sydney Christian"). 8x5in., 284 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 6s.

Darab's Wine-Cup, and other Tales. By *Bart Kennedy*. 7x5in., 290 pp. London, 1899. Greening. 2s. 6d.

Shadows; or, Glimpses of Society. By *Ernest Martin*. 7x5in., 133 pp. London, 1899. Greening. 2s.

Where the Ways Part. By *Bertha M. M. Maiken*. 7x5in., 560 pp. London, 1899. Digby Long. 6s.

The Fortress of Yaddasara. By *Christian Lys*. 7x5in., 432 pp. London, 1899. Warner. 6s.

GEOGRAPHY.
The Heart of Asia. By *Francis H. Skrine and Edward D. Ross*, Ph.D. 8x5in., 444 pp. London, 1899. Methuen. 10s. 6d. n.

Enchanted India. By *Prince Bajadar Karageorgievitch*. 7x5in., 305 pp. London, 1899. Harper. 5s.

LITERARY.
Henrik Ibsen, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. Critical Studies. By *Georg Brandes*. 9x6in., xvi.+171 pp. London, 1899. Heinemann. 10s. n.

The History of Yiddish Literature in the 19th Century. By *Leo Wiener*. 8x5in., xv.+402 pp. London, 1899. Nimmo. 8s. n.

Studies in Dante. Second Series. Miscellaneous. By *Edward Moore*, D.D. 9x5in., xvi.+386 pp. Oxford, 1899. Clarendon Press. 10s. 6d. n.

MISCELLANEOUS.
The Merchant's Handbook of Money, Weights, and Measures. By *W. A. Broune*, LL.D. 7x4in., xvii.+663 pp. London, 1899. Stanford. 5s.

Pons Asinorum. A Bridge for Beginners. By *A. G. Hulme-Beaman*. 6x4in., 103 pp. London, 1899. Methuen. 2s.

The Bye-Ways of Crime, &c. By *R. J. Power-Berrey*. 7x5in., 232 pp. London, 1899. Greening. 2s. 6d.

PHILOSOPHY.
The Six Systems of Indian Philosophy. By the *Rt. Hon. F. Max Müller*, K.M. 9x5in., xxxi.+618 pp. London, 1899. Longmans. 18s.

Free-Will and Determinism in Relation to Progress. By *C. J. Metrose*. 7x5in., 53 pp. London, 1899. New Century Press. 1s. 6d.

Naturalism and Agnosticism. The Gifford Lectures, 1896-1898. By *James Ward*, Sc.D. 2 vols. 9x5in., xviii.+302+291 pp. London, 1899. Black. 18s. n.

POETRY.
The Poetical Works of Robert Stephen Hawker, M.A. Ed. by *Alfred Wallis*. 7x5in., xl.+283 pp. London, 1899. Lane. 7s. 6d. n.

Poems by Clifford King. 7x5in., 262 pp. London, 1899. Digby Long. 5s. n.

Imperia, and other Prologues in Verse. By *Hugh Farrie*. 7x5in., 88 pp. Liverpool, 1899. Young.

POLITICAL.
Reminiscences of a Professional Politician. By *J. C. H.* 7x5in., 102 pp. London, 1899. The New Century Press. 2s.

The Political Struwwelpeter. By *Harold Begbie*. Illustrated by *F. C. Gould*. 10x8in., 24 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

REPRINTS.
Dante: The Divina Commedia and Canzoniere. Vols. III., IV., and V. Translated by *E. H. Plumptre*, D.D. 6x4in., 256+237+248 pp. London, 1899. Isbister. 2s. each vol.

Anne of Geierstein. (Border Ed.) By *Sir Walter Scott*. Bt. 7x5in., xxx.+713 pp. London, 1899. Nimmo. 3s. 6d.

The Highland Widow, and other Tales. (Temple Ed.) By *Sir Walter Scott*. Bt. 6x4in., lx.+343 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 1s. 6d. n.

Rosine and Sister Louise. By *G. W. H. Melville*. 8x5in., 436 pp. London, 1899. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

St. Valentine's Day; or, The Fair Maid of Perth. (Temple Ed.) By *Sir Walter Scott*. Bt. 2 vols. 6x4in., xiv.+344+361 pp. London, 1899. Dent. 3s. n.

Ballads. By *Dante Gabriel Rossetti*. (The Siddal Ed.) 6x4in., 167 pp. London, 1899. Ellis & Elvey. 2s. 6d. n.

Mrs. Romney and But Men Must Work. By *Rosa N. Carey*. 7x5in., 368 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

SCIENCE.
Year-Book of the Scientific and Learned Societies of Great Britain and Ireland. 16th Annual Issue. 8x5in., 287 pp. London, 1899. Griffin. 7s. 6d.

Living Pictures: Their History, Photo-Production, and Practical Working. By *Henry V. Hopwood*. 8x5in., xii.+237 pp. London, 1899. Optician and Photographic Trades Review. 2s. 6d. n.

THEOLOGY.
Library of St. Francis de Sales. (The Catholic Controversy III.) Translated by the *Vener. Rev. H. B. Canon Mackey*, O.S.B. 7x5in., xl.+333 pp. London, 1899. Burns & Oates. 6s.

The Reverence Due to the Altar. By *J. Taylor*, D.D. Rendered into Modern English by the *Rev. V. Staley*. 6x4in., 98 pp. London, 1899. Mowbray. 1s. n.

TOPOGRAPHY.
Guide to Scarborough and Whitby. Ed. by *A. R. H. Moncrieff*. 6x4in., 88 pp. London, 1899. Black. 1s.

Guide to Hastings and St. Leonards. Ed. by *A. R. H. Moncrieff*. 6x4in., 88 pp. London, 1899. Black. 1s.

King's College, Cambridge. (College Histories.) By the *Rev. A. A. Leigh*, M.A. 8x5in., xii.+302 pp. London, 1899. Robinson. 5s. n.

Kent's Capital. A Handbook to the Maidstone District. 7x5in., 152 pp. London, 1899. Beechings. 6d.

TRAVEL.
The Early Mountaineers. By *Francis Gribble*. 9x6in., xiv.+338 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 2s.

Literature

Edited by J. D. Traill.

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THE STATE AND HISTORY.

It has often been said, with truth, that the Government of the country does little for literature, and takes no official cognisance of men of letters. The existence of the art of poetry is indeed recognized by the appointment of a Poet Laureate, with the salary of a junior City clerk, and now and then a successful writer receives a title. But, on the whole, the State leaves literature severely alone; and literature, although it be not shone upon, does not greatly suffer from this neglect. As long as work like the "Dictionary of National Biography" is produced by private enterprise, the Government need not go out of its way to patronize literature, or to attempt anything more ambitious than the publication of reports and Blue-books. One undertaking, however, of the first magnitude has for many years been in process of accomplishment by the State, and cannot now be far from completion; we mean the work of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, which has just issued its fifteenth report, containing new matter of great interest, and which has now published about seventy volumes of what may be called the raw materials of history. The work, of course, is similar to that done by various societies, and to some extent overlaps their field of operations, but its scope is such that no private body could have attempted it. The Houses of Parliament, colleges, cathedral bodies, corporations, and private owners have willingly lent their MSS. for examination; and the Government, through the Commissioners, has found expert examiners, most of whom have written excellent summaries of the contents of each collection. The first report is dated 1870, so that for thirty years the Government has been performing at a very small annual cost a most desirable service to literature.

Any one who browses among these published MSS. will find plenty of entertainment, even from the grimmest periods. The explanation is simple; human nature has always been essentially human. The quandary of the Elizabethan gentleman who proposed to run away and give up his house because he was threatened with a Royal visit is, more or less, like that of an impecunious modern squire who is pricked for the office of High Sheriff. The quarrels of the Eatanswill politicians over the erection of an additional pump in the High Street had been paralleled many years before Dickens' time, in the annals of ancient boroughs. Thus the continuity of history is preserved, sometimes by ludicrous incidents, and sometimes by graver events. Our ancestors differed from us only in accidents, and not in essentials, and nothing brings out that fact more clearly than the details which abound in these volumes. Local history is much indebted to the Commission, which has rendered accessible the archives of many ancient corporations, and has illustrated the gradual growth of our towns, their trade, their customs, their franchises, and their freedom. In some instances it is as hard to say whether the castle preceded the town, or the town the castle, as it is to determine whether the egg is naturally prior to the hen; but in either case the result was much the same. The castle first protected and then oppressed the town, till local patriotism could bear it no longer. Liberty was seldom won without a struggle. Even within the last twenty years or so "Dod's Parliamentary Companion" used to record of a good many constituencies that "Lord Blank has considerable influence in this borough." Nominal offices and complimentary dinners are now the only vestiges of these ancient feudal and political relations.

But we knew all this before? That is true; but it has never hitherto been known so completely. Every one of these seventy volumes adds something to our knowledge, and helps to fill up some gap or other, no matter how small. The great events of our history are *choses jugées*; we know

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why the Armada failed, why Charles I. was executed, and why James II. left the country. It is not probable that any records will leap to light which will oblige us to change our views of these events, or to revise our estimates of our greatest men. When all is said and done, there remain certain historical truths which, even in a critical age, partake of the nature of stubborn facts. But a great many important points, such as will occur to every reader, are still matters of controversy, and cannot receive too much additional light. Nor can any drier light be found than that of these documents, written, as they often were, by the actors in the events themselves, and without any design of publication. And, not to speak of what is disputed, many valuable new facts have been gathered in the last few years alone, seeing that they include endless details of the Elizabethan period from Lord Salisbury's papers; of the Armada, from Mr. Savile Foljambe's collection; of De Foe's political work, from the Portland MSS.; and scores of unpublished letters from George Selwyn in the possession of Lord Carlisle. Besides these, there are volumes, almost the whole of which, like Selwyn's letters, may be read for pure enjoyment by any one who interests himself in the gossip and social life of the old world. In short, never was a Royal Commission better justified by its fruits.

We suppose that, as we have said, the work must be nearing its end, but on this point we cannot speak positively. Great houses, like Hatfield or Castle Howard, the former not yet exhausted, have yielded abundant treasure, and the same may be said of many colleges and corporations. But the country is full of smaller houses and smaller corporations whose collections cannot have been completely explored, to say nothing of the fact that old papers, often neglected and overlooked, have a way of turning up in all manner of odd places. Certainly, we shall not welcome the conclusion of so interesting a work as that of the Commission. It is some comfort to reflect that, at whatever date the Commission may make its final report, our history will continue in ever increasing volume. As things are, the collections now published very rarely encroach upon the nineteenth century. In a few years more, some of the pages that are now doubled back must be opened. Our children and grandchildren will demand to know much that cannot now be told. It will no longer be necessary to respect the susceptibilities of the living, and a great deal will then be published which—for example—Mr. Morley cannot just now include in his coming *Life of Mr. Gladstone*. The Historical Manuscripts Commission of the future will find ample occupation in the prodigious mass of materials by the help of which the history of the Victorian age will have to be rewritten. It is possible that it may have at its disposal part at least of what we may call the Buckingham Palace MSS. Undoubtedly, no better authority could be found for the political history of this century than the letters to her Majesty, and to her predecessors, which it has been the duty of successive Leaders of the House to write daily during the sitting of Parliament. These, we believe, are at Buckingham Palace, and date from the time of George Grenville. As far as we know, not a line

of them has ever been published, with the exception of three extracts written respectively by Althorp, Palmerston, and Disraeli. The rest, with many other confidential papers, will provide the coming historian with more than enough raw material.

Every one who has ever had occasion to use the British Museum Reading Room will wish to associate himself with the sentiments expressed in the graceful speech in which Mr. Leslie Stephen, on behalf of many men of letters, requested Dr. Garnett's acceptance of a testimonial on his retirement from the Keepership of Printed Books. Dr. Garnett's labours in connexion with the printing of the general catalogue would alone have entitled him to the gratitude of the community. During his tenure of the office of Superintendent of the Reading Room he had won further golden opinions by his uniform courtesy in answering questions—often, we have no doubt, very foolish ones—and placing his own boundless learning at the disposition of the most ignorant. Those students who have sought his help on any difficult point will perhaps find it hard to believe that he can have any use for the "47 books of reference" included in the oblation; for Dr. Garnett has always given one the impression of already knowing everything contained in every book of reference. But those who most doubt his need for any aids to memory will be the most enthusiastic in wishing him full enjoyment of his well-earned leisure to make use of them.

The statue to Tom Hughes, unveiled last Saturday by the Archbishop of Canterbury, was, of course, a tribute to the memory of the moral teacher—or perhaps, one should say, to the typical Englishman—rather than to the man of letters. That Tom Hughes' gifts were not essentially literary would be sufficiently proved, if there were no other evidence, by his comparative failure whenever he wrote of anything else than the adventures of Tom Brown. Even "Tom Brown's" inclusion in the latest list of the one hundred best novels is probably to be attributed less to its merits as a work of art than to its portrayal of certain sound and sturdy types of character which we, as a nation, like to consider peculiarly our own. Tom Hughes was as essentially English as Mr. Kipling himself; and he proved that it is not absolutely necessary to be a great writer in order to produce a great book.

Lamentations over the state of the book trade have been appearing in the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Outlook*, and various other papers. What with books of travel and reminiscence which are so dear that hardly any one can afford them, and sixpenny novels that hardly yield any profit, the booksellers complain that it is difficult for them to make a living. Fortunately, as the Science of Political Economy teaches us, this is a state of things which has a tendency to right itself. Since the novel reading capacity of the community is limited, the sixpenny novels will cease to pay as soon as a sufficient number of them to test that reading capacity are on the market; and when they cease to pay they will cease to appear. On the other hand, when the public proves that it is eager to buy travel, history, and biography, provided that it can get them at a reasonable price, its wants will be provided for; and, in fact, publishers have already begun to experiment in this direction with satisfactory results. More than 50,000 copies of "With Kitchener to Khartoum" were sold at six shillings; and other instances could be quoted.

Reviews.

Oliver Cromwell. By **Samuel Rawson Gardiner**,
D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D. London, 1899. Goupil. 23 3/-

In a previous volume of the same series the late Sir John Skelton gave us an Apologia for Charles I., and we have now to record the complete success, artistic, literary, and historical, of Mr. Gardiner's companion study of the great Protector. From an artistic point of view, the volume leaves nothing to be desired: it is on a level with, if not in advance of, any of its predecessors: it makes accessible to the public a number of most interesting portraits, the majority of which are rarely seen. The portraits are genuine as well as little known, and special importance may be attached to the fact that they have a certificate of authenticity from Mr. Gardiner himself. To this there are a few exceptions, and what the reasons of these exceptions are is told by Mr. Gardiner. The likeness of Cromwell as a child from Chequers Court—several of the most interesting pictures in the book, it may be noted, belong to Mrs. Frankland-Russell-Astley—can hardly, in the nature of things, be quite certain. There is another very like it belonging to the Rev. A. W. Headlam, but both may quite probably be authentic. The Bernini bust, now in the House of Commons, is more doubtful, and Mr. Gardiner's investigation of the point is interesting. Other portraits receive an equally careful consideration. Mr. Gardiner expresses an opinion, in which we concur, that no authentic portrait of Blake is in existence. Medals, seals, and miniatures help to make the artistic side of the work exceptionally valuable. It is unquestionable that the Puritans cannot bear comparison for picturesqueness with the Cavaliers, and, with the one great exception, the Cromwells themselves look no better than a family of clodhoppers. But none the less the portraits are striking, and the illustrations, as a whole, would secure success for a less admirable book.

From a literary point of view, Mr. Gardiner has never done anything so good. As an artistic whole, the arrangement, the subordination of details to the general effect, the breadth and skill of the treatment, are worthy of a great historian. In details, there is still the old difficulty of dealing with that difficult instrument, English prose—still the same slightly ponderous collocation of phrases here and there, and the same occasional hastiness of construction. Historically, there is little new to be said of Cromwell as Mr. Gardiner draws him. He has already told the story at least six times, yet we are disposed to say that he has never told it better than now. Of his complete mastery of the facts no serious investigator can have the slightest doubt. No man is ever likely to equal him in his minute accuracy and his absolute candour, unless it be Mr. Charles Firth, whose long-expected book we have still to see. And chief of all his merits, to our mind, is the fact that, where we differ most completely with his conclusions, it is to his absolute sincerity and extraordinary accuracy that we owe our own conclusions, so different from his own.

There is, indeed, no complete explanation of Cromwell's amazing series of inconsistencies and tergiversations possible, save the old one of hypocrisy, and this we unhesitatingly reject. He is, as the greatest men will often be, inexplicable. Mr. Gardiner's explanation is no more plausible than the others. He must remain an enigma. And so some will delight to contrast his exaggerated humility to Parliament at one stage ("Honest

men served you faithfully. Sir, they are trusty; I beseech you in the name of God not to discourage them," to Speaker Lenthall) with the abrupt despotism of dismissal of his later years ("I will put an end to your prating. You are no Parliament") and the hectoring speeches to the nominated bodies of his Protectorate. Some will smile at the prayer-meeting to discover which of their iniquities had put the army in so tight a place, and its discovery that the iniquities were Charles Stewart's, not theirs, and that his head must come off. Some will welcome with bitterness Mr. Gardiner's proof that it was Cromwell who was supremely responsible for the execution of the King, forcing it through when others were reluctant or timid. Others will look rather to the real greatness and sincerity of the man, and forget the barbarity of his massacres; for remembering the inadequate proof Mr. Gardiner offered in his "History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate" we cannot accept his statement that "there is no doubt" that the laws of war justified the butchery of Drogheda; and we must point out, too, that he ignores the murders in cold blood, as that of Edmund Verney. They will overlook the cruelty of his deportations (of which Mr. Gardiner here more than ever convinces us), the shocking duplicity of his foreign policy (which Mr. Gardiner has been the first completely to lay bare), his reliance on unconcealed military power, or "the list of ancient allies driven by the Protector from public life, and in some cases actually deprived of liberty" because they retained the independence of their political and moral judgment.

We repeat that those who recognize the greatness of Cromwell must be prepared to sacrifice his consistency. They must see that he did not object to bring in the Scots against the King and to win the war by their means, but, when they came in as a Presbyterian force to support the King, he called the action "a more prodigious treason than any that had been perfected before." They must be prepared to dismiss the figment of his affection for religious liberty, except in so far as that means a liberty given only within limits chosen by a single party or a single individual. Cromwell would have no "Mass," he would kill Roman clergy, and to him, as Mr. Gardiner rightly says, the fact "that the Royalists had religious ideals of their own was a provocation which made it easy to deny them toleration." One pathetic sentence, indeed, of the book before us illustrates what those who worked with Cromwell had perpetually to suffer.

Milton [says Mr. Gardiner], now incapacitated by blindness from active employment in the service of the State, must have winced at hearing that his chosen hero, who had long turned his back on the voluntary system of Church government, had now turned his back on the central doctrine of the Areopagitica.

Like those of not a few other great rulers, Cromwell's life was a perpetual turning away from principles to which he had been warmly attached. "When most inconsistent he loved to persuade himself that he had always been consistent," and so he, not once only, "committed himself to a doctrine so manifestly absurd that it could only be received with a smile of contemptuous disbelief." It was not because of this, but in spite of it, that Cromwell was great, and it is the highest merit of Mr. Gardiner's enthusiastic eulogy that it has enabled us to recognize this more clearly than ever.

Wordsworth and the Coleridges. With other Memoirs, Literary and Political. By **Ellis Yarnall**. 9x 6 1/2 in., vii. + 331 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 10/-

First among the impressions produced by this most interesting volume is one of surprise, not so much at the

remoteness of the period to which the writer's recollections date back—though that is in itself remarkable—as at the length of the time during which they have been withheld from the world. This feeling, however, is no doubt due in part to a change in modern literary manners which is not entirely for the better. The death of any notable personage is followed nowadays by so brisk a competition among ready writers for the first appearance in the familiar part of "One who knew him" that one looks with almost incredulous astonishment at such a chapter as that on a "Visit to Wordsworth," wherein the author records his introduction to, and conversation with, the poet exactly half a century ago, and only a few months before his death. Imagine a "One who knew him" allowing his recollections of a recently deceased celebrity of the present day to remain unpublished till 1949. Mr. Ellis Yarnall, however, contented himself with placing his at the disposal of D. Christopher Wordsworth, who included a part of them in his life of the poet, while omitting other passages because of their reference to persons then living. These reasons having ceased to exist, the record has now been published as a whole, and forms, primarily, of course, in right of its subject, but thanks also to the writer's not inconsiderable faculty of graphic portraiture, the most valuable chapter in a really fascinating volume.

His account of the whole day spent by him in Wordsworth's company is full of interest, as that of an ardent devotee whose enthusiasm has yet in nowise impaired his keen faculty of observation. Nothing, for instance, could give us a more characteristic picture of Wordsworth than we get in the following little incident:—

I happened to have in my pocket a small volume of selections from his poems made some years before by Professor Reed. I produced it and asked him if he had ever seen it. He replied that he had not. He took it with evident interest, turned to the title-page, which he read with its motto. He began the preface then in the same way. But here I must record a trifling incident which may yet be worth noting. We were standing together in the road, when a man accosted us, asking charity—a beggar of the better class. Wordsworth, scarcely looking off the book, thrust his hand into his pocket, as if instinctively acknowledging the man's right to beg by this prompt action. He seemed to find nothing, however, and he said, in a sort of soliloquy, "I have given to four or five to-day," as if to account for his being then unprovided. Wordsworth, as he turned over one leaf after another, said, "But I shall weary you." "By no means," said I, for I could have been content to stand there for hours.

Apparently he must have stood there for some considerable time listening to the poet reading, "with telling emphasis, the choice passages which Professor Reed had quoted in the preface, and the biographical sketch which followed." He made, however, but little comment on the Professor's notice of him.

Occasionally he would say as he came to a particular fact, "That's quite correct," or after reading a quotation from his own works he would add, "That's from my writings." These quotations he read in a way that much impressed me; it seemed almost as if he was awed by the greatness of his own power, the gifts with which he had been endowed.

The chapter is, unfortunately but necessarily, a short one, being the record of but one day passed in the poet's company: but "Walks and Visits in Wordsworth's Country," "Sara Coleridge and her Brothers," and "John Taylor Coleridge and Lord Coleridge" compose together considerably more than a third of the volume, and abound in interesting details of the gifted family with various members of which Mr. Yarnall has kept himself continuously in touch for nearly half a century. "S. T. C.," who died in 1834, when Mr. Yarnall had but lately emerged from boyhood, he naturally never saw, though by

the way it was space rather than time that prevented their meeting, since the author records with pride his presence at the reception of Lafayette in America ten years before. His first visit to England, however, was not paid till 1849, when he brought a letter of introduction to Sara Coleridge, through whom he formed an acquaintance, ultimately ripening into a thirty years' friendship, with her accomplished brother Derwent, and a little later on became intimate with Sir John Duke Coleridge and his son, the late Lord Chief Justice. Of all these four persons, notable every one of them in their various ways, he has much to tell; and he tells it not only in an interesting fashion, but with admirable discretion and good taste. He has a keen eye for character in every one and a retentive memory for everything that illustrates it. We owe him much, for instance, for preserving this little trait of S. T. Coleridge, gathered from the memories of his daughter-in-law:—

I remember Mrs. Derwent Coleridge telling me of her recollections of her father-in-law in her early married life. She listened with wonder, she said, to the flow of his discourse; there was no hesitation or pause—on and on it went. The bed-room candle would be brought in and placed on a table near the door of the drawing room. Coleridge would move slowly across the room, continuing his discourse the while, continuing it as he went through the hall to the staircase, continuing it as he slowly mounted the stairs, until his voice was lost in the distance.

Mr. Yarnall quotes the often cited saying of Wordsworth's, "I have known many remarkable men, but the most wonderful man I ever knew was Coleridge."

I feel compelled, however [he continues], to add the following as a deliverance of Wordsworth's, in a moment, let us presume, of impatience, at a late period of Coleridge's life. Wordsworth with Rogers had spent an evening with Coleridge at Highgate. As the two poets walked away together—"I did not altogether understand the latter part of what Coleridge said," was the cautious remark of Rogers. "I did not understand any of it," was Wordsworth's hasty reply. "No more did I," exclaimed Rogers, doubtless much relieved.

Evidently none of those "glorious islets" described with such richness of humour in Carlyle's famous sketch—those "balmy, sunny islets, islets of the blest and the intelligible"—had arisen on this occasion out of the Coleridgean haze.

At the house of Mr. Henry Nelson (husband and cousin of Sara Coleridge) Mr. Yarnall met Macaulay, then, as he thought, beginning at fifty-seven to give certain premature signs of old age, though he adds that "the flash of his eye, the rapid changes of expression, the vivacity, the quick movement of the head, all showed a keenness of the mental faculties as yet unimpaired." Nor evidently was there any slackening of the extraordinary torrent of his discourse, though it appears to have become more possible to stem it than had been the case in earlier days; or, so at least we infer from Mr. Yarnall's dry remark that the full flow of the great man's talk was "sometimes" checked "by the wish of others at the table to be heard." One wonders whether Macaulay and S. T. Coleridge ever met, and if so what happened. Perhaps both were reduced to absolute silence. Less has been preserved by hearers of the former's talk than even of the latter's; but Mr. Yarnall was lucky enough to carry away at least one capital story:—

He told of Francis Grant, an eminent portrait painter to whom Sir George Cornewall Lewis had lately been sitting. The artist, knowing Lewis was an author, thought he ought to make acquaintance with his books that he might talk with him about them. Accordingly he read "The Monk." Lewis, in order to show him it was quite impossible he could have written the novel in question, said it appeared two years before he was born. All who know the author of the "Credibility of Early Roman History" would appreciate his appealing to dates to show he was not also the author of "The Monk."

Charles Kingsley, John Keble, Matthew Arnold, John Stuart Mill, and the late Mr. W. E. Forster are among other notable persons with whom Mr. Yarnall came into contact in the course of his frequent visits—annual or almost annual apparently for many years together—to the country; and the figures even of those whom he has sketched the most lightly stand out in sharper outline in the imagination or the recollection of the reader after a study of his pages. Everywhere, as we have said, he is on the alert for the illuminating touch of character. His account of his visit to Mr. and Mrs. Mill is of much interest, though too long to quote; but we must not omit the anecdote, illustrative of a popularly unsuspected quality of the philosopher, which he had from the late Lord Coleridge:

John Stuart Mill my friend spoke of with warmth of admiration. . . . Mill's shy ways attracted him; his quiet humour he dwelt on. Once Mill had to take notice of the frequent quotations members on the opposite side made from his writings in order to badger him. Of course they were passages which these men had committed [to memory]. Mill said: "I feel greatly the compliment paid me by these frequent quotations. It is perhaps not good for me to be thus referred to, yet my vanity is kept down by what becomes more and more obvious to me, that honourable gentlemen who thus quote me have really read no other portions of my writings."

Here we must close our notice of a book which we can cordially recommend to every reader who is interested in what alone is worthy to interest him in famous men of the past. It is a model of what a volume of reminiscences should be—a model but too often and too widely departed from by the reminiscents of the present day. And truly refreshing is it to meet with a book which, though full of additions to our knowledge not only of the genius and character, but of the "ways," the habits, the *personalia* of the various worthies it discourses of, yet contains from beginning to end no single offence against delicacy and good taste. With a comic wail of Conservatism Mr. Yarnall writes of Sir John Taylor Coleridge:—

He wore a ruffled shirt—the last I have known of the old time badge of a gentleman. Alas! that it is no more seen.

Let us hope that that other "old time badge of a gentleman"—the nicety of perception for what should be said and what left unsaid—has not "gone out" with the ruffled shirt.

"1812."

Napoleon's Invasion of Russia. By Hereford B. George, Fellow of New College, Oxford. 9×6in., xv.+451 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 12/6

This very clear and interesting narrative of the great campaign of 1812 should be useful to all students of history, and not merely to the military specialist. In spite of the enormous quantity of new Napoleonic literature which has been poured upon the world during the last ten years, there is still plenty of room for good monographs on the various spheres of the Emperor's activity. The majority of the recently-issued works are memoirs and autobiographies of more or less merit and credibility. Some are dull but reasonably accurate, some—as, for example, Marbot, Thiébauld, and, in a still higher degree, Sergeant Bourgogne—are eminently untrustworthy unless their statements can be verified by good external authority. Competent historians, therefore, can find an admirable occupation in working into the received narrative of the Napoleonic era all the really valuable information which can be derived from this mass of newly-printed books. Scarcely less useful is the task of ear-marking as worthless all the impossible anecdotes and incidents which these works contain. There is urgent need for such activity, for we have already noticed wholly unauthenticated

tales from Marbot and his fellows creeping into serious historical compilations, where they have no proper place.

The success in France of M. Houssaye's two volumes so laconically named "1814" and "1815" is sufficient to show that there is plenty of room for narratives on a modest scale, embodying the latest research on individual campaigns of our great enemy. Mr. George has been signally happy in finding in Napoleon's invasion of Russia a subject on which no critical monograph has been written in English for many years. He has used his opportunity to the best effect, and turned out a book of reasonable size (it contains 450 pages) which admirably fills the gap in our military literature. It must not, however, be supposed that his book is technical, or merely military in the narrow sense of the word. The reader will find the moral and political causes of Napoleon's failure worked out as admirably as the purely strategical ones. The author has gone carefully through the diplomatic archives of the continent for side-lights on the campaign, and has found much important matter, some of it absolutely fresh and unprinted. Perhaps the most curious and interesting of all are the letters, now at Vienna, which Metternich exchanged with the Russian envoy, Count Stackelberg, all through the period in 1812 when their respective Sovereigns were theoretically at war with each other. The Russian Government was regularly informed of all Austria's dealings with Bonaparte, and assured that nothing really decisive should occur on the Volhynian frontier. Such an incident is but typical of the hollowness of the French domination in Europe, even when the Emperor seemed to have all the old Governments at his feet.

Many causes have been alleged for the completeness of Napoleon's disaster in the winter of 1812. His own mendacious statement in the "Twenty-ninth Bulletin" threw all the blame upon the weather; and he has so far prevailed with posterity that the popular version of the Moscow retreat still lays stress upon the frost and cold alone. As a matter of fact, his army was hopelessly ruined before a flake of snow had fallen. To give a typical example of its condition—The 4th Corps, that of Eugène Beauharnais, which had crossed the Niemen 44,000 strong, had only 6,000 men in the ranks the day that the snow began. Some of the other great units had suffered in an even more terrible proportion. Another very common view is that the burning of Moscow was the true source of Napoleon's ruin, by depriving him of his only possible winter quarters. But this theory is just as unsound as the other. If Moscow had remained intact, it is probable that the Emperor would have been tempted to linger there even longer than he actually did. Want of food must ultimately have driven him forth in any case, and it is reasonably certain that if he had started a fortnight later on his retreat not a man of the Grand Army would have reached the German frontier. They would have met the bad weather while just starting on their march, and the Russian flanking armies from Livonia and Moldavia would have been right across their path if ever the survivors had struggled far beyond Smolensk.

Mr. George offers as his explanation of Bonaparte's failure quite another set of circumstances—facts that are not always made prominent in accounts of the disaster, though Jomini seems to have taken note of them. He points out that before the days of railways and field telegraphs the moving of 600,000 men through a barren, thinly-peopled country, very badly provided with roads, was too great a task even for the brain of the Emperor himself. He had been preparing for the war for more than a year, and had got together for it the greatest stores and magazines that Europe had ever seen. But the moment that he began to leave his base far behind him, all the arrangements which he had made for the supply of his host completely broke down. They could not live on the country, after their custom in Germany or Italy, and every mile that they advanced their supply trains lagged further and further to the rear. Actual privation began before the army left Wilna, and nearly a third of it was missing when Smolensk was reached. If Chambray's elaborate figures are to be trusted, the corps which had crossed the Niemen 301,000 strong only put 194,000 in the field in front of Smolensk. Of the hundred thousand men missing, not more

than 5,000 or 6,000 had fallen in battle, and no detachments of very great strength had been left behind to guard the road. We are thus driven to conclude that some 60,000 or 80,000 men had deserted their colours or been left behind as sick before a pitched battle had been fought. The same rate of melting was going on all through the advance; only 120,000 saw Borodino out of the 194,000 who passed Smolensk. Napoleon's system of "making war maintain itself" failed hopelessly in Russia; this he had foreseen, and had made gigantic preparations for carrying adequate supplies with him. But Russian roads simply could not bear the food, stores, and reserve ammunition of an army of half a million men. The task of bringing them on was physically impossible; nothing short of a good railway system would have made it practicable in a country like Western Russia. The army was consigned to starvation from the moment that it crossed the frontier. The only thing that could have saved Bonaparte would have been weakness on the part of the Tsar; if the latter held firm and allowed the invader to cut deep enough into the heart of his realm, the moment was bound to come when the French would be brought to a stop from mere exhaustion. This would have happened even without the carnage of Smolensk and Borodino; but the Russians were, nevertheless, quite justified in fighting the latter battle. On the day when it took place Bonaparte had only 15,000 men more than his adversaries to put in line; his army had been already so thinned down that it was worth while to try the chances of war in order to save Moscow. The awful massacre which resulted was so equally distributed between the two hosts that it had practically no influence on the remainder of the campaign. Even a victory of the most crushing sort could, at that stage of the campaign, have done no more for Bonaparte than save his military credit and gain him a secure retreat. To drive back the Russian host a few miles, and allow it to retire intact in organization and *morale*, was such a poor success that the Emperor was not justified in any further advance. But the glamour of a state entry into Moscow tempted him on, and he went forward to his inevitable fate.

If anything more is needed to explain the thinning down of the Emperor's ranks during the advance, the character of the army itself was a sufficient cause. Seven-thirteenths of the men were auxiliaries drawn from outside the empire. Not to speak of the unfortunate Spaniards, Croats, and Portuguese whom Napoleon dragged with him, the Germans who formed the main bulk of the allied contingents were both unwilling and untrained. The princes of the *Rheinbund* had done just as little as they safely could in equipping the troops which were extorted from them. An English prisoner of war at Dusseldorf watched the formation of a Berg cavalry regiment in the spring of 1812. Five hundred recruits were shot into the ranks of a skeleton *cadre* brought home from Spain, and after precisely three weeks drill the whole was sent forward to Russia, "the men incapable of sitting their horses, and the horses unbroken to obey the bridle, far less the sound of the trumpet." Of course such raw troops deserted on every possible opportunity, and starved from sheer ignorance of war when they did not desert. Who can wonder that Junot's Westphalian Corps came down from 18,000 men to 1,500 in less than five months?

All this and much more is duly set forth in Mr. George's most interesting book, which we thoroughly recommend to every reader interested in the great wars of the early nineteenth century. Those who have once embarked on its first chapter will not easily lay it down, till they have brought back the poor wrecks of the Grand Army to the banks of the Niemen.

THE ALPS FROM FIRST TO LAST.

The Early Mountaineers. By Francis Gribble. 9 x 5½ in., 338 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 21/-

Mr. Gribble, who is known as a successful writer of fiction, has, to use his own phrase, endeavoured in this volume to narrate "all that is most interesting and important about the beginnings of exploration in the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the

Apennines." He has executed his task in a scholarly fashion, letting the early mountaineers speak for themselves in the text by extracts carefully translated into English, while in an appendix he has set out the whole of the most important originals.

No one can accuse Mr. Gribble of having unreasonably restricted the time-area of his survey, for he begins, in effect, with the date of the Deluge, and carries us on to about 1834. He passes over the *gîte* selected for Prometheus on the Caucasus, who, however, was not fortunate in his guides, and had as little to do with their selection as if he had been at Chamonix in the old days. We are reminded that Noah's ascent of Mount Ararat was made "in a combination of circumstances exceedingly unlikely to be repeated," and the ascents of Mount Moriah and Sinai are mentioned as indicating that the Hebrew race "had a true feeling for the solemn associations of the mountain top." The author complains of the barrenness of Greek and Roman records of mountaineering, though Philip of Macedon ascended Hæmus and Hadrian saw a sunrise from Etna. But the indifference with which the Greeks and Romans regarded the mountains was replaced in the Middle Ages by fear and disgust. This is accurately reflected in the words of Master John de Bremble, a monk of Christchurch, Canterbury, who when he found himself on the St. Bernard in 1188 thus delivered himself:—"Lord! restore me to my brethren, that I may tell them that they come not to this place of torment." Indeed, we may suppose that it was the horror of the mountains that formed the attraction which long before this date made so many saints and hermits, particularly Irishmen and Italians, select them as a place of residence. Something of the same feeling probably actuated the architect of the chapel on the Roche Melon, the lineal ancestor of the intolerable observatory on the top of Mont Blanc. The first piece of mountaineering in the Middle Ages, unconnected with religion, seems to have been the ascent of Canigon in the Pyrenees by Peter III. of Aragon, in the thirteenth century. According to Fra Salimbene, of the Order of the Lesser Friars at Parma, the King had bad weather on the mountain, but pluckily reached the top. Moreover, on a stone being thrown into the tarn on the summit, a dragon flew up, and the King went down. It is a funny story, no doubt, but Mr. Gribble is unquestionably right in concluding that it does not follow that it is untrue, seeing that "for many centuries after Peter's death men of enlightenment believed in dragons as firmly as they believed in God," while men of equal integrity swore affidavits before magistrates that they had personally encountered them. This was the first Government expedition up a peak, and we have to wait a couple of centuries for the next, which was the ascent of Mont Aiguille, near Grenoble. It was effected in 1492 by the Seigneur de Dompjullien et de Beaupré. This French notable did not go up, however, for his own amusement, but Charles VIII. despatched him on the errand much, apparently, as Mark Twain sent his secretary. It was not again ascended until 1834. Petrarch can hardly be called a climber, but Mr. Gribble gives a chapter to the ascent of the grassy hill of Mont Ventoux by the first of the sentimental mountaineers. He gives corresponding space to "the painter mountaineer," Leonardo da Vinci, who ascended "Monboso, a peak of the Alps which divide France from Italy." The controversy as to whether "Monboso" was a corruption of Monte Viso or a local name for Monte Rosa is an old story. The weight of the evidence favours Monte Rosa and is against Monte Viso. What is quite clear is that the painter did not ascend either.

It is not until we get to the early Swiss climbers that we find the first intimation that mountaineering, even in the mild form practised once (and once only) by Petrarch, could possibly be a pleasant pastime. Gesner, who professed philosophy at Zurich for twenty-four years, emphatically declares in a letter dated 1543 that he climbed "partly for the delight of the mind and the proper exercise of the body." Simler, his successor in the chair of philosophy, also holds forth on the difficulties of Alpine travel and talks learnedly and inaccurately of the means of circumventing them. He writes that the flight of a bird will

cause an avalanche to fall, and apparently the same sort of thing was believed in Chamonix three centuries later, for Albert Smith describes how on the Petit Plateau he was forbidden to speak except in a whisper for fear of starting an avalanche from the Dôme du Goûter. Mr. Gribble has a very good chapter on Scheuchzer and the dragons on which Scheuchzer is an authority. He advocated the scientific opinions of Isaac Newton, speculated plausibly on glacier motion, but did more than any other savant before or since to propagate the belief in dragons. His collection of depositions of eye witnesses who had encountered these animals is one of the curiosities of literature, and, as Mr. Gribble points out, the resemblance of these depositions "to those circumstantial narratives by which the existence of ghosts has been demonstrated by the Society of Psychical Research" is exceedingly striking, and, we may add, suggestive. Scheuchzer wrote in the beginning of the last century, which saw the advent of Placidus à Spescha, of Balmat, and of the real beginnings of modern mountaineering.

Mr. Gribble's chapter on Chamonix has been to some extent forestalled by Mr. Mathews' book, but one turns at once to see what view he takes of the Balmat v. Paccard controversy. The main question is whether Dr. Paccard went up "as luggage," or whether he planned the ascent, took his fair share of the work, and pointed out the practicability of the *ancien passage*. His conclusion is "that the rights of it can never be certainly determined." This strikes us as odd, seeing that he points out that the date of Balmat's first deposition, which admits Paccard's claims, was of a date which is conclusive of its *bona fides*, and "can only be shaken by the suggestion that the doctor, defying the risk of detection, took the liberty of tampering with the date." As such an act would have been a piece of unmitigated rascality and have involved the suborning of the two attesting witnesses, we should have thought this suggestion might have been summarily dismissed. The book is profusely illustrated, mostly with reproductions from old woodcuts. The series of Scheuchzer's dragons is delightful, but, perhaps, the most comical picture of all is that of the early mountaineers on the Jungfrau, taken from Hugi's "Naturhistorische Alpenreise," published in 1830. The philosopher who evolved a camel out of his inner consciousness was hardly "in it" with the artist who evolved these rocks, and the frock-coated Alpinists with their chamois horn headed alpenstocks are to match. Mr. Gribble's book is, from its nature, to some extent addressed mainly to specialists, but he has managed to flavour his medieval stories with a sufficient spice of modern epigram to make it palatable to a wider public.

COLLEGE HISTORIES.

We have received from Mr. F. E. Robinson (in his Cambridge Series) the histories of KING'S COLLEGE, by the Rev. A. Austen-Leigh, QUEENS' COLLEGE, by the Rev. J. H. Gray, SIDNEY SUSSEX, by G. M. Edwards, and DOWNING COLLEGE, by the Rev. W. H. Pettit Stevens (5s. n. each vol.), and, so far at any rate as these volumes are concerned, we can congratulate the publisher without reserve on the success of his venture in bringing out a series of college histories. Both in appearance and contents these little books are thoroughly satisfactory, and the photographs are judiciously selected and well executed. King's is dealt with by its Provost, Queens' by its Dean, Sidney Sussex by its tutor, while the story of Downing is told by a former scholar who now holds two college livings in Cambridgeshire. There is throughout a laudable absence of exaggeration where the good points of a college are made prominent, and little or no attempt at suppressing what is less creditable in its history. Although chronicles of this kind must appeal primarily to members of the particular colleges, or at least of the University, yet the connexion between the Universities and the outside world has been so close that few who care about the history of England will fail to find something to attract them in these Academic records.

Of the four foundations dealt with each has a distinctive interest of its own. King's is an example of a noble endowment of learning which for centuries did not produce a tithe of the good results it might have produced; but in the last few decades has entered on a new career, has freed itself from the restrictions and from the still more injurious liberties of the past, and, while retaining what is best in the traditions that have come down to it, has set itself seriously to the task of carrying out the true intentions of its founder. Founded by Henry VI., and closely connected by him with his other great foundation, King's College was until lately little more than an appendage of Eton. It is true, as the Provost says, that at all periods it produced a certain number of distinguished men, and it was fortunate in attracting other perhaps even more distinguished men from elsewhere. It is the college of Robert and Horace Walpole; it produced, though it failed to appreciate, Simeon; it produced Waller, the poet and political trimmer, and Phineas Fletcher, the author of the "Purple Island"; but Whicheote, its greatest Provost, came from Emmanuel and Sir John Cheke, who "taught England and King Edward Greek," was attracted from St. John's; had it not been for its own stupidity it might have had even Isaac Newton himself at its head; while in later times its two most distinguished men, Sir George Humphry and the Bishop of Durham, were both educated at other colleges. But, although throughout its history, it can make a fair show of distinguished sons, real or adopted, the impression produced by reading the Provost's book is not favourable to its past; the general level of learning and morality appears decidedly low; the society seems to have been perpetually quarrelling; it was a family party full of hatred and uncharitableness, and only united by a narrow-minded contempt for the world outside. This, at least, seems to have been its normal condition; those of its members who did become great and good did so in spite of their surroundings, and no doubt were the stronger for the struggle; but this is really no apology for the college, unless we accept the paradox that the worst school and college is the best because those who survive must be exceptionally strong. It was not until King's waived the unfortunate privilege in virtue of which King's men proceeded to their degrees without examination that any respectable standard of industry could be established, and it was not until others than Etonians were admitted that any sort of breadth and freshness could be introduced into the narrow and stagnant life of the close circle to whom Eton and King's, Eton slang and King's scandal, represented the chief facts of existence. Now, however, all this is changed, and that too without any loss of what was good in the past. To the "family" tradition is no doubt due the peculiarly friendly attitude of dons to undergraduates which is characteristic of King's; the old exclusiveness has taken the form of confining the college to men who are reading for honours; the old ridiculous affectation of superiority to the rest of the University survives in a certain spirit of healthy independence with regard to Academic conventions. The Provost has written a conscientious account of the history of his college, and he was, we believe, one of the leaders in the movement for reform; but partly because he was so much involved in the details, and partly because of his almost morbid fear of appearing to be a partisan, he, to some extent, seems not to realize the immense superiority of the new to the old King's.

Queens' is interesting as the college of Erasmus. Its greatest time was in the age of Fisher; latterly, though it had a period of considerable effectiveness in mathematics when Dr. Campion was tutor, it has been somewhat on the decline; but it, too, like the rest of the University, has been caught by the spirit of the age, and there are signs of increasing activity in all its departments. Mr. Gray tells us that his work has been a labour of love, and we can well believe it. There is little independent work in his book—he acknowledges fully his debts to previous historians—but it is eminently readable, and has perhaps more personal flavour than any of the others. The main defect, from the point of view of the general reader, is that the author's extreme interest in his subject sometimes leads him into giving us superfluous details—e.g., the account of the

extinction of an abortive fire in 1857 is not of world-wide interest.

Sidney Sussex, till the beginning of this century the last of the Cambridge foundations, the Benjamin of colleges, is a fine example of how much can be done with even a small endowment. The great pride of the college is that it was Oliver Cromwell's home during his undergraduate days at Cambridge, and its most notable work of art is his portrait by Cooper, presented to the college by an anonymous "Assertor of Liberty" in 1766. Mr. Edwards gives a deal of information, not hitherto published, from the college records, and his work is thoroughly scholarly, but his habit of quoting intricate documents in the original spelling is rather confusing to the lay mind (he actually apologizes because the spelling in one document has been modernized !), and his account of the college in "modern times" is hardly satisfactory. Not enough is said about the new order introduced by the Victorian Statutes. For instance, in 1818, Sir E. J. Smith, president of the Linnæan Society, was asked by Martyn, the Professor of Botany, to lecture as his deputy, but was prevented by eighteen tutors of colleges, who protested against their pupils attending lectures given by one who was not a member of the Church of England. This would hardly occur now, but there is nothing in Mr. Edwards' book to indicate that it would not.

Downing is the youngest Cambridge college. It is small in numbers and poor financially, but of great interest because it started free from many of the mediæval traditions which clung, and indeed, still continue to cling, to the older foundations. As Mr. Pettit Stevens says, "Through the foresight of the younger Pitt, who inspired the charter, Downing led the way both by releasing the great mass of fellowships from all restrictions that imposed celibacy or residence or entrance into ecclesiastical orders, and also by appropriating part of its revenues to the support of exceptionally eminent teachers with professorial duties and dignities." The results of this freedom from old restrictions have been remarkable, if the percentage of distinguished men who come from a college is any criterion. Perhaps the most interesting thing in Mr. Stevens' book is the long account of the Prince Consort's conversation with Professor Birkbeck respecting the education of the Prince of Wales.

THE HISTORY OF ALL SOULS COLLEGE, by C. Grant Robertson (College Histories Series, Robinson, 5s.). All Souls was founded in the middle of the fifteenth century by Henry Chichele, Archbishop of Canterbury, partly as a chantry, to pray for the souls of those who had fallen in the French wars, partly as a college, to harbour Fellows for the service of Church and State. Mr. Robertson, in his first chapter, dwells on this side of the founder's intention, and finds in it the explanation of the characteristics which have always been peculiar to this college—viz., the absence of non-graduate members and the relaxation of the ordinary requirement to reside in Oxford. The architect of the college was Roger Keyes, who became afterwards its second warden—the association of learning and practical art in the same person is quite mediæval. Another curious mixture appears in the provision of the original statutes that the porter shall "duly and diligently shave the warden and fellows." All Souls, like many other foundations, led a troubled and precarious life through the 150 years of civil, religious, and social disturbance which followed its birth. Then, in the seventeenth century, came what Mr. Robertson calls the "golden age" of the college, when it prospered in estate, and contained many men eminent in divinity, the arts, science, and public affairs. The names may be mentioned of Gilbert Sheldon, Jeremy Taylor Sydenham, Sir Christopher Wren, Codrington (of Barbados), Henry Coventry and Trumbull, both Secretaries of State. Mr. Robertson mentions that Archbishop Tillotson, as visitor, ruled in 1694, with respect to the obligation of residence, that "those in attendance on his Majesty ought to be esteemed as present in the said college." Like the rest of Oxford, All Souls was royalist, and suffered accordingly under the Commonwealth. It was disturbed also after the Restoration by

quarrels about elections, into which the general corruption of the age had crept. As the century closed great additions were made to the buildings, of which the famous Codrington Library was chief. In the eighteenth century, by a development of the practice of favouring founder's kin, admission to the fellowships became limited by degrees, with few exceptions, to a small number of families allied in blood. This restriction lasted till the first University Commission in 1852. During this time All Souls was strongest in divinity and law. It claimed the great name of Blackstone; two Lord Chancellors, Talbot and Northington; a Chief Justice, Willes; and a number of prelates, of whom Archbishop Vernon Harcourt and Bishop Heber are the best known. Mr. Robertson passes lightly over this period, and still more so over the recent history of All Souls. He has abstained purposely, he says in his preface, from mentioning any members of the college still living. This principle has debarred him from pointing out the remarkable diversity of success which has fallen to All Souls men in the present generation. It is probably a "record" for a college to number at the same time among its quondam fellows, as All Souls does in this year, the Prime Minister, the Home Secretary, the Viceroy of India, the Ambassador at Paris, two judges, the headmaster of Eton, and the editor of *The Times*. Mr. Robertson's work is full of unaffected learning, and would interest all who care for the "origines" of University history. He uses a good running narrative style, which falls into awkwardness, however, now and then, when he tries to use an anecdote to point a moral. There are nine plates illustrating the book, of which that of the library, facing page 170, is the best.

THE DEVILS OF THE DIPPERS.

Inscriptions Mandaïtes des Coupes de Khouabir : texte, traduction, et commentaire philologique, avec quatre appendices et un glossaire. Par H. Pognon, Consul de France à Alep. 1ère partie. 10 x 6 1/2 in., 103 pp. and 31 plates. 2ème partie, 128 pp. Imprimerie Nationale. Paris, 1898, 1899.

Walter.

For a long time the sect whose incantations form the subject of this curious volume was a mystery to Orientalists. It was their Junius, their Man in the Iron Mask. Every scholar must have his say "De Zabiis," and what he said was invariably wrong. One after the other, Scaliger, Salmasius, Pococke, Bochart, Golius, aired ingenious theories on the nature of this elusive religion, and most of them confounded the old confusion between the Sabians and the Sabæans. The actual people were at last discovered, dwelling in the fens of Lower Mesopotamia, and practising peculiar rites—especially severe and frequent immersions, which, coupled with their reverence for the Baptist, procured them the misleading name of "Christians of St. John." Other complications, however, ensued. Sabians were discovered to have existed at Harran, and efforts were made to consolidate the Sabæans of Job, who fell upon his oxen and asses, the Sabæans of Philostorgius, the Sabians of Babylonia, and those of Harran. Hopeless confusion was the result, and one of the finest muddles ever concocted in learned controversy occupied the energies of scholars. When at last Norberg got hold of the text of the Babylonian Sabians' Sacred Book, the "Book of Adam," matters began to clear up; Chwolson "differentiated" the Harran sect; and Petermann and Euting at length established the true position of the strange people whom the Arabs call Sabians or "washers, baptists," but who call themselves Mandaean or "Gnostics," and who worship Hayya Kadmaya, or "Original Life," among the swamps of the Euphrates. Their language was investigated by the erudite Straassburg professor, Theodor Nöldeke, and found to be an Aramaic dialect allied to Chaldee. Their modern practices and superstitions were reported by a French Consul at Mosul, M. Siouffi, and now we have a strange collection of their amulets or prophylacteries edited by another French Consul, M. Pognon, of Aleppo.

The Mandæan religion is one of the oddest jumbles that ever was known :—

It is one of those bizarre creeds which rose up on the ruins of the great pagan religions. Those who have tried to follow the history of Gnosticism, who have wandered through the mazes of the systems which sprang from the dying throes of Hellenism, and have dived into the writings of the Alexandrian and Syrian schools, have read the Hermetic books, and endeavoured to trace the workings of Gnostic and Cabalistic doctrines among the Judæo-Christian sects, will understand what a tangle of dogma is found in the Mandæan creed.

To disentangle the Jewish, Parsee, Christian, possibly even Buddhist elements, passes the wit of man, but that the general basis is a corrupt and perverted gnosticism is now admitted. How St. John Baptist came to be mixed up in the religious beliefs of the Mandæans, and why they subject themselves to such rigorous immersions on all unreasonable occasions and in the coldest state of the river, are difficult questions. A certain young convert of the name of Adam told M. Sionfi all about it, but Adam's word was perhaps not worth very much. He related, among other things, that St. John, being very well liked, was so afraid of the blandishments of women that he induced all the Sabians to renounce marriage, until a voice from Heaven remonstrated with him for annihilating the whole race ; so he married, and they all married, and baptised each other indefatigably. One suspects that some relic of ancient river-worship lurks in these semi-Christian lustrations in the Euphrates.

The Mandæan religion is full of terrors. It abounds in monsters, demons, fiends of horrible shape and portentous appetites for souls. To exorcise the devils that possess their congregations, and to ward off the influences of evil spirits, are leading parts of the priest's duty, and often the process is complicated and exhausting. Only one species of devil, however, was ever known to resist the spells of the priests when they joined in a general attack. So careful are the Mandæans to give no advantage to the devils, that they eat their meals in dead silence ; because it was noticed that, if the convives talked, the fiends used to snatch up the meat. How terribly afraid the people were of these evil spirits may be seen in the inscriptions which M. Pognon has copied from a number of earthen bowls dug up at Khuwabir on the bank of the Euphrates in 1894, and dating, according to their editor's judgment, from a period not far distant from the Arab conquest in the seventh century. The inscriptions are written in ink, and besides those in Mandæan there are a few in Hebrew and some which may possibly be Pahlavi. The superstitious folk seem to have fancied that they could shut up a devil between a pair of properly inscribed bowls, one inverted on the other, or nail him, so to speak, by clapping a talismanic bowl over him, and covering it up with earth. The formulas inscribed on the bowls name the person to be protected against the devils, and name the devils too, and one is sorry to find that so many fiends were female. St. John Baptist's misogyny evidently survives on these bowls. We read, for example :—

The curses and incantations are averted, turned back, and driven away from the body of the son of Htima. Voice of the earth that quakes ! Voice of the heaven that revolves ! Voice of the din, the uproar, and the war that is waged among the angels of the firmament ! There is confusion among the Istarits and the Lilits ! Voices of angry mighty women, who curse and crawl on their backs ! The spittle has been spat, and bitter are the curses that we have invoked in the name of the seven and the three angels. . . . I, who have seen them, even I, have turned over on them the great vault which is upon their witchcraft. I have twisted them together and fettered all the mysteries.

Most of the formulas begin with a sweeping denunciation, which seems to indicate a not very Christian state of Mandæan society. "They are averted, all the curses and incantations of the men, women, little boys, and little girls of my wicked enemies, my adversaries, and all those who curse and bewitch by night and by day. . . . They are bound, they are bound, they are all bound." There is something weird and uncanny about these monotonous spells ; they often begin with a "voice" :—"The voice, the voice, hearken to the voice of the weak who are

crushed, the voice of men who strive in war, the voice of angry, cursing, fighting women, who afflict this body of the daughter of Anush." Fortunately there is a spell which masters them all, the great name of Tabak, which naturally brought consolation :—

Thou wilt go and not return, thou shalt be cast down and rise no more, thou shalt wither like a germ in an egg, at the name of Tabak, the angel who seizes and grips all the curses which have been laid on Pa-chapta the daughter of Mahlapta. Drive them from her by the power of Adonai Yurba, lord of all evil spirits and driver of the chariots of darkness, drive them away, that they touch her not, those curses and incantations by night and day !

M. Pognon does not attempt to explain the uncomfortable demonology of his bowls ; he is more occupied with the difficulties of translation. But the subject is really very interesting. The Mandæan evidently passed his time in a state of "creepy" excitement ; life by the banks of the Euphrates could never be dull so long as the voices of angry, crawling women and potted spirits were constantly ringing in one's ears.

In an interesting appendix (2ème partie) M. Pognon prints the Syriac text, with translation, of parts of the eleventh Book of a treatise on religious sects, by Theodore bar Khuni, written apparently at the close of the eighth century. It is largely copied from Epiphanius, through the medium of a bad Syrian translation, for Theodore evidently had no Greek : but there are some quaint stories about the Manichæans, Mandæans, and other sects, which were worth extracting, though they are not of a character that lends itself to indiscriminate quotation. The crude profanity of some of the legends is too coarse for the modern mind. The Oriental Christian was less nice in his taste.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Considerable tact is required by a writer who proposes to present reminiscences, over which he himself lingers with affection, to a dispassionate public. In *MEMORIES OF ETON AND OLD ETONIANS* (Murray, 9s.) Mr. Alfred Lubbock has not always exercised this tact. He talks as he might to his old school-fellows. They, no doubt, will pardon his want of discrimination between what is worth preserving and what is not. As a general picture of Eton life the book cannot be pronounced a success, but it is a clear record of a very important period in the development of Eton sports. During Mr. Lubbock's career the arrival of Dr. Warre as an assistant master in 1860 gave the great impetus to Eton rowing, not the least among his many services to the school. In 1858 Eton had met Radley at Henley for the first time. The engagement of Bell, the first cricket professional at Eton, and the prowess of R. A. H. Mitchell, C. G. Lytton, John Bradley Dyne, E. W. Tritton, and Mr. Lubbock himself put the cricket of the school upon an entirely new footing. Upon the initiation of the author the Eton Ramblers' Cricket Club was established, while during his time the Rifle Corps and the Eton College Hunt were inaugurated, and the first challenge cup for the school fives competition presented by the present second master, "Jimmy Joynes." In these developments the author played an important part, not only as a cricketer, but as an exponent of the wall game and of Eton fives. The chapter on "Boys' Chances at Eton," by the late Mr. Robin Lubbock, carries us forward to the present day. Besides the pathetic interest attaching to the words of the writer on account of his sudden death from a hunting accident last year, the chapter has an attraction of its own. It is a manly answer to the parent who attributes the failure of a son at Eton to some deficiency in the school. But the chief interest of the book lies in the light thrown by one of the best amateur cricketers of his day upon the cricket world of the past generation. Cricket was much more of a pastime than now, and the cricketer a more light-hearted, independent individual, seeking amusement rather than fame in the joyous struggle between the bat and the ball. His success was not blazoned on the posters of the Strand ; his failure did not meet with the execration of a seething crowd, nor the derision of the sporting papers. County cricket was only in its infancy. In

those golden days of cricket it was possible during an Eton Ramblers' match for one of the batsmen to retire to a tent for a drink while the game went on without the fielders observing that there was only one batsman at the wickets. Probably they had themselves previously retired to the tent for the same purpose. The only thing that seems to strike Mr. Lubbock as odd about the incident was that it occurred before lunch. Umpires, too, were more human in those days. On one occasion during the Canterbury week, after making an hundred odd, Mr. Lubbock, being out to a very doubtful decision on the part of the great Fuller Pilch, expostulated, "Fuller, you old duffer, I wasn't out." "Perhaps not, but you had been in quite long enough," was the reply. Another time Fuller Pilch gave W.G. not out when he was palpably out. On being remonstrated with, he merely replied that he wanted to see him play. Such stories will serve to amuse all those who are fond of reflecting upon the "old order" in things, and for this reason Mr. Lubbock's book, in spite of the faults we have mentioned, is deserving of a place in the library of sport.

The "Haddon Hall Library" is a series which seems to carry out no very definite plan, but to embrace any side of nature or sport which may occur to the fancy of its editor. Thus Mr. G. A. B. Dewar, who is on the most intimate terms with the birds and beasts of Hampshire, gives us *WILD LIFE IN HAMPSHIRE HIGHLANDS* (Dent, 7s. 6d. net.). It gives no very special information to entitle it to rank outside the very numerous class of books which record jottings and impressions from nature, and which are, as a rule, written now with much wider sympathies and more artistic perceptions than they were by Richard Jefferies; but it is a very good specimen of its class, as Mr. Dewar is not only a sportsman but loves nature for its own sake, and is a scholar to boot. We have much worth reading about all kinds of living creatures—beasts, birds, their songs and their nests—we note that Mr. Dewar does not believe the stories of the young cuckoo ejecting the eggs of its host—butterflies, and fishes. This is a curious story of Hampshire trout told the author by a Mr. Moss:—

I was fishing one day some twelve seasons ago at Testcombe, where the Anton joins the Test, when I saw swimming slowly along the side of the stream just below me a large black trout of about 2lb. It was a year when there were many fish suffering from fungoid disease, and this trout had the fungus all over its head, and was evidently quite blind. Behind this sick trout was a fine healthy trout of about 1½lb. Both swam slowly along close to the side so that I was able to watch them for about ten minutes. The healthy trout was watching over the sick one. Whenever the sick fish got too near the edge of the stream, the healthy one would swim inside and gently push the former in the side with its nose, and so get it cut into deeper water. This was done repeatedly until I put my landing-net under the diseased fish and took it out of the water, when the healthy one left the spot. I have not the slightest doubt that the healthy fish had taken charge of the sick one. Up to that time I had always been accustomed to look on fish as very cold-blooded creatures. The incident presented matters in a somewhat new light, and for a while it rather took the edge off my pleasure in fishing.

The books in this series are pleasantly got up, and the head and tail pieces to the chapters in this volume are delightful.

MEDIEVAL TOWNS: TOLEDO, by Hannah Lynch (Dent, 3s. 6d. n.), and MODERN SPAIN, by Reginald St. Barbe (Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d.), present an interesting contrast of the different impressions Spain can produce upon her visitors. The authoress of "Toledo" leaves the Spanish capital "abustle with modern movement, glaring, gesticulating, chattering, animated in its empty and insignificant fashion," with only a passing glance at this misplaced specimen of modern civilization. She hastens to the old-world Spain embodied in its ancient City, Toledo, where at a bound "memory is at the core of troubled Spanish history, a sad spectral ghost in the thrall of wonderment and admiration." "Surely," says she, "never was town, with all our modern needs of bread-winning and competition, of commerce and politics, of cheap

ambition and every-day social intercourse, so curiously, magnificently, faithful to its past." The authoress is no mere tourist. She settles down to the task of evoking the life of Spain as seen in its architecture and in its people, beneath their spurious varnish of "modernity." The book is a thoughtful and appreciative account of a bit of the old Spain which has jogged along at the heels of an exotic civilization for which the Spaniards have shown no particular aptitude. The visitor to Toledo cannot have a better guide than the book of Mrs. Hannah Lynch.

Mr. St. Barbe, on the other hand, hurries through some of the cities, seeing nothing but their wretched present, and of their glorious past only what the guide-book forces on his notice. His book is of modern Spain, of which he has little good to tell. But can we judge a country like Spain, awaking slowly from an economic lethargy, by contemporary standards? To quarrel with the Spaniard about his *mañana* and with his institution of beggars is to be blind to the quaint and picturesque in old-world things. The illustrations of both books are good, especially those by Mr. A. J. Wall in Mr. St. Barbe's volume.

The original of ENCHANTED INDIA, by Prince Bojidar Karageorgevitch (Harpers, 5s.), written in French, has not yet been published; but the translation made by Clara Bell appears first. It seems to be thoroughly well done; we have noticed no trace of the process of translation, and Miss Bell writes in easy and lucid style. The book is a series of impressions, without connexion, and depending for their effect on colour, light, and shade. Prince Karageorgevitch, who is a Servian, has evidently read his Loti, and though he is not so effeminate and mawkish as the Frenchman, he has caught an echo of his style and something of his sentimentality. At Palitana, we read:—

Evening fell, purple and orange tinging the Prince's muslins to delicate hues; then very quickly all was dark. Deep melancholy came over us; we all sat without speaking a word, while from afar came the clatter of tom-toms from the temple, sometimes drowning the music, which droned on in a minor key, a mauling strain without a close but constantly repeating itself. The Rajah, a prisoner in his little state . . . cast a glance of deep melancholy towards a last golden beam that quivered on the sacred hill, and seemed to awake from a dream.

He was probably thinking of the night's coming carouse. Orientals always look melancholy, but it is the ryot who has good cause rather than the rajah, unless he be one of the old fighting breeds: even he hopes for a brush with Russia. Prince Karageorgevitch had no reason at all for his deep melancholy. Most of the book, however, is bright enough, and contains a pretty series of pictures sketched while the feeling was fresh. If it does not quite bear out the title, it gives, at least, very pleasant reading, especially for those who know India. The magic is not here, but here are the atmosphere, the colour, the sensuousness of that romantic land.

THE KING'S MOTHER, by Lady Margaret Domville (Burns and Oates). There have been so many Kings, and so many of them have had mothers, that the title of this book seems a little ambiguous, unless we add that it is a popular and sympathetic memoir of Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby, mother of Henry VII., foundress of two Cambridge colleges, and to this day the eponymous patron of a professor and a boat club at that University. Lady Margaret has based her memoir on the biography published by Miss Halsted many years ago, and on the researches of Charles Henry Cooper, which were edited by the scholar curiously referred to in the preface as Professor "Jeb" Mayor. There should be a ready sale for this popular account of a pious and accomplished lady, who, apart from other claims to our gratitude and respect, has the distinction of being the promoter and, in part, the translator of the first printed English edition of the "Imitatio Christi." The book suffers from the grave defect of having no index.

Any one who wishes to obtain information about the habits and customs of the criminal classes, the distinguishing marks.

by which the "born criminal" may be recognized, the climates, seasons, and conditions most appropriate to the different varieties of crime, cannot do better than turn to Signor Lombroso's *LE CRIME: CAUSES ET REMÈDES* (Bibliothèque internationale des Sciences Sociologiques. Schleicher Frères, Paris, 10f.). Its author's theories upon his subject are well known, and the results of his long research have been here arranged in compact form for use as an introduction to the larger works of the same author, and of other criminologists. It is illustrated with maps and figures, among the most interesting of which are the maps showing the distribution of crime in France. These have a curiously accidental appearance, when compared with the corresponding crime maps of England (published by the Home Office), which show clearly that on this side of the Channel crime follows the coalfields. Signor Lombroso says much that is suggestive upon the prison system "un des plus grands facteurs du crime," recidivism, the drink evil, and the influence of the Press, of religion, of Governments, and of economic conditions, upon crime.

A little book on criminals of a different kind is Mr. K. Y. Power-Berrey's *THE BYE-WAYS OF CRIME* (Greening, 2s. 6d.). The virtuous and the respectable are always interested in the ways of life followed by their erring brothers, and Mr. Berrey does not treat of his criminals in even a pseudo-scientific spirit, but merely gives modern instances of the habits of thieves, and "tips" for frustrating their knavish tricks. As the result of long experience in police and assize Courts, he is of opinion that the real criminal is born a criminal. But his business is not to reform society, only to point out some of the dodges, often very amusing ones, which the tramp and the pickpocket, the begging letter-writer, and the welsher employ for their own ends. His book contains many interesting stories and new observations, illustrated by pictures, on the *modus operandi* of swindlers.

As an inevitable result of the increasing popularity of Bridge, the latest rival of orthodox Whist, several little treatises on the game have made their appearance. The most recent of these is *PONS ASINORUM, OR BRIDGE FOR BEGINNERS*, by A. H. Beaman (Methuen, 2s.). Like most Bridge-players, the author is an enthusiast, and believes that the new game will live. That it possesses many attractive features is generally admitted, but Mr. Beaman's prophecy that Whist "must soon be relegated to the limbo of the past" is perhaps premature. A clear account of the rules and leading characteristics of Bridge is given, the somewhat elaborate system of scoring is explained, and twenty specimen games are added by way of illustrating its possibilities. It is to be regretted that Mr. Beaman has not followed the example of earlier treatises and given a table of Honours for the purpose of ready reference. In his hints and suggestions the author has, to a large extent, disarmed criticism by frankly avowing that he is not writing as an expert. Beginners are advised not to accept Mr. Beaman's dictum that a "singleton" lead is to be recommended. When *sans atout* or no trumps, has been declared, a lead from weakness is always dangerous, and in other cases needs justification. Another opinion expressed is opposed to the view generally held by good players. The author advises the dealer with very weak cards to refrain from passing to his partner, and to guard against risks by a "spade" declaration. Unless, however, the dealer can actually control and save the game by such a declaration, it is rightly considered better to pass, and at any rate give the partner a chance. If the latter also should be weak, he will naturally fall back on a black suit. The illustrative games at the end of the book are full of interest and variety, and have been selected and commented on with care and judgment.

PHILOSOPHY.

Nietzsche's *THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA*, translated by A. Tille, and *THE CASE OF WAGNER, NIETZSCHE CONTRA WAGNER, THE TWILIGHT OF THE IDOLS, THE ANTICHRIST*, translated by T. Common, form vols. 2 and 3 of the complete English edition of Nietzsche's works, published

by Fisher Unwin, the first volume of which we noticed in a recent number. The "Zarathustra," in Mr. Tille's version, has already been before the public some considerable time without making any impression corresponding to that which it produced in its native land. The English reader prefers that a book of wit and wisdom should be clear and reasonably short. "Zarathustra" is a wild, confused medley of incident, speech, and conversation, without apparent plan, immensely long and full of odd thoughts purposely thrown into an obscure form which is not made more intelligible by the methods of the translator. And in those places where the writer's meaning is obvious it is more often shocking than instructive. The case is different with the other volume, which contains the shorter pieces. Those who are interested in Wagner and in the present position of music should take note of the grounds of Nietzsche's disagreement with him. They are important and interesting, even to one who is not an expert. The "Antichrist" is an example of Nietzsche's latest and most violent manner, when his mind had evidently lost its balance. Yet even in his furious denunciations of Christianity there is food for thought. They suggest that even in our most accepted religious ideals there is some ground for dissatisfaction which may some day find a saner and more discriminating expression.

PSYCHOLOGY AND LIFE, by Professor Hugo Münsterberg (Constable, 6s. n.), is a series of six essays on the nature and scope of psychology and its bearing on various subjects of thoughtful interest. Professor Münsterberg made his reputation a dozen years ago in Germany as an exponent and discoverer in the "new" psychology, the psychology of experiment and quantitative measurement. He has since crossed the Atlantic and found a home at Harvard, and puts forth this book in the language of his adopted country. The essays have all been delivered as lectures before popular audiences. They are vigorous, positive, and make a genuine effort after intelligibility. But they will hardly fulfil the expectations which Professor Münsterberg's name is sure to awaken. The chief aim of the book "is the separation of the conceptions of psychology from the conceptions of our real life." The result is that the conclusions reached are mainly negative. Three of the essays are concerned with the questions, "What has psychology to do with education, with art, and with history?" and the answer in each case is simply "Nothing whatever." "Psychology is a special abstract construction which has a right to consider everything from its own important standpoint, but which has nothing to assert in regard to the interpretation and appreciation of our real freedom and duty, our real values and ideals." Now this is a conclusion which is of a nature to discredit psychology, if it were true, which we venture to think it is not. Psychology, it seems to us, has a good deal to say about all those interesting questions of practice. But that is because it is not really subject to the vicious abstractness to which it is condemned by Professor Münsterberg.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF REASONING, by Alfred Binet, translated by A. G. Whyte (Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d.), is an attempt to carry into the domain of logic the principles of ideal association which the author has applied to the explanation of mental pathology and hypnotism. For this purpose he takes as proven the results of the English school of psychology as set forth more especially by Mr. Herbert Spencer and Professors Bain and Sully. He does not show any recognition of the fact that grave doubts are being thrown upon this psychological system in the country of its origin, and that Mr. Spencer's explanations of reasoning as an association of images, on which Dr. Binet largely relies, has been treated with general neglect by logicians. The conclusion of the book is that

Reasoning is the establishment of an association between two states of consciousness, by means of an intermediate state of consciousness which resembles the first state, which is associated with the second, and which, by fusing itself with the first, associates it with the second.

The essay is clearly expressed and admirably translated, and it is stimulating to read these much-debated logical problems handled by an expert in another science.

Mr. G. E. Woodberry's *HEART OF MAN* (Macmillan, 6s.) is a series of graceful studies intended "to illustrate how poetry, politics, and religion are the flowering of the same human spirit, and have their feeding roots in a common soil, deep in the general heart of men." The most interesting, perhaps, from a philosophical point of view, is that on Democracy, showing as it does how American institutions are judged by a cultured and sympathetic American professor, who has not been carried away by the anti-democratic re-action so common among men of his class. "Democracy," he says, "is a mode of dealing with souls," and it is on the spiritual significance of its principles that the author enlarges, rather than on its efficacy as a form of government.

Mr. H. Croft Hiller's *HERESIES; OR, AGNOSTIC THEISM, ETHICS, SOCIOLOGY, AND METAPHYSICS*, vol. 1 (Grant Richards, 5s.), contains many fierce denunciations of widely divergent opinions with which the author does not happen to agree. Among the objects of his wrath are archdeacons, monists, broad churchmen, Christian altruists, materialistic philosophers, positivist philosophers, the authors of "The Bible and the Child," Mr. Gladstone, and the English newspapers. Except that he is some kind of Socialist, it is not easy to discover the writer's own standpoint; presumably it is reserved for a later volume. Those who like strong invective and plenty of it, without any superfluous literary ornament, will find enough here to satisfy the largest appetite.

SEXTUS EMPIRICUS AND GREEK SCEPTICISM, by Mary Mills Patrick (Deighton, Bell, 5s. n.), is a short, scholarly monograph on that interesting though subordinate phase of ancient thought for which Sextus is our chief authority. It deals with the subject critically and historically, and includes a clearly-written account of *Ænesidemus* and of Pyrrho, the patriarch of the sceptic school. Pyrrhonism, as the author explains, has an interest which is not entirely historical; there is much in its insistence on the relativity of knowledge which recalls similar tendencies in modern speculation. The treatise ends with a translation of the first book of the "Pyrrhonic Sketches," in which are found the most important points of Sextus' doctrine.

GERMAN BOOKS.

WIENER THEATER (1892-1898) is the title given to Hermann Bahr's collection of dramatic criticisms reprinted from *Die Zeit*, and published by Fischer of Berlin. Herr Bahr is one of the most versatile of modern Continental writers; a novelist and playwright, an editor, a feuilletonist, and a critic (both of art and the drama). The "Wiener Theater" is an important contribution to modern criticism. It bears testimony to the fact that the standard of plays and players is infinitely higher in Austria than it is with us. One cannot fail to be struck by the variety of the performances at the leading Viennese theatres during the nineties. Euripides and Shakespeare figure among the older dramatists. Among the later, Hebbel, Grillparzer, Ibsen, Suderman (whom Herr Bahr ranks very high) Hauptmann, Fulda, Hirschfeld, von Wolzogen, and Schnitzler. While adaptations of Sardou, Rostand, and Donnay figure in the repertory, it is worthy of note that the only modern English plays mentioned are *Niobe* and *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. The former, says Herr Bahr, hardly merits the name of play, and is only made possible by the stupidity of the crowd.

A second edition has just appeared of the interesting *MEMOIRS OF THE BARONESS CECILE DE COURTOT* (Leipzig, Schmidt and Günther). The volume is based on a diary and on letters to Frau von Alvensleben. Cecile de Courtot lived as an *émigrée* for eight years with the Alvenslebens; she was an eye-witness of the French Revolution, a sufferer from the Terror, and was brought into close contact with Napoleon and many celebrated persons of the period.

A selection from Ruskin, entitled *CHAPTERS ON ART*, edited, with notes, for the use of schools, by Dr. S. Saenger, has just been published at Berlin.

Dr. Taylor's valuable essay on *THE OXYRHYNCHUS LOGIA AND THE APOCRYPHAL GOSPELS* (Clarendon Press, 2s. 6d.) contains

in an expanded form the substance of a lecture delivered last year in Oxford. It consists of a series of suggestive notes on the *Logia*, tending, on the whole, to show that the *Logia* were "extracted or evolved from the canonical and other writings."

A French translation of the *ZUR KRITIK DER POLITISCHEN ÖKONOMIE* of Karl Marx has been published in the same series as Signor Lombroso's book mentioned above. This work, which was the first result of Marx's economic studies, appeared in 1869, but was never finished, for its author finally embodied his views in his famous book "*Das Kapital*." The "*Kritik*" may, nevertheless, be regarded as an introduction to the better known work, which has already been translated into French. The "*Kritik*" has been carefully translated and edited by M. Léon Remy (Paris, Schleicher Frères, 1899: 3f. 50c.).

LE DÉPART D'ACHILLE, the poem, in one act and seven scenes, by Count Albert du Bois, the author of "*Athénienne*" and many other works popular in Paris, has recently been translated into English by the Rev. Charles R. S. Elvin, and published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. The business of transplanting such a work into English soil is almost as beset with difficulties as the translation of *Hamlet* into French, but Mr. Elvin has approached his subject with enthusiasm and knowledge, and the result, if uninspired, is as sound as one might expect from the combination of such qualities.

We have received from Messrs. Hatchards the privately printed *ESSAYS* of the late Mr. Wray Hunt, vicar of Trowell. These papers were contributed to the *Spectator*, *St. James's Gazette*, and other periodicals, and treat of "The Stripling Thames," "A Cotswold Idyll," "Shakspeare and Modern 'Iams,'" and similar subjects. They are written in an agreeable style and display culture, and the volume is beautifully produced.

Although scarcely to be recommended as a light popular account of the latest application of modern science to the amusement of the people, Mr. H. V. Hopwood's *LIVING PICTURES*, containing their History, Photo-Production, and Practical Working, with a Digest of British Patents and Annotated Bibliography (*Optician and Photographic Trades Review*, 2s. 6d. n.), should prove useful to that numerous class of readers, such as patent agents, patent barristers, opticians, and the like, who take a commercial interest in living pictures. On the other hand, the more scientifically-minded will not find much to interest them. The author quite rightly emphasizes the fact that the perfect living picture is not yet in sight; the vibration, blur, and rattle of the majority of these mechanisms will not remain long with us, and it may be safely predicted that, with so many keen brains and clever hands at work on the subject, beautifully coloured, well-defined, thoroughly natural-looking pictures will soon be familiar objects. Throughout the greater part of the volume the style is extremely matter-of-fact, but in the last chapters we are led by easy stages up to a truly tremendous peroration:—

The whole history, not of this world alone, but of every sphere that is or has been, is still in vibrating existence, and one universal perception extending through the infinity would embrace within the tremblings of the boundless ether a consciousness of all that was or is, an eternal and universal picture of all past events. Having started from persistence of vision due to the sluggish action of our mundane eyes as nerves, having lost ourselves in fancied possibilities of the illimitable, what remains for human thought and pen but the simple word "Finis?"

What, indeed!

In the fifth edition of Murray's *HANDBOOK TO SOMERSETSHIRE* (6s.) the county for the first time stands alone. In previous editions it was associated with Wilts and Dorset. The usual high standard of merit is maintained, and there is an abundance of historical information from the times of Vespasian and Hadrian downwards. Cycling routes are prescribed; but there is nothing about roads suitable for motor cars, though parts of Somerset afford every facility for the destruction of these conveyances.

The Great Eastern Railway Company issues a booklet containing directions for *HOLIDAYS IN THE OLD FLEMISH CITIES*. It is artistically illustrated, and written by Mr. Percy Lindley, whose guide book work always affords entertaining reading.

THE PASTORAL PILGRIM.

For me the town sets forth in vain
Her painted pleasures in a train.
For I arise and go
To a delicious world I know.

There the gold-fretted fields are set
Like pearls within a carcanet
With daisies fine and fresh,
And kingcups tangled in a mesh.

The pastoral lands I seek where stray
The strawberry cattle and the gray,
Knee deep in dew and scent,
Placid, and breathing forth content.

Brave copses line each hill and there
The pleasant habitations are,
With roses to the eaves,
And nightingales amid the leaves.

When I shall wake there to the sun
And the birds' early antiphon,
And lusty bee his chant,
How shall I grieve, how shall I want?

Sweet peas and dappled mignonette
Below my crystal window set,
Clear air and lucent skies,
And the dove's whispers and replies.

A garden and an orchard white
And pink—an orchard's my delight,
Whose very name doth bring
Airs of the summer, joy of spring.

And having these shall I repine
For houses, houses in a line,
With other men to dwell?
Give me my staff and cockle-shell.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

Among my Books.

What hours of true intellectual recreation do these friends from various climes, illustrating many diverse tastes, and illuminating many a bygone page of history, afford to one who is living in the twilight which intervenes between the vigorous prime and the decadent evening of human life! Collected as my books have been in different parts of the globe, each has its own individual story of acquisition, each recalls some interesting association of the past, and each has often satisfied the particular craving of the passing hour. Here the bibliophile however would find no rare or out-of-print editions, no first folios, for these have a special market of their own far beyond the reach of modest incomes, and they generally find their way nowadays to American collectors. But as the suitability of means to certain ends is the idea which mankind most commonly conceive of proportion, so it happens that despite the dilapidated condition of some of my books, the antiquated appearance of one set and the freshness and newness of another, or the absence of costly bindings and of *éditions de luxe*, I feel as I look around the motley pile in the midst of which I am now sitting that my labour in collecting them has not been in vain, and

many have been the happy hours I have passed "among my books."

Naturally, of course, in this, as in every large circle of friends, some are greater favourites than others, are more frequently consulted, and are treated as more intimate companions. There is, for instance, that book of wisdom of the sage of "Shiraz," whose delightful saws, be they ever so trite, appeal always to one's innermost nature, and whose converse amuses while it chastens our mind; there is pious old John Bunyan; Boswell's "Johnson," revealing to us the Colossus of Learning in his very flesh and blood; Carlyle's "French Revolution"; "Modern Painters"; Tennyson's "Sir Galahad," and lastly, to say nothing of a great many others to enumerate which would be to make the list too long, there are the works of Edmund Burke, which naturally have a special interest for one living as I am on the very site on which once stood his Beaconsfield house, surrounded by the very trees and amidst the meadows where he was wont to ramble, and where his friends learnt to recognize the simplicity and lovable nature of the man.

One of the most curious books in my collection is perhaps "Wanley's Wonders," published in 1788. and containing upwards of seven hundred pages of information on almost every conceivable topic. It is a veritable storehouse of inexhaustible wealth, embodying in six books several thousand most interesting relations of persons, together with accounts of the invention of arts, the advancement of science, surprising escapes from death and dangers, strange discoveries of long-concealed murders, and a vast variety of other matters equally curious. The author or compiler was a former Vicar of Trinity Parish, Coventry, named Nathaniel Wanley, who appears to have been an omnivorous reader, and to have had a special bent for collecting what Lord Bacon called "the *ultimities* of human nature." His industry must have been phenomenal, and his learning immense, for he evidently ransacked the literature of all times and nations. His opening chapter treats *Of the strange constitution and properties of some human bodies*, and herein we read of one who could put himself into a palsy when he pleased, and whose body was so poisonous that the most venomous creatures when provoked to bite him died immediately from the poison they imbibed from his system; of another, Martinus Ceccho, a townsman of Montilupo, that he used to take hot coals in his hand, put them in his mouth and bite them in pieces with his teeth, and suffer a burning candle to be held under his tongue as he put it out of his mouth—a story vouched for by divers Capuchins and worthy Nicholas Accursius of the Order of St. Francis, which might supply Mr. Andrew Lang with additional *data* for a future edition of his "Making of Religion." Most of us who are lovers of roses and enjoy their fragrance, believing with Goethe that

They in Flora's realm control
Swiftly eyes and sense and soul,

will be astonished to hear of persons, most of them Bishops and Cardinals, from whom a greater tolerance of innocent Beauty might have been expected, who would fall into a

swoon upon the smell of a rose, and used to shut themselves up in their rooms during the season when that Queen of the Garden was in bloom. An innate hatred of apples appears to be a peculiarity of other people, and it is recorded of Johannes Querceto, Secretary to Francis the First of France, that so offensive was the smell of this fruit to him that if an apple were held near his nose he would fall a bleeding.

The Psychical Research Society would find many facts of a highly interesting character collected in the chapters *On Dreams, and what had been revealed to some persons therein; Of Presages of good and evil Fortune, and Of famous predictions and their events*. A toxicologist might add to his repertoire of observations by reading the chapter entitled *Of such persons as have taken poison and quantities of other dangerous things without damage thereby*. The physician and surgeon would spend a pleasant half-hour's study in reading the chapter devoted to *Such as have been cured of dangerous diseases and wounds*, and the respect of the former for the skill of Paracelsus would perhaps be enhanced by a perusal of a wonderful cure he effected in the case of a citizen of Vitus who was sick unto death. If a copy of Wanley's work exists in the imperial library at St. Petersburg, it is just possible that the Tsar's conception of a coming era of universal peace may have been largely inflamed by a perusal of the chapter on *Such as have been great lovers and promoters of Peace*; while Lord Wolseley would doubtless be himself amused by the *Stratagems in war for the amusing and defeating of the enemy, and the taking of cities*, which are collected in one of the concluding chapters. The last chapter of this extraordinary book is devoted to an account *Of such people and nations as have been scourged and afflicted by small and contemptible things, or by Beasts, Birds, Insects, and the like*; and reading it one cannot but feel a lurking suspicion in one's mind that the versatile author of an amusing tale, once affirmed to be a record of truth but now admitted to be tinged at least by fiction, must have had this chapter before him when describing his army of rats, his rainfall of fishes, and his flight of locusts. On the whole, "Wanley's Wonders" is a book abounding with curious information, laboriously collected, and vouched for in every case by a reference to the original authority from which the facts are taken, which will well repay a closer acquaintance.

Amongst my foreign books there is one in particular I would wish to mention with the tribute of a humble admirer, because the author is one who deserves to be better known in this country. I allude to the poetical works of Theodor Körner. Born in Dresden on the 25th September, 1791, Theodor Körner was brought up under the influence of Schiller, his father's greatest friend, and he not unnaturally imbibed the lofty spirit of the older poet, who was the literary idol of the Körner family. Artistic in his tastes, which he inherited from his mother, the youthful Körner very early displayed those poetical talents which were destined to place him in the front rank of the sweetest singers of his beloved Fatherland. While yet only fifteen he composed a dramatic poem

entitled "Amor und seine Heerscharen," and four years later he published his first collection of poems under the appropriate title "Knospen," or "Blossoms." Blossoms they truly were, of an ardent and impetuous genius, fired by patriotic enthusiasm for the great cause of German freedom, in defence of which, against the threatened yoke of Napoleonic supremacy, he was soon to lay down his life as Adjutant of Lützow's Volunteer Corps. He was killed by a gunshot wound in an attack on a French convoy on the 26th of August, 1813, near Gadebusch, ere he had completed his twenty-second year, and he was buried in the small village of Wöbbelin, in Mecklenburg. With him, as it has been said, "poetry buried a rich possession, and still brighter hopes." Looking at what this youthful "singer and hero," as Uhland calls him, had already accomplished at an age when most men of genius are only just beginning to become known, one is struck with admiration, not only at the prolific character of his muse, but at the versatility, the depth, and the pathos of his poetry. Had he lived for even another ten or twenty years, and fulfilled the promise which his existing works justified his friends in hoping for, it is difficult to say whether Goethe himself would have maintained his literary supremacy, or what revolution in the literary world of his own country his matured reputation may not have effected. As it is, he can claim to be a dramatist, and a writer of lyrics and comedies of no mean order. In his *Zriny*, the stirring episode from Hungarian history of the heroic defence of the fortress of Sziget by Graf von Zriny against the veteran army of the Great Suliman is skilfully worked up into one of the most affecting tragedies which has ever been produced on the German stage. It roused the national spirit to intense enthusiasm, and was received with rapturous applause when produced on the Vienna stage. The devotion and self-sacrifice of the small band of survivors, after a long and harassing siege, in blowing up the citadel when they found they were no longer able to defend it, and thus perishing in the terrible explosion, forcibly recalls to one's mind a similar act of heroism in the first days of the Indian Mutiny, when Willoughby and his three subordinates cheerfully resolved to blow up the arsenal at Delhi to prevent that great military storehouse from falling into the hands of the mutineers. In either case the thunder of the crash announcing the accomplishment of the fatal resolution was the final triumph of duty, proclaiming to generations yet unborn the patriot's last resource, to sacrifice himself *für Gott und Vaterland!* Who, again, can read "Toni" or "Hedwig," without feeling that Körner sublimely realized the nobility of true womanhood, the persuasive gentleness, the unselfish resignation, the steady determination not to swerve from the path which love and duty dictated, and the lofty spirit of courage and promptitude of action when the supreme moment for the exercise of these qualities arrives?

But it is in his lyrics, collected under the title "Leier und Schwert," that he has bequeathed an imperishable legacy to his country. It is in these short poems that he sings forth with all the passionate

melody of his wild heart, and appeals to his country's manhood to strike and be free. In one of them, entitled "*Mein Vaterland*," he asks in the first line, *Wo ist des Sängers Vaterland?* And he answers in impassioned verse :—

Wo edler Geister Funken sprühten
Wo Kränze für das Schöne blühten,
Wo starke Herzen freudig glühten,
Für alles Heilige entbrannt :
Da war mein Vaterland !

In the next four verses he begins each with a similar question, and asks, *What is the name of the Singer's Fatherland?* To which, of course, the answer is, *The free land, the land of Germany. Why weeps the Singer's Fatherland?* And the reply points to the tempest of the bloodthirsty tyrant then ravaging the country, causing the princes of the people to tremble and to forget their solemn pledges. *To whom calls the Singer's Fatherland?* It calls upon the voiceless gods to lift the revengeful hand of retribution, invoking Freedom and her champions. *What does the Singer's Fatherland desire?* To strike down the slaves, the bloodhounds, and chasing them over the borders to free her free-born sons; and lastly, *What does the Singer's Fatherland hope for?* She hopes for the triumph of a just cause, hopes to see her people awakened, hopes for vengeance.

No wonder that a highly sensitive and deeply emotional people should have been roused to patriotic fervour by such noble verses appealing to their sense of patriotism and freedom, and that the memory of the youthful author should be cherished as that of a genuine German singer, whose songs will strike a responsive chord in every German heart so long as there is a German heart which beats.

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PARODIES.—II.

Does parody require an apology? Browning said in 1888 that he "disapproved of every kind of parody"; but that was after the publication of Calverley's "*The Cock and the Bull*." Matthew Arnold called it "a vile art"; but Matthew Arnold, despite his chaff of "Professors," was, in his prose criticisms, seldom quite free from the professorial manner, and parody must, of course, not be recognized in the class room. Did he forget, too, that the great names of English literature, from Chaucer to Shakespeare and so onwards, are all associated with parody? Good parody never harmed a soul that did not deserve it, and I do not believe in the reader who suffers in his enjoyment of good literature because he cannot keep the burlesque of it out of his head. A fine work outweighs and outlives its parody, and is in no way impaired by such an attention being paid to it; a bad one may gain its chief value, and perhaps attain an unexpected immortality, by similar treatment. A parody may have the highest literary merit; it may show more power, and be more worth the attention even of a professor than its original.

Parodies divide themselves into two classes—travesties of the style and manner of an author and imitations of some particular composition. The first is, from a literary point of view, far the most difficult, and it is also almost always the most humorous. Its object is generally to criticize; but it

may be only to amuse. Calverley, of course, was not criticizing the balladist when he wrote :—

It was a railway passenger,
And he leapt out jauntily.
"Now up and bear, thou stout porter,
My two chattels to me.

Bring hither, bring hither, my bag so red,
And my portmanteau so brown;
(They lie in the van, for a trusty man
He labelled them London town)."

The second class gives us two sub-divisions, the first consisting of those which alter the entire meaning of the lines parodied by the change of a single word or phrase—a type due to a rare and happy inspiration, offering, therefore, but few examples. Its virtue lies in its mischievous roguery; it is like a child putting a straw hat on the head of a grave and reverend statue in a Roman toga. There is no effort; a mere touch, and the whole is flooded with the ridiculous. Calverley approaches it in his

'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour
My fondest hopes would not decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
That was the first to fade away.

I never loved a dear gazelle;
But I was given a parrot, &c.

The last line but one is a stroke of genius. "Dear gazelles? Ah, well, there the poet, I am afraid, has the better of me, for I know nothing about them. But I was given a parrot, years ago, and that 'is imbecile and lingers yet.'" Another of a still more *méchant* character is the well-known

Wives of great men all remind us,
We can make our own sublime.

And, still worse, the second stanza, which contemplates the possibility of our leaving them widows :—

Widows which perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.

The second sub-division contains those which follow the original, altering it as the subject requires. This, which is the commonest form, requires, save in exceptional cases, no great skill. It may have a definite purpose—political, religious, or other; it may serve to make a mock of a writer or his style; or it may be innocent of any design but to amuse. This kind, too, is often happiest where some word or phrase is retained, but wrested from its proper use, as in "*Fifty miles an hour through Europe on a cycle to Cathay*."

Into the world of French parody, in the early history of which the ingenious productions commemorating the appearance of a flea on the fair neck of Madame Catherine Desroches (to which Scaliger contributed) and Scarron's "*Travesty of Virgil*" are well known, space forbids me to enter. With regard to English parodies, M. Delepierre roundly asserts that before the present century they all had a political object and chose their originals from the Liturgy, prayers, and holy books. This phenomenon strikes him with amazement when he recollects the religious and Puritanic character of the English. But there is no foundation for the erudite Frenchman's remark. There is certainly quite enough religious parody to astonish him, though it might be questioned whether, if the purpose of the parody was a good one, this use of the Bible was always so inconsistent with Puritan feeling as he imagined—Luther, one might remind him, parodied the Psalms. Ben Jonson parodied the Litany, which has been often so treated, in "*Cynthia's Revels*." Dean Boys, of Canterbury, preaching against the Pope at St. Paul's Cross, under James I., parodied the Lord's Prayer. Lord Somers, in the reign of James II., wrote a political parody of part of St. Matthew, and Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, at a later date, parodied the Te Deum. Hone was tried in 1817 for publishing John Wilkes' Catechism and other politico-religious skits, and on his acquittal published an account of his trial, with much information on

parodies. His contemporary, Richard Carlile, published compositions of the same kind.

But the history of English parody gives no ground for M. Delepierre's sweeping assertion. It has never been fully written, and it begins, I think, with Chaucer's "Rhyme of Sir Thopas," which goes interminably on in the tedious style of the Trouvère narrative poems until mine host interrupts it with "No mor of this, for Goddes dignite!" Shakespeare chaffs Marlowe's "Tamburlaine" through the mouth of Ancient Pistol, and the Euphuists through the mouth of Armado, and in one place of Falstaff; while Touchstone takes off Orlando with his love verses. The rage for sonneteering among the Elizabethans did not escape its censors; and scholars such as Gabriel Harvey and Sir John Davies wrote "gulling sonnets," in which Shakespeare himself is not spared. At the same time Beaumont and Fletcher, in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," began the fashion of chaffing other dramatists—a fashion which in these days, when we take our playwrights so very seriously, is unfortunately no longer in vogue. The second Duke of Buckingham and his fellow-wits, who wrote "The Rehearsal" in 1671, on a plan afterwards improved upon by Sheridan in "The Critic," bitterly, but not quite undeservedly, mimicked the heroic plays of the day; and Dryden, who was principally attacked, revenged himself on the principal offender in "Absalom and Achitophel." Fielding carried on the tradition in "Tom Thumb." Another work of Dryden's, "The Hind and the Panther," was caricatured in the same year that it appeared by Prior and Montague, the one afterwards an Ambassador and the other an earl, in "The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse." Pope was more successful as an imitator than a parodist, and he himself set a pattern in the "Dunciad" which was followed in countless compositions with similar titles. Gay cleverly travestied the pastoral poetry of Ambrose Philips. The eighteenth century imitations of Horace, Virgil, and Juvenal are well known. "The Oxford Sausage," published in 1764, contained Philips' "Splendid Shilling" and some excellent reminiscences of Thompson and Pope. The two latter poets, with others, had already been cleverly taken off by Isaac Hawkins Browne in "A Pipe of Tobacco."

The dawn of the century brings us to the classical age of parody—that of the "Antijacobin" and the "Rejected Addresses"; also of Horace Twiss' "Posthumous Parodies." The "Rejected Addresses" are too familiar to quote from; one of the best of them, that in the manner of Crabbe, achieved the distinction of praise from Crabbe himself. Thence onward we have a continuous stream of parody. There are collections, such as the "Bon Gaultier Ballads"; "Leading Cases done into English," by Sir Frederick Pollock; Mr. Bayard Taylor's "Echo Club"; and another American collection by Phoebe Carey, containing perhaps the best "Echo" of "The Burial of Sir John Moore" in "The Marriage of Sir John Smith," with its

We silently gazed on the man that was wed,
And bitterly thought on the morrow.

Some parodies on the American poets at the period of the war between the North and the South appeared in the Orpheus C. Kerr (office-seeker) Papers, 1861. And countless specimens have appeared and are appearing in magazines and newspapers. The Universities have always been much addicted to the "vile art." The "Uniomachia" was, I think, written by Lord Sherbrooke when he was an Oxford don. I have mentioned "The Oxford Sausage"; and in the "Oxford Spectator" (to which the Bishop of Colombo and Mr. Humphry Ward were contributors), the Shotover Papers of a quarter of a century ago, recalling the names of writers now no more, but familiar enough to their contemporaries—Mr. F. S. Pulling, Mr. Gordon Campbell, and Mr. G. W. E. Morrison—and the "Oxford Magazine," with the happy effusions of "A. G." and of "Q." the art was brought well-nigh to perfection. And yet Oxford must surely yield the palm to Cambridge; Cambridge produced Thackeray's prize poem, "Timbuctoo"; and not to mention the famous "Light Green" and the "Granta," from whose pages came Mr. Owen Seaman's

"Horace at Cambridge," did not Calverley, the prince of parodists, the creator of "The Cock and the Bull," of "Wanderers," and of "Lovers and a Reflection," belong, at any rate for the best part of his career, to "the other shop"? And "J. K. S.," too, the author of a Wordsworthian sonnet unique for its aptness and the soundness of its criticism—

Two voices are there; one is of the deep;
It learns the storm clouds thunderous melody,
Now roars, now murmurs with the changing sea,
Now bird-like pipes, now closes soft in sleep;
And one is of an old half-witted sheep,
Which bleats articulate monotony,
And indicates that two and one are three,
That grass is green, lakes damp, and mountains steep;
And Wordsworth, both are thine. At certain times
Forth from the heart of thy melodious rhymes
The form and pressure of high thoughts will burst;
At other times—Good Lord! I'd rather be
Quite unacquainted with the A B C
Than write such hopeless rubbish as thy worst.

Few of our poets have wholly escaped the parodist, who even sometimes makes a raid across the channel, as in the amusing imitation of Victor Hugo quoted by Mr. George Russell in "Collections and Recollections," called "À L'Irlande," which begins thus:—

O Irlande, grand pays du shillelagh et du bog,
Où les patriots vont toujours ce qu'on appelle le whole hog,
Aujourd'hui je prends la plume, moi qui suis vieux,
Pour dire au grand patriot Parnell, "How d'ye do?"

Some poets have, of course, enjoyed a greater immunity than others. What seems to be necessary is that a poem should either be very familiar or have some peculiarity of form or style. It must be the latter characteristic which first drew attention to Miss Ann Taylor's one famous poem, "My Mother," of which Mr. Hamilton has collected 108 parodies. No other poem has, I think, reached any such figure. High records are achieved by Gray's *Elegy* (over 80), and by "To be or not to be," Poe's "Raven," and Kingsley's "Three Fishers"—all well over 50. "The Song of the Shirt," "Break, Break, Break," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "The May Queen," "Hiawatha," and "Excelsior" have all been over-parodied. The pidgin English version of the latter, "Topsid galow," beginning

That nightee time begin, chop chop
One young man walkee, no can stop,

is rather a translation than a parody. Southey has been often and admirably imitated, in the "Antijacobin," the "Rejected Addresses," and since; and it is difficult now to believe that familiarity rather than any pronounced individuality was the cause of it. He has been far more parodied than Shelley. It is easier to understand the case of Thomas Haynes Bayly, the author of "Oh, no, we never mention her" and "We met, 'twas in a crowd," whom Mr. Andrew Lang has skillfully dealt with in "Essays in Little." He gained universal recognition, not by his transcendent merits, but simply because he wrote "words for music," and early Victorian young ladies warbled him in every drawing room.

Prose parody, of which I mentioned one or two specimens in my last article, is a late development, and one of the highest forms of the art. Fielding attempted something like it in "Joseph Andrews," and the "Rejected Addresses" has some excellent Johnsonese. Fielding's idea was carried to much greater perfection in the burlesque novels of Thackeray and Bret Harte, which are almost all of them masterpieces. One reason, some might perhaps say the best reason, for reading "Lothair" was that it enabled you to enjoy "Lothaw." There has been some good work of a similar kind from time to time in *Punch* by Mr. Burnand, Mr. R. C. Lehmann, and others. The styles of Bacon, Sir Thomas Browne, and other classics have all had their turn, and so has that of Carlyle and Ruskin; but the famous prose writers of the past are hardly familiar enough for parodies of them to appeal to any but students. Isaac Walton has far too much charm and too much idiosyncrasy to escape; but one of

the pleasantest imitations of him is now forgotten—an Oxford skit of Lewis Carroll's, with its delightful ending,

Venator.—See, Master, there is a fish.

Piscator.—Then let us hook it.

[They hook it.]

Scraps of prose parody appear from time to time in periodicals; but there is here much work "for a hot brain." Prose writing is not at its highest, and it might be refreshed by a little wholesome chaff. There is Mr. Meredith; do we not long for some relief—I think Mr. Max Beerbohm has essayed it with success—from the laboured reproductions of his too reverent disciples? For parody, common as it is, has a part to play, even a duty to perform. It must not be turned to too vulgar uses, or let its finer qualities be forgotten.

F. T. D.

Notes.

The energetic Art workers who prepared the masque of *Beauty's Awakening* have succeeded quite deservedly in attracting a great deal of public attention. This was not because the performance which has taken place in the Guildhall this week was a new thing, for masques have been revived before within our memory, nor because it was an exact reproduction of the old masque, though it came pretty near it. But it was something out of the common, something away from the stage conventions and the familiar creations of popular stage-managers. Moreover, it presented a stage spectacle in which a real feeling for beauty and colour took the place of the elaborate realism which has been increasing so greatly of late years; and in days when so much is said of literary drama, it is an attempt, and a very successful one, to bring back a disused literary dramatic form. The novelty of the thing was its delightfully harmonious colouring, its symbolical action, and its graceful dances, with the addition of the topical interest awakened by the plea for a restored London—a subject which gave occasion for an admirably costumed procession of historic cities. The success of the performance was proved by the fact that an audience blasé with the highly-wrought technique of the London stage, and trained to expect a brisk succession of sensations, showed no signs of being bored.

The masque was essentially a thing of song and dance, but Jonson and his followers claimed it for literature; and Mr. Walter Crane, with his coadjutors, Mr. Ashbee, Mr. Selwyn Image, Mr. Harrison Townshend, Mr. C. W. Whall, and Mr. H. Wilson, have, as any one who studies the very beautiful illustrated book of the play will see, not fallen short of their traditions. The letterpress, for different parts of which these gentlemen are responsible, is good, if not brilliant. We may quote a song of Mr. Wilson's:—

SONG OF THE AWAKENING.

Wake, lovely maid, thy foes no more withhold me!
Loosed is the spell that long enchained thine eyes,
Now may the healing from thy glance enfold me,
Wake, sweet one, wake, and make me wise!

Dim shews the golden earth while thou art sleeping,
Faint in our hearts thy Beauty's image lies,
Weary the watch the waiting lamps are keeping,
Wake, sweet one, wake, our hope else dies.

No more Aschemon's coil may bar or bound thee,
No more Mal'bodea's might compel thy sighs,
Fayremonde thy Trueheart's arms at last are round thee,
Wake, sweet one, wake, I kiss thine eyes!

Criticism from the professional point of view is rather disarmed in the presence of these enthusiastic amateurs. Compared with the masque of the Stuarts there was an absence of abandon, of the spirit of revelry, which was an essential feature of these

performances before they were swept away by the Puritans. But there were touches of humour, too, and we congratulate the stage manager on the top hat which adorned the head of Philistinus, one of the demons attendant on London. We confess we should have liked a little more dialogue such as Jonson and Campion used to provide, and such as our modern masque writers could certainly have written with point and success. It was difficult to make much of the action without the book before one. Even Mr. Selwyn Image, who acted as prolocutor, was not always quite clear, especially when he had to speak against music, while the words of the songs were scarcely audible. Clio's elocution, however, was all that could be desired. The music, it should be added, was pleasing and appropriate. The whole performance was in fact harmonious—a feast of graceful movement and rich colour, conceived in perfect taste, and presented to the modern public in the heart of the city which has always loved shows and pageants, and always encouraged such crafts and arts as the Art Workers' Guild pursue. Is it too much to hope that it will prove a precedent which the same willing artists or their successors will follow regularly in the years to come?

The authorities of the Royal Botanic Society are to be congratulated on their hospitality to lovers of the drama. The performance in the gardens last Saturday evening of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* by Mr. Ben Greet's company, including Miss Dorothea Baird, added another success to the open-air representations of Shakespeare's plays, which the public have come to associate with the names of Mr. Greet, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Roper Spyers. While on Saturday one of the chief productions of the Elizabethan stage was performed in the gardens, on Monday the Elizabethan Stage Society oddly enough utilized the conservatory of the same gardens for the performance of an ancient Indian drama called *Sakoontala*. This play, so thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of Oriental romance, was certainly worthy of being presented to an English audience. But the enterprise was surely a little out of the sphere of the society, which has still a host of English plays of much literary interest to add to its repertoire.

Mr. John Murray gave his evidence on Canadian Copyright last week, before the Select Committee of the House of Lords. His proposal is to protect the Canadian (or other Colonial) publisher, who has acquired a licence to print, by forbidding the importation of copies printed elsewhere. The person whose opinion of this would be most interesting is the Canadian collector. His feelings, when he finds that he cannot, without rendering himself liable to prosecution, possess anything better than a twenty-five cent paper copy of a book like Nansen's "Farthest North," will perhaps be easier to imagine than to describe. But, of course, he must be left to defend his own interest, as the English copyright owners have quite enough to do to look after theirs.

In *Longman's Magazine* Mr. Frank Ritchie protests against the liberties taken by composers in setting words to music, and quotes the following among other instances of the way in which musicians have tampered with the text of the greatest poets;

Tell me, tell me, tell me, where is Fancy bred?
Tell me, tell me, where is Fancy bred?

Reply, reply, reply, reply, reply,
It is engendered in the eye.

This, though it is not among the most successful of Bishop's settings of Shakespeare, does not, of course, sound so absurd when sung as it looks upon the printed page. Moreover the repetition of phrases, though exaggerated in the above instance, often enables the composer to intensify the meaning of the words. The musical effect of repetition has sometimes recommended itself to the poet himself, not only in the ballad but in more elaborate poetry. Not to mention Edgar Allan Poe's experiments in this

direction, some of the finest lines in all literature owe their effect to the device. Take for example—

More safe I sing with mortal voice unchanged
To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues.

Here, where the repetition is made by the poet, the metre is of course unimpaired, whereas the objection to the composer is that in repeating words he spoils their metrical effect. But can he be expected to retain the metre?

Music has a metre of its own, a balance of phrases, which, though analogous to the metres of poetry, is not exactly similar. It is only very rarely that the musician can give the same value to the syllables of the poet as the reciter does, without losing the special opportunities which his art alone affords of expressing the poet's meaning. A song cannot be regarded simply as a musical accompaniment to a poem. A poem as recited and the same poem as sung are two separate works of art, each working on their own lines. The thought is the same, but the means of expressing it are vastly more complicated in a song. If all the subtle means in the possession of the musician are to be employed to give effect to the poet's meaning, the rhythm of the poem must, so to speak, give way to the rhythm of the song. In return the composer has not only his melody and rhythm wherewith to intensify the poet's meaning, but also the more marked gradation in the pace and volume of sound in music than in speaking, and the modulations which give an extra significance to every shade of emotion expressed in the words.

One is apt to think of Tom Hughes, of whose newly inaugurated statue we speak on another page, as a man of one book—or of two or three books at the most. As a matter of fact he wrote eighteen books, besides a considerable number of pamphlets. His "Tom Brown's Schooldays," has been translated into French, and German, and Shorthand.

Half a century or so ago "The Course of Time" was one of the best known books in Scottish households. Edition after edition appeared, and in 1869—forty-two years after the death of the author, Robert Pollok—it had reached the seventy-eighth thousand. Since then it has gradually dropped out of notice. The inscription on the granite obelisk which marks Pollok's grave in the churchyard of Millbrook, near Southampton, bears that—

"His Immortal Poem is his Monument."

Alas! for prophecy. Poor Pollok, it is to be feared, is remembered now only by the few. Yet he has not been entirely forgotten. At the time of the celebration of the centenary of his birth a proposal was made to erect a memorial to him in the vicinity of the place where he was born—North Moorhouse, in the parish of Eaglesham, Renfrewshire. The scheme has received a fair measure of support in the West of Scotland, and it has now been definitely resolved to place a memorial of the poet on the Kilmarnock-road, near Loganswell. Several Edinburgh and Glasgow sculptors have been invited to submit designs.

An exhibition of Greek papyri and antiquities found by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt at Oxyrhynchus and in the Fayûm will be held at the Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House, from July 5th to 11th. A selection of antiquities from Naucratis, discovered last winter by Mr. Hogarth, Director of the British School at Athens, will also be exhibited.

In these days of rapid process reproduction the work of the older engravers is in danger of becoming forgotten. And yet, in their way, there are no finer books to be found for a library than some of the sumptuous folio collections of engravings published at the end of the last or the beginning of the present century. An excellent specimen of this class is Boydell's "Views," a copy of which Mr. Spencer, of New Oxford-street, includes in his catalogue just issued. This book was published in 1790, the year in which Boydell became Lord Mayor of London. Thirty-six years previously Boydell had begun life in London as an engraver, but so little demand was there for such work that he was glad to

sell, through small shopkeepers and hawkers, little books of his own engraving, six views for sixpence.

Another item in Mr. Spencer's catalogue is an autograph letter signed "B.," having reference to "The Curse of Minerva," one of the scarcest and most valuable pamphlets in the English language. Lord Byron first published this poem through T. Davison in 1812, and on October 4, 1813, writes to John Murray with reference to the new edition then being prepared. He says:—"Your Aston-hall letter has never arrived, to my sore discomfiture. However, there is no saying what time may do. In the proof from the 'Curse' alter the line 'Where arts and arms but live in poets' lore' to 'Whose arts revive, whose arms avenge no more.' Remember this." This alteration, it seems, was never made, which is curious, seeing how particular Byron was, and how studious Murray, who had just become his publisher, would be to follow his directions. In the standard seventeen volume edition of 1832, edited by Tom Moore, the line reads precisely as printed in the first edition of 1812. In April, 1898, a copy of the original edition sold by auction for £97. Only three have appeared in the auction rooms during the last eleven years.

A book which recalls vividly the troublous times of the last days of the Stuart dynasty is included in the last catalogue issued by Mr. Thorp, of Reading. This is "An Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government in England," published anonymously by Andrew Marvell, and printed for him in Amsterdam in 1677. So offended were the Government at the violent onslaught contained in this pamphlet that they offered, without success, a reward of £100 for the disclosure of the author's name, and much greater sums are said to have been offered privately. Of all Marvell's political satires this appears to have given the greatest offence. He begins by saying that "There has now for diverse years a design been carried on to change the lawful Government of England into an absolute tyranny and to convert the established Protestant religion into downright Popery," and in support of his argument he draws up, in a pamphlet of 155 pages, a tremendous indictment against the Government.

During the whole of next week Messrs. Sotheby will be dispersing various collections of books, many of them from the Syston-park Library, recalling the memorable sale of the year 1884. Among these is a copy of the "Cronica van der Hilliger Stat van Coellen," of 1499, which contains the earliest complete record of the discovery by Gutenberg of the use of movable metal types; a copy of Gafori's "Theoricum opus armonicæ disciplinæ," 1480, the first printed book on music; and a copy of the "Erotomata" of Lascaris, the first book Aldus issued with a date. There is also a fine copy of the first edition of the "Essais de Michel Seigneur de Montaigne," with the printed title-page.

As representing the work of the early English printers there is an excellent copy of Linacre's "De emendata structura Latini sermonis," printed by Pynson in 1524, and, rarer still, a copy of the "Indulgence" granted by the Bishop of Salisbury, and printed by Wynkyn de Worde about 1525. Of books famous in English literature there are a copy of the fourth Shakespeare folio, a large fragment of the first folio, and a fine sound copy of the third quarto, *Henry V.* There are also among modern books an uncut Kilmarnock Burns, a copy of the exceedingly scarce "Siena," a poem published by Mr. Swinburne in 1868, a copy of the equally scarce first edition of "The Strayed Reveller," by "A.," a complete set of the Kelmescott Press publications, and a copy of the first (1747) edition of Mrs. Glasse's "The Art of Cookery." The late Mr. Sala once found a copy of this scarce little book on a stall in the New Kent-road. He purchased it for sixpence, had it handsomely bound, wrote it into fame, and then assessed its value as £100, but at the sale of his library it fetched only one-tenth of that sum.

American Letter.

THE NEW SORT OF STORIES.

It is now some three or four years since I first heard the word *story* used as the name of a thing which partakes both of fiction and of fact, of literature and of journalism, and is a blend of these qualities and methods, according to their proportions in the author's nature and practice. It was used with an offhand familiarity by a young friend of mine who was just then dedicating his gifts to the service of one of our most lurid Sunday editions, and sacrificing on that hideous altar the culture acquired in our chief university. I found the spectacle much more melancholy than he seemed to feel it: he was, in fact, rather happy in his work; and when I caught at the word as a relief from my distress, he joyously explained that a "story" was not the story of my belated associations, but was a reporter's account of any incident that came to his knowledge. It might be largely, it might be almost wholly, invention, but it was supposed to be true. The word *story* had perhaps better been *history*; but *story* it was, and *story* it was destined to be till the revolution of daily life threw off some meteoric spark a little more vividly illustrative of the idea.

I do not suppose the thing is quite so new as the name. There must always have been stories in this sense. The Rosetta stone has doubtless revealed a good many of them among the Egyptian hieroglyphs; they were probably indented on Assyrian tiles; they must have been swapped among the imaginative liars who met to hear or tell some new thing in Athens; the tepid air of the Roman baths must have been full of them; in medieval market-places they abounded; the cryptographic diaries of later centuries are a tissue of them. Now they are printed every morning and every evening in our irrepressible Press, and wherever it is at all possible, a sister art lends the aid of pictures of persons and places to enhance their effect with readers, and to facilitate the task of such part of the public as has to spell its way to their meaning.

They are true in proportion to the editorial idea and the creed of the counting-room. If it is the joint effect of these that the public wants the news, the stories have little or no truth at all in them; if it is the belief of the management that the public wants the facts, then the reporter's story may be almost implicitly trusted. People know pretty well what they are getting by a given newspaper's repute for good faith or bad faith. But there is a vast middle ground, occupied by the greater part of the journals, where the facts are creatively treated, and the resulting story is something that appeals about equally to the fancy and to the passion for the latest intelligence.

I have conversed with many of the ingenuous youths who produce the stories of the newspapers, and I have found them helplessly obedient to the principles of their respective offices. In some they are permitted and even instructed to rearrange or to invent their materials until the result is almost pure fake; in some they are sternly forbidden to invent or to distort the least incident or feature. An interview, as I know from much experience in both cases, is in one sort of paper incredibly misrepresentative; in another it is miraculously accurate. In both the office reserves the right to correct the colouring and drawing of the reporter's story; and what reaches the public finally is something at least two removes from the truth, or the approximation of a double effort for it.

The supreme desire of both kinds of management is for exclusive possession of the material for a story; within the limits of fiction or of fact the highest achievement of a reporter is to make his story a *beat*. In the range of his art there is nothing beyond this; a story which is also a *beat* is a *chef d'œuvre*; it is a Hamlet, a Divina Commedia, in that limbo of literature which forms its rather hopeless habitat. The writer may bring to it dramatic effect, vivid reality, admirable touch, and he does this far oftener than the careless reader knows; but unless it is a *beat* his story is not an entire and perfect chrysolite; other hands have profaned it; his jealous journal cannot boast it wholly its own.

The *beat* was formerly called a *scoop*, and as such I first learned its unique value. But I understand from a very entertaining book which I have just read that the *beat* is no longer known in the East as a *scoop*; that word is still used in the West for the thing desired in both sections; but in New York one could not respect a reporter who called his *beat* a *scoop*; that would not render it impure or common, but it would indefinitely vulgarize it. At least, I am so instructed by Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams, whose book, "The Stolen Story and Other Newspaper Stories," is the book which has so much amused me, and has inspired these reflections.

Mr. Williams has had the good fortune—it really seems largely a matter of luck in many cases—to treat his fresh material with a simplicity which imparts the sense of strong reality. The newspaper life has a lasting fascination for any one who has ever known it, and I think the most ignorant must feel something of its charm in these tales of the absent-minded old reporter coming back to his desk in the office from which he has been discharged for drunkenness, and writing out there a precious *beat* belonging to the paper which has just taken him on; of the young reporter whose story of a society woman's lawsuit with her shoemaker meets with unexpected favour; of the cub reporter whose blundering interview commits an administration to a line of policy never intended; of the other cub reporter who fakes a story of burning the King of Spain in effigy by the students at Princetown, and makes it come true in fact before telegraphing his *beat* to his paper; of the old reporter who cannot leave whisky alone, and whose slow decline and fall are pathetically followed.

The old reporter is a bit of character painting which is very good literature, though not yet the best. He is of the school which is not college bred; and the new reporters are all University men. The difference is humorously traced, and the advance from the old-fashioned newspaper conditions is very intelligibly noted. Whether it will finally affect the newspaper ideals is still to be seen; as yet the University men take the office stamp as submissively as the old self-trained reporters. They are voracious historians, or shameless fakes, according as they are bidden; and the question is whether the newspapers will be influenced by their quality, or their quality will be lost in the newspapers. It is as a group of agreeable sketches that Mr. Williams' book will attract the reader, but it would be a pity if the reader remained indifferent to implications which somewhat concern civilization.

OLD CAMBRIDGE.

A curious effect of time in the case of the town of which Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson has lately written so agreeably is to make it less rather than more "Old Cambridge." Instead of acquiring antiquity with the process of the suns, Old Cambridge has been continually growing modern, until now it has almost ceased to be Old Cambridge at all. In fact, it never was really Old Cambridge; that was always the Cambridge on the Cam; but when it ceased to be Newtowne, Massachusetts, it became a younger Cambridge by the Charles, and was later called Old Cambridge to distinguish it from the settlement near the mouth of the river known as Cambridgeport. Its age was a local convention; now that there is no longer a visible space between the two villages and they have become one city, the city is simply Cambridge; and Old Cambridge exists only in the fond memories of its elderly inhabitants, and in the tender associations of generations of youths who have known it as the seat of Harvard University.

It is in both qualities that Colonel Higginson treats of Old Cambridge in the series of the "National Studies in American Letters" (Macmillan's), which his volume opens. He always writes agreeably, to my thinking, with a certain characteristic liberality and large intelligence, and he has never written more agreeably than in the three essays on Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell, which make up his book. Literary types of such wide variance might well task the sympathy of the most tolerant critic, but Colonel Higginson's has been equal to the demand upon it, and his appreciations of these very different masters

are of a very even faithfulness, insight, and cordiality. They were Old Cambridge authors in by no means the same degree; Holmes studied medicine abroad and came back to live in Boston while still a young man; Longfellow came to live in Cambridge in early middle life; Lowell was the most constant to his birthplace, and all its influences and traditions from childhood to age, and he died in the house where he was born. But even Lowell had his intervals of Philadelphia and New York in the *sturm und drang* period of his antislavery apostolate; and before his death he was absent half a score of years, in Madrid and London, from the place which he passionately loved, and which he set above all others in civilization. Colonel Higginson, however, writes of all three as an Old Cambridge man, and unites them in the solidarity of his own town pride. He makes his reader observe, more than once, that a larger part of the literary renown which Boston enjoys really belongs to Old Cambridge; but he is never without a humorous sense of what the less privileged and less devoted reader may think, in spite of his veneration, and he permits him the relief of an occasional smile. No place could be so consummately literary as Old Cambridge without amusing the spectator; and I recall the awe with which Mr. Bret Harte, when he first visited Cambridge, heard through my tale of the authors in my own neighbourhood; and then the hardihood with which he attempted to carry it off by saying, "Why, a man couldn't fire a revolver from your front porch anywhere without bringing down a two-volumer." But no one has realized this attitude of the outsider with a keener zest than Old Cambridge men themselves, and Colonel Higginson is only the more finely representative of them in letting his sense of it appear.

His magnanimity frees him to the full recognition of their greatness, which was not conditioned by Old Cambridge, but was absolute in all three of the men he studies, and of world-wide effect in at least one. It is doubtful if any poet of the century was more universally known than Longfellow; Mr. Kipling has reached a larger number of Anglo-Saxon readers, perhaps, but our language was by no means the limit of Longfellow's renown. His name was a household word where his refined art was little felt; and the intimate psychological appeal which Holmes made to those struggling with fear of their doubts carried his literary charm with it to hearts eagerly recognizant wherever English was spoken. Lowell was less known, but not less prized. His influence was narrowed by the prejudice against the cause he espoused when he began to fight the anti-slavery battle; and by a curious irony of fate he came to stand in later years for something torystic to men who were fighting other anti-slavery battles, and who would have been glad to know that he was with them. His erudition, far greater than either Longfellow's or Holmes', could not always keep itself from overweighing his literature, and though this, when he was at his best, was always the direct expression of a singularly simple and companionable soul, he was not always at his best. Yet his future is safe, for it is his best, which will remain.

Of course, I have felt in reading Colonel Higginson's book that not the least of its virtues was its agreement with my own ideas and opinions of the three great authors he portrays. We have hardly any other test of a writer's excellence, and I am not going to pretend that I have judged his very pleasant study apart from my own preferences, or have valued it where it traversed them. It is by no means an exhaustive study; it takes the men on the plane of that general acceptance of them where it can easily make itself generally intelligible. It pretends to no discoveries or divinations concerning them, and it leaves the field so open for any further inquiry that no one need feel himself an intruder there. The service which it renders our literature is to reanimate for a younger generation that literary world of New England which summed up in itself the best of what we have been in literature. It is a contribution toward the renaissance which that graceful learning, that high feeling, that conscientious art must enjoy if our literary future is to be worthy of its past.

W. D. HOWELLS.

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FROM THE MAGAZINES.—I

In *Cornhill* Mr. Bret Harte writes of the rise of the short story in America. It grew up, he tells us, out of the American anecdote, and was at first regarded as inconsistent with the dignity of literature because it was racy of the soil; and in this connexion Mr. Bret Harte regales us with a bit of autobiography. He was editing the *Overland Monthly*, and was discouraged at finding a "notable lack of characteristic fiction" among the contributions submitted to him:—

In this perplexity he determined to attempt to make good the deficiency himself. He wrote "The Luck of Roaring Camp." However far short it fell of his ideal and his purpose, he conscientiously believed that he had painted much that "he saw, and part of which he was," that his subject and characters were distinctly Californian, as was equally his treatment of them. But an unexpected circumstance here intervened. The publication of the story was objected to by both printer and publisher, virtually for not being in the conventional line of subject, treatment, and morals. The introduction of the abandoned outcast mother of the foundling "Luck," and the language used by the characters, received a serious warning and protest. The writer was obliged to use his right as editor to save his unfortunate contribution from oblivion. When it appeared at last, he saw with consternation that the printer and publisher had really voiced the local opinion; that the Press of California was still strongly dominated by the old conservatism and conventionalism of the East, and that when "The Luck of Roaring Camp" was not denounced as "improper" and "corrupting" it was coldly received as being "singular" and "strange." A still more extraordinary instance of the "provincial note" was struck in the criticism of a religious paper that the story was strongly "unfavourable to immigration" and decidedly unprovocative of the "investment of foreign capital." However, its instantaneous and cordial acceptance as a new departure by the critics of the Eastern States and Europe, enabled the writer to follow it with other stories of a like character.

It is a curious example of the truth of the Scriptural saying about the prophet and the fountain of honour.

In *Longman's Magazine*, Mr. Frank Ritchie has an interesting article on "Music and Words," with which we deal in another column, under the heading of Notes. Among a variety of subjects which Mr. Andrew Lang touches upon under "The Sign of the Ship," he has something on the question, which we have recently discussed, as to multiple reviewing:—

I cannot approve of reviewing in the manner of Briareus (who wrote in a hundred papers, having a hand for each), but there are cases in which the space which the journal can give to one book does not contain all that the critic has to say. A dozen columns could not contain all you may desire to say about Messrs. Spencer and Gillen's "Natives of Central Australia." Why, then, if a journalist has the editorial permission, should he not bubble over into several papers, on a special subject in which there are not many specialists? Again, even a novel may seem to you so good that a single review will not exhaust your opinion of its excellence. But, surely, we ought to confine our blame to a single instance.

Mr. W. E. Henley begins his "Ex Libris" in the *Pall Mall Magazine* with an entertaining paper on the "Hundred Best Novels," and Mr. Burnand continues his Punch Notes, with many capital reproductions of sketches by Keene and Du Maurier.

To the *American Critic* Mr. Richard Whiteing contributes a short paper of autobiography, in which he explains that to live in the slums has been one of the unrealized ambitions of his life. He says:—

I meditated a scheme of going to live in the lowest quarter I could find, and saying nothing about it to anybody, but simply disappearing, and passing two or three years, or perhaps my whole life, among the natives, finding out what I could about them, and letting the world know anonymously from time to time. But this proved impracticable. London had caught me up in its own imperious way with a number of interests and claims I could not set aside. So all that was open to me was to see as much of its dumb millions as I could, and I stole away to them whenever the opportunity served,

ever coming back at the appointed time to write my leaders in the newspaper office on the importunate and generally uninteresting topic of the day. Then there came a moment when I grew weary of the anonymity of this work and its want of prospect.

That was the moment at which Mr. Whiteing began to write "No. 5, John-street." He commenced it in 1893, put it by for two years, owing to the pressure of other work, resumed it in the autumn of 1895, and from that time never rested till it was in the publisher's hands. There could be no better proof that the hurry of journalism does not necessarily, as has so often been alleged, destroy the genius which consists of the capacity for taking pains.

FICTION.

The Greater Inclination. By Edith Wharton. 7½ x 5 in., 254 pp. London, 1899. Lane. 6/-

These stories are remarkable for many reasons, and among others because they show that between the European and American ideals there is no necessary conflict or incompatibility. Mrs. Wharton's stories are such as any girl may read, yet they concern themselves with problems far beyond the range of the girl—even of the American girl as M. Paul Bourget drew her in "L'Outre Mer." Mrs. Wharton respects proprieties, but deals as she sees fit with mere conventionalities, and her book is in that respect, or ought to be, an illumination to those American women to whom the rigid observance of trivial social rules is a law of social existence. It will be all the more illuminative because Mrs. Wharton is herself of the elect; one to whom every difficult door in New York and Newport is open. She knows, by experience, if anybody knows, the exact value of these conventionalities. Her stories are in no sense sermons; not one of them, happily, has an ethical object; they are all told for the sake of the story, or of the study of character. Yet we imagine few of her friends could read them without revising their present notions of what is essential and what is not essential to the social life which they regard as one chief end of the men and women who are privileged to share in it. Mrs. Wharton has been hitherto best known to the American public as the author of a book on "The Decoration of Houses," with Mr. Ogden Codman, jun., an architect, as collaborator in the technical parts—a book written with such skill and in such a style as are hardly to be expected, and very seldom to be found, in books concerning this subject. Besides this, Mrs. Wharton has written tales and verses in the magazines; and some of the tales now for the first time reappear in book form.

"The Greater Inclination" is not a title which explains itself. It is, in fact, a name for a collection of stories, each one of which has to do with a crisis, a turning point, the entering of a door, or the turning away from it. Some of them are rather studies than stories—"The Pelican," for instance; while some of them have not merely the element of interest which belongs to a novel, but are dramatic in their precision and rapidity of movement. In some of them the character, which is ever the primary purpose of the writer, evolves itself without much help from incident or adventure. In others it appears as the product of unexpected incidents. The man is revealed to himself and to us as something quite different from what he believed himself to be; it is an adventure, a meeting, the sudden occurrence of the unforeseen, a complete change in his environment, which discloses his true nature, and leads him to do a true and honourable act in place of the false or perfidious one which a moment before he had resolved on. Of this method, "A Cup of Cold Water" is the most brilliant example; a story which holds you from the beginning by its power of exciting interest and curiosity, and conducts you by a series of surprises to a catastrophe totally unlike what you foresaw. In degrees of merit these stories vary, as is inevitable. At least one of them, "A Journey," is a study in morbid anatomy, for the absence of which the book would have been none the worse. At times, as in the wonderfully clever "Twilight of the Gods," Mrs. Wharton

puts a conundrum before the reader without doing all she might to help him to answer it, as if she were afraid of the superfluous and so omitted a little of what is needful. In "A Coward" the motive is too remote, and in "Souls Belated" it is not quite convincing. But the unity of intention and of intuition makes them a coherent whole.

The book abounds in meditation upon the problems of life; in humour; in dialogue which has the effect of spoken words; in knowledge both of the world and of books; in a knowledge of women which, from a woman, might be expected; and a knowledge of men to which a woman does not always attain. The men say and do the things which a man—the right kind of man—would say and do in the circumstances. As for books, Mrs. Wharton has obviously read much in many languages, yet imitates nobody, suggests nobody, and while free from any flavour of bookishness, yet, in her style, clearly owes much to others. But her debts are not to this or that writer, but to the great company of writers who have long been her intimate friends.

Mrs. Coulson Kernahan's new story is called *THE HOUSE OF RIMMON* (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.). Rimmon is not the god of Naaman's master, but the name of a Black Country family. Mr. Joshua Rimmon is a usurer, a domestic tyrant, and a hypocrite, and his son grows up to be quite as great a villain in other ways; but his younger brother and his daughter are redeeming features, and are much tried before their final triumph. The vicissitudes which the various members of this family and their friends and foes endure are so tremendous and so sudden that the book which records them may be classed, not unfairly, as "sensational"; but it is far better written than most. The plot is complex and of the blood-and-thunder sort; but Mrs. Kernahan drives her intrigues four-in-hand, so to speak, with perfect mastery; she is long without being tedious, and she has contrived several incidents that are both highly exciting in themselves and have all the appearance of being suggested by an intimate experience of South Staffordshire.

The influence of Mr. Anthony Hope is strong upon Mr. Marchmont. His new novel, *A DASH FOR A THRONE* (Hutchinson, 6s.), is one of those stirring romances of love and action in which the reader is hurried from page to page by an almost bewildering succession of exciting incidents. The story hinges, of course, upon the question of substituted identity. The hero and narrator of the story—a young naval officer—inaugurates his career by striking the German Emperor one evening on the Imperial yacht. As a result of his act Count Rudloff deems it expedient to die, and, reappearing as the Prince von Gramberg, forthwith plunges into a very vortex of political conspiracies in Bavaria. The story is well and vigorously told. Mr. Marchmont would, however, do well to avoid the practice of borrowing American verbs. "To enthuse," and "to motive" may be expressive, but they are not English.

In *TRANSGRESSION* (Pearson, 6s.) Mr. S. S. Thorburn has turned to good account his experience in the Bengal Civil Service. We are not greatly interested in his two women, the "saintly wife" and her cousin who does not altogether yield to the temptation to supplant her in her husband's affections. But the husband, Colonel Fitzhugh, who is in charge of a district on the North-West frontier of India, is a very different figure, firmly drawn from life, and, in spite of his failings, an admirable character. The author gives a faithful picture of the life of a British Resident in India. He is a determined foe to red-tape, and speaks with no uncertain voice of some of the methods of the Government. Here lies the chief interest of his book, especially for Anglo-Indians. It is well worth reading.

Mr. Bernard Capes, who follows the striking novel "The Adventures of the Comte de la Muetta," which we reviewed some time back, with a collection of stories called *AT A WINTER'S FIRE* (Pearson, 6s.), is undoubtedly an author to be reckoned with. His imagination is active and vivid, and his work reveals a determination to avoid the commonplace, which is sometimes

arried to excess. These stories are, many of them, in the weird and ghostly vein; all have a strong and original central idea vividly realized. Read, for instance, "Jack and Jill," in which a young couple in the Alps fall together five hundred feet through the ice, an intensely realized incident which it is safe to suppose the author never experienced. Here is his account of their gradual stoppage:—

Suddenly, for the first time, pain made itself known; and immediately reason, plunging from above, overtook me, and I could think.

Then it was I became conscious that, instead of falling, we were rising, rising with immense swiftness, but at a pace that momentarily slackened—rising, slipping over ice and in contact with it.

The muscles of my arms, clasped still about Fidèle, involuntarily swelled to her. My God, there was a tiny answering pressure. I could have screamed with joy, but physical anguish overmastered me. My back seemed bursting into flame.

Mr. Capes' danger is a too great striving after originality—not in the plot of his stories but in his treatment of them. We pointed this out in reviewing the "Comte de la Muette," and the reader will be still more conscious of it here. In stories of this sensational kind simplicity and directness are essential to effect. In some of them, as in "An Eddy on the Floor," the story is overlaid with some twenty pages of introduction, much of which adds very little to the impression. The same thing is still more noticeable in the style. One wearies of a continued ingenuity of phrase and metaphor and longs for a lucid, simple easy narrative. Mr. Capes has quite enough fine similes at his command to let himself go freely and without effort—e.g., a waterfall which "shot out over the lip of the fall in a curve like a scimitar," or "the sliding sheet of water looked like a great strap of steel reeled ceaselessly off a whirling drum pivoted between the hills." He need not let metaphor run riot, and still less should he illustrate the greater and the nobler by means of the ignoble and the small. The grandeur of nature calls up culinary reminiscences, such as a glacier "yawns like sliced junket": its fissure stretches "obliquely like the mouth of a sole"; and the waves break upon the beach with the fizz of "bacon frying in the kitchens of the blest," while the exquisite beauty of twilight suggests this—"the day sucked inward to a point secret as a leech's mouth." This seems to us a misuse of originality, the more to be regretted in a writer of real imaginative power.

FRIVOLITIES, by Richard Marsh (James Bowden, 6s.), announces itself as being "specially addressed to those who are tired of being serious." It certainly will not leave them serious long. All the tales are bright and amusing, if slight, and though Mr. Marsh has shown in "The Beetle" that he is specially a master of the "creepy" style, he has an unflinching knack of pleasant writing. More ambitious work may be within his power for all we know. At present he is a very companionable trifler.

The Overseas Library began with sketches and proceeded to short stories. The third volume, IN GUIANA WILDS, by James Rodway (Unwin, 2s.), is a novel. It is about a young man who, being a clerk in a house of business at Demerara, married a negress and ran away from her. He joined some Indians and went to Roraima with them. When he got back he had found some buried treasures and acquired a second wife. A sequel is promised in which the author promises to tell us what happened when the first wife turned up again. The book, though not very exacting, conveys a good deal of curious and interesting information.

A COUNTY SCANDAL, by F. Emily Phillips (Macqueen, 6s.), has a pleasant little story to tell, in which the "scandal" is caused by the extreme innocence of the heroine, who ignores the compromising nature of her situation when she is left in sole charge of a young bachelor with a turn for philandering. The hero's character, all selfish good nature and vacillation, is well drawn. Jasper's theft, we incline to think, is treated too lightly.

Nobody who likes the man seems to take it as more than an almost justifiable peccadillo.

Most men carry their characters written on their faces, and some books reveal theirs unmistakably on their title-pages. When we meet with such a combination of title and author as THE VIBART AFFAIR, by George Manville Fenn (Pearson, 6s.), we know that the fare provided will include villainy, mystery, and murder, with a lovely heroine and a long-suffering hero; and we get, in truth, all these familiar ingredients in large quantities, yet of a quality very good of its kind. Mr. Fenn's many admirers will find amusement in the book.

FAITH: A STORY OF SAINT PORTH, by J. Henry Harris (Service and Paton, 3s. 6d.), is a quiet, homely story of a Wesleyan couple, whose only son, Benjamin, departs from the faith of his fathers. The "love-feasts" of the pious Cornish folk, their curious superstitions, many of them survivals of Paganism, are well and sympathetically described.

THE MORALS OF JOHN IRELAND (Burleigh, 1s. 6d.), by Rex O'Bill, has little claim to rank as a story. It is really an attack on American adventurers who come here in search of British capital; and the author lays about him too indiscriminately to produce much effect. According to him all Americans are tarred with the same brush. "Love him," he says, "with his commercial muzzle on; admire him for his rich humour, and his marvellous enterprise and ability; respect him if you can; but always handle him with gloves on, and keep your pocket-book out of his sight." This is a comprehensive indictment. But it is safer to libel a nation than an individual.

BEARERS OF THE BURDEN, by Major W. P. Drury (Lawrence and Bullen, 3s. 6d.), is a collection of short stories. The author's style is that of the man of action rather than the man of letters; one might almost say, indeed, that he has no style at all. His stories are stirring, however, and not unfrequently amusing, though there are reasons which have nothing to do with literature why it would have been better to leave some of them untold. "Terence of Trinity, War Correspondent," for example, is obviously drawn from O'Donovan of Merv—the references to Bokhara and to Hicks Pasha's expedition make the intention clear beyond the shadow of a doubt—and the story is not the sort of story that should have been told of a real man whose identity could so easily be fixed even by ill-informed readers.

It is a pity that with so much fresh and good material at hand, and with so considerable a gift for vivid description, Mrs. Ramsay has not been more successful with THE ROMANCE OF ELISÁVET (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.). The scene of the romance is laid near Smyrna, where brigands congregate, and in the background of the story there is more than a suggestion of the warmth and colour of the East. But the characters are unworthy of their setting, and so trivial is Elisávet, so shadowy and uninteresting her lover, that even the final situation, striking as it might otherwise be, fails to stir an emotion either of pity or of horror.

THE SWORD OF ALLAH: A ROMANCE OF THE HAREM, by T. R. Threlfall (Ward, Lock, and Co., 3s. 6d.), introduces us to a Scottish soldier of fortune, in whose company we may pass, if we will, through a succession of thrilling experiences. The story opens in the year 1804, a period of which the author speaks somewhat curiously in his preface as "the beginning of the eighteenth century." Notwithstanding this and similar slips, Mr. Threlfall does not altogether fail in his treatment of a somewhat difficult subject, and many of his scenes are described with spirit. The book, in spite of its sub-title, is in every way suited to the shelf of a school library, and older readers with martial leanings will find in it something to interest them. The illustrations are good.

Slight in construction, but ingeniously devised, MR. PASSINGHAM, by Thomas Cobb (Lane, 3s. 6d.), runs on lines which many writers of modern comedy have made familiar. The author, as the title-page forewarns the reader, deals with a single episode, elaborating its several phases with considerable deftness. Mr. Passingham himself is a character of whose vitality there can be no doubt from the first page to the last; with the other

men and women who move round him he is happily realized by the conversational method. It is true that the behaviour of Lady Dewhurst rests upon an absurdity, but such absurdities are common enough in real life. Whilst we are duly thankful for the skill which he exhibits as a miniaturist, we may reasonably expect that in due time success will be associated with Mr. Cobb's name in other and wider fields.

TOM-ALL-ALONE, by Amelia M. Barker (John Macqueen, 6s.), is a conventionally conceived but fairly well-written story of a little boy that "grewed." The hero, an inconvenient child of mysterious parents in high place, is introduced as a waif in the early chapters. With luck and perseverance he rapidly makes his way, and is a Kaffir millionaire before he is middle-aged. But good fortune deserts him in the marriage market, and domestic calamities impress upon him the misery of being born to isolation. The pictures of London slum life with which this novel opens are conscientious, but crude; and, on the whole, the book displays more appreciation of character than experience of life. But it certainly does not lack interest.

THE DIARY OF A CONDEMNED MAN, by Alfred Hermann Fried. Translated from the German by S. Van Straalen (Heinemann, 2s. 6d.). It is only from internal evidence that we conclude that this book is a work of fiction. Many readers will probably accept it as the real record of the real emotions of a real criminal whose name has been suppressed; but the elaborate psychology and the skilful graduation of the effects suggest the hand of an artist rather than of a murderer—though, of course, there are examples in the history of crime of the doubling of these parts. It is a gruesome book, not without a certain weird fascination, a long drawn agony in the vein of certain well-remembered pages towards the end of "Oliver Twist." We cannot recommend it to readers predisposed to hysteria or nightmare. A preface is contributed by Professor Ludwig Buchner, who argues that capital punishment is "a melancholy remnant of the barbarism of earlier ages," and "something totally unworthy of our modern social system, which is supposed to be founded on principles of morality." Perhaps Professor Buchner would have exhibited a more convincing impartiality if he had made it clear that the act of murder might, without impropriety, be denounced in precisely the same language.

Lovers of sensational fiction will find all they want in Mr. Headon Hill's new volume, **THE QUEEN OF NIGHT** (Ward, Lock, 2s.). The story is an exaggerated piece of invention, but it is skilfully worked out.

OUT FROM THE NIGHT, by Alice Maud Meadows (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.), is a tale of mystery and murder, and as the mystery is well preserved, and the murder is sufficiently gruesome, the story may be considered to have justified its existence.

The spring publishing season in Germany has brought forth a large number of new novels. Among the most notable are **MENSCHENKINDER**, by Lou Andreas-Salomé; **MONTBLANC**, by Rudolf Stratz; **DER SÄNGER**, by Adolf Wilbrandt, all from the firm of Cotta. **PATER MATERNAS**, by George Taylor (Dr. Adolf Hausrath) is an excellent historical novel, of which the scene is laid in Rome in the early years of the sixteenth century. **DIE MACHT DER STUNDE**, by Paul Heyse, and **VOLLMONDZAUBER**, by Ossip Schubin, are pleasing contributions to short-story literature. Translations of novels by Conan Doyle, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Mrs. Clifford have also just appeared.

Correspondence.

"THE TWO PROTECTORS." TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I have lately read your very fair review of my book, "The Two Protectors." You object to my remark that "Popery, under Laud, had a free hand." Perhaps it would have been better if I had said, "Popery, or its twin-sister." It is beyond contradiction that vast numbers of Englishmen of that day, including not a few members of the Church of England, fully believed that Laud was leading the nation back to Rome—indeed, this firm belief was one of the principal causes of the war.

You further object to my remarks about the "Romanizing clergy" of the present day; but when men like Cardinal Vaughan and the Roman Catholic Bishop of Liverpool distinctly state that the Ritualists were teaching Roman Catholic doctrines where the Roman Catholic priest could not go, and were leading the people back to Rome, it appears to me my remarks are fully justified.

With reference to my statement as to the action of the "sovereign people" in following the example set by the "sovereign individual" in cutting off crowned heads, you make the astonishing observation that none of these latter were "sovereigns." Was not Mary, Queen of Scots, an independent sovereign? It would surely be a mere subterfuge to argue that she was not a sovereign, because at the time of her execution she was a prisoner.

Perhaps it is too much for me to expect that you will publish this letter, but if you will do so, I shall esteem your courtesy.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully.

RICHARD TANGYE.

[It is, of course, open to Sir Richard Tangye to call the Anglicanism of Laud "the twin-sister of Popery." But the phrase represents a confusion of thought which exists to-day just as it did under Laud. If Sir Richard will read an article in the *Nuova Antologia* for June by Mr. Richard Bagot he will find that some Romanists regard the so-called "Romanizing clergy" as a great barrier against Rome.

With regard to Mary, Queen of Scots, we hope that Sir Richard will not consider it a subterfuge if we remind him that Mary Stuart abdicated in favour of her son on July 24th, 1567—more than twenty years before her execution.]

ENGLISH HEXAMETERS. TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I do not feel quite sure whether Mr. Omond meant to ask a question or not in his reference to my letter, but I ought to have said that the "educated Greek" alluded to did read as prose, but with a certain rhythmical swing, those passages of Homer which he employed to illustrate his theory of the manner in which it should be read, in contradistinction to scansion—a distinction, he maintained, which should be made absolute. The grounds of the difference, as far as I am capable of judging, were that classic poetry was never meant to be read, but to be sung, and this was curiously illustrated to me by my subsequent experiences in Montenegro, where the chanting of the epics is strongly analogous to the manner of delivering the service in the Eastern Church, which, I suppose, is the nearest survival of the ancient music that we have. Is not, in fact, our scansion, severely considered, simply sing-song of metrical composition, which, strictly, ought to be musical and instrumentally accompanied? Nobody has written English verse more musically than Swinburne, I think, and I remember to have heard him read his own poetry, and he practically chanted it. It seems to me that our scansion is an utterly inadequate emulation of the ancient recitative, and that the attempt to adapt the system to English poetry, unless set to music, is out of the question, even in the "plastic work of a grand poet," supposed by Mr. Tarelli, and that a successful effort to make the accent coincide with the artificial scansion would be merely a literary curiosity. Set the verse to music, and ignore accent completely, and the problem is solved in what seems to me the only natural method of solving it.

Yours truly, W. J. STILLMAN.

Authors and Publishers.

The "boom" in the stories of the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon seems to have subsided as suddenly as it arose. A few months ago "In His Steps" and the others of the series were selling as fast as they could be printed. Now there is scarcely any demand for them. Those publishers who went into the "boom" late are sorry they did not leave the books alone.

Mr. Lane announces a new and cheap edition of "Essays on Subjects connected with The Reformation in England," by the late Dr. Samuel Roffey Maitland, who was librarian to Archbishop Howley, and keeper of the manuscripts at Lambeth. It will be edited, with an introduction, by the Rev. Arthur Wollaston Hutton.

A first instalment of "Unpublished Letters of George Borrow" (lately discovered in the crypt at the Bible House) appears in the Bible Society's *Monthly Reporter* for July.

Olive Schreiner is issuing, through Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, in shilling booklet form, her views on the present crisis in South Africa.

"The Case for Protection" is the title of Mr. Ernest E. Williams' new work, which will be published by Mr. Grant Richards in September.

The book on Mr. Pinero which we announced a week or two back is being prepared by Mr. H. Hamilton Fyfe. It will form a volume of Messrs. Greening's "Writers of To-day" Series.

Professor Ahlwardt, of Greifswald, has been at work for some time past on a collection of "Old Arabian Poems" which will shortly be ready for the press.

"The Wisdom of Ben Sira," being parts of Ecclesiasticus from the Cairo Heb. MSS., edited by Dr. Taylor, of St. John's College, Cambridge, will be published very shortly.

"Forest Notes" is the title of a little collection of country poems by Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lee-Hamilton which Mr. Grant Richards will publish on July 4th. Mrs. Lee-Hamilton is, perhaps, better known to readers by her maiden name of Miss Annie E. Holdsworth.

"Studies of the Portrait of Christ," by the well-known preacher and writer of Edinburgh, Dr. George Matheson, is a work that will appear in the autumn, published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. It is an attempt to trace a development in Christ's work as delineated in the Gospel narrative.

Messrs. Methuen will very shortly publish in their series of Little Guides "Shakespeare's Country," by Professor B. C. A. Windle, F.R.S. It describes Stratford-on-Avon and its adjacent villages, and also Warwick, Leamington, Kenilworth, Coventry, and Edge Hill, and contains 14 illustrations and a map by Mr. E. H. New.

The late Mr. James Muir, of Glasgow, left a large quantity of material for a topographical history of the city. He had long made a special study of the subject, and intended to publish a volume, but was unable to carry out his project. Mr. Benjamin Taylor has undertaken the work of arranging and editing Mr. Muir's notes and memoranda, and these will form a book which is likely to be of considerable interest. It will be published this month under the title, "Glasgow Streets and Places."

A special number of the *King's College Magazine* contains an illustrated record of the "Tale of Troy," a play which, though it dates so far back as '83, is memorable for the artistic interest which it gained from the co-operation of the late Lord Leighton, Sir Edward Poynter, and the late Sir Charles Newton. The company also included many names of distinction, with which some interesting reminiscences are coupled by the writer of the articles, Prof. Warr. One which awakens regret is that of J. K. Stephen, of whom there is an excellent likeness in the character of Hector.

Mr. Alan Reid, F.E.I.S., has prepared a work on the poets of Fife and Kinross, similar to that which he published recently under the title of "The Bards of Angus and the Mearns." Fife has produced a great number of poets, and Kinross, although a very small county, is not without its bards. In dealing with one of these, Michael Bruce, the old controversy about the authorship of the "Ode to a Cuckoo" will doubtless be again revived. The book is to appear about the end of this year or the beginning of next.

Mr. Hodges is about to publish the remaining two volumes of Mr. Oswald Reichel's "Complete Manual of Canon Law," which will appear in monthly parts. Volume I. dealt with the Sacraments, and was issued in 1896. The following year came Volume II., dealing with Church Discipline. The subject of the

two remaining books will be Church Government, Volume III. being devoted to Legislative and Administrative Government in general, and Volume IV. to that of the Diocese and the Parish. The whole subject will be treated not from the platform of ecclesiastical law—that is, law enforced by the State touching the Church—but from the platform of the canonist, who accepts only as the law of the Church law which comes to it by competent spiritual authority.

Among the new Italian books, ready or announced, we may mention "L'Incomprensibile" by Cordelia (Virginia Treves); "Il Fuoco" by Gabriele d'Annunzio; "Raggio di Dio" by Anton Giulio Barrili; "La Via di Damasco," by Daniela D'Artez; "Silvano" by Orazio Grandi; "Il Figurinajo" by Giuseppe Mantica, illustrated by Ettore Ximenes; and "Vita di Vittorio Emanuele II." by Giuseppe Massari.

The popular Art Monographs issued by Velhagen and Klasing are to be imitated in a series of Literary Monographs by a Vienna publishing house, under the editorship of Dr. Rudolph Lothar. The series aims at giving an Universal History of Literature in separate narratives. Arrangements are already made for several of the volumes, among others on Friedrich Hebbel and Guy de Maupassant.

Baron Gunzburg, the well-known St. Petersburg scholar and banker, has done a graceful act in promoting the publication of a series of essays in honour of the professorial jubilee of his learned compatriot, Dr. D. Chwolson. Professor Chwolson has made his mark both as a teacher and an author. His first important publication was a work in two volumes entitled "Die Ssabier und der Ssabismus" (St. Petersburg, 1856); but he will probably be best remembered by his treatises on Semitic inscriptions found in the Crimea and parts of Asia. He also translated several books of the Bible into Russian for the "British and Foreign Bible Society" (1875). His essay on the date of the Last Supper, which was published in 1892, excited some discussion in England. The French title of the book issued in his honour is "Recueil des travaux rédigés en mémoire du jubilé scientifique de M. Daniel Chwolson, Professeur émérité à l'Université de St. Petersburg, 1846-1896." It contains one essay in English (by Dr. C. D. Ginsburg), one in French (by Baron Gunzburg himself), two in Russian, and five in German, treating of Hebrew, Coptic, and Ethiopic. The publishers are S. Calvary & Co., Berlin.

"The Colossus" is the title which Mr. Morley Roberts has chosen for his new novel, suggested by the career and ambitions of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. It will be published in October by Mr. Edward Arnold.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser author of "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan," has written another volume of tales of New Japan which Messrs. Hutchinson will publish shortly under the title of "The Custom of the Country."

Among the novels finished but held back for the autumn are included "Frauds and Holy Shifts," by Mr. Tom Gallon, and "The Yellow Man," by Mr. Carlton Dawe.

A sequel to Mr. R. Andover's book of humour "We Three and Troddles," now running in a popular London weekly under the title of "Troddles and Us—and Others," will be published in book form in the autumn.

Miss Evelyn Sharp's fairy-book for next Christmas will be called "The Other Side of the Moon." Mr. John Lane, who published that successful child's story "Wymys" for Miss Sharp, will also issue this.

The remarks of Mr. Daldy at the Publishers' Congress, which were briefly reported in our issue of June 17, referred not to a Canadian Copyright Bill, but to the Imperial Copyright Bill, which he anticipated would be passed next Session.

In a quotation which we made last week in our review of Mr. W. J. Stillman's book on Francesco Crispi, "the corruption of personal ambitions has eaten up the general ambition of its Government" should have read "the conflict of personal ambitions has eaten up the well-being of its Government." In the next sentence—"Crispi's dream was an idle one, and perhaps his greatest sorrow is to see its disillusion"—"his" should be substituted for "its."

The alliance which Harper and Brothers have formed with the S. S. McClure Company is not to result, so far as can be learnt, in the merging of either firm in the other. Each will go on as at present, but certain publishing enterprises will be carried on between them.

Mr. Douglas Sladen, who has severed his connexion with "Who's Who," is entering upon a new profession as a literary agent, in partnership with Mr. J. Eveleigh Nash.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. LIX. Wakeman-Watkins. Ed. by Sidney Lee. 9½ x 6½ in., 450 pp. London, 1899.

Claude Bernard. Masters of Medicine. By Michael Foster, M.A., M.D., &c. 7½ x 5½ in., 245 pp. London, 1899. Unwin. 3s. 6d.

Blamarek. Some Secret Pages of His History. (Condensed Ed.) By Dr. M. Busch. 8½ x 5½ in., 576 pp. London, 1899. Macmillan. 10s. n.

CLASSICAL.
Sextus Empiricus and Greek Scepticism. By Mary M. Patrick. 7½ x 5 in., 163 pp. Cambridge, 1899. Bell. 5s. n.

DRAMA.
Sir Paul Pindar, and other Plays. By Harry N. Maugham. 10 x 6½ in., 300 pp. London, 1899. Grant Richards. 6s. n.

FICTION.
The Market Place. By Harold Frederic. 7½ x 5½ in., 360 pp. London, 1899. Heinemann. 6s.

In Kings' Houses. By Julia C. R. Dorr. 8 x 5½ in., 372 pp. London, 1899. Duckworth. 6s.

Slaves of Chance. By Ferrier Langworthy. 8 x 5½ in., 287 pp. London, 1899. Smithers. 4s. 6d. n.

Gwyr y Dolau; neu Ffordd y Troseddwr. Gan W. Llewellyn Williams. 7½ x 5 in., 128 pp. Caernarfon, 1899.

The Untold Half. By "Alien." 7½ x 5 in., 406 pp. London, 1899. Hutchinson. 6s.

Taurus; or, Written in the Book of Fate. By Emily S. Lord. 8 x 5½ in., 386 pp. London, 1899. Sampson Low. 6s.

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